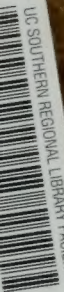


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HENRY MORLEY

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON.

"RELIGION, RICHEST FAVOUR OF THE SKIES,
STANDS MOST REVEALED BEFORE THE FREEMAN'S EYES."
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE FIRST ENGLISH.—A.D. 670 TO A.D. 1066	1—28

CHAPTER II.

TRANSITION ENGLISH: FROM THE CONQUEST TO WICLIF.—A.D. 1066 TO A.D. 1360	28—71
---	-------

CHAPTER III.

WICLIF, LANGLAND, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1360 TO A.D. 1400	71—112
--	--------

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY	112—129
---------------------------------	---------

CHAPTER V.

FISHER, TYNDALE, MORE, LATIMER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1500 TO A.D. 1558	129—169
--	---------

CHAPTER VI.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—JOHN KNOX, JOHN FOX, JOHN JEWEL, MATTHEW PARKER, EDMUND GRINDAL, JOHN AYLMER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1558 TO A.D. 1579	169—183
---	---------

CHAPTER VII.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—FRANCIS BACON, EDMUND SPENSER, RICHARD HOOKER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1577 TO A.D. 1603	183—232
--	---------

CHAPTER VIII.

REIGN OF JAMES I.—DONNE, ANDREWES, GILES FLETCHER, QUARLES, WITHER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1603 TO A.D. 1625	232—265
---	---------

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH.—GEORGE HERBERT, RICHARD SIBBES, THOMAS FULLER, JOHN HOWE, GEORGE FOX, RICHARD BAXTER, JEREMY TAYLOR, JOHN MILTON, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1625 TO A.D. 1660	265—305
---	---------

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH TO THE REVOLUTION.—RICHARD BAXTER, JOHN BUNYAN, JOHN MILTON, RALPH CUDWORTH, ROBERT LEIGHTON, THOMAS KEN, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1689	305—333
---	---------

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

FROM THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.—TILLOTSON, LOCKE, BURNET, STEELE, ADDISON, BLACKMORE, ISAAC WATTS, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1689 TO A.D. 1714	333—345
---	---------

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—JOSEPH BUTLER, WHITEFIELD, WESLEY, SAMUEL JOHNSON, COWPER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1714 TO A.D. 1789	345—385
--	---------

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—PRIESTLEY, PALEY, HEBER, CHALMERS, WORDSWORTH, KEBLE, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1789 TO A.D. 1837	385—411
---	---------

CHAPTER XIV.

FORTY YEARS UNDER VICTORIA.—NEWMAN, ARNOLD, MAURICE, KINGSLEY, CARLYLE, BROWNING, TENNYSON, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1837 TO A.D. 1877	411—433
--	---------

INDEXES:—

I.—QUOTED WRITERS AND PIECES	434—437
II.—NOTES	438—440
III.—SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH	440



Truth shall Prevail: From the First Folio of Bishop Hall's Works.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

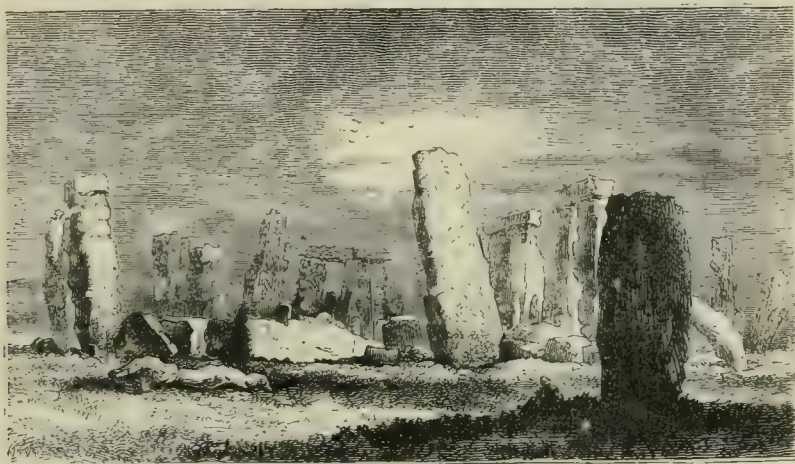
	PAGE		PAGE
Stonehenge	1	John Fisher (from the Portrait by Holbein)	136
Initial (from the MS. of Cædmon)	1	Emblematic Device (from a Treatise of Fisher's)	137
Lindisfarne	2	Sir Thomas More (from the Portrait by Holbein)	145
The West Cliff at Whitby	3	Hugh Latimer	150
Ruins of Whitby Abbey	3	Edward VI. (from the Portrait by Holbein)	151
The Uprearing of the Firmament (from the MS. of Cædmon)	6	Latimer preaching before Edward VI. (from a Woodcut in Fox's "Martyrs")	152
The Fall of Lucifer (from the MS. of Cædmon)	7	John Bale presenting a Book to Edward VI. (from his "Centuries of British Writers," 1548)	160
Treasure of Wisdom (from the MS. of Cædmon)	12	Second View of the same (from the same)	161
The Psalmist (from a Psalter of the Tenth Century)	16	John Knox	166
Initial (from a MS. of Bede)	22	Mary Tudor (from the Portrait by Holbein)	169
An Evangelist (from a MS.)	25	Preacher's Hour-glass and Stand	169
Death and Burial (from a MS. of Ælfric)	27	John Fox	170
A Courtly Writer (from MS. Book of the Coronation of Henry I.)	32	Burning of an English Merchant in Seville (from Fox's "Acts and Monuments")	171
The Inscription over King Arthur's Coffin	33	John Jewel	174
Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, Glastonbury	34	John Aylmer	177
A Benedictine Nun	45	Edmund Grindal	178
Man's Peril and Safety (from a MS.)	50	Initial Letter (from the First Edition of Spenser's "Complaints")	183
A Dominican	53	Initial Letter (from a Monument)	193
A Franciscan	53	The Red Cross Knight (from the First Edition of the "Faerie Queene")	194
Lost Souls (from a Fresco)	61	The Good Shepherd (from the Title-page of Sidney's Translation of Du Plessis Mornay)	213
Hell Mouth (from an Old German Print)	64	Richard Hooker	214
Wycliffe, Yorkshire	69	Old St. Paul's, with the Spire	215
John Wiclif (from the Portrait in the Wycliffe Rectory)	71	Old St. Paul's, after Loss of the Spire	216
John Wiclif (from Bale's "Centuries of British Writers," 1548)	76	Church and State (from the Frontispiece of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," 1594)	219
A Physician (from the Statues outside the Cloister of Magdalene College, Oxford)	83	Initial Letter (from King James's Authorized Version of the Bible, 1611)	232
Suitors to Meed (from a Brass at King's Lynn)	83	Head-piece from Donne's "Pseudo-Martyr"	234
Breaking the Head of Peace (from a Column in Wells Cathedral)	86	Tail-piece from Donne's "Pseudo-Martyr"	235
The Knight (from the Abbey Church at Tewkesbury)	91	Effigy of Dr. Donne in St. Paul's Cathedral	237
Richard the Second (from the Picture in Westminster Abbey)	102	Lancelot Andrewes	238
Bas-relief from the Monastery Gate, Norwich	103	John Selden	250
The Living and the Dead (from the MS. of "the Pearl")	108	James Usher	252
Initial Letter (from the Mazarin Bible)	112	George Wither	258
The Lollards' Prison, Lambeth Palace	113	Sir Edward Herbert as Knight of the Bath	263
Christ and the Cross (from R. Pynson's Edition of Lydgate's Testament)	116	George Herbert's Church at Bemerton	266
The Ship Religion (from a MS. of "The Pilgrimage of Man")	119	George Herbert	267
Thorney Abbey	122	The Preacher (from Wither's Emblems, 1635)	275
The Tower of Doctrine (from Reisch's "Margarita Philosophica," 1512)	131	Betwixt Two Worlds (from Quarles' Emblems, 1635)	275
The Chamber of Music (from the same)	132	Westminster Abbey (from a Print by Hollar, 1641)	279
		Jeremy Taylor	286
		Thomas Fuller	291
		John Howe	292

	PAGE		PAGE
Richard Baxter	298	Samuel Johnson (from a Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1756)	370
William Laud	301	Samuel Johnson (from the Bust by Nollekens, 1781)	374
Initial Letter (from Clarendon's Answer to Leviathan, 1673)	305	William Paley	386
Baxter's Church at Kidderminster	306	Joseph Priestley	388
John Bunyan	311	The Statue of Priestley at Birmingham	389
Christian and Apollyon (from the 13th Edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," 1692)	313	James Montgomery	391
John Milton	322	Reginald Heber	397
Isaac Barrow	327	Thomas Chalmers	400
Thomas Ken	331	The Nave and West Transept, Lincoln	405
John Tillotson	334	William Wordsworth (from the Tablet in Grasmere Church)	405
John Locke	337	John Keble	408
Isaac Watts	343	John Henry Newman	412
Ornament from Burnet's "History of His Own Time" (1724)	345	Charles Kingsley	423
Joseph Butler	348	Frederick Denison Maurice	425
The Charterhouse in Wesley's Time	354	Arthur Penrhyn Stanley	427
John Wesley	361	Durham Cathedral	433
George Whitefield	363	Head-Piece to Index (from Leichius "De Origine Typographicae Lipsiensis")	434
Ruins of Rome (from the Illustration in Dyer's Poems, 1761)	364	Ornaments from Bishop Hall's Works, and Lodge's "Josephus"	vi., viii.



Emblem from Lodge's "Josephus" (1602).

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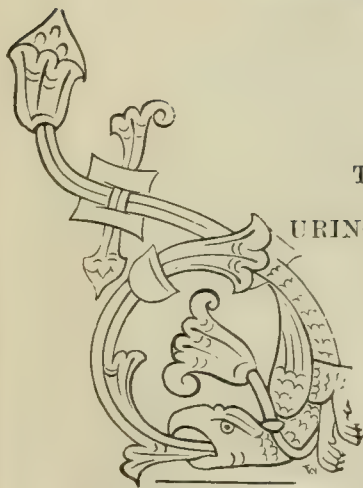


STONEHENGE. (From Edward King's "Monumenta Antiqua." 1799.)

II.—RELIGION.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST ENGLISH.—A.D. 670 TO A.D. 1066.



Initial from the MS. of *Cædmon*.

URING the First-English time nearly our whole Literature had Religion for its theme. I mean by Religion faith in a beneficent Creator, to whom, as supremely wise, just, and merciful, man ascribes the best qualities he can

conceive, and to whose likeness he then seeks to conform himself; loving and serving all that he thinks highest in his God, who is the source of every good, and the helper of all faithful effort to draw near to Him. In most men this aspiration is associated with belief that the immaterial part, which yearns to be near God, survives to attain a heaven of the happiness it rightly sought. In every age and country, human nature has been able to conceive the excellence of God only by ascribing to Him all that man thinks best, and to conceive the happiness of an attained heaven only by associating it with human experiences of the highest bliss. Even though more be revealed by God himself, man's character determines how he shall receive the revelation, and we understand a people best when looking

at the form it gives to that conception of the highest life which is the special concern of Religion.

Of the strength of a religious feeling in this country before Christian times, Stonehenge and Avebury bear witness. No man knows when or how those mighty stones, which defy time, were lifted to their places; only the stones themselves tell us that in a day long past, of which we have no other record, the people of this island gave their chief strength to the service of religion. Their bodies perished, their homes passed away, their form of worship is forgotten, but they left imperishable record of a soul of worship that was in them.

Two Epistles to the Corinthians were ascribed to Clement, who was called the third bishop of Rome after the apostles, and said to have been fellow-labourer with St. Paul at Philippi. In the first of these, Paul is said to have "travelled even to the extreme boundaries of the West." This has been taken to mean that he visited Britain. Jerome, at the end of the fourth century, said that St. Paul imitated the sun in going from one ocean to the other, and that his labours extended to the West. Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus in the fifth century, continuing the tradition, spoke of Paul as having brought salvation to the islands of the Ocean, and in his first discourse on Laws included the Britons among converts of the apostles. There was such a

tradition: and there seems really to have been early preaching of Christianity here, if the remote Britain were not used as a mere figure of rhetoric. Origen, speaking in the earlier half of the third century, said that "the power of the Saviour's kingdom reached as far as Britain, which seemed to be another division of the world." Old tradition ascribed to a King Lucius, who died in the year 201, the building of our first church on the site of St. Martin's at Canterbury. Britons are said to have died for the Christian faith; and Alban, said to have been beheaded A.D. 305 near the town now named after him St. Alban's, is described as the first British martyr. Three British bishops, one being from York and two from London, were at the first Council of Arles, A.D. 314. Some of our bishops had come to the remote west as pious missionaries, others were Celtic converts. One of these teachers, Morgan, who translated his name

station was in the Hebrides, upon the rocky island of Iona, which has an area of 1,300 Scotch acres, and lies off the south-western extremity of the island of Mull. After him it was called (Iona-Columb-kill) Icolmkill; and the religious community there gathered by him, at first rudely housed, became the head-quarters of religious energy for the conversion of North Britain, the missionaries being devout native Celts, gifted with all the bold enthusiasm of their race, who were in relation rather with the Eastern than the Western Church.

The English settlers in Northumbria were Christianised by a Celtic priest, said to have been a son of Urien, who was educated at Rome, and took the name of Paulinus. But he and his fellow-missionaries promised temporal advantage to their converts, and when in the year 633 they suffered a serious defeat in battle, these fiercely cast off their



LINDISFARNE (1814). (From Scott's "Border Antiquities.")

into Pelagius (meaning "born by the sea-shore"), and who was an old man in the year 404, ventured on independent speculations that found not a few followers, and gave for a long time afterwards much trouble to the orthodox. To combat Pelagianism, and add to the number of converts from the heathen, two bishops from Gaul, Germanus and Lupus, came as successful missionaries into Britain in the year 429. Patricius, known as St. Patrick, is said to have been born of a Christian family at Kilpatrick, near Dumharton, in the year 372, and to have been ordained priest by Germanus before his preaching among the Irish Gaels.

There were then scattered among the people of Ireland and Scotland devoted men of their own race, known as Culdees, servants and worshippers of God, who were engaged in diffusing Christianity. Patrick added to the energy of the work done by these men in Ireland. It was an Irish abbot, Columba, who in the year 563 passed into Scotland, and from the age of about forty to the age of seventy-five worked as a Christian missionary on the mainland and in the Hebrides. His chief

new creed, and Paulinus fled from them. Then help was asked from the followers of Columba. The first man who was sent out from Iona returned hopeless; but they were strenuous workers at Iona, who would not accept failure. Another, Aidan, took the place of his more faint-hearted brother, and formed in an island on the Northumbrian coast a missionary station upon the pattern of that in the Hebrides. This was at Lindisfarne, chief of the Farn Islands, named from the Lindi, a rivulet there entering the sea. Lindisfarne is a little more than two miles across from east to west, and scarcely a mile and a half from north to south, attached at low water as a peninsula to the coast, from which it is about two miles distant. It belongs to Durham, although really part of Northumberland, and is about nine miles from Berwick-on-Tweed. The island is treeless, chiefly covered with sand, rising to a rocky shore on the north and east. The fertile ground in it is not more than enough for one farm. Here the Culdees established themselves in such force that the place came to be called Holy Island, and from this point they worked effectually for the

Christianising of the north of England. They fed and comforted the poor, trusting instead of fearing the wild men they sought to soften, went up into their hills to live with them as comrades, and taught religion in a form that blended itself with the spiritual life of man, instead of depending for an outward prosperity on smiles of Fortune. The Culdees prospered in their work, an abbey rose in Lindisfarne, and there was a bishopric established there, which about the year 900, when the Danes ravaged the coast, was removed to Durham.

Aidan died at Lindisfarne in the year 651, and it was he who consecrated the first woman who in Northumbria devoted herself wholly to religious life, and wore the dress of a nun—Heia, who founded the religious house at Herutea. In this she was followed by the abbess Hilda, who is associated with the history of Cædmon's "Paraphrase," the grand religious poem with which our literature opens.

Hilda, daughter of Hereric, nephew to King Æduin, had been one of the converts made by the preaching of Paulinus. Hilda's sister Heresuid, was mother to the king of the East Angles. Hilda went, therefore, into East Anglia, and then designed to follow her sister when she took the religious vow at a monastery in France. But Bishop Aidan summoned Hilda back to the north, and gave her a site for a religious house on the north side of the river Wear. There she was called by Bishop Aidan, in the year 650, a year before his death, to be abbess in the religious house founded by Heia at Herutea, now Hartlepool, Heia then going to another place, probably Tadcaster. Eight years afterwards, when Aidan's successor, Finan, was Bishop of Lindisfarne,

and, before the Conquest, women also, studied and were taught, as Bede says, "the strict observance of justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, and particularly of peace and love; so that, after the example of the primitive Church, no person was



RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY.

there rich, and none poor, all things being in common to all, and none having any property. Her prudence was so great, that not only persons of the middle rank, but even kings and princes, sometimes asked and received her advice. She obliged those who were under her direction to attend so much to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and to exercise themselves so much in works of justice, that many might very easily be there found fit for ecclesiastical duties, that is, to serve at the altar. In short, we afterwards saw five bishops taken out of that monastery, all of them men of singular merit and sanctity. . . . Thus this handmaiden of Christ, Abbess Hilda, whom all that knew her called Mother, for her singular piety and grace, was not only an example of good life to those that lived in her monastery, but gave occasion of salvation and amendment to many who lived at a distance, to whom the happy fame was brought of her industry and virtue." She died in the year 680, after six or seven years of ill-health, at the age of sixty-six, having spent the first half of her life to the age of thirty-three in the secular habit, and devoted the rest wholly to religion.

Cædmon's poem was written in the Whitby monastery during Hilda's rule over it, that is to say, in the time between its foundation, A.D. 658, and her death, A.D. 680. The first buildings on the Whitby cliff were very simple, but in course of time a more substantial abbey took its place. It was destroyed by the Northmen in the latter half of the ninth century, rebuilt, and again destroyed. The ruins now upon the site first occupied by Abbess Hilda are of a rebuilding in which the oldest part is of the twelfth century.



THE WEST CLIFF AT WHITBY.

Hilda left Hartlepool to establish a religious house as a new missionary station on the west cliff at Whitby, then called Streoneshalh. Presided over by a woman, its first founder, this was a house established on the pattern of Iona, in which men

In Hilda's time the servants of God in the Whitby monastery were actively engaged in the conversion of the surrounding people to Christianity, and Cædmon, who seems to have been a tenant of land under them, was one of their first converts. As a convert zealous for the faith to which he had been brought, he sat at a rustic feast one day hearing the songs of heathen war and worship pass round the table. As the harp came towards him he rose. The guests coming from distant parts among a widely-scattered population had the cattle that brought them stabled, and in need of protection against raids for plunder. They took turns to mount guard over their property, and it being then Cædmon's turn, he made that an excuse for leaving his place among the guests before he should be asked to sing. In his mind, as a zealous Christian, would be the wish that songs of the mercy of the true God could be made familiar as these old strains to the lips of his comrades. He was a true poet, as his afterwork proved, and there might be an impulse in his mind that presently shaped itself into a dream as he dozed over his watch; but if so, to the simple faith of those times the dream would seem to be a revelation of the will of Heaven. Read in that way, the whole story of Cædmon, as we have it from Bede, looks like the record of a simple truth that passed for miracle. This—written not more than sixty years after the poet's death—is Bede's account of the manner of Cædmon's entrance into the monastery under Hilda's rule.

BEDE'S ACCOUNT OF CÆDMON.

There was in this abbess's monastery a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and feeling, in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven. Others of the English nation attempted after him to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from man, but being assisted from above he freely received the gift of God. For this reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which relate to religion suited his religious tongue; for having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason, being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the harp come towards him, he rose up in the midst of the supper and went home.

Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stables of the draught animals, of which the care was entrusted to him for that night,¹ he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing some song to me." He answered, "I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I

could not sing." The other who talked to him, replied, "Yet you shall sing." "What shall I sing?" rejoined he. "Sing the beginning of created things," said the other. Having received this answer, he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God the Creator, which he had never before heard, the purport whereof was thus:—"We now ought to praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and his counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all miracles, who first, as almighty preserver of the human race, created heaven for the sons of men as the roof of the house, and next the earth." This is the sense, but not the words in order as he sang them in his sleep; for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another without losing much of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity.

In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having told him of the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was bidden, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was and whence his verse proceeded. They all concluded, that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord. They explained to him a passage in holy writ, either historical or doctrinal, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse. Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse; whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic life; which being accordingly done, she associated him with the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history. Thus he, keeping in mind all he heard, and as it were, like a clean animal, chewing the cud, converted the same into most harmonious verse; and sweetly repeating the same, made his masters in their turn his hearers. He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis; the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the land of promise, with many other histories from holy writ; the incarnation, passion, and resurrection of our Lord, and his ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the apostles; also the terror of future judgment, the horror of the pains of hell, and the delights of heaven; besides much more of the divine benefits and judgments: by all which he endeavoured to turn men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the love and practice of good actions. For he was a very religious man, humbly submissive to regular discipline, but full of zeal against those who behaved themselves otherwise; for which reason he ended his life happily.

For when the time of his departure drew near, he laboured for the space of fourteen days under a bodily infirmity which seemed to prepare the way for him, yet was so moderate that he could talk and walk the whole time. Near at hand was the house into which those were carried who were sick, and likely soon to die. In the evening, as the night came on in which he was to depart this life, he desired the person that attended him to make ready there a resting-place for him. This person, wondering why he should desire it, because there was as yet no sign of his dying soon, yet did what he had ordered. He accordingly was placed there, and conversing pleasantly in a cheerful manner with the others who were in the house before, when it was past mid-

¹ "Ad stabula jumentorum quorum ei custodia nocte illa erat delegata." *Jumenta* are yoked animals—the cattle that had brought the guests to the feast. Yet on this passage the notion has been founded that Cædmon was a herdsman.

night, he asked them, whether they had the Eucharist there? They answered, "What need of the Eucharist? for you are not likely to die, since you talk as cheerily with us as if you were in perfect health."—"Nevertheless," said he, "bring me the Eucharist." Having received the same into his hand, he asked whether they were all in charity with him, and without any ill-will or rancour? They answered, that they were all in perfect charity, free from all anger; and in their turn asked him, whether he was in the same mind towards them? He at once answered, "I am in charity, my children, with all the servants of God." Then strengthening himself with the heavenly viaticum, he prepared for the entrance into another life, and asked how near the hour was when the brethren were to be roused to sing the nocturnal lauds of our Lord? They answered, "It is not far off." Then he said, "It is well, let us await that hour;" and signing himself with the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slumber, so ended his life in silence.

Thus it came to pass, that as he had served God with a simple and pure mind, and quiet devotion, so now he departed to His presence, leaving the world by a quiet death; and that tongue, which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, in like manner uttered its last words while he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and recommending his spirit into the hands of God. From what has been here said, he would seem to have foreknown his own death.

There is only one known MS. of the metrical First-English Paraphrase of Bible story ascribed to Cædmon. It was discovered by James Ussher when he was a young scholar commissioned to hunt for books wherewith to furnish the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The college was then newly founded, and had Ussher among the first three students who put their names upon its books. Ussher gave the MS.—for him unreadable—to Francis Junius, a scholar known to be active in study of the Northern languages, who was then resident in London as librarian to the Earl of Arundel, and a familiar friend of Milton's. Junius recognised in it a large part of the lost work of Cædmon, and it was first printed by him at Amsterdam in the year 1655. The MS. is a small folio of 229 pages, now in the Bodleian Library among the collection of his manuscripts bequeathed by Francis Junius to the University of Oxford. The first 212 pages are in a handwriting of the tenth century, and adorned with illustrative pictures as far as page 96, with spaces for continuing the illustrations. From page 213 there is the poem of Christ and Satan in a later handwriting, with no spaces left for illustrations.

Cædmon's poem begins with the story of Creation, and joins with it the same legend of the fall of Satan that was joined with it in mediæval times, and used in his "Paradise Lost" by Milton. This was founded on a passage in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah (verses 12—15), where Israel is to take up the proverb against the king of Babylon: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit

also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit." St. Jerome seems to have been the first who applied this symbolical representation of the king of Babylon, in his splendour and his fall, to Satan in his fall from heaven; probably because Babylon is in Scripture a type of tyrannical self-idolising power, and is connected in the Book of Revelation with the empire of the Evil One. Cædmon represented Satan as the Angel of Presumption holding council with the fallen spirits, and there are one or two fine thoughts in his poem which are to be found afterwards in Milton's treatment of the same theme. As the old work was in the hands of Milton's friend Junius for years before "Paradise Lost" appeared, and as Milton included in his epic thoughts from old poets of Greece, it is not improbable that he also consciously enshrined in it a thought or two from our first Christian bard, who was also the greatest of the poets produced in First-English times. I translate into blank verse very literally the opening of Cædmon's Paraphrase:—

THE OPENING OF CÆDMON'S PARAPHRASE.

I.

Most right it is that we praise with our words,
 Love in our minds, the Warden of the Skies,
 Glorious King of all the hosts of men,
 He speeds the strong, and is the Head of all
 His high Creation, the Almighty Lord.
 None formed Him, no first was nor last shall be
 Of the Eternal Ruler, but His sway
 Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.
 With powers on high, soothfast and steadfast, He
 Ruled the wide home of heaven's bosom spread 10
 By God's might for the guardians of souls,
 The Sons of Glory. Hosts of angels shone,
 Glad with their Maker; bright their bliss and rich
 The fruitage of their lives; their glory sure,
 They served and praised their King, with joy gave praise
 To Him, their Life-Lord, in whose aiding care
 They judged themselves most blessed. Sin unknown,
 Offence unformed, still with their Parent Lord
 They lived in peace, raising aloft in heaven 20
 Right and truth only, ere the Angel Chief
 Through Pride divided them and led astray.
 Their own well-being they would bear no more,
 But cast themselves out of the love of God.
 Great in Presumption against the Most High
 They would divide the radiant throng far spread,
 The resting-place of glory. Even there
 Pain came to them, Envy and Pride began
 There first to weave ill counsel and to stir
 The minds of angels. Then, athirst for strife,
 He said that northward¹ he would own in Heaven 30

¹ Northward . . . in Heaven. So also in "Paradise Lost," Bk. v., lines 688, 689, Satan says—

— "We possess
 The quarters of the north."

This, like the rest of the legend, has its source in the passage of Isaiah above referred to: "I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north." In the same book of "Paradise Lost," lines 725, 726, it is said of him that he

— "intends to erect his throne,
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north."

A home and a high Throne. Then God was wroth,
 And for the host He had made glorious,
 For those pledge-breakers, our souls' guardians,
 The Lord made anguish a reward, a home
 In banishment, hell groans, hard pain, and bade
 That torture-house abide their joyless fall.
 When with eternal night and sulphur pains,
 Fulness of fire, dread cold, reek and red flames
 He knew it filled, then through that hopeless home
 He bade the woful horror to increase. 40
 Banded in blameful counsel against God,
 Their wrath had wrath for wages. In fierce mood
 They said they would, and might with ease, possess
 The kingdom. Him that lying hope betrayed,
 After the Lord of Might, high King of Heaven,
 Highest, upraised his hand against that host.
 False and devoid of counsel they might not
 Share strength against their Maker. He in wrath
 Clave their bold mood, bowed utterly their boast,
 Struck from the sinful seathers kingdom, power, 50
 (Glory and gladness; from the opposers took
 His joy, His peace, their bright supremacy,
 And, with sure march, by His own might poured down
 Avenging anger on His enemies.
 Stern in displeasure, with consuming wrath,
 By hostile grasp he crushed them in His arms;
 Ireful He from their home, their glory seats
 Banished His foes; and that proud angel tribe,
 Malicious host of spirits bowed with care,
 He, the Creator, Lord of all Might, sent 60
 Far journeying, with bruised pride and broken threat,
 Strength bent, and beauty blotted. They exiled
 Were bound on their swart ways. Loud laugh no more
 Was theirs, but in hell pain they wailed accurst,
 Knowing sore sorrow and the sulphur throes,
 Roofed in with darkness, the full recompense
 Of those advancing battle against God.

11.

But after as before was peace in Heaven,
 Fair rule of love; dear unto all, the Lord
 Of Lords, the King of Hosts to all His own,
 And glories of the good who possessed joy
 In heaven, the Almighty Father still increased.
 Then peace was among dwellers in the sky,
 Blaming and lawless malice were gone out,
 And angels feared no more, since plotting foes
 Who cast off heaven were bereft of light.
 Their glory seats behind them in God's realm, 10
 Enlarged with gifts, stood happy, bright with bloom,
 But ownerless since the cursed spirits went
 Wretched to exile within bars of hell.
 Then thought within His mind the Lord of Hosts
 How He again might fix within His rule
 The great creation, thrones of heavenly light
 High in the heavens for a better band,
 Since the proud seathers had relinquished them.
 The holy God, therefore, in His great might
 Willed that there should be set beneath heaven's span 20
 Earth, firmament, wide waves, created world,
 Replacing foes cast headlong from their home.
 Here yet was naught save darkness of the cave,
 The broad abyss, whereon the steadfast king
 Looked with his eyes and saw that space of gloom,
 Saw the dark cloud lower in lasting night,
 Was deep and dim, vain, useless, strange to God,

Black under heaven, wan, waste, till through His word
 The King of Glory had created life.
 Here first the Eternal Father, guard of all, 30
 Of heaven and earth, raised up the firmament,
 The Almighty Lord set firm by His strong power
 This roomy land; grass greened not yet the plain,
 Ocean far-spread hid the wan ways in gloom.

THE UPREARING OF THE FIRMAMENT. (From the MS. of *Cædmon*.)

Then was the Spirit gloriously bright
 Of Heaven's Keeper borne over the deep
 Swiftly. The Life-giver, the Angel's Lord,
 Over the ample ground bade come forth Light.
 Quickly the High King's bidding was obeyed,
 Over the waste there shone light's holy ray. 40
 Then parted He, Lord of triumphant might,
 Shadow from shining, darkness from the light.
 Light, by the Word of God, was first named day.

[The story of Creation is continued until God's return to Heaven, after instruction and counsel to Adam and Eve. Then *Cædmon* proceeds]:—

IV.

The Almighty had disposed ten Angel tribes,
 The Holy Father by His strength of hand,
 That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
 And work His will. For that the holy God
 Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
 In happiness He placed them, and to one
 He added prevaience and might of thought,
 Sway over much, next highest to Himself
 In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
 That pure as starlight was in heaven the form 10
 Which God the Lord of Hosts had given him.
 Praise to the Lord his work, and cherishing
 Of heavenly joy, and thankfulness to God

For his share of that gift of light, which then
Had long been his. But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
Against the Most High in His sanctuary.
Dear was he to our Lord, but was not hid
From Him that in his Angel pride arose.
He raised himself against his Maker, sought
Speech full of hate and bold presuming boast.
Refused God suit, said that his own form beamed
With radiance of light, shone bright of hue,
And in his mind he found not service due
To the Lord God, for to himself he seemed
In force and skill greater than all God's host.
Much spake the Angel of Presumption, thought
Through his own craft to make a stronger throne
Higher in Heaven. His mind urged him, he said,
That north and south he should begin to

work, 30

Found buildings; said he questioned
whether he

Would serve God. Wherefore, he said,
shall I toil?

No need have I of master. I can work
With my own hands great marvels, and
have power

To build a throne more worthy of a God,
Higher in heaven. Why shall I for His
smile

Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage?
I may be God as He.

Stand by me, strong supporters firm in
strife.

Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors, 40
Have chosen me for chief; one may take
thought

With such for counsel, and with such secure
Large following. My friends in earnest
they,

Faithful in all the shaping of their minds;
I am their master, and may rule this realm.
Therefore it seems not right that I should
cringe

To God for any good, and I will be
No more His servant.

When the Almighty heard
With how great pride His angel raised
himself 50

Against his Lord, foolishly spake high words
Against the Supreme Father, he that deed
Must expiate, and in the work of strife
Receive his portion, take for punishment
Utmost perdition. So doth every man
Who sets himself in battle against God,
In sinful strife against the Lord Most High.
Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favour lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains,
Because he strove against Heaven's highest Lord;
Who shook him from His favour, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all
To Devils, because they His Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light

20

Under the Earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost;
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them, they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled Hell
With the Deniers. Still the Angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights; 80
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised
Against their Lord, lie in the fire, bear pangs,
Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
To service of their God; their wantonness



THE FALL OF LUCIFER. (From the MS. of *Cadmon*.)

Of Angel's pride deceived them, who refused
To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
Was great, then were they fallen to the depth
Of fire in the hot hell for their loose thought
And pride unmeasured, sought another land
That was without light and was full of flame,¹
Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
That they unnumbered pains had in return,
Through might of God, for their great violence,
But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
Once brightest among Angels, in the heavens
Whitest, and to his Master dear beloved
Of God until they lightly went astray,
And for that madness the Almighty God

90

60

100

¹ ——"Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe."

("Paradise Lost," l. 62—64.)

Was wroth with him and into ruin cast
 Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
 A name, said that the highest should be called
 Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
 Bade him have rule and avoid strife with God.
 Satan discoursed, he who henceforth ruled Hell
 Spake sorrowing.
 God's Angel erst, he had shone white in Heaven,
 Till his soul urged, and most of all its Pride,
 That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
 Bend to the Word. About his heart his soul
 Tumultuously heaved, hot pains of wrath
 Without him. 110
 Then said he, "Most unlike this narrow place
 To that which once we knew, high in Heaven's realm.
 Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
 For the Almighty we hold royalties.
 Yet right hath He not done in striking us
 Down to the fiery bottom of hot Hell,
 Banished from Heaven's kingdom, with decree 120
 That He will set in it the race of Man.
 Worst of my sorrows this, that, wrought of Earth,
 Adam shall sit in bliss on my strong throne,
 Whilst we these pangs endure, this grief in Hell.
 Woe! Woe! had I the power of my hands,
 And for a season, for one winter's space,
 Might be without; then with this Host I—
 But iron binds me round; this coil of chains
 Rides me; I rule no more; close bonds of Hell
 Hem me their prisoner. Above, below, 130
 Here is vast fire, and never have I seen
 More loathly landscape; never fade the flames,
 Hot over Hell. Rings clasp me, smooth hard bands
 Mar motion, stay my wandering, feet bound,
 Hands fastened, and the ways of these Hell gates
 Accurst so that I cannot free my limbs;
 Great lattice bars, hard iron hammered hot,
 Lie round me, wherewith God hath bound me down
 Fast by the neck. So know I that He knew
 My mind, and that the Lord of Hosts perceived 140
 That if between us two by Adam came
 Evil towards that royalty of Heaven,
 I having power of my hands—
 But now we suffer throes in Hell, gloom, heat,
 Grim, bottomless; us God Himself hath swept
 Into these mists of darkness, wherefore sin
 Can He not lay against us that we planned
 Evil against Him in the land. Of light
 He hath shorn us, cast us into utmost pain.
 May we not then plan vengeance, pay Him back 150
 With any hurt, since shorn by Him of light.
 Now He hath set the bounds of a mid earth
 Where after His own image He hath wrought
 Man, by whom He will people once again
 Heaven's kingdom with pure souls. Therefore intent
 Must be our thought that, if we ever may,
 On Adam and his offspring we may wreak
 Revenge, and, if we can devise a way,
 Pervert his will. I trust no more the light
 Which he thinks long to enjoy with angel power. 160
 Bliss we obtain no more, nor can attain
 To weaken God's strong will; but let us now
 Turn from the race of Man that heavenly realm
 Which may no more be ours, contrive that they
 Forfeit His favour, undo what His Word
 Ordained: then wroth of mind He from His grace
 Will cast them, then shall they too seek this Hell

And these grim depths. Then may we for ourselves
 Have them in this strong durance, sons of men,
 For servants. Of the warfare let us now 170
 Begin to take thought. If of old I gave
 To any thane, while we in that good realm
 Sat happy and had power of our thrones,
 Gifts of a Prince, then at no dearer time
 Could he reward my gift if any now
 Among my followers would be my friend,
 That he might pass forth upward from these bounds,
 Had power with him that, winged, he might fly,
 Borne on the clouds, to where stand Adam and Eve
 Wrought on Earth's kingdom, girt with happiness, 180
 While we are cast down into this deep dale.
 Now these are worthier to the Lord, may own
 The blessing rightly ours in Heaven's realm,
 This the design apportioned to mankind.
 Sore is my mind and rue is in my thought
 That ever henceforth they should possess Heaven;
 If ever any of you in any way
 May turn them from the teaching of God's Word
 They shall be evil to Him, and if they
 Break His commandment, then will He be wroth 190
 Against them, then will be withdrawn from them
 Their happiness, and punishment prepared,
 Some grievous share of harm. Think all of this.
 How to deceive them. In these fetters then
 I can take rest, if they that kingdom lose.
 He who shall do this hath prompt recompense
 Henceforth for ever of what may be won
 Of gain within these fires. I let him sit
 Beside myself"

[An incomplete sentence is then followed by a gap in the MS., which goes on]:—

Then God's antagonist arrayed himself
 Swift in rich arms. He had a guileful mind.
 The hero set the helmet on his head
 And bound it fast, fixed it with clasps. He knew
 Many a speech deceitful, turned him thence,
 Hardy of mind, departed through Hell's doors,
 Striking the flames in two with a fiend's power;¹
 Would secretly deceive with wicked deed
 Men, the Lord's subjects, that misled, forlorn,
 To God they became evil. So he fared,
 Through his fiend's power, till on Earth he found
 Adam, God's handiwork, with him his wife,
 The fairest woman.

Having followed the narrative in the Book of
 Genesis until it enabled him to dwell with all his
 power upon the history of Abraham as a great lesson
 of faith in God, Cædmon proceeded with the Book
 of Exodus, for the sake of dwelling on the passage
 of the Red Sea as a lesson of faith in the God who
 can lead His people through deep waters. Then he
 passed to the Book of Daniel, for the sake of adding
 a lesson of faith in the God who can lead his people
 unhurt through the burning fiery furnace—

"In the hot oven all the pious three.
 One was in sight with them, an angel sent

¹ ——— "On each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
 In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale."

("Paradise Lost," i. 222–224.)

From the Almighty. Therein they unhurt
Walked as in shining of the summer sun
When day breaks and the winds disperse the dew."

This part of the poem ends with Belshazzar's Feast. The rest of the MS., added in another handwriting, is founded on New Testament story, and has for its theme Christ and Satan. It tells partly what was known as the Harrowing of Hell from the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, and partly the Temptation in the Wilderness. As Cædmon's Paraphrase was produced during the rule of Abbess Hilda in the Whitby monastery, its date is probably between the years 670 and 680.¹

Before the death of Cædmon, Aldhelm, another poet, had begun his work. He was well born, and entered young into a monastery founded by a poor Scot named Meildulf, obtained a grant of the place in the year 672, and gave his wealth and energy to its development, till Meildulf's settlement, Meildulfesburh (Malmesbury) became one of the chief religious centres of its time. In 705 Aldhelm was made the first bishop of Sherborne, and he died in 709. In that Benedictine house of Malmesbury there lived in the earlier half of the twelfth century (he died probably in 1142) a monk named William, whose History of the Kings of England gave him, for genius as a historian, the first place among old

English chroniclers. William of Malmesbury writes thus of Aldhelm. He has just mentioned a Leutherius, who was for seven years bishop of the West Saxons, and goes on :—

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY'S ACCOUNT OF ALDHELM.

This circumstance I have thought proper to mention, because Beda has left no account of the duration of his episcopate, and to disguise a fact which I learn from the Chronicles would be against my conscience; besides, it affords an opportunity which ought to be embraced, of making mention of a distinguished man, who by a clear and divinely inspired mind advanced the monastery of Malmesbury, where I carry on my earthly warfare, to the highest pitch. This monastery was so slenderly endowed by Meildulf—a Scot, as they say, by nation, a philosopher by erudition, a monk by profession—that its members could scarcely procure their daily subsistence; but Leutherius, after long and due deliberation, gave it to Aldhelm, a monk of the same place, to be by him governed with the authority then possessed by bishops. Of which matter, that my relation may obviate every doubt, I shall subjoin his own words.

"I, Leutherius, by divine permission bishop supreme of the Saxon see, am requested by the abbots who, within the jurisdiction of our diocese, preside over the conventual assemblies of monks with pastoral anxiety, to give and to grant that portion of land called Meildulfesburh to Aldhelm the priest, for the purpose of leading a life according to strict rule: in which place, indeed, from his earliest infancy and first initiation in the study of learning, he has been instructed in the liberal arts, and passed his days, nurtured in the bosom of the holy mother church; and on which account fraternal love appears principally to have conceived this request: wherefore assenting to the petition of the aforesaid abbots, I willingly grant that place to him and his successors, who shall sedulously follow the laws of the holy institution. Done publicly near the river Bladon, this seventh of the kalends of September, in the year of our Lord's incarnation six hundred and seventy-two."

But when the industry of the abbot was superadded to the kindness of the bishop, then the affairs of the monastery began to flourish exceedingly; then monks assembled on all sides; there was a general concourse to Aldhelm; some admiring the sanctity of his life, others the depth of his learning. For he was a man as unsophisticated in religion as multifarious in knowledge; whose piety surpassed even his reputation; and he had so fully imbibed the liberal arts, that he was wonderful in each of them, and unrivalled in all. I greatly err, if his works written on the subject of Virginity, than which, in my opinion, nothing can be more pleasing or more splendid, are not proofs of his immortal genius; although, such is the slothfulness of our times, they may excite disgust in some persons, not duly considering how modes of expression differ according to the customs of nations. The Greeks, for instance, express themselves involvedly, the Romans clearly, the Gauls gorgeously, the Angles turgidly. And truly, as it is pleasant to dwell on the graces of our ancestors and to animate our minds by their example, I would here, most willingly, unfold what painful labours this holy man encountered for the privileges of our church, and with what miracles he signalled his life, did not my avocations lead me elsewhere; and his noble acts appear clearer even to the eye of the purblind, than they can possibly be sketched by my pencil. The innumerable miracles which at this time take place at his tomb, manifest

¹ The whole of that part of Cædmon which relates the Creation and the Fall of Man was translated into rhymed heroic couplets by Mr. W. H. F. Bosanquet as "The Fall of Man, or Paradise Lost of Cædmon," and published in 1860, joined to a theory that Cædmon wrote ten-syllabled iambic lines with an occasional unaccented eleventh syllable, and that the English heroic line was of Cædmon's invention. This is not a true theory, though it is true that the rhythm of the First-English alliterative verse, set in cadences for chanting to the thrum of a stringed instrument, often accorded with that of our own modern heroic measure; and I think it is most fairly represented in translation when that and kindred measures, which fall smoothly on the English ear, underlie the music of its short accented and alliterated lines. A full and excellent account of Cædmon and his works was published in 1875 by Mr. Robert Spence Watson, in a little book entitled "Cædmon, the First English Poet," which can be most heartily recommended to the reader. It is not unworthy of note that in the same year 1875 the story of Cædmon was made into a graceful little book of verse by a lady, as "A Dream and the Song of Cædmon. (A Legend of Whitby.) By J. M. J." The old poem itself was edited for the Antiquarian Society in 1832 by Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, with a literal English translation, and the same society published a valuable series of fac-similes of the pictures illustrating the one extant MS. of it in the Bodleian. E. W. Bouterwek published in 1849 a carefully edited text of Cædmon; followed in 1851 by an ample glossary to the poem, in which Latin is used for giving the meanings of words, and German for any comment upon them. Cædmon is of course included in Dr. C. W. M. Grein's "Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie in kritisch bearbeiteten Texten und mit vollständigen Glossar," published at Göttingen in 1857, 1858, 1861, and 1864. This work contains the whole body of First-English poetry, and its glossary serves as a full and critical concordance to it. It is a book that the more advanced student of First English cannot do without. A beginning of the study of First English might easily be made in schools with the help of a book written for the purpose, an "Anglo-Saxon Delectus," by the Rev. W. Barnes. This includes elements of grammar, graduated readings, and sufficient glossary. Or use might at once be made of "A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue, from the Danish of Erasmus Rask, by Benjamin Thorpe," which in its second and cheaper edition has become a most convenient book for school and college use. In the mere study of English grammar there can be no thoroughness until its development is taught, as it can be taught most simply and easily, by beginning at the beginning. This is not adding to, but lessening the trouble given to a boy or girl who seeks to work with understanding.

to the present race the sanctity of the life he passed. He has therefore his proper praise; he has the fame acquired by his merits: my history pursues its course.

William of Malmesbury wrote a life of Aldhelm, in which he says that he was unequalled as an inventor and singer of English verse, and that a song ascribed to him, which was still familiar among the people in King Alfred's days, had been sung by him on the bridge between Malmesbury and the country, to prevent people from running away after mass was sung without waiting to hear the sermon. He began the song as a gleeman, with matter to which they listened for their pleasure, gradually blended words of Scripture with his jesting, and "so brought health to their minds when he could have done nothing if he had thought to manage them severely and by excommunication." It is not improbable that among extant First-English poems are some of Aldhelm's pieces, but there is no piece known to be his. His Latin works remain, including the books in praise of virginity, to which William of Malmesbury referred. One is in prose, and after a long introduction in praise of purity proceeds to celebrate some holy men and many holy women who were distinguished for their exaltation of the soul over the flesh. In his poem, "*De Laudibus Virginitatis*," there is a shorter introduction, and it consists of a series of little celebrations, many of course honouring saints who had already been celebrated in his prose. Aldhelm's poem, "*Of Maidens' Praise*," begins thus with—

AN INVOCATION.¹

Almighty Maker, Master of the World,
Who shap'st the starry Heaven's shining dome,
And foremost Earth's foundations by thy Word;
Paint'st the pale meadows with their purple bloom,
Rein'st the blue waters of the wave-rolled plain
Lest they have force to flood the dry land's bound
Where checks of cliff shatter the rising main;
Thine the firm grasp of frost on tilth of ground,
Thou mak'st increase the seed in mists of rain;
Thou takest away darkness with twin lights,
Titan day's comrade, Cynthia the night's;
Thou hast adorned the waters and made fair
The scaly squadrons of the gray abyss:
Through Thee swift hosts that soar in the clear air
Chirp and to echoes pipe resounding bliss,

¹ These are the lines themselves:—

"*Omnipotens genitor, mundum ditone gubernans,
Lucida stelligeri qui condidit culmina cœli,
Nec non telluris formas fundamina verbo;
Pallida purpureo pingis qui flore viretis,
Sic quoque fluctuanti refrenas œrula ponti,
Menzere ne valeant terrarum littora lymphis,
Sed tumidos frangant fluctus obstacula rupis
Arvorum gelido qui cultus fonte rizaris,
Et sæcetum glumas umbræ imbribus auges;
Qui latebras muniæ cœnato sudare demis,
Neque dum Titan, et noctem Cynthia comit;
Piscibus æquoreis qui campos pinguis oras,
Squamigeras formans in glauco gurgite turmas;
Lunpada præpetibus sic complex æra catervis,
Garrula quæ rostris resonantes cantica pipant,
Atque Creatorem diversa voce fatentur:
Da pons auxilium, clemens, ut carmine possim,
Lucilyta sanctorum modulari gesta priorum."*

In differing notes their many voices raise
Ever one song to their Creator's praise:
Help me Thou, Merciful, my song to bring,
That I the famous deeds of saints of old may sing.

The central line of religious thought in the old First-English times, traceable from Cædmon to Aldhelm, whose work was commenced in Cædmon's lifetime, passes on from Aldhelm to Bede, who began his work in Aldhelm's lifetime, and was thirty-six years old when Aldhelm died. Bede was born in, or within a few months of, the year 673, about the time when Cædmon's Paraphrase was written. When he was a child, Benedict Biscop founded the twin monasteries of St. Peter and St. Paul at Wearmouth and Jarrow. St. Peter's at Wearmouth was first ready, and Bede entered it when he was seven years old. St. Paul's, on a bank of the Tyne about five miles from St. Peter's, was ready for opening when Bede was ten, and he was one of those inmates of St. Peter's who were removed to it. From the age of ten for the next fifty-two years, until his death in the year 735, Bede's home was in the Jarrow monastery, humbly fulfilling all his duties as a monk, and giving to useful studies all the time that was not spent in the exercises of religion. He compiled clear Latin treatises upon all branches of knowledge cultivated in his day, and digested into manuals the essence of the Scripture teaching of the Fathers. His labour supplied the best text-books for the monastery schools, which were the centres of education in all parts of the country, and the readiest aids for elder men to an exact study of the Bible. A book of his on the Nature of Things was for centuries the accepted manual for the learning of what was then known of the laws of nature; and his Ecclesiastical History, which ends with the year 731, is our first history of England. In it all information then to be obtained was collected and arranged with scholarly care and clearness, and this book is in our own day the chief source of information as to the events of which it treats. The chapter of it in which Cædmon's story is told has been already quoted.² Bede's fame spread in his own day over the Christian world, yet he refused to be made abbot at Jarrow, because, he said, "the office demands household care, and household care brings with it distraction of mind, which hinders the pursuit of learning." At the end of his Ecclesiastical History of England, which he was finishing in the year 731, he wrote:—

Thus much of the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and more especially of the English nation, as far as I could learn either from the writings of the ancients, or the tradition of our ancestors, or of my own knowledge, has, with the help of God, been digested by me, Bede, the servant of God, and priest of the monastery of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow; who being born in the territory of that same monastery, was given, at seven years of age, to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfrid; and spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture, and amidst the observance of

² On page 4.

regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning, teaching, and writing. In the nineteenth year of my age, I received deacon's orders, in the thirtieth, those of the priesthood, both of them by the ministry of the most reverend Bishop John, and by order of the Abbot Ceolfred. From which time, till the fifty-ninth year of my age, I have made it my business, for the use of me and mine, to compile out of the works of the venerable Fathers, and to interpret and explain according to their meaning, these following pieces:—

The list of his works follows, to which he adds—

And now, I beseech thee, good Jesus, that to whom thou hast graciously granted sweetly to partake of the words of thy wisdom and knowledge, thou wilt also vouchsafe that he may some time or other come to thee, the fountain of all wisdom, and always appear before thy face, who livest and reignest world without end. Amen!

Tradition explained the word "Venerable" joined always to the name of Bede, by saying that after his death one of his pupils sought to write his epitaph in a line of metrical Latin, and left space for the adjective he had not yet found to fit his verse while it expressed his meaning. "In this grave are the bones of ——— Bede." "Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ ——— ossa." The student slept over his unfinished line, and when he awoke, found that an angel had finished his verse with a word added in lines of light—"Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ VENERABILIS ossa."¹

A pupil of Bede, named Cuthbert, described to a fellow-student the death of their beloved master in a letter that is extant. It faithfully paints to us the religion of this humble, indefatigable scholar:—

CUTHBERT'S LETTER ON THE DEATH OF VENERABLE BEDE.

To his fellow-reader Cuthwin, beloved in Christ, Cuthbert, his schoolfellow; health for ever in the Lord. I have received with much pleasure the small present which you sent me, and with much satisfaction read the letters of your devout erudition; wherein I found that masses and holy prayers are diligently celebrated by you for our father and master, Bede, whom God loved: this was what I principally desired, and therefore it is more pleasing, for the love of him (according to my capacity), in a few words to relate in what manner he departed this world, understanding that you also desire and ask the same. He was much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain, before the day of our Lord's resurrection, that is, about a fortnight, and thus he afterwards passed his life, cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God every day and night, nay, every hour, till the day of our Lord's ascension, that is, the seventh before the kalends of June [twenty-sixth of May], and daily read lessons to us his disciples, and whatever remained of the day, he spent in singing psalms; he also passed all the night awake, in joy and thanksgiving, unless a short sleep prevented it; in which case he no sooner awoke than he presently repeated his wonted exercises, and ceased not to give thanks to God with uplifted hands. I declare with truth, that I have never seen with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any man so earnest in giving thanks to the living God.

O truly happy man! He chanted the sentence of St. Paul the apostle, "It is fearful to fall into the hands of the living God," and much more, out of Holy Writ; wherein also he admonished us to think of our last hour, and to shake off the sleep of the soul; and being learned in our poetry, he said some things also in our tongue, for he said, putting the same into English,

"For tham neod-ferē,
Nenig wyrtheth
Thances snotta
Thonne him thearf sy
To gehiggene

Ær his heonen-gange
Hwæt his gaste
Godes oththe yveles
Æfter deathe heonen
Demed wurthe."

which means this:—

"For the journey we must all take no man becomes wiser of thought than he needs be to consider before his going hence for what good or evil his soul shall be judged after its departure."

He also sang antiphons according to our custom and his own, one of which is, "O glorious King, Lord of all power, who, triumphing this day, didst ascend above all the heavens; do not forsake us orphans; but send down upon us the Spirit of truth which was promised to us by the Father. Hallelujah." And when he came to that word, "do not forsake us," he burst into tears, and wept much, and an hour after he began to repeat what he had commenced, and we, hearing it, mourned with him. By turns we read, and by turns we wept, nay, we wept always whilst we read. In such joy we passed the days of Lent, till the aforesaid day; and he rejoiced much, and gave God thanks, because he had been thought worthy to be so weakened. He often repeated, "That God scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" and much more out of Holy Scripture; as also this sentence from St. Ambrose, "I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you; nor do I fear to die, because we have a gracious God." During these days he laboured to compose two works well worthy to be remembered, besides the lessons we had from him, and singing of Psalms; viz., he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words, "But what are they among so many," &c. [St. John vi. 9], into our own tongue for the benefit of the church; and some collections out of the Book of Notes of Bishop Isidorus, saying: "I will not have my pupils read a falsehood, nor labour therein without profit after my death." When the Tuesday before the ascension of our Lord came, he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then among other things, said, "Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away." But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure. And so he spent the night, awake, in thanksgiving; and when the morning appeared, that is, Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done, we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him, who said to him, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting: do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen, and make ready, and write fast." Which he did, but at the ninth hour he said to me, "I have some little articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense: run quickly, and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed on me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver and other precious things. But I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." He spoke to every one of them, admonishing and entreating them that they would carefully say

¹ "In this grave are the bones of the Venerable Bede."

masses and prayers for him, which they readily promised: but they all mourned and wept, especially because he said, "They should no more see his face in this world." They rejoiced for that he said, "It is time that I return to Him who formed me out of nothing: I have lived long; my merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me; the time of my dissolution draws nigh; for I desire to die and to be with Christ." Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy, above mentioned, said: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." He answered, "Write quickly." Soon after, the boy said, "The sentence is now written." He replied, "It is well, you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also sitting call upon my Father." And thus on the pavement of his little cell, singing, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the Holy Ghost, he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom. All who were present at the death of the blessed father, said they had never seen any other person expire with so much devotion, and in so tranquil a frame of mind. For as you have heard, so long as the soul animated his body, he never ceased to give thanks to the true and living God, with expanded hands exclaiming, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" with other spiritual ejaculations. But know this, dearest brother, that I could say much concerning him, if my want of learning did not cut short my discourse. Nevertheless, by the grace of God, I purpose shortly to write more concerning him; particularly of those things which I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears.

The torch passed from Bede to Alcuin, born, probably, in the year of the death of Bede, A.D. 735. Alcuin, like Caedmon and Bede, was a North countryman. He was taken as an infant into the monastery at York, there trained to the service of the Church, and when his studious character had declared itself, he acquired charge over the minster school and the library, then one of the best in England. On the library wall Alcuin caused four lines to this effect to be inscribed in Latin verses of his own:—

ON A LIBRARY.

"Small is the space which contains the gifts of heavenly Wisdom

Which you, Reader, rejoice piously here to receive;
Richer than richest gifts of the kings this treasure of Wisdom;

Light, for the seeker of this, shines on the road to the Day."

Charlemagne was in those days establishing his rule; and looking to First-English civilisation for the guidance of his own attempts to civilise his empire, he drew to his side the learned Yorkshireman as a sort of Minister of Public Instruction. Alcuin established discipline in the monasteries under Charlemagne's dominion, wrote text-books for their schools, attacked what he believed to be heresies of the time, was not less religious than Bede, though less gentle, for he was stern of opinion and energetic in administration, while recognising all the Christian graces, and labouring to temper even Charlemagne's delight in war with the spirit of mercy. His phrase

for himself was "the humble Levite." He was in a position favourable in the highest degree to self-seeking, but there is not a trace in his life or writing of any thought that set advantage of his own before the well-being of humanity. He gathered to himself no riches, but spent shrewd energies, that would have enabled him to compass any low object of worldly ambition, in strenuous labour to serve God by establishing His kingdom in the hearts of men. Alcuin died in the year 804. One of his books (written in Latin) is a short treatise "On the Virtues and Vices," written for Wido, Margrave of Brittany, governor, therefore, of the province that contained the Abbey of Tours, in which Alcuin died. This treatise, written at Wido's request to help him in the government of his own life, began with Wisdom



TREASURE OF WISDOM. (From the MS. of Caedmon.)

and the three great Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity—then in a series of short chapters gave the characters of the chief virtues and vices, with practical counsel upon them, enforced by citations of Scripture. There are six-and-thirty chapters in the book, of which these are the last two:—

FROM ALCUIN'S BOOK ON THE VIRTUES AND VICIES.

CHAPTER XXXV.—*The Four Virtues.*¹

First is to be known what Virtue is. Virtue is a state of the soul, a grace of nature, a reason in life, a piety in manners, the worship of the Deity, the honour of the man, the deserving of eternal happiness. The parts of it, as we have said, are four in chief—Prudence, Justice, Courage, Temperance. Prudence is knowledge of divine and human

¹ *The Four Virtues.* He means the four Virtues called cardinal, which were Prudence or Wisdom, Justice, Courage, Temperance. In Plato's Republic the orders in a state are said to be three—Guardians, Auxiliaries, Producers; the virtues of a state three—Wisdom (quality of the Guardians), Courage (of the Auxiliaries), Temperance (of the Producers and of all); Justice, the fourth Virtue, being the Harmony of All. These virtues correspond also, said Plato, in the individual to

things, as far as that is given to man; by which is to be understood what a man should avoid, or what he should do: and this is what is read in the Psalm, Depart from evil and do good. Justice is a nobility of the mind, ascribing to each thing its proper dignity. By this, the study of divinity, rights of humanity, just judgments, and the equity of our whole life may be preserved. Courage is a great patience of the mind and long suffering, with perseverance in good works, and victory over all kinds of vices. Temperance is the measure of the whole life, lest a man love or hate too much, but that a considerate attention temper all varieties of life. But to those who shall keep these in faith and charity, are promised the rewards of eternal glory by the truth itself in Christ Jesus. There is no better Prudence than that by which God is understood and feared according to the measure of the human mind, and his future judgment is believed. And what is more Just than to love God and keep his commandments? through whom, when we were not, we were created, and when we were lost we were created anew, and freed from the bondage of sin; who freely gave us all the good we have. And in this Courage what is better than to overcome the devil, and triumph over all his suggestions, to bear firmly in God's name all the troubles of the world? A very noble virtue is Temperance, in which stands among men all the honour of this life; that a man shall, in whatever cause, think, speak, and do all things with regard to his well-being. But these things are light and sweet to the man loving God, who says, Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. Is it not better and happier to love God, who is eternal beauty, eternal fragrance, eternal rapture, eternal harmony, eternal sweetness, honour perpetual and happiness without an end, than to love the vain shows and disquiets of this age—the fair appearances, sweet savours, soft sounds, fragrant odours and things pleasant to the touch, the passing delights and honours of the world, that all recede and vanish as a flying shadow, deceive the lover of himself, and send him to eternal misery? But he who faithfully loves God and the Lord, unceasingly worships Him, and steadily fulfils His commandments, shall be made worthy to possess eternal glory with His angels.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Peroration of the Work.

These things have I set down for you, my sweetest son, in short discourse, as you requested; that you may have them always in your sight as a little handbook, in which you may consider with yourself what you ought to avoid, or what to do, and be exhorted in each prosperous or adverse accident of this world how you should mount to the height of perfection. And do not let the quality of the lay habit or secular companionship deter you, as if in that dress you could not enter the gates of heaven. Since there are preached, equally to all, the blessings of the kingdom of God, so to every sex, age, and person equally, according to the height of merit, does the way into the kingdom of God lie open. There it is not distinguished who was in this world layman or clerk, rich man or poor, youth or elder, master or slave; but each one according to the merit of his deeds shall be crowned with eternal glory. Amen.

three qualities—Wisdom to the Rational, Courage to the Spirited, Temperance to the Appetitive; while Injustice disturbs their Harmony. It is the *Just* aim alike of a Man and of a State to be *Temperate, Brave, and Wise*. In his Protagoras Plato added to these four cardinal virtues Holiness (*δσιονη*); the *εὐδαιμονία* frequently mentioned as a virtue by the Socrates of Xenophon. Aristotle omitted this, distinctly separating Ethics from Religion.

Apart from Cædmon's Paraphrase, the religious poetry of the First English is now chiefly in two collections: the one known as the "Vercelli Book," because it was discovered in 1823 by Dr. Friedrich Blume, in a monastery at Vercelli; the other known as the "Exeter Book," because it is in the Chapter Library of Exeter Cathedral, to which it was given, with other volumes, by Bishop Leofric between the years 1046 and 1073. The "Exeter Book" begins with a fine poem, in nearly 3,400 lines, on Christ, by Cynewulf, who is represented also in the "Exeter Book" by a long poem on the Legend of St. Juliana, and in the "Vercelli Book" by nearly 3,000 lines on the Legend of St. Helen, or the Finding of the Cross. Jacob Grimm was probably right in suggesting that this poet was a Cynewulf, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in the year 780. He associated his name with his work by scattering the letters of it conspicuously over some short passage in each of his longer poems. Other metrical legends in these books are that of St. Andrew, in 3,444 lines, and a shorter legend of St. Guthlac. There are also two poems of a form that survived First-English times, Addresses of the Soul to the Body, several religious allegories, of the Phoenix, of the Panther, concerning whom a fable is applied to the Resurrection, and the Whale, "cruel and fierce to seafarers," who is described as a type of the Devil. Of him the fable is that he draws his prey by sending a sweet odour from his mouth. "Then suddenly around the prey the grim gums crash together. So it is to every man who often and negligently in this stormy world lets himself be deceived by sweet odour. . . . Hell's latticed doors have not return or escape, or any outlet for those who enter, any more than the fishes sporting in ocean can turn back from the whale's grip." In the First-English artist's illustration to Cædmon's Fall of the Angels¹ and other drawings of his, the open jaws of the whale represent the mouth of hell. We shall find this symbol retained in mediæval literature. Among the shorter poems is one called "The Sea-farer." This builds an allegory upon our English desire towards the sea, and represents under the figure of seafaring the leaving earth behind and its unstable joys, for lonely watching and striving, against all cold discouragements and through all trial in the tumults of the spiritual storm, uncared for by those who choose earth and its pleasures. Let me try to translate

THE SEAFARER.

I may sing of myself now
A song that is true,
Can tell of wide travel,
Of hard days of toil;
How oft through long seasons
I suffered and strove,
Abiding within my breast
Bitterest care;
How I sailed among sorrows
In many a sea;
The wild rise of the waves,
The close watch through the night

10

¹ See page 7.

At the dark prow in danger
Of dashing on rock,
Folded in by the frost,
My feet bound by the cold
In chill bands, in the breast
The heart burning with care.
The soul of the sea weary
Hunger assailed.

20

Knows not he who finds happiest
Home upon earth
How I lived through long winters
In labour and care,
On the icy-cold ocean,
An exile from joy,
Cut off from dear kindred,
Encompassed with ice.
Hail flew in hard showers,
And nothing I heard
But the wrath of the waters,
The icy-cold way;
At times the swan's song;
In the scream of the gannet
I sought for my joy,
In the moan of the sea-whelp
For laughter of men,
In the song of the sea-mew
For drinking of mead.
Starlings answered the storm
Beating stones on the cliff,
Icy-feathered, and often
The eagle would shriek,
Wet of wing.
Not one home-friend could feel
With the desolate soul;
For he little believes
To whom life's joy belongs
In the town, lightly troubled
With dangerous tracks,
Vain with high spirit
And wanton with wine,
How often I wearily
Held my sea-way.

30

40

50

The night shadows darkened,
It snowed from the north;
The rime bound the rocks;
The hail rolled upon earth,
Coldest of corn:
Therefore now is high heaving
In thoughts of my heart,
That my lot is, to learn
The wide joy of waters
The whirl of salt spray.
Often desire drives
My soul to depart,
That the home of the strangers
Far hence I may seek.

60

There is no man among us
So proud in his mind,
Nor so good in his gifts,
Nor so gay in his youth,
Nor so daring in deeds,
Nor so dear to his lord,
That his soul never stirred

70

At the thought of seafaring,
Or what his great Master
Will do with him yet.
He hears not the harp,
Heeds not giving of rings,
Has to woman no will,
And no hope in the world,
Nor in aught there is else
But the wash of the waves.
He lives ever longing
Who looks to the sea.

80

Groves bud with green,
The hills grow fair,
Gay shine the fields,
The world's astir:
All this but warns
The willing mind
To set the sail,
For so he thinks
Far on the waves
To win his way.
With woeful note
The cuckoo warns,
The summer's warden sings,
And sorrow rules
The heart-store bitterly.
No man can know,
Nursed in soft ease,
The burden borne
By those who fare
The farthest from their friends.

90

100

In the soul's secret chamber
My mind now is set;
My heart's thought on wide waters,
The home of the whale,
It wanders away
Beyond limits of land:
Comes again to me, yearning
With eager desire;
Loud cries the lone-flier,
And stirs the mind's longing
To travel the way that is trackless,
The death-way over the flood.

110

For my will to my Master's pleasure
Is warmer than this dead life
That is lent us on land.
I believe not
That earth-blessings ever abide.
Ever of three things one,
To each ere the severing hour:
Old age, sickness, or slaughter,
Will force the doomed soul to depart.

120

Therefore for each of the earls,
Of those who shall afterwards name them,
This is best laud from the living
In last words spoken about him:—
He worked ere he went his way,
When on earth, against wiles of the foe,
With brave deeds overcoming the devil.
His memory cherished
By children of men,
His glory grows ever

130

With angels of God,
 In life everlasting
 Of bliss with the bold. 140
 Passed are the days of the pride
 Of the kingdoms of earth.
 Kings are no more, and kaisers.
 None count out,
 As once they did, their gifts of gold
 When that made them most great,
 And Man judged that they lived
 As Lords most High.
 That fame is all fallen, 150
 Those joys are all fled;
 The weak ones abiding
 Lay hold on the world:
 By their labour they win.

High fortune is humbled;
 Earth's haughtiness ages
 And wastes,—as now withers
 Each Man from the world:
 Old Age is upon him
 And bleaches his face:
 He is gray-haired and grieves, 160
 Knows he now must give up
 The old friends he cherished,
 Chief children of earth.
 The husk of flesh,
 When life is fled,
 Shall taste no sweetness,
 Feel no sore;
 Is in its hand no touch:
 Is in its brain no thought. 170
 Though his born brother
 Strew gold in the grave,
 Bury him pompously
 Borne to the dead.
 Entomb him with treasure,
 The trouble is vain:
 The soul of the sinful
 His gold may not save
 From the awe before God,
 Though he hoarded it heedfully
 While he lived here. 180

Great awe is in presence of God.¹
 The firm ground trembles before Him
 Who strongly fixed its foundations,
 The limits of earth and the heavens.
 Fool is he without fear of the Lord;
 To him will come death unforeseen:
 Happy he who is lowly of life;
 To him will come honour from heaven:
 The Creator will strengthen his soul
 Because he put trust in His power. 190

Rude will should be ruled
 And restrained within bound
 And clean in its ways with men.

If every man
 Kept measure in mind
 With friend and with foe,²
 More force is in fate,
 In the Maker more might,
 Than in thought of a man.

Let us look to the home 200
 Where in truth we can live,
 And then let us be thinking
 How thither to come:
 For then we too shall toil
 That our travel may reach
 To delight never ending,
 When life is made free
 In the love of the Lord
 In the height of the heavens!
 May we thank the All Holy 210
 Who gave us this grace,—
 The Wielder of glory,
 The Lord everlasting,—
 In time without end! Amen.

Cynewulf's "Christ," of which the original opening is lost, begins for us with praise of Christ as the corner-stone that the builders rejected, and with looking to Christ from the prison of this world. The poet then dwells on the mystery of the pure birth of the Saviour, and passes to a hymning of praise of the Virgin, "the delight of women among all the hosts of heaven." The theme of the Nativity is approached with an imagined dialogue between Joseph and Mary, and passes again into a strain of joyous hymning. In the one measure common to all First-English poetry, which I put into another form without change of his thoughts, Cynewulf sings his

CALL FOR CHRIST.

Come now, thou Lord of Victory, Creator of Mankind,
 Make manifest Thy tenderness in mercy to us here!
 Need is there for us all in Thee thy Mother's kin to find,
 Though to thy Father's mystery we cannot yet come near.

Christ, Saviour, by Thy coming bless this earth of ours with
 love;

The golden gates, so long fast barred, do Thou, O Heavenly
 King,

Bid now unclothe, that humbly Thou, descending from above,
 Seek us on earth, for we have need of blessing Thou canst
 bring.

With fangs of death the accursed wolf hath scattered, Lord,
 the flock

That with Thy blood, in time of old, O Master, thou hast
 bought;

He has us in fierce clutch; we are his prey, his mock,
 He scorns our soul's desire; wherefore, to Thee is all our
 thought.

¹ This line begins a new leaf, and although there is no sign of its removal, Mr Thorpe supposed that a leaf had been lost from the book between the preceding line and this, which he believed to belong to the close of another poem. But surely there is a clear sequence of thought.

² Though written without break, the original is here defective, through some oversight of the copyist.

Thou, our Preserver, earnestly we pray that Thou devise
For sad exiles a speedy help; let the dark spirit fall
To depths of hell; but let thy work, Creator, let man rise
Justly to that high realm whence the Accursed drew us all.

Through love of sin he drew us that, bereft of heaven's
light,
We suffer endless miseries, betrayed for evermore,
Unless Thou come to save us from the slayer, Lord of Might!
Shelter of Man! O Living God! come soon, our need is
some!

Cynewulf then continuing the theme of the Nativity with renewed praise of the Virgin, passes to the resurrection, the ascension, the descent into hell, and liberation of the souls who there awaited the Lord's coming; and he closes his poem with hymns of praise and thanksgiving to God who gives us food and all blessings of this life, the sun and moon, the dew and rain, the increase of the earth, and the salvation of the soul through Christ.

Outside the Exeter and Vercelli Books, the most important First-English religious poem is a fragment on the story of Judith, which, although a fragment, includes the part to which the poet gave his highest energy, the slaying of Holofernes, and the welcoming of Judith by the city she had saved. This poem is in the same MS. which contains the great poem of Beowulf, not religious, but a record of the Northern



THE PSALMIST.

From a Psalter of the Tenth Century, Cotton MS. Tib. C. vi.

life of our forefathers before they had received Christianity. The place for some representation of Beowulf will be in the section of this Library that describes our larger works in verse and prose. There are also First-English hymns and prayers in various MSS., and a version of the Psalms, partly in prose, partly in verse, which from Psalm li. to cl. belongs

to the eighth century, and was, perhaps, by Aldhelm. I give one of these versified Psalms of David—the sixty-seventh—as an example of First English.

FIRST-ENGLISH METRICAL VERSION OF PSALM LXVII.¹

- Verse 1. Miltsa us, mihtig drihten,
and us on móde eac
gebletsa nu!
beorhte leóhte
thinne andwlitan and us
on móde weorht
thuruh thine mycelnesse
milde and blithe!
2. And we thas on eorhtan
andgyt habbath
and ure wegas wide
geond thás wertheóde
on thinre hælo
healdan mótan.
3. Folc the andette!
thu eart fæle God;
and the andetten
calle theóda!

¹ *Miltsa*, Be merciful. "*Milts*," mercy; "*milts-ian*," to pity, to be gracious. Allied to the word "*mild*."—*Mihtig*, mighty; the *h* having been strongly aspirated is now represented by *gh*, the softened *g* by *y*.—*Drihten*, Lord; "*driht*," a household; "*drihten*," lord, as the supreme father and ruler.—*On móde*, in mind (mood).—*Gebletsa nu*, bless now.—*Beorhte*, brightly; *e*, a case-ending, passed into adverbial sign.—*Leóhte*, make shine.—*Thinne andwlitan*, thy face "*andwlita*" = German "*antlitz*." It is a masculine noun ending in *a*, and therefore of the first declension, which consists only of nouns ending in the vowels *a* or *e*, and is thus inflected—

Sing.	Nom.	M.	F.	N.
		-a	-e	-e
	Gen.			
	Dat. & Abl.		-an	
	Acc.			-e
Plu.	Nom. & Acc.		-an	
	Gen.		-ena	
	Dat. & Abl.		-um	

The *ne* in "*thinne*" is the sign of the accusative masculine in indefinite adjectives and pronouns. Adjectives used definitely are inflected like the first declension of nouns, according to the form just given. If used indefinitely, they are inflected thus—

Sing.	Nom.	M.	F.	N.
	Gen.	-es	-re	-es
	Dat.	-um	-re	-um
	Acc.	-u	-e	
	Abl.	-e	-re	-e
Plu.	Nom. & Acc.		-e (u)	
	Gen.		-ra	
	Dat. & Abl.		-um	

Weorht, become: "*weorhtan*," to become, be. The word is used in such a phrase as "*woe worth the day*."—*Thuruh thine mycelnesse*, through thy (mickle) greatness.—*Thas* (adverb), for this.—*Andgyt*, understanding.—*We habbath*, we have, or shall have. There was no future tense in First English: the present represented it. *-ath* was the plural sign in the present indicative of verbs where the pronoun preceded the verb, *e* if the pronoun followed. The present of "*habban*," to have, in which the *v* is formed by soft pronunciation of the *b*, shows the original softening of the *b* into an *f*, which has since been softened out of existence altogether. *Ic habbe* or *hæbbe* = have; *thu hæfst*—*ha(f)st*; *he hæfth*—*ha(f)th*; *we, ge or hi habbath*, or *habbe we, ge or hi*. So in the past "*hæfde*" becomes "*ha(f)d*."—*Ure wegas*, our ways. "*Weg*," way, a masculine noun ending in a consonant, is of the second declension, which contains

4. Hæbbe thu þu gefot
foten æghwylc
and blissien
bealde theoda.
thas the thu hi on rihtum
radum dænest
and eorþbūnle
ealle headdest!
5. Fole the andettan
fæla drihten
and the andetten
ealle theoda!
6. Ge him eorthe sylth
æthele wæstmie:
geblitsige us
blithe drihten
and usie God
eac blitsige!
hæbbe his ægesan
eall eorþan gemætra!

The Gospels were read to the people in their own tongue as part of the Church service in First-English times, and we have seen that Bede, when he died, was busy upon translation of the Gospel of St. John. The First-English Gospels have come down to us in several MSS., and were first printed after the Reformation, at the instance of Archbishop Matthew Parker. They were published in the year 1571, with

generally all nouns ending in a consonant. The form of inflexion for the second declension is

		M.	F.	N.
Sing.	Nom.	.. (e)
	Gen.	-es	-e	-es
	Dat. & Abl.	-e	-e	-e
Plu.	Acc.	.. (e)	-e	..
	Nom. & Acc.	-as	-a	..
	Gen.	-a	-a	-i
	Dat. & Abl.	-um	-um	-um

The *as* in "wegas" is, it will be seen, the form of the nominative or accusative plural only in masculines of this declension. It is the sole source of the modern English plural in *s*, though coincidence with the Norman-French plural in *s* favoured its extension in modern English to nouns of all classes.—*Wide*, widely. The common use of *e* as an adverbial ending in First English, and the subsequent dropping of the final *e*, causes many of the homely adverbs from the Teutonic side of the language to be now alike in spelling with the adjectives from which they were made, as "hit him hard," &c.—*Geond thas wertheode*, among this people "Geond" = "yond," the *g* being softened before the vowels. A *g* so modified was afterwards represented by a modified letter, like a *z*, and this is the origin of the mistaken use of *z* in printing MS. so written. Nobody ever intended to write "ze" or "zour." The modified letter represented a *g*, softened sometimes to the sound of *y*, sometimes to a sound now represented by *gh*. "Thas wertheode;" "wer" (= Latin "vir"), man, is used in combination with "theod," a people; "theod" ending in a consonant is of the second declension, and it is feminine, therefore (see the table given after the word "wegas"), it has an accusative singular in *e*; "thas," agreeing with its noun, is the accusative singular feminine of "this," a pronoun which was thus inflected (the second *s* in "thisse" and "thissa" being a modified *r*).

		M.	F.	N.
Sing.	Nom.	thes	theos	this
	Gen.	thises	thisse	thises
	Dat.	thisum	thisse	thisum
	Acc.	thisne	thise	this
	Abl.	thise	thisse	thise
Plu.	Nom. & Acc.	thas	thas	thas
	Gen.	thissa	thissa	thissa
	Dat. & Abl.	thisum	thisum	thisum

On thine heolo, in thy health. "Hælo," or "hælu," is indeclinable. Being feminine the pronoun—inflected like an adjective—takes the

a dedication to Queen Elizabeth. There was another edition of them by Dr. Marshall, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, published in 1665, with the Gothic version given by Francis Junius; and in 1842 they were produced in a handy edition, carefully re-edited from the original manuscripts by Benjamin Thorpe, who was in his day our most helpful worker at First English. Here is from the sixth chapter of Matthew

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN FIRST ENGLISH:

Fæder ure, thû the eart on heofenum, si thin nama gehalgot. To-become thin rice. Geweorthe thin willa on eorþan, swa swa on heofenum. Ure dæghwamlicean hlaf sylle us to-dæg. And forgyf us ure gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath úrum gyltendum. And ne gelæde thu us on costnunge, ac alyse us of yfle: Soðlice.

Alcuin died in the year 804, and between the years 800 and 815, or about the time of the death of Alcuin, John Scotus Erigena was born. Whether born in Ireland, as is probable, or in Ayrshire as some say, he seems to have had in his veins some of that mixture of Celtic blood which gave audacity to thought. He found his way to the court of Charles the Bald, one of the sons of Alcuin's friend Charlemagne, and was there held in high esteem for wit, wisdom, and learning. He translated from Greek into Latin a book on the "Hierarchies of Heaven,"

inflexion *re*. (See the form already given to explain "thinne.")—*Healdan mótan*, may be able to hold firm, or abide. "Healdan," to hold, fasten, &c.; "mót," meaning must, ought, can, was inflected thus in the present: "ic mót, thû mót, he mot; we mótan." In the past, "ic môte, . . . we moston."—*Fole the andette*, let the people (the folk = German "Volk") acknowledge thee. "Andetan," to confess; "andettes," a confession, a creed; "andettan," to confess, acknowledge, thank.—*Færl*, true, pure.—*Giefen*, joy, gladness.—*Eghwylc*, every one. *Æg* as a prefix means "ever, always." (It is the word in the phrase "ever and aye").—*hwylc* (Scottish "whilk") means which or what.—*Folca*, of the peoples (see form of the second declension, given to explain "wegas").—*Blissian*, to rejoice, be glad.—*Beald* and *bald*, bold, high-spirited.—*Theod* being feminine, its nominative plural is in *a*.—*Thas the*, for this that; thû, hi, thou, them; "the" here is indeclinable. "He, she, it" was declined—

		M.	F.	N.
Sing.	Nom.	he	heo	hit
	Gen.	his	hire	his
	Dat.	him	hire	him
	Acc.	hine	heo	hit
Plu.	Nom. & Acc.		hi, hig	
	Gen.		hira (heora)	
	Dat. & Abl.		him (heom)	

Ge—usie. These were inflexions of "thou" and "I"—

		M.	F.	N.
Sing.	Nom.	ic	thû	
	Gen.	min	thin	
	Dat. & Abl.	me	the	
	Acc.	me (mec)	the (thee)	
Dual (used only in First-English for these pronouns)—				
Plu.	Nom.	wit	git	
	Gen.	uncer	incer	
	Dat. & Abl.	unc	inc	
	Acc.	unc	inc	
	Nom.	we	ge	
Plu.	Gen.	ure	eower	
	Dat. & Abl.	us	eow	
	Acc.	us (usie)	eow	

Syllan, to give; *æthel*, noble; *wæstm*, fruit; *ægesa*, awe; *gemætra*, boundaries.—As to verbs, it may be added that *-ian* or *-an* is the sign of the infinitive present. That the three conjugations are marked by the way of making the past tense, the first by addition of *-ode*, *-de*, or *-æ*, with or without change of the root-vowel, the second and third by change of the root-vowel always without addition of *-de* or *-æ*.

ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, who was supposed to have been converted by St. Paul, and afterwards to have become first bishop of the Christians at Athens. Erigena had already incurred suspicion of heresy when he produced his Latin work, in five parts, on "The Division of Nature," a dialogue between pupil and master, which was the starting-point of a new school of philosophy. In this book he gave mystical interpretations of Scripture, and otherwise excited a very warm antagonism. After the death of Charles the Bald, John Scotus Erigena is said to have come to England, allured by the munificence of King Alfred, and at Malmesbury to have been stabbed to death by the styles of his pupils, about the year 875.

King Alfred had succeeded Ethelred in the year 871, being then twenty-two years old. There was confusion in the land from inroads of the Danes; many monasteries and their schools were broken up, and learning had decayed. When Alfred had cleared the way for labour towards the re-establishment of knowledge and religion, he produced or caused to be produced English versions of books suitable for his purpose. The History of Orosius, which had been the Latin text-book for a history of the world in the monastery schools, he restored to the schools in English, with much abridgment of its theological element, and addition of fresh knowledge. There was added an original detail of the geography of Germany in Alfred's time, and the record of two coasting voyages in the north of Europe. Alfred provided also a translation into English of Bede's History of England. For the instruction of the clergy, he issued an English version of the Pastoral Care of Pope Gregory the Great.

The opening sentences of King Alfred's translation of this book have an interest that has caused them to be often quoted.¹

There is a single change of the root-vowel in the second declension, and there is a double change in the third. The past tenses are formed in the first conjugation (a) by adding *-ode*, (b) by adding *-de* or *-te* simply, (c) by adding *-de* or *-te* with a change also of the root-vowel. In the second conjugation the root-vowel is changed—as in "eat" to "ute"—in one of three ways: to (a) *u*, (b) *i*, (c) *o*. In the third conjugation it is changed (a) to *a* with a second change to *u*, (b) to *i* with a second change to *u*, (c) to *eo* with a second change to *u*. The second change occurs in the second person singular and whole plural of the indicative and throughout the subjunctive. It is the origin of such double forms as "sang" and "sung." In reading First English aloud pronounce a like the *a* in "path" or "father;" *æ* like the *a* in "pat" or "pate" (this mark over a vowel indicates longer and broader sound); pronounce, therefore, *Cædmon* not *Seedman*, but *Cadmon*, and the vowels and letters generally more after the manner of northern than of southern English as now spoken; slightly roughen the aspiration of the *h*, and sound the *r*.

¹ The standard edition of this work of King Alfred's has been produced by one of the best living First-English scholars, Mr. Henry Sweet, for "the Early English Text Society."—"King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care. With an English Translation, the Latin Text, Notes, and an Introduction." The passage above quoted is given from the Translation added by Mr. Sweet to his text. A word may here be said of "the Early English Text Society," to which English students are indebted for this and much other valuable work. We owe its existence to the enthusiastic energy of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, who set it up in the year 1864, and has himself edited many interesting texts for it. The self-denial of the editors, and fellowship of many in the work, has enabled this society to secure an unusually large return of valuable publications for the annual guinea of each of its members. In the first ten years of its life the society produced more than 16,000 pages of edited texts. Some of

KING ALFRED'S INTRODUCTION TO HIS TRANSLATION OF POPE GREGORY'S "REGULA PASTORALIS."

King Alfred bids greet bishop Warferth with his words lovingly and with friendship; and I let it be known to thee that it has very often come into my mind, what wise men there formerly were throughout England, both of sacred and secular orders; and how happy times there were then throughout England; and how the kings who had power over the nation in those days obeyed God and his ministers; and they preserved peace, morality, and order at home, and at the same time enlarged their territory abroad; and how they prospered both with war and with wisdom; and also the sacred orders how zealous they were both in teaching and learning, and in all the services they owed God; and how foreigners came to this land in search of wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were to have them. So general was its decay in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. Thanks be to God Almighty that we have any teachers among us now. And therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayest apply the wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst. Consider what punishments would come upon us on account of this world, if we neither loved it (wisdom) ourselves nor suffered other men to obtain it: we should love the name only of Christian, and very few of the virtues. When I considered all this I remembered also how I saw, before it had been all ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books, and there was also a great multitude of God's servants, but they had very little knowledge of the books, for they could not understand anything of them, because they were not written in their own language. As if they had said: "Our forefathers, who formerly held these places, loved wisdom, and through it they obtained wealth and bequeathed it to us. In this we can still see their tracks, but we cannot follow them, and therefore we have lost both the wealth and the wisdom, because we would not incline our hearts after their example."

the publications, not in themselves works of genius, are included in the series for help they may give to philological research, some for their lively illustration of manners and customs, or of phases of opinion, but not a few are the only printed editions of texts of the highest literary interest. It is for this society that Mr. Skeat has produced such an edition of several texts of "The Vision of Piers Plowman" as we should have had otherwise no hope of possessing, a study that no German could surpass in thoroughness, and very fruitful indeed in its results. Among other works edited by him are Barbour's "Bruce" and "Havelok" and "William of Palerne." Dr. Richard Morris has not only edited for the Early English Text Society such important works as the thirteenth century poem on the Story of Genesis and Exodus, the "Cursor Mundi," "The Aenbite of Inwit," &c., but he has been the first to develop in the introductions to such works that more critical study of old English Dialects which now has the attention of all students. Mr. Furnivall has worked indefatigably, and has been particularly happy in his lively illustration of old social conditions, by help of "The Book of Curtasye," "The Book of Demeanour," Andrew Boorde's "Introduction and Dyetary," &c., besides contributing to a series of editions of the old Arthurian Romances. There is an edition of the Works of Sir David Lindsay, by Mr. J. A. H. Murray, who edits also an interesting poem of the year 1549, "The Complaynt of Scotland." But a chronicle of good work done by "The Early English Text Society" is more than can be here set down in a note. Its publishers are Messrs. Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill.

When I remembered all this, I wondered extremely that the good and wise men who were formerly all over England, and had perfectly learnt all the books, did not wish to translate them into their own language. But again I soon answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever be so careless, and that learning would so decay; through that desire they abstained from it, and they wished that the wisdom in this land might increase with our knowledge of languages." Then I remembered how the law was first known in Hebrew, and again, when the Greeks had learnt it, they translated the whole of it into their own language, and all other books besides. And again the Romans, when they had learnt it, they translated the whole of it through learned interpreters into their own language. And also all other Christian nations translated a part of them into their own language. Therefore it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know into the language which we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough, that is, that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until that they are well able to read English writing: and let those be afterwards taught more in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank. When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English *Shepherd's Book*, sometimes word by word and sometimes according to the sense, as I had learnt it from Plegmund my archbishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbold my mass-priest, and John my mass-priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus.¹ And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book or the book from the minster: it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their place, unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one make a copy from them.

Because the monasteries had used (on account of its religious tone) the book on the "Consolation of Philosophy," written in prison by Anicius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boëthius, the last of the old Latin philosophers, King Alfred translated also that. Boëthius, in the prison from which he was taken to execution, about the year 825, imagined himself lamenting the worldly estate from which he had fallen, and visited by Philosophy, who held discourse with him upon the vanity of such regrets, since all substantial good was of the mind, and beyond reach of fortune. The book was philosophical, not Christian; but was in such wide request among the Christians, that they made a saint of its author, by fabling that he died a martyr. Small pieces of Latin versification—"Metra"—were interspersed by Boëthius, and

these were not given in English verse when Alfred's translation was produced, though extant renderings of the "Metra" of Boëthius into First-English verse have been ascribed to Alfred. In one passage of the prose translation Alfred expanded a short sentence into contemplations of his own upon the duty of a king. The sentence in Boëthius (lib. ii., prosa vii.) is only this:—"Tum ego, Scis, inquam, ipsa minimum nobis ambitionem mortalium rerum fuisse dominatam: sed materiam gerendis rebus optavimus, quo ne virtus tacita consenesceret." In Alfred's version two sentences represent this passage, and they are then amplified by original reflections that seem to have arisen in the king's mind as he thought of his own work and his own ambition in it:—

KING ALFRED ON KING-CRAFT.

The Mind then answered, and thus said: O Reason, indeed thou knowest that covetousness and the greatness of this earthly power never well pleased me, nor did I altogether very much yearn after this earthly authority. But nevertheless I was desirous of materials for the work which I was commanded to perform; that was, that I might honourably and fitly guide and exercise the power which was committed to me. Moreover, thou knowest that no man can show any skill, nor exercise or control any power, without tools and materials. There are of every craft the materials without which man cannot exercise the craft. These, then, are a king's materials and his tools to reign with: that he have his land well peopled; he must have prayer-men, and soldiers, and workmen.² Thou knowest that without these tools no king can show his craft. This is also his materials which he must have besides the tools; provisions for the three classes. This is, then, their provision; land to inhabit, and gifts and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and whatsoever is necessary for the three classes. He cannot without these preserve the tools, nor without the tools accomplish any of those things which he is commanded to perform. Therefore I was desirous of materials wherewith to exercise the power, that my talents and power should not be forgotten and concealed. For every craft and every power soon becomes old, and is passed over in silence, if it be without wisdom: for no man can accomplish any craft without wisdom. Because whatsoever is done through folly, no one can ever reckon for craft. This is now especially to be said; that I wished to live honourably whilst I lived, and after my life, to leave to the men who were after me, my memory in good works.

I translate the opening metre from Boëthius into modern English, giving the original below, and add the version of the First-English translator as a last example of that stage of the language:—

FIRST METRE OF BOETHIUS.³

I who once finished verse with happy toil
Am forced now to begin a mournful strain;
See, the torn Muses tell me what to write,
Elegy sets their lips with a true pain.

² King Alfred's classification of a people corresponds with that of Plato, of whose Republic he assuredly knew nothing. Plato's three orders in a State were the guardians, auxiliaries, and producers. See Note 1, page 12.

³ This is the original:—

METRUM I.

Carmina qui quondam studio florente peregi,
Flebilis, heu, mæstos cogor inire modos.

¹ Fifty mancus = 300 shillings. There were thirty pence in a mancus and five pence in a shilling.

For these at least no terror could compel
 To turn from being comrades on my way;
 The glory once of green and joyous youth,
 They comfort now my sad days of decay.
 For hasting Age, unlooked for, comes with ills,
 And Grief has claimed her turn of rule within;
 Gray hairs, too soon, are scattered on my head,
 On the spent frame quivers the wrinkled skin.
 Happy the Death that breaks not on man's years
 Of joy, and hastens when the mourner cries:
 Alas, his ears are deaf to the distressed!
 Cruel, he will not close the weeping eyes!
 When fickle Fortune blessed me with light good,
 Hardly a sad hour passed over my head;
 Now that her cloud has changed its doubtful face
 Unkindly life delays me from the dead.
 Why did you, friends, so often boast my bliss?
 He who has fallen, always stood amiss.

This is the version in First English:—

Hwæt ic liôða fela
 lustlice geô
 sang on sêlum!
 nu seol siôfigende
 wôpe gewaged
 wrecca giômor
 singan sârcwidas.
 Me thiôs siccetung hafath
 agaled, thes geocsa,
 thaet ic tha ged ne mæg
 gefêgean swa fægre,
 theáh ic fela gió tha
 sette sothewida,
 thonne ic on sêlum wæs.
 Oft ic nu miscyrre
 cuthe spræce
 and theáh uncuthre
 ær hwilum fond!
 Me thas woruld sêltha
 welhwæs blindne
 on this dinne hol
 dysigne forlæddon
 and me berypton
 rædes and frofre
 for heora untreôwum,
 the ic him æfre betst
 truwian sceolde:
 hi me to wendon

*Ecce mihi lacerae dictant scribenda Camenæ,
 Et veris cleri flitibus ora riant.
 Has saltem nullus potuit pervincere terror,
 Ne nostrum comites prosequerentur iter;
 Gloria felices olim viridisque juvenæ!
 Solantur mæsti nunc mea fata senis.
 Venit enim properata malis mœpina senectus,
 Et dolor ætatem jussit inesse suam.
 Intempestiva funduntur vertice cani.
 Et tremuit effeto corpore laxa cutis.
 Mors hominum felix, quæ se nec dulcibus annis
 Inserit, et mæstis sæpè vocata venit.
 Eheu, quam surda miseris avertitur aure,
 Et flenteis oculos claudere sæva negat!
 Dùm levibus malefida bonis fortuna faveret,
 Pœnè caput tristis meruerat hora meum.
 Nunc, quia fallacem mutavit nubila vultum,
 Protrahit ingratis impia vita moras.
 Quid me felicem toties jactastis amici?
 Qui cecidit, stabili non erat ille gradu.*

heora bacu bitere
 and heora blisse from!
 Forhwām wolde ge-
 weoruldrýnd mine,
 seegan oththe singan,
 thaet ic gesêllie mon
 ware on weorulde?
 Ne synt tha word soth,
 nu tha gesêltha ne magon
 sinle gewunigan.

King Alfred died at the beginning of the tenth century, and not long after his time there was a remarkable effort for the revival of a strict monasticism, led by two men of like age, born in or about the year 925.—Æthelwold and Dunstan. Dunstan in the year 947, twenty-two years old, became Abbot of Glastonbury, and Æthelwold joined his establishment until he received charge over the small ruined Abbey of Abingdon, with means for its re-establishment. In the year 953, Æthelwold was consecrated Bishop of Winchester by Dunstan, who had become Archbishop of Canterbury. Æthelwold rebuilt his cathedral at Winchester, and Archbishop Dunstan dedicated the new structure to St. Swithin, who had been Bishop of Winchester between the years 852 and 862, and who had been buried, by his own desire, outside his old church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where “the feet of passengers and droppings from the eaves” should beat upon his grave. The removal of his relics into the cathedral consecrated in his name was preceded by miracles, of which an account, written about the year 985, appears upon three old leaves preserved in the library of Gloucester Cathedral. These and three other old leaves of First English on the story of Saint Maria Egyptiaca, which are also at Gloucester, have been copied by photo-zincography, and published, with elaborate elucidations and appendices, by the Rev. John Earle, under the name of “Gloucester Fragments.” This is the record on the leaves detailing

MIRACLES OF ST. SWITHIN.

Three years before the saint was brought into the church from the stone coffin, which now stands within the new building, came the venerable Swithin to an aged smith, appearing in dream worthily apparelled, and spoke these words to him: “Knowest thou the priest who is called Eadsige, who was driven out of the old minster with other priests for their misconduct by Bishop Athelwold?” The smith answered the venerable Swithin thus: “Sir, I knew him long ago, but he went hence, and I am not quite sure where he lives now.” Then said again the holy man to the old smith: “Verily, he is now settled at Winchelcombe, and I now entreat, in the Lord's name, that you quickly deliver to him my message, and say to him, forsooth, that Bishop Swithin bade him go to Bishop Athelwold and say that he is himself to open my tomb and bring my bones within the church, because it is granted to him that in his time I be manifested to men.” And the smith said to him, “O, sir, he will not believe my words.” Then said the bishop again, “Let him go to my tomb, and pull a ring out of my coffin; and if the ring follow him at the first pull, then will he know for truth that I send you to him; if the ring will not up with his one pull, then shall he in no wise believe what you

tell him. Tell him, furthermore, to put himself right in his acts and manners, according to his Lord's will, and hasten with a single mind towards eternal life. Also tell all men that as soon as ever they open my tomb, they will find there such a precious hoard that their dear gold is worth naught as against the foresaid treasures." The holy Swithin then went up from the smith. And the smith durst not tell any man the vision, for he would not be known as a false-speaking messenger, so that the holy man spoke to him again, and yet the third time, and chid him severely, because he would not actively obey his orders. The smith next went to his tomb, and took a ring, though but timidly; and called to God speaking in words thus: "O thou Lord God, Creator of all creatures, grant to me sinful that I pull the ring up from this lid, if he lie here within who spoke to me three times in dream." He then drew the ring up from the stone as easily as if it were in sand, and he greatly wondered at that. He then set it again in the same hole and pressed it with his feet, and it stood so firm again that no man could pull it thence. Then the smith went from that place in awe, and met Eadsige's man in the market-place, and told him exactly what Swithin bade him, and earnestly begged that he would report it to him. He said that he would tell it to his master, and nevertheless durst not tell him at first, before he bethought him that it was not necessary for him to hide from his master the saint's command. He then told to the end what Swithin commanded him. At that time Eadsige shunned Bishop Athelwold, and all the monks that had been in the minster, because of the driving out that he had executed against them; and he would not obey the saint's bidding, though after the flesh he was related to him. Nevertheless, he turned back within two years to that same minster, and became a monk, by God's means, and dwelt there till he departed from life. Blessed be the Almighty who humbles the proud, and lifts up the lowly to high honours.

By report of this and other miracles honour was added to the name of Swithin when it was proposed to remove his bones and enshrine them in the new cathedral. The sick were said to be healed at the rate of from three to eighteen a day, and it was not easy to get into the new minster for the press of diseased people in the burial-ground.

Ælfric, the son of a Kentish earl, was one of the first who had entered the monastic school at Abingdon when Æthelwold re-established it, and the reconstruction was complete, in the year 950. When Æthelwold went to Winchester, Ælfric, who from pupil had become a teacher, went with him, managed the cathedral school, and laid foundations of the fame of the town as a place of education. He wrote for use of his school and of other schools, a Latin-English Dictionary and a book of Latin "Colloquies." He also translated into First English most of the books of the Old Testament. When the Abbey of Cerne, in Dorsetshire, was founded, Æthelmer, its founder, strongly desired the famous Ælfric for its abbot, and he left Winchester to become Abbot of Cerne. In this office probably he died; though some have identified him with that Ælfric who in the year 995 passed from the bishopric of Wilton to the archbishopric of Canterbury, and died in the year 1006; while others make him the Ælfric who died Archbishop of York in the year 1051, though Abbot Ælfric could hardly have been born later than A.D. 930, if he was one of Æthelwold's first monks

at Abingdon. Certain it is that when he produced the work by which he is especially remembered—the last important contribution to religious literature in First-English times—Ælfric was Abbot of Cerne.

He completed, in the year 990, a series of forty Homilies, forming a harmony of the doctrinal opinions of the Fathers, as the English Church in his time accepted them, set forth in sermons, addressed to the understandings of the people. Sigeric, then Archbishop of Canterbury, issued these Homilies for general use, and Ælfric compiled a second series of forty Sermons on the Saints, whose days were kept by the First-English Church.


One of the most interesting of the sermons in the first series is that on Easter Day, for the great prominence given to it early in Elizabeth's reign as evidence that upon one main point then in dispute, the ancient Church of England agreed with the Reformers. Ælfric based the doctrinal part of this sermon on a treatise by Ratramnus,¹ a monk of the abbey of Corbie, who was contemporary with John Scotus Erigena in the time of Charles the Bald. The Queen's first archbishop, the learned Matthew Parker, sought to revive the study of First English, chiefly that men might find in Ælfric's Homilies what opinions were really ancient in the English Church. John Day, the printer through whom the archbishop worked in such matters, had a fount of

¹ Ratramnus, or Bertram, a French monk of Corbie, who died soon after the year 868, took active part in the discussions of his time, and acquired great reputation for his learning and his lively style. They won from him no promotion in the Church, and he had no very good will either to his own abbot, Paschasius Radbertus, or to Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims. He argued against Hincmar on the subject of predestination, and against Radbert upon transubstantiation. His argument, "*De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*," was in the form of a letter to Charles the Bald, said in the first printed edition of the work (at Cologne in 1532) to be Charlemagne, who had asked the monk for his opinion on the mystery of the sacrament. The doctrine of this little work is precisely followed by Ælfric when he speaks of the mystery of the housell, and in some parts the English Homilist is little more than a translator; but of that considerable part of the English sermon which treats of the Paschal Lamb there is, of course, nothing in the treatise of Ratramnus, and when Ælfric comes to take the argument of Ratramnus on the real presence he is repeating it in his own way more briefly, and with freshness of manner. Ratramnus quoted authorities in some detail—Augustine, Isidore, Ambrose, Jerome; thus sheltering himself against attack on the ground of heresy, and so effectually, that—although afterwards assailed—he was in his own time appointed by the French Church to reply to the attacks of Photius upon the Catholic faith. Ælfric, exposed to no such danger, simply adopted the view of the French monk, and gave in a homily the pith of the treatise of Ratramnus as the doctrine of the English Church upon the Eucharist. It may be added that this treatise of Ratramnus, "*De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*," first printed in 1532, had attracted the attention of English reformers before Matthew Parker caused the translation of Ælfric's Easter-Day Sermon. An English translation of Ratramnus, by Sir Humphrey Lynde, was "Imprynted at London in saynt Andrewes paryshe in the waredropt, by Thomas Raynalde and Anthony Kyngstone," entitled "*The Boke of Barthram Priest intreatinge of the bodye and bloude of Christ, wryten to greate Charles the Emperour, and set forth vii.C. years ago, and Imprinted An. dni. M.D.XLViii.*" When the argument between the Churches was again pressing, in the reign of James II., two years before the English Revolution, there was produced by William Hopkins, Prebend of Worcester, "*The Boke of Bertram, or Ratramnus, Priest and Monk of Corbey, concerning the Body and Blood of the Lord, in Latine: With a New English Translation, more exact than the former.*" Also, *An Historical Dissertation concerning the Author and this Work; wherein both are vindicated from the Exceptions of the Writers of the Church of Rome.*" This version was made by Hopkins in 1681. It was published in 1686. The Dissertation was by Dr. Peter Allix.

Saxon types, and this Easter sermon of Ælfric's having been translated was printed by him, the original text and translation upon opposite pages, in the year 1567, with a preface by J. Josseline, which dwelt on the archbishop's reason for giving it publicity. The preface, in supplying some account of Ælfric, distinguishes the author of the Grammar and of the Homilies, whom he finds always called "Abbot," from Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, while admitting that they might be the same person. He says—"Truly this Ælfric we here speak of was equal in time to Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, as may certainly appear to him that will well consider, when Wulfstan, Archbishop of York, and Wulfstine, Bishop of Sherborne, lived, unto whom Ælfric writeth the Saxon epistles from which the words concerning the Sacrament hereafter following be taken.¹ And the certainty of this consideration may well be had out of William of Malmesbury 'De Pontificibus,' and out of the subscription of bishops to the grants, letters patents, and charters of Æthelred, who reigned king of England at this time. Howbeit whether this Ælfricke and Ælfricke Archbishop of Canterbury was but one and the same man, I leave it to other men's judgments further to consider: for that, writing here to Wulfstane, he nameth himself but Abbot, and yet Ælfricke, Archbishop of Canterbury, was promoted to his archbishop's stole six years before that Wulfstane was made Archbishop of York." It is evident that Archbishop Matthew Parker separated Abbot Ælfric, the author, grammarian, and homilist, from that Ælfric who was in the abbot's time Archbishop of Canterbury. The preface to the translation of Ælfric's "Sermon on the Sacrament" was followed by a warranty for it, signed by the two archbishops and thirteen bishops of the English Church, "with divers other personages of honour and credit subscribing their names, the record whereof remains in the hands of the most reverend father Matthew, Archbishop of Canterbury."

This is the sermon:—

EASTER-DAY.

 *SERMON of the Paschal Lamb, and of the Sacramental Body and Blood of Christ our Saviour, written in the old Saxon Tongue before the Conquest, and appointed in the reign of the Saxons to be spoken unto the People at Easter before they should receive the Communion, and now first translated into our common English speech.*

Men beloved, it hath been often said unto you about our Saviour's Resurrection, how he on this present day, after his suffering, mightily rose from death. Now will we open unto you through God's grace, of the holy housell,³ which ye

¹ These passages, with "the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the Saxon and English Tongue," were given as an appendix to the Sermon.

² Initial from a MS. of Bede's History. Cotton. MSS., Tiberius, C. ii.

³ *Housell* (First-English "húsl," Icelandic "húsl"), the sacrament. The word was disused after the Reformation, but was familiar until then, and although of Teutonic origin, had never been applied to

should now go unto, and instruct your understanding about this mystery, both after the old covenant, and also after the new, that no doubting may trouble you about this lively food.

The Almighty God bade Moses, his captain in the land of Egypt, to command the people of Israel to take for every family a lamb of one year old, the night they departed out of the country to the Land of Promise, and to offer the lamb to God, and after to kill it, and to make the sign of the cross with the lamb's blood upon the side-posts and the upper posts of their door, and afterwards to eat the lamb's flesh roasted, and unleavened bread with wild lettuce. God saith unto Moses, Eat of the lamb nothing raw, nor sodden in water, but roasted with fire. Eat the head, and the feet, and the inwards, and let nothing of it be left till the morning: if anything thereof remain, that shall you burn with fire. Eat it in this wise. Gird your loins, and do your shoes on your feet, have your staves in your hands, and eat it in haste. This time is the Lord's passover. And there was slain on that night in every house throughout Pharaoh's reign, the firstborn child: and God's people of Israel were delivered from the sudden death through the lamb's offering, and his blood's marking. Then said God unto Moses, Keep this day in your remembrance, and hold it a great feast in your kindreds with a perpetual observation, and eat unleavened bread always at this feast. After this deed God led the people of Israel over the Red Sea with dry foot, and drowned therein Pharaoh, and all his army, together with their possessions, and fed afterwards the Israelites forty years with heavenly food, and gave them water out of the hard rock, until they came to the promised land. Part of this story we have treated in another place, part we shall now declare, to wit, that which belongeth to the holy housell.

Christian men may not now keep that old law bodily; but it behoveth them to know what it ghostly⁴ signifieth. That innocent lamb which the old Israelites did then kill, had signification after ghostly understanding of Christ's suffering, who unguilty shed his holy blood for our redemption. Hereof sing God's servants at every mass:

"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis."

That is in our speech, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Those Israelites were delivered from that sudden death, and from Pharaoh's bondage, by the lamb's offering, which signified Christ's suffering: through which we be delivered from everlasting death, and from the devil's cruel reign, if we rightly believe in the true redeemer of the whole world, Christ the Saviour. That lamb was offered in the evening, and our Saviour suffered in the sixth age of this world. This age of this corruptible world is reckoned unto the evening. They marked with the lamb's blood upon the doors, and the upper posts Tau,⁵ that is the sign of the cross, and were so defended from the angel that killed the Egyptians' first-born child. And we ought to mark our foreheads and our bodies⁶ with the token of

heathen sacrifices. The Mæsothotic in Ulfilas is "hunsł," an offering; "hunsłjan," to offer; "hunsłstatha," the altar. The word "housell" is used in "Hamlet," act i., sc. 5:—

"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

⁴ Ghostly, spiritually; First-English, "gást," the breath, a spirit. So the Holy Ghost = the Holy Spirit.

⁵ Here Matthew Parker's translator of Ælfric's sermon adds a side-note—"No such sign commanded by God in that place of Scripture, but it was the blood that God did look upon."—Exod. xii. 23.

⁶ "Understand this as that of St. Paul (Eph. 2). Christ reconciled both to God in one body through his cross." Side-note of the Elizabethan translator.

Christ's rood, that we may be also delivered from destruction, when we shall be marked both on forehead and also in heart with the blood of our Lord's suffering. Those Israelites ate the lamb's flesh at their Easter time, when they were delivered, and we receive ghostly Christ's body, and drink his blood, when we receive with true belief that holy housell. That time they kept with them at Easter seven days with great worship, when they were delivered from Pharaoh and went from that land. So also Christian men keep Christ's resurrection at the time of Easter these seven days, because through his suffering and rising we be delivered, and be made clean by going to this holy housell, as Christ saith in his gospel, Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye have no life in you except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him, and hath that everlasting life: and I shall raise him up in the last day. I am the lively bread, that came down from heaven, not so as your forefathers ate that heavenly bread in the wilderness, and afterward died. He that eateth this bread, he liveth for ever. He blessed bread before his suffering, and divided it to his disciples, thus saying, Eat this bread, it is my body, and do this in my remembrance. Also he blessed wine in one cup, and said, Drink ye all of this. This is my blood, that is shed for many, in forgiveness of sins. The Apostles did as Christ commanded, that is, they blessed bread and wine to housell again afterwards in his remembrance. Even so also since their departure all priests by Christ's commandment do bless bread and wine to housell in his name with the Apostolic blessing.

Now men have often searched, and do yet often search, how bread that is gathered of corn, and through fire's heat baked, may be turned to Christ's body; or how wine that is pressed out of many grapes is turned through one blessing to the Lord's blood.

Now say we to such men, that some things be spoken of Christ by signification, some thing by thing certain. True thing is and certain, that Christ was born of a maid, and suffered death of his own accord, and was buried, and on this day rose from death. He is said bread by signification, and a lamb, and a lion, and a mountain. He is called bread, because he is our life and angels' life. He is said to be a lamb for his innocency, a lion for strength, wherewith he overcame the strong devil. But Christ is not so, notwithstanding, after true nature; neither bread, nor a lamb, nor a lion. Why is then that holy housell called Christ's body or his blood, if it be not truly that it is called? Truly the bread and the wine, which by the mass of the priest is hallowed, shew one thing without to human understanding, and another thing they call within to believing minds. Without they be seen bread and wine, both in figure and in taste: and they be truly after their hallowing, Christ's body, and his blood through ghostly mystery. An heathen child is christened, yet he altereth not his shape without, though he be changed within. He is brought to the font-stone sinful through Adam's disobedience. Howbeit he is washed from all sin within, though he hath not changed his shape without. Even so the holy font-water, that is called the well-spring of life, is like in shape to other waters, and is subject to corruption; but the Holy Ghost's might cometh to the corruptible water, through the priest's blessing, and it may after wash the body and soul from all sin through ghostly might. Behold now we see two things in this one creature. After true nature that water is corruptible water, and after ghostly mystery, hath hallowing might. So also if we behold that holy housell after bodily understanding, then see we that it is a creature corruptible and mutable; if we acknowledge therein ghostly might, then understand we that life is

therein, and that it giveth immortality to them that eat it with belief.

Much is betwixt the invisible might of the holy housell and the visible shape of his proper nature. It is¹ naturally corruptible bread and corruptible wine, and is by might of God's word, truly Christ's body and his blood: not so notwithstanding bodily, but ghostly. Much is betwixt the body Christ suffered in, and the body that is hallowed to housell. The body truly that Christ suffered in was born of the flesh of Mary, with blood and with bone, with skin and with sinews, in human limbs, with a reasonable soul living; and his ghostly body, which we call the housell, is gathered of many corns: without blood and bone, without limb, without soul. And therefore nothing is to be understand therein bodily, but all is ghostly to be understand.² Whatsoever is in that housell, which giveth substance of life, that is of the ghostly might and invisible doing. Therefore is that holy housell called a mystery, because there is one thing in it seen, and another thing understood. That which is there seen hath bodily shape, and that we do there understand hath ghostly might. Certainly Christ's body, which suffered death and rose from death, never dieth henceforth, but is eternal and unpassible. That housell is temporal, not eternal. Corruptible, and dealed between sundry parts. Chewed between teeth, and sent into the belly: howbeit nevertheless, after ghostly might, it is all in every part. Many receive that holy body: and yet, notwithstanding, it is so all in every part after ghostly mystery. Though some chew less deal,³ yet is there no more might notwithstanding in the more part than in the less: because it is in all men after the invisible might. This mystery is a pledge and a figure: Christ's body is truth itself. This pledge we do keep mystically, until that we be come to the truth itself: and then is this pledge ended. Truly it is so, as we have before said, Christ's body and his blood—not bodily, but ghostly. And ye should not search how it is done, but hold it in your belief that it is so done.

We read in another book called *Vita Patrum*,⁴ that two monks desired of God some demonstration touching the holy housell, and after as they stood to hear mass, they saw a child lying on the altar, where the priest said mass, and God's angel stood with a sword, and abode looking until the priest brake the housell. Then the angel divided the child upon the dish, and shed his blood into the chalice. But when they did go to the housell, then it was turned to bread and wine, and they did eat it, giving God thanks for that shewing. Also St. Gregory desired of Christ that he would shew to a certain woman, doubting about his mystery, some great affirmation. She went to housell with doubting mind, and Gregory forthwith obtained of God, that to them both was shewed that part of the housell which the woman should receive, as if there lay in a dish a joint of a finger all be-blooded, and so the woman's doubting was then forthwith healed.

¹ "No transubstantiation." Side-note of the Elizabethan translator, who to the following sentences joins these side-notes. "Differences betwixt Christ's natural body and the sacrament thereof." 1. "Difference. Not the body that suffered is in the housell." 2. "Difference." 3. "Difference." 4. "Difference." 5. "Difference."

² To be understood. This is equivalent to *understanded*, the form used four lines lower. Final *el* in verbs ending with a root-vowel in *d* or *t* was commonly unpronounced, and then often omitted in writing. The translator uses also in a later passage the past form "understood" (page 24, just below the middle of col. 1.)

³ Less deal = less part. First-English "deall," a part, or portion, as in "the deal" at cards, from "de'lan," to divide, or portion out.

⁴ "These tales seem to be enforced." Note of Elizabethan translator. (*Enforced* = stuffed in; from French "farcer," whence force-meat—stuffing.)

But now hear the apostle's words about this mystery. Paul the apostle speaketh of the old Israelites thus, writing in his epistle to faithful men: All our forefathers were baptised in the cloud and in the sea, and all they ate the same ghostly meat and drank the same ghostly drink. They drank truly of the stone that followed them, and that stone was Christ. Neither was that stone then from which the water ran bodily Christ, but it signified Christ, that calleth thus to all believing and faithful men: Whosoever thirsteth let him come to me, and drink: and from his bowels floweth living water. This he said of the Holy Ghost, whom he receiveth which believeth on him. The apostle Paul saith that the Israelites did eat the same ghostly meat, and drink the same ghostly drink: because that heavenly meat that fed them forty years, and that water which from the stone did flow, had signification of Christ's body, and his blood, that now be offered daily in God's Church. It was the same which we now offer; not bodily, but ghostly. We said unto you erewhile, that Christ hallowed bread and wine to housell before his suffering, and said: This is my body and my blood. Yet he had not then suffered; but so notwithstanding he turned through invisible might that bread to his own body, and that wine to his blood, as he before did in the wilderness before that he was born to men, when he turned that heavenly meat to his flesh, and the flowing water from that stone to his own blood. Very many ate of that heavenly meat in the wilderness, and drank that ghostly drink, and were nevertheless dead, as Christ said. And Christ meant not that death which none can escape: but that everlasting death, which some of that folk deserved for their unbelief. Moses and Aaron, and many other of that people which pleased God, ate of that heavenly bread, and they died not that everlasting death, though they died the common death. They saw that the heavenly meat was visible, and corruptible, and they ghostly understood by that visible thing, and ghostly received it. The Saviour sayeth: He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life. And he bade them not eat that body which he was going about with, nor that blood to drink which he shed for us: but he meant with those words that holy housell, which ghostly is his body and his blood: and he that tasteth it with believing heart, hath that eternal life. In the old law faithful men offered to God divers sacrifices that had fore-signification of Christ's body, which for our sins he himself to his heavenly Father hath since offered to sacrifice. Certainly this housell which we do now hallow at God's altar is a remembrance of Christ's body which he offered for us, and of his blood which he shed for us: so he himself commanded, Do this in my remembrance. Once suffered Christ by himself, but yet nevertheless his suffering is daily renewed at the mass through mystery of the holy housell. Therefore that holy mass is profitable both to the living and to the dead, as it hath been often declared.

We ought also to consider diligently how that this holy housell is both Christ's body and the body of all faithful men after ghostly mystery.

As the wise Augustine sayeth of it, If ye will understand of Christ's body, hear the apostle Paul thus speaking: Now is your mystery set on God's table, and ye receive your mystery, which mystery ye yourselves be. Be that which ye see on the altar, and receive that which ye yourselves be. Again the apostle Paul saith by it: We many be one bread and one body. Understand now and rejoice, many be one bread and one body in Christ. He is our head, and we be his limbs. And the bread is not of one corn, but of many. Nor the wine of one grape, but of many. So also we all should have one unity in our Lord, as it is written of the faithful army, how that they were in so great an unity: as though all

of them were one soul and one heart. Christ hallowed on his table the mystery of our peace, and of our unity: he which receiveth that mystery of unity, and keepeth not the bond of true peace, he receiveth no mystery for himself, but a witness against himself. It is very good for Christian men that they go often to housell, if they bring with them to the altar unguiltiness and innocency of heart. To an evil man it turneth to no good, but to destruction, if he receive unworthily that holy housell. Holy books command that water be mingled to that wine which shall be for housell: because the water signifieth the people, and the wine Christ's blood. And therefore shall neither the one without the other be offered at the holy mass: that Christ may be with us, and we with Christ: the head with the limbs, and the limbs with the head.

We would before have intreated of the lamb which the old Israelites offered at their Easter time, but that we desired first to declare unto you of this mystery, and after how we should receive it. That signifying lamb was offered at the Easter. And the apostle Paul sayeth in the epistle of this present day, that Christ is our Easter, who was offered for us, and on the third day rose from death. The Israelites did eat the lamb's flesh as God commanded with unleavened bread and wild lettuce: so we should receive that holy housell of Christ's body and blood without the leaven of sin and iniquity. As leaven turneth the creatures from their nature: so doth sin also change the nature of man from innocency to foul spots of guiltiness. The apostle hath taught how we should feast not in the leaven of evilness, but in the sweet dough of purity and truth. The herb which they should eat with the unleavened bread is called lettuce, and is bitter in taste. So we should with bitterness of unfeigned weeping purify our mind, if we will eat Christ's body. Those Israelites were not wont to eat raw flesh, although God forbade them to eat it raw, and sodden in water, but roasted in fire. He shall receive the body of God raw that shall think without reason that Christ was only man, like unto us, and was not God. And he that will after man's wisdom search of the mystery of Christ's incarnation, doth like unto him that doth see the lamb's flesh in water: because that water in this same place signifieth man's understanding: but we should understand that all the mystery of Christ's humanity was ordered by the power of the Holy Ghost. And then eat we his body roasted with fire; because the Holy Ghost came in fiery likeness to the apostles in diverse tongues. The Israelites should eat the lamb's head, and the feet, and the purtenance: and nothing thereof must be left overnight. If anything thereof were left, they did burn that in the fire; and they brake not the bones. After ghostly understanding we do then eat the lamb's head, when we take hold of Christ's divinity in our belief. Again, when we take hold of his humanity with love, then eat we the lamb's feet; because that Christ is the beginning and end, God before all world, and man in the end of this world. What be the lamb's purtenance, but Christ's secret precepts, and these we eat when we receive with greediness the Word of Life. There must nothing of the lamb be left unto the morning, because that all God's sayings are to be searched with great carefulness: so that all his precepts may be known in understanding and deed in the night of this present life, before that the last day of the universal resurrection do appear. If we cannot search out thoroughly all the mystery of Christ's incarnation, then ought we to betake¹ the rest unto the might of the Holy Ghost with true humility: and not to search

¹ Betake (First-English, "betwene"), to commit, assign, put in trust.

rashly of that deep sometimes above the measure of our understanding. They did eat the lamb's flesh with their loins girt. In the loins is the lust of the body. And he which shall receive the housell, shall restrain that concupiscence and take with chastity that holy receipt. They were also shod. What be shoes but of the hides of dead beasts? We be truly shod if we follow in our steps and deeds the life of those pilgrims which please God with keeping of his commandments. They had staves in their hands when they ate. This staff signifieth a carefulness and a diligent overseeing. And all they that best know and can, should take care of other men, and stay them up with their help. It was enjoined to the eaters that they should eat the lamb in haste. For God abhorreth slothfulness in his servants. And those he loveth that seek the joy of everlasting life with quickness and haste of mind. It is written: Prolong not to turn unto God, lest the time pass away through thy slow tarrying. The eaters mought not break the lamb's bones. No more mought the soldiers that did hang Christ break his holy legs, as they did of the two thieves that hanged on either side of him. And the Lord rose from death sound without all corruption: and at the last judgment they shall see him, whom they did most cruelly hang on the cross. This time is called in the Hebrew tongue *Pasca*, and in Latin *Transitus*, and in English *Passover*: because that on this day the people of Israel passed from the land of Egypt over the Red Sea: from bondage to the land of promise. So also did

resurrection to Christ. He brings us to his everlasting Father, who gave him to death for our sins. To Him be honour, and praise of well doing, world without end. Amen!¹

Of Ælfric's other series of Homilies, written to explain what was celebrated on the saints' days, one of the most interesting is that for St. Gregory's Day, the 12th of March, an old telling of the old tale of the manner in which missionaries from Rome came to convert the English. A translation of this sermon was published in 1709, by Elizabeth Elstob, who, at the suggestion of Dr. Hickeys, began a complete translation of the Homilies of Ælfric, which was stopped by private troubles. Unpublished sheets of it are in the British Museum. She had become learned that she might be companion in his studies to her brother, who was of weak health, his companion and helper even when he was student at Oxford, and afterwards in his City parsonage. He died in 1714, and in the same year she lost a friend also in Queen Anne; but in the following year she published an Anglo-Saxon Grammar. Miss Elstob was very poor, and set up a little school at Evesham. At last she became governess in the family of the Duchess of Portland, who gave ease to her old age. This is Elizabeth Elstob's version of

ÆLFRIC'S HOMILY ON ST. GREGORY'S DAY.

Gregory the Holy Father, the apostle of the English nation, on this present day, after manifold labours and divine studies, happily ascended to God's kingdom. He is rightly called the apostle of the English people, inasmuch as he through his counsel and commission rescued us from the worship of the devil, and converted us to the belief of God. Many holy books speak of his illustrious conversation and his pious life; among these the History of England, which King Alfred translated from the Latin into English. This book speaketh plainly enough of this holy man. Nevertheless we will now say something in few words concerning him; because the aforesaid book is not known to you all, although it is translated into English. This blessed Father Gregory was born of noble and religious parents. His ancestors were of the Roman nobility, his father called Gordianus, and Felix that pious bishop was his fifth father. He was, as we have said, in respect of the world, nobly descended: but he adorned, and exceeded his high birth, with a holy conversation and good works. Gregory is a Greek name, which signifies in the Latin tongue *Vigilantius*, that is in English *Watchful*. He was very diligent in God's commandments, while he himself lived most devoutly, and he was earnestly concerned for promoting the advantage of many nations, and made known unto them the way of life. He was from his childhood instructed in the knowledge of books, and he so prosperously succeeded in his studies, that in all the city of Rome there was none esteemed to be like him. He was most diligent in following the example of his teachers, and not forgetful, but fixed his learning in a retentive memory. He sucked in with a thirsty desire the



AN EVANGELIST. (From the Cotton. MS. Tiberius. C. vi.)

our Lord at this time depart, as sayeth John the Evangelist, from this world to his heavenly Father. Even so we ought to follow our head, and to go from the devil to Christ; from this unstable world to his stable kingdom. Howbeit we should first in this present life depart from vice to holy virtue, from evil manners to good manners, if we will after this corruptible life go to that eternal life, and after our

¹ "This sermon is found in diverse bookes of sermon written in the Olde Englishe or Saxon toungue; whereof two bookes bee nowe in the handes of the most reverend father the Archbishop of Canterburie." —Appended Note of the Elizabethan Translator.

flowing learning, which he often, after some time, with a throat sweeter than honey, and with an agreeable eloquence, poured out. In his younger years, when his youth might naturally make him love the things of this world, then began he to dedicate himself to God, and with all his desires to breathe after the inheritance of a heavenly life. For after his father's departure he erected six monasteries in Sicily; and the seventh he built in the city of Rome; in which he himself lived as a regular, under the government of the abbot. These seven monasteries he adorned with his own substance, and plentifully endowed them for their daily subsistence. The remainder of his estate he bestowed on God's poor; and he exchanged his nobility of birth for heavenly glory. He was used before his conversion to pass along the city of Rome in garments of silk, sparkling with gems, and adorned with rich embroidery of gold and red. But after his conversion¹ he ministered to God's poor, and himself took upon him the profession of poverty in a mean habit. So perfectly did he behave himself at the beginning of his conversion, that he might hereafter be reputed in the number of perfect saints. He observed much abstinence in meat and drink, in watching, and in frequent devotions. He suffered, moreover, continual indisposition of body, and the more severely he was oppressed with his present infirmities, the more earnestly did he desire eternal life. Then the Pope which at that time sat in the Apostolic See, when he perceived that the holy Gregory was greatly increased in spiritual virtues, he took him from conversing with monks, and appointed him to be his assistant, having ordained him a deacon.

It happened at some time, as it often doth, that some English merchants brought their merchandizes to Rome: and Gregory passing along the street to the Englishmen taking a view of their goods, he there beheld amongst their merchandizes slaves set out to sale. They were white complexioned, and men of fair countenance, having noble heads of hair. And Gregory, when he saw the beauty of the young men, enquired from what country they were brought; and the men said from England, and that all the men in that nation were as beautiful. Then Gregory asked them whether the men of that land were Christians, or heathens; and the men said unto him they were heathens. Gregory then fetching a long sigh from the very bottom of his heart, said, Alas! alas! that men of so fair a complexion should be subject to the prince of darkness. After that, Gregory enquired how they called the nation from whence they came. To which he was answered, that they were called Angle (that is, English). Then said he, Rightly they are called Angle, because they have the beauty of angels, and therefore it is very fit that they should be the companions of angels in heaven. Yet still Gregory enquired what the shire was named from which the young men were brought. It was told him that the men of that shire were called Deiri. Gregory answered, Well they are called Deiri, because they are delivered from wrath and called to the mercy of Christ. Yet again he enquired what was the name of the king of their province; he was answered, that the king's name was Ælla. Therefore Gregory playing upon the words in allusion to the name, said, It is fit that Hallelujah be sung in that land in praise of the Almighty Creator. Gregory then went

to the bishop of the apostolical see, and desired him that he would send some instructors to the English people, that they might be converted to Christ by the grace of God: and said that he himself was ready to undertake that work, if the Pope should think it fit. But the Pope could not consent to it, although he altogether approved of it; because the Roman citizens would not suffer so worthy and learned a doctor to leave the city quite, and take so long a pilgrimage.

After this it happened that a great plague came upon the Roman people, and first of all seized upon Pope Pelagius, and without delay took him off. Moreover, after the death of this Pope, the destruction was so great among the people, that everywhere throughout the city the houses stood desolate, and without inhabitants. Nevertheless it was not fit that the Roman city should be without a bishop. But all the people unanimously chose the holy Gregory to that honour, although he with all his power opposed it. Then Gregory sent an epistle to Mauricius the emperor, to whose child he had stood godfather, and earnestly desired and beseeched him, that he would never suffer the people to exalt him to the glory of that high promotion, because he feared that he, through the greatness of the charge and the worldly glory which he had some time before renounced, might again be ensnared. But the emperor's high marshal Germanus intercepted the letter and tore it in pieces, and afterwards told the emperor that all the people had chosen Gregory to be Pope. Then Mauricius the emperor returned thanks to Almighty God for this, and gave orders for his consecration. But Gregory betook himself to flight, and lay hid in a cave. Nevertheless they found him out, and carried him by force to St. Peter's Church, that he might there be consecrated to the popedom. Then Gregory, before his consecration, by reason of the increasing pestilence, exhorted the Roman people to repentance in these words: "My most beloved brethren, it behoveth us, that that rod of God which we ought to have dreaded, when we only expected it would be laid upon us, should now at least raise in us some concern when it is present and we have felt it. Let our grief open us a way to a true conversion, and let that punishment which we endure break the hardness of our hearts. Behold now this people is slain with the sword of heavenly anger, and each of them one by one is destroyed by a sudden slaughter. For the disease does not go before death, but you see that each man's death prevents the lingering of a disease. The slain are seized by death before they can have an opportunity of sighing and lamentation, to express their sincere repentance. Wherefore let each man take care how he comes into the presence of the mighty Judge, who will not bewail the evil which he has performed. (Almost) all the dwellers upon earth are taken away, and their houses stand empty. Fathers and mothers stand over the dead bodies of their children, and their heirs step before them to death. Let us earnestly betake ourselves to lamentation with true repentance now while we may, before this dreadful slaughter strike us. Let us call to mind whatever errors we have been guilty of, and oh! let us do penance with tears for that which we have done amiss. Let us reconcile God's favour to us by confessing our sins, as the prophet warneth us, 'Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God;' that is, that we ought to lift up [or present] the sincerity of our devotions with an earnest of good works. He giveth you confidence in your fear, who speaks to you by his prophet: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked should turn from his way and live.' Let not any man despair of himself for the greatness of his sin, forasmuch as the old guilt of the people of Nineveh was expiated by their three days' repentance: and the penitent thief by his dying words attained to

¹ Conversion from life in the world to life in the monastery. Conversion simply means a change from one state to another. We can convert gold into paper; and here a Roman pretor with money at command is converted into a monk vowed to poverty. Conversion from one form of religious belief to another, though the sense in which the word is commonly used by writers on religion, is by no means the one sense to which the word is limited.

the reward of eternal life. O let us then turn our hearts to God; speedily is the Judge inclined to our petitions, if we from our perverseness be set straight. O let us stand with earnest lamentations against the threatening sword of so great a judgment. Certainly perseverance is pleasing to the just Judge, although it is not grateful to men: because the righteous and merciful God will have us with earnest petitions to request his mercy, and he will not so much as we deserve be angry with us. Of this he speaketh by his prophet: 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' God himself is his own witness, that he will have compassion on him that calleth on him; who admonishes us, that it is our duty to call upon him. For this cause, my most dearly beloved brethren, let us come together on the fourth day of this week early in the morning, and with a devout mind, and with tears, sing seven Litanies, that our angry Judge may spare us, when he seeth that we ourselves take vengeance on our sins." So that whilst the whole multitude, as well of the priestly order, and of the monastic, as of the laity, according to the command of the holy Gregory, were come on the Wednesday to the sevenfold Litany, the aforesaid pestilence raged so fast, that four-

DEATH AND BURIAL.¹

From a MS. of *Ælfric's Paraphrase of the Pentateuch and Joshua*.
Cotton. MSS., Claudius, B. iv.

score men departed this transitory life at the very instant the people were singing the Litany. But the holy priest did not cease to advise the people not to desist from their supplications, until that God's mercy should assuage the raging plague.

In the meantime Gregory, since he took upon him the popedom, called to mind what he formerly had thought of, concerning the English nation, and finished that most beloved work. Nevertheless he might not on any account be altogether absent from the Roman bishop's see. Whereupon he sent other messengers, approved servants of God, to this island, and he himself, by his manifold prayers and exhortations, brought it to pass, that the preaching of these messengers went abroad, and bore fruit to God. The messengers were thus named: Augustinus, Mellitus, Laurentius, Petrus, Johannes, Justus. These doctors the holy pope Gregory sent, with many other monks, to the

English people, and he persuaded them to the voyage in these words: "Be not ye afraid through the fatigue of so long a journey, or through what wicked men may discourse concerning it: but with all steadfastness and zeal, and earnest affection, by the grace of God, perfect the work ye have begun; and be ye assured, that the recompense of your eternal reward is so much greater, by how much the greater difficulties you have undergone in fulfilling the will of God. Be obedient with all humility in all things to Augustine, whom we have set over you to be your abbot. It will be for your souls' health, so far as ye fulfil his admonitions. Almighty God through his grace protect you, and grant that I may behold the fruit of your labour in the eternal reward, and that I may be found together with you in the joy of your reward. Because although I cannot labour with you, yet I have a goodwill to share with you in your labour." Augustine then with his companions, which are reckoned to be about forty, that journeyed with him by Gregory's command, proceeded on their journey until they arrived prosperously in this island. In those days reigned king Æthelbyrht in the city of Canterbury, whose kingdom was stretched from the great river Humber to the south sea. Augustine had taken interpreters in the kingdom of the Franks, as Gregory had ordered him; and he, by the mouths of the interpreters, preached God's word to the king and his people, viz., how our merciful Saviour by his own sufferings redeemed this guilty world, and to all that believe hath opened an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Then king Æthelbyrht answered Augustine, and said, that those were fair words and promises which he gave him: but that he could not so suddenly leave the ancient customs which he and the English people had held. He said, he might freely preach the heavenly doctrine to his people, and that he would allow maintenance to him and his companions: and gave him a dwelling in the city of Canterbury, which was the head city in all his kingdom. Then began Augustine with his monks to imitate the life of the apostles, with frequent prayers, watchings and fastings, serving God, and preaching the word of life with all diligence; despising all earthly things as unprofitable to them, providing only so much as was necessary for their common subsistence, agreeable to what they taught living themselves, and for the love of the truth which they preached being ready to suffer persecution, and death itself, if it were necessary. Therefore very many believed, and were baptised in the name of God, admiring the simplicity of their innocent course of life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. Afterwards king Æthelbyrht was much pleased with the purity of their lives, and their delightful promises, which were indeed confirmed by many miracles. And he believing was baptised, and he revered the Christians, and looked upon them as men of a heavenly polity. Nevertheless he would not force any one to receive Christianity, because he had found upon enquiry from the ministers of his salvation, that the service of Christ ought not to be forced, but voluntary. Then began very many daily to hearken to the divine preaching, and leave their heathenism, and to join themselves to Christ's church, believing in him. In the meantime Augustine went over sea to Etherius Archbishop of Arles, by whom he was consecrated Archbishop of the English, as Gregory before had given him direction. Augustine being consecrated, returned to his bishopric, and sent messengers to Rome, to assure the blessed Gregory, that the English people had received Christianity: and he also in writing made many enquiries, as touching the manner, how he ought to behave himself towards the new converts. Whereupon Gregory gave many thanks to God with a joyful mind, that that had happened to the English nation which

¹ This sketch shows the manner among the First English of swathing the dead for burial. The face was left for a time uncovered, then the fold was passed over it, and the body went down thus into the grave.

himself had so earnestly desired. And he sent ambassadors to the believing king Æthelhyrht, with letters and many presents: and other letters he sent to Augustine, with answers to all the things after which he had enquired, and advised him in these words: "Most dearly beloved brother, I know that the Almighty hath by you shewn forth many wonders to the people whom he hath chosen, for which you have reason both to rejoice and to be afraid. You may very prudently rejoice that the souls of this people by outward miracles are brought to have inward grace. Nevertheless be afraid; that your mind be not lifted up with arrogance by reason of the miracles which God hath wrought by you, and you then fall into vain-glory within, when you are extolled with outward respect." Gregory sent also to Augustine holy presents of sacred vestments and of books, and the reliques of the apostles and martyrs, and ordered that his successors should fetch the pall of the archbishopric from the apostolical see of the Roman Church.

After this Augustine placed bishops out of those that had accompanied him, in each city of the English nation, and they have remained promoting the Christian faith continually unto this day. The holy Gregory composed many divine treatises, and with great diligence instructed God's people in the way to eternal life, and wrought many miracles in his lifetime, and behaved himself in a most glorious manner upon the episcopal throne thirteen years, and six months, and ten days, and afterwards as on this day departed to the eternal throne of the heavenly kingdom, in which he liveth with God Almighty world without end. Amen.

Here we may pass from the literature of First-English times. The teachers of religion were also the teachers of all other learning, and formed the main body of the educated class. To be of the people, "leod," was to be unlearned, "lewed;" the educated man was clerk. From such a literary class there came a literature almost exclusively religious. The one great exception is the heathen poem of "Beowulf." "Beowulf" was a tale brought into the country, but we have it as told in the language spoken only here. In its origin it is more ancient than Cædmon, and its original character is well preserved; but a few interspersed comments, and the fact that it is in a form of speech proper to this country, and doubtless produced here by the fusion of tribes, shows that the old poem, as we have it, was written by an English monk, who seems even to have put local features of the coast near Whitby into his suggestions of scenery, and who could hardly have written before Cædmon's time. Except only a few short pieces, all other literature of the First English was religious, and applied religion very practically to the life of man.

CHAPTER II.

TRANSITION ENGLISH: FROM THE CONQUEST TO WICLIF.—A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1376.

AFTER the Conquest the chief literary energy was at first in the production of monastic chronicles. Science was occupied with treatises on computation of the time of Easter, until contact with the Arabs quickened scientific thought. Osborn of Canterbury

wrote in the reign of William the Conqueror *Latin Lives of Saints*; Turgot wrote during the reign of William II. a *History of the Monastery of Durham*; Eadmer wrote in the reign of Henry I. a *Life of Anselm*; and Sæwulf began the long series of English records of travel and adventure, with an account of that form of far travel to which religion prompted men—travel in Palestine. The religious houses being still the chief centres of intellectual activity, and the spirit of adventure impelling Englishmen then as now to foreign travel, men looked with especial interest towards the Holy Land. Not long after the death of Cædmon, Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, had written down an account of the holy places from the dictation of Bishop Arculf, a native of Gaul, who had spent nine months at Jerusalem. Bede abridged this narrative into a text-book, that was used for diffusing a more lively knowledge of the topography of Palestine. Another Englishman, early in First-English times, Willibald, also visited the Holy Land, before he became Bishop of Eichstadt, about the year 740. He died in the latter part of the eighth century, and his life was written by a nun of Heidenheim, who also took down from his own mouth an account of his travels.

After the Conquest, the English traveller who first followed the Crusaders to Palestine was Sæwulf. His visit was paid in the years 1102 and 1103. Sæwulf was a merchant who often had twinges of conscience, confessed to Bishop Wulfstan at Worcester, then was tempted back to the old tricks of trade, and finally gave up active life in the world to escape from its temptations, and joined the monks at Malmesbury. His description of the storm at Joppa—due allowance made for rhetoric—gives us a lively sense of the energy of that religious movement towards Palestine, which had brought so many pilgrims into the harbour. In the following account of Sæwulf's entrance into the Holy Land and his going up to Jerusalem, then in the hands of the Crusaders, the Mosque of Omar is described as the Temple of the Lord, with a minute identification of sacred places that came of a determination to join thoughts of heaven with as many spots of earth as possible:—

SEWULF'S VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES.¹

After leaving the isle of Cyprus, we were tossed about by tempestuous weather for seven days and seven nights, being forced back one night almost to the spot from which we sailed; but after much suffering, by divine mercy, at sunrise on the eighth day, we saw before us the coast of the port of Joppa, which filled us with an unexpected and extraordinary joy. Thus, after a course of thirteen weeks, as we took ship at Monopoli,² on a Sunday, having dwelt constantly on the

¹ From "Early Travels in Palestine, comprising the narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, Sæwulf, Sigurd, Benjamin of Tudela, Sir John Maundeville, De la Brocquiere, and Maundrell. Edited, with Notes, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c." One of many valuable books with which Mr. Thomas Wright has, during a long career, quickened the general knowledge of our past life and literature, and earned the gratitude of students who can recognise the worth of a busy life spent, with a definite aim, in sustained labour helping always towards the higher education of the people.

² Monopoli. A seaport of South Italy, on the Adriatic.

waves of the sea, or in islands, or in deserted cots and sheds (for the Greeks are not hospitable), we put into the port of Joppa, with great rejoicings and thanksgivings, on a Sunday.

And now, my dear friends, all join with me in thanking God for his mercy shown to me through this long voyage; blessed be his name now and evermore! Listen now to a new instance of his mercy shown to me, although the lowest of his servants, and to my companions. The very day we came in sight of the port, one said to me (I believe by divine inspiration), "Sir, go on shore to-day, lest a storm come on in the night, which will render it impossible to land to-morrow." When I heard this, I was suddenly seized with a great desire of landing, and, having hired a boat, went into it, with all my companions; but, before I had reached the shore, the sea was troubled, and became continually more tempestuous. We landed, however, with God's grace, without hurt, and entering the city weary and hungry, we secured a lodging, and reposed ourselves that night. But next morning, as we were returning from church, we heard the roaring of the sea, and the shouts of the people, and saw that everybody was in confusion and astonishment. We were also dragged along with the crowd to the shore, where we saw the waves swelling higher than mountains, and innumerable bodies of drowned persons of both sexes scattered over the beach, while the fragments of ships were floating on every side. Nothing was to be heard but the roaring of the sea and the dashing together of the ships, which drowned entirely the shouts and clamour of the people. Our own ship, which was a very large and strong one, and many others laden with corn and merchandise, as well as with pilgrims coming and returning, still held by their anchors, but how they were tossed by the waves! how their crews were filled with terror! how they cast overboard their merchandise! what eye of those who were looking on could be so hard and stony as to refrain from tears? We had not looked at them long before the ships were driven from their anchors by the violence of the waves, which threw them now up aloft, and now down, until they were run aground or upon the rocks, and there they were beaten backwards and forwards until they were crushed to pieces. For the violence of the wind would not allow them to put out to sea, and the character of the coast would not allow them to put into shore with safety. Of the sailors and pilgrims who had lost all hope of escape, some remained on the ships, others laid hold of the masts or beams of wood; many remained in a state of stupor, and were drowned in that condition without any attempt to save themselves; some (although it may appear incredible) had in my sight their heads knocked off by the very timbers of the ships to which they had attached themselves for safety; others were carried out to sea on the beams, instead of being brought to land; even those who knew how to swim had not strength to struggle with the waves, and very few thus trusting to their own strength reached the shore alive. Thus, out of thirty very large ships, of which some were what are commonly called *dromonds*, some *gulfafres*, and others *cats*,¹ all laden with palmers and with merchandise, scarcely seven remained safe when we left the shore. Of persons of both sexes, there perished more than a thousand that day. Indeed, no eye ever beheld a greater misfortune in the space of a single day, from all which God snatched us by his grace; to whom be honour and glory for ever. Amen.

We went up from Joppa to the city of Jerusalem, a journey

¹ *Dromonds*, . . . *gulfafres*, . . . *cats*. A *dromond*, Greek *δρομων*, from *τροχω* (root *δροω*), I run, is a large fast sailing vessel. *Gulfafre* is the Arabic "khaliyah," a low flat-built galley with one deck, sails and oars, common in the Mediterranean. A *cat* is a very strong ship, with a narrow stern, projecting quarters, a deep waist, and no figure at the prow. The name is still used in the coal trade.

of two days, by a mountainous road, very rough, and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait in the caves of the mountains to surprise the Christians, watching both day and night to surprise those less capable of resisting by the smallness of their company, or the weary, who may chance to lag behind their companions. At one moment, you see them on every side; at another, they are altogether invisible, as may be witnessed by anybody travelling there. Numbers of human bodies lie scattered in the way, and by the way-side, torn to pieces by wild beasts. Some may, perhaps, wonder that the bodies of Christians are allowed to remain unburied, but it is not surprising when we consider that there is not much earth on the hard rock to dig a grave: and if earth were not wanting, who would be so simple as to leave his company, and go alone to dig a grave for a companion? Indeed, if he did so, he would rather be digging a grave for himself than for the dead man. For on that road, not only the poor and weak, but the rich and strong, are surrounded with perils; many are cut off by the Saracens, but more by heat and thirst; many perish by the want of drink, but more by too much drinking. We, however, with all our company, reached the end of our journey in safety. Blessed be the Lord, who did not turn away my prayer, and hath not turned his mercy from me. Amen.

The entrance to the city of Jerusalem is from the west, under the citadel of king David, by the gate which is called the gate of David. The first place to be visited is the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is called the Martyrdom, not only because the streets lead most directly to it, but because it is more celebrated than all the other churches; and that rightly and justly, for all the things which were foretold and forewritten by the holy prophets of our Saviour Jesus Christ were there actually fulfilled. The church itself was royally and magnificently built, after the discovery of our Lord's cross, by the archbishop Maximus, with the patronage of the emperor Constantine, and his mother Helena. In the middle of this church is our Lord's Sepulchre, surrounded by a very strong wall and roof, lest the rain should fall upon the Holy Sepulchre, for the church above is open to the sky. This church is situated, like the city, on the declivity of Mount Sion. The Roman emperors Titus and Vespasian, to revenge our Lord, entirely destroyed the city of Jerusalem, that our Lord's prophecy might be fulfilled, which, as he approached Jerusalem, seeing the city, he pronounced, weeping over it, "If thou hadst known, even thou, for the day shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another." We know that our Lord suffered without the gate. But the emperor Hadrian, who was called *Ælius*, rebuilt the city of Jerusalem, and the Temple of the Lord, and added to the city as far as the Tower of David, which was previously a considerable distance from the city, for any one may see from the Mount of Olivet where the extreme western walls of the city stood originally, and how much it is since increased. And the emperor called the city after his own name *Ælia*, which is interpreted, the House of God. Some, however, say that the city was rebuilt by the emperor Justinian, and also the Temple of the Lord as it is now; but they say that according to supposition, and not according to truth. For the Assyrians,² whose fathers dwelt in that country from the first persecution, say that the city was taken and destroyed many times after our Lord's Passion, along with all the churches, but not entirely defaced.

² *Assyrians* is *Sæmund's* name for Syrians.

In the court of the church of our Lord's sepulchre are seen some very holy places, namely, the prison in which our Lord Jesus Christ was confined after he was betrayed, according to the testimony of the Assyrians; then, a little above, appears the place where the holy cross and the other crosses were found, where afterwards a large church was built in honour of queen Helena, but which has since been utterly destroyed by the Pagans; and below, not far from the prison, stands the marble column to which our Lord Jesus Christ was bound in the common hall, and scourged with most cruel stripes. Near this is the spot where our Lord was stripped of his garments by the soldiers; and next, the place where he was clad in a purple vest by the soldiers, and crowned with the crown of thorns, and they cast lots for his garments. Next we ascend Mount Calvary, where the patriarch Abraham raised an altar, and prepared, by God's command, to sacrifice his own son; there afterwards the Son of God, whom he prefigured, was offered up as a sacrifice to God the Father for the redemption of the world. The rock of that mountain remains a witness of our Lord's passion, being much cracked near the foss in which our Lord's cross was fixed, because it could not suffer the death of its Maker without splitting, as we read in the Passion, "and the rocks rent." Below is the place called Golgotha, where Adam is said to have been raised to life by the blood of our Lord which fell upon him, as is said in the Passion, "And many bodies of the saints which slept arose." But in the Sentences of St. Augustine, we read that he was buried in Hebron, where also the three patriarchs were afterwards buried with their wives; Abraham with Sarah, Isaac with Rebecca, and Jacob with Leah; as well as the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel carried with them from Egypt. Near the place of Calvary is the church of St. Mary, on the spot where the body of our Lord, after having been taken down from the cross, was anointed before it was buried, and wrapped in a linen cloth or shroud.

At the head of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, in the wall outside, not far from the place of Calvary, is the place called Compas, which our Lord Jesus Christ himself signified and measured with his own hand as the middle of the world, according to the words of the Psalmist, "For God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." But some say that this is the place where our Lord Jesus Christ first appeared to Mary Magdalene, while she sought him weeping, and thought he had been a gardener, as is related in the Gospel. These most holy places of prayer are contained in the court of our Lord's Sepulchre, on the east side. In the sides of the church itself are attached, on one side and the other, two most beautiful chapels in honour of St. Mary and St. John, as they, participating in our Lord's sufferings, stationed themselves beside him here and there. On the west wall of the chapel of St. Mary is seen the picture of our Lord's Mother, painted externally, who once, by speaking wonderfully through the Holy Spirit, in the form in which she is here painted, comforted Mary the Egyptian, when she repented with her whole heart, and sought the help of the Mother of our Lord, as we read in her life. On the other side of the church of St. John is a very fair monastery of the Holy Trinity, in which is the place of the baptistery, to which adjoins the Chapel of St. John the Apostle, who first filled the pontifical see at Jerusalem. These are all so composed and arranged, that any one standing in the furthest church may clearly perceive the five churches from door to door.

Without the gate of the Holy Sepulchre, to the south, is the church of St. Mary, called the Latin, because the monks there perform divine service in the Latin tongue; and the Assyrians say that the blessed Mother of our Lord, at the

crucifixion of her Son, stood on the spot now occupied by the altar of this church. Adjoining to this church is another church of St. Mary, called the Little, occupied by nuns who serve devoutly the Virgin and her Son. Near which is the Hospital, where is a celebrated monastery founded in honour of St. John the Baptist.

We descend from our Lord's sepulchre, about the distance of two arbalist-shots, to the Temple of the Lord, which is to the east of the Holy Sepulchre, the court of which is of great length and breadth, having many gates; but the principal gate, which is in front of the Temple, is called the Beautiful, on account of its elaborate workmanship and variety of colours, and is the spot where Peter healed Claudius, when he and John went up into the Temple at the ninth hour of prayer, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles. The place where Solomon built the Temple was called anciently Bethel; whither Jacob repaired by God's command, and where he dwelt, and saw the ladder whose summit touched heaven, and the angels ascending and descending, and said, "Truly this place is holy," as we read in Genesis. There he raised a stone as a memorial, and constructed an altar, and poured oil upon it; and in the same place afterwards, by God's will, Solomon built a temple to the Lord of magnificent and incomparable work, and decorated it wonderfully with every ornament, as we read in the Book of Kings. It exceeded all the mountains around in height, and all walls and buildings in brilliancy and glory. In the middle of which temple is seen a high and large rock, hollowed beneath, in which was the Holy of Holies. In this place Solomon placed the Ark of the Covenant, having the manna and the rod of Aaron, which flourished and budded there and produced almonds, and the two Tables of the Testament; here our Lord Jesus Christ, wearied with the insolence of the Jews, was accustomed to repose; here was the place of confession, where his disciples confessed themselves to him; here the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, saying, "Thou shalt receive a child in thy old age;" here Zacharias, the son of Barachias, was slain between the temple and the altar; here the child Jesus was circumcised on the eighth day, and named Jesus, which is interpreted Saviour; here the Lord Jesus was offered by his parents, with the Virgin Mary, on the day of her purification, and received by the aged Simeon; here, also, when Jesus was twelve years of age, he was found sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing and interrogating them, as we read in the Gospel; here afterwards he cast out the oxen, and sheep, and pigeons, saying, "My house shall be a house of prayer;" and here he said to the Jews, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." There still are seen in the rock the footsteps of our Lord, when he concealed himself, and went out from the Temple, as we read in the Gospel, lest the Jews should throw at him the stones they carried. Thither the woman taken in adultery was brought before Jesus by the Jews, that they might find some accusation against him. There is the gate of the city on the eastern side of the Temple, which is called the Golden, where Joachim, the father of the Blessed Mary, by order of the Angel of the Lord, met his wife Anne. By the same gate the Lord Jesus, coming from Bethany on the day of olives, sitting on an ass, entered the city of Jerusalem, while the children sang "Hosanna to the son of David." By this gate the emperor Heraclius entered Jerusalem, when he returned victorious from Persia, with the cross of our Lord; but the stones first fell down and closed up the passage, so that the gate became one mass, until humbling himself at the admonition of an angel, he descended from his horse, and so the entrance was opened to him. In the court of the Temple of the Lord, to the south, is the Temple of Solomon, of wonderful magnitude, on the east side

of which is an oratory containing the cradle of Christ, and his bath, and the bed of the Virgin Mary, according to the testimony of the Assyrians.

From the Temple of the Lord you go to the church of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Mary, towards the north, where she lived with her husband, and she was there delivered of her daughter Mary. Near it is the pool called in Hebrew Bethesda, having five porticoes, of which the Gospel speaks. A little above is the place where the woman was healed by our Lord, by touching the hem of his garment, while he was surrounded by a crowd in the street.

From St. Anne we pass through the gate which leads to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to the church of St. Mary in the same valley, where she was honourably buried by the apostles after her death; her sepulchre, as is just and proper, is revered with the greatest honours by the faithful, and monks perform service there day and night. Here is the brook Cedron; here also is Gethsemane, where our Lord came with his disciples from Mount Sion, over the brook Cedron, before the hour of his betrayal; there is a certain oratory where he dismissed Peter, James, and John, saying, "Tarry ye here, and watch with me;" and going forward, he fell on his face and prayed, and came to his disciples, and found them sleeping: the places are still visible where the disciples slept, apart from each other. Gethsemane is at the foot of Mount Olivet, and the brook Cedron below, between Mount Sion and Mount Olivet, as it were the division of the mountains; and the low ground between the mountains is the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A little above, in Mount Olivet, is an oratory in the place where our Lord prayed, as we read in the Passion, "And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast; and being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Next we come to Aceldama, the field bought with the price of the Lord, also at the foot of Mount Olivet, near a valley about three or four arbalist-shots to the south of Gethsemane, where are seen innumerable monuments. That field is near the sepulchres of the holy fathers Simeon the Just and Joseph the foster-father of our Lord. These two sepulchres are ancient structures, in the manner of towers, cut into the foot of the mountain itself. We next descend, by Aceldama, to the fountain which is called the Pool of Siloah, where, by our Lord's command, the man born blind washed his eyes, after the Lord had anointed them with clay and spittle.

From the church of St. Mary before mentioned, we go up by a very steep path nearly to the summit of Mount Olivet, towards the east, to the place whence our Lord ascended to heaven in the sight of his disciples. The place is surrounded by a little tower, and honourably adorned, with an altar raised on the spot within, and also surrounded on all sides with a wall. On the spot where the apostles stood with his mother, wondering at his ascension, is an altar of St. Mary; there the two men in white garments stood by them, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into heaven?" About a stone's throw from that place is the spot where, according to the Assyrians, our Lord wrote the Lord's Prayer in Hebrew, with his own fingers, on marble; and there a very beautiful church was built, but it has since been entirely destroyed by the Pagans, as are all the churches outside the walls, except the church of the Holy Ghost on Mount Sion, about an arrow-shot from the wall to the north, where the apostles received the promise of the Father, namely, the Paraclete Spirit, on the day of Pentecost; there they made the Creed. In that church is a chapel in the place where the Blessed Mary died. On the other side of the church is the chapel where our Lord Jesus Christ first appeared to the

apostles after his resurrection; and it is called Galilee, as he said to the apostles, "After I am risen again, I will go before you unto Galilee." That place was called Galilee, because the apostles, who were called Galileans, frequently rested there.

The great city of Galilee is by Mount Tabor, a journey of three days from Jerusalem. On the other side of Mount Tabor is the city called Tiberias, and after it Capernaum and Nazareth, on the sea of Galilee or sea of Tiberias, whither Peter and the other apostles, after the resurrection, returned to their fishing, and where the Lord afterwards showed himself to them on the sea. Near the city of Tiberias is the field where the Lord Jesus blessed the five loaves and two fishes, and afterwards fed four thousand men with them, as we read in the Gospel. But I will return to my immediate subject.

In the Galilee of Mount Sion, where the apostles were concealed in an inner chamber, with closed doors, for fear of the Jews, Jesus stood in the middle of them and said, "Peace be unto you;" and he again appeared there when Thomas put his finger into his side and into the place of the nails. There he supped with his disciples before the Passion, and washed their feet; and the marble table is still preserved there on which he supped. There the relics of St. Stephen, Nicodemus, Gamaliel, and Abido, were honourably deposited by St. John the Patriarch after they were found. The stoning of St. Stephen took place about two or three arbalist-shots without the wall, to the north, where a very handsome church was built, which has been entirely destroyed by the Pagans. The church of the Holy Cross, about a mile to the west of Jerusalem, in the place where the holy cross was cut out, and which was also a very handsome one, has been similarly laid waste by the Pagans; but the destruction here fell chiefly on the surrounding buildings and the cells of the monks, the church itself not having suffered so much. Under the wall of the city, outside, on the declivity of Mount Sion, is the church of St. Peter, which is called the Gallican, where, after having denied his Lord, he hid himself in a very deep crypt, as may still be seen there, and there wept bitterly for his offence. About three miles to the west of the church of the Holy Cross is a very fine and large monastery in honour of St. Saba, who was one of the seventy-two disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ. There were above three hundred Greek monks living there, in the service of the Lord and of the saint, of whom the greater part have been slain by the Saracens, and the few who remain have taken up their abode in another monastery of the same saint, within the walls of the city, near the tower of David, their other monastery being left entirely desolate.

William of Malmesbury, from whose history we have taken a short account of Aldhelm, was Sæwulf's contemporary, but a younger man. He wrote his "History of the Kings of England" in the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen. It ended with the year 1142, which seems to have been the date of its author's death. This monk of Malmesbury was an enthusiast for books, and, like Bede, he refused to be made an abbot, because he desired to give to study all the time not occupied by the religious exercises of the brethren. When John Milton was writing a "History of Britain" by help of monastic chroniclers, and, having parted from Bede, he came in due time to the record left us by this literary monk, he said that among our old chroniclers "William of Malmesbury must be acknowledged, both for style and

judgment, to be by far the best writer of them all." William wrote at Malmesbury not only the "History of English Kings," but also a "History of English Prelates," and many other books.

With the year 1142 ended not only William of Malmesbury's "History of the Kings of England," but also the "Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy," by Ordericus Vitalis. Orderic, who was sixty-seven years old when he brought his narrative down to the end of his own working life, had in the year 1085 been placed as an English boy in the Norman abbey of St. Evroult, and had lived there devoted to the contemplative life, and active with his pen. When fifty-three years old, he was in the writing-room of his monastery, quietly at work upon his history, and, falling into recollections of his childhood, spoke thus of his position at St. Evroult:—"Then, being in my eleventh year, I was separated from my father, for the love of God, and sent, a young exile, from England to Normandy, to enter the service of the King Eternal. Here I was received by the venerable father Mainier, and having assumed the monastic habit, and become indissolubly joined to the company of the monks by solemn vows, have now cheerfully borne the light yoke of the Lord for forty-two years, and walking in the ways of God with my fellow-monks, to the best of my ability, according to the rules of our order, have endeavoured to perfect myself in the service of the Church and ecclesiastical duties, at the same time that I have always devoted my talents to some useful employment."

William of Malmesbury and Ordericus Vitalis ended their work in 1142, in Stephen's reign. In the same reign, in the year 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of British Kings." Geoffrey was a Welsh monk who was made Bishop of St. Asaph not long before his death in 1154. His History contained more fable than chronicle. By "British" kings he meant kings of Britain before the coming of the English. Of English kings there were trustworthy chronicles; Geoffrey provided a chronicle of British kings, not meant to be particularly trustworthy, but distinctly meant to be amusing. It was partly founded on Breton traditions, and it did obtain a wide attention. It was the source of a new stream of poetry in English literature, and it is this book that brought King Arthur among us as our national hero. Geoffrey's History does not itself belong to the subject of this volume. The old romances of King Arthur are not religious. They are picturesque stories of love and war, and of each in rude animal form. But the way in which the legends of this mythical hero have been dealt with in our country furnishes one of the most marked illustrations of the religious tendency of English thought. For while amongst Latin nations the Charlemagne romances have given rise to fictions which, however delightful, express only play of the imagination, the romances of which Arthur is the hero have been used by the English people in successive stages of their civilisation for expression of their highest sense of spiritual life. In the very first years of the revived fame of Arthur, when Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of British Kings" was being

fashioned into French verse for courtly English readers by Gaimar and Wace, and into English verse by Layamon, the change was made by Walter Map that put a Christian soul into the flesh of the Arthurian romances. This he did by joining a



A COURTLY WRITER.

From the Book of the Coronation of Henry I. Cotton, MSS., Claudius, A. iii.

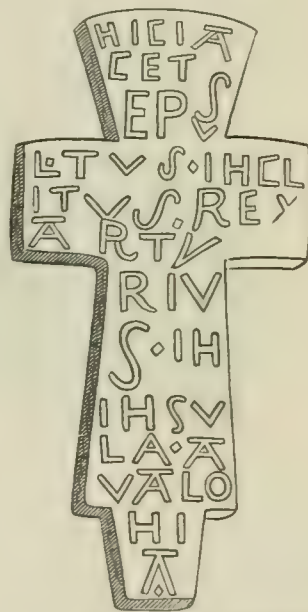
separate legend of Joseph of Arimathea to the stories of King Arthur, and setting in the midst of their ideals of a life according to the flesh the quest for the Holy Graal. The Holy Graal was the dish used by our Lord at the Last Supper, into which also his wounds were washed after he had been taken from the cross, a sacred dish visible only to the pure. It could be used, therefore, as a type of the secret things of God. Walter Map, who thus dealt with the King Arthur legends, was a chaplain of the Court of King Henry II. He was born about the year 1143, and called the Welsh his countrymen, England "our mother." He studied in the University of Paris, was in attendance at the Court of Henry II., and in 1173 was presiding at Gloucester Assizes as one of the King's Justices in Eyre. At Henry II.'s Court, Map was a chaplain; Henry died in 1189, and Map was not an archdeacon until 1196, in the reign of Richard I. He was then about fifty-three years old, and after that date we hear no more of him.¹ We must dwell now for a little while upon the origin of our religious treatment of Arthurian romance.

¹ See the Volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 12-16, for illustrations of Walter Map's Goliath poetry.

Mediaeval tradition said that there were Nine Worthies of the world, three heathen, three Jewish, and three Christian:—namely, Hector, Alexander, and Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; King Arthur, Charlemagne, and that Godfrey of Boloine who headed the crusaders when the Holy City was taken in the year 1099, who was then elected the first Latin King of Jerusalem, but chose the humbler title of "Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre," and would wear no earthly diadem where his Redeemer had been crowned with thorns. If our British Worthy ever lived, his time was the earlier part of the sixth century, when he led tribes of Celtic Britons in their resistance against the incoming of the English. There is more record of a chieftain of the North, named Urien, about whom were the bards Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Aneurin, who lamented for the chiefs slain in the battle of Catterath.¹ To Gildas, said by tradition to have been a brother of Aneurin, there is ascribed an ancient history of the disasters of the British ("De Calamitate, Excidio et Conquestu Britanniae"), but it was written in no friendly spirit, and is the work of an English monk, who probably wrote in the seventh century. By him Arthur is mentioned, and in another work, a "History of the Britons," ascribed to Nennius, a disciple of Elbodius, who may have lived in the latter part of the eighth century, and whose work is really Celtic in feeling, Arthur is more fully spoken of. Here there is record of the twelve battles in which he routed the Saxons—namely, 1, at the mouth of the river Gleni; 2, 3, 4, 5, by the river Douglas in the region Linuis; 6, on the river Bassas; 7, in the wood Celidon; 8, near Gurnion Castle; 9, at Caerleon; 10, on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit; 11, on the mountain Bregovin; 12, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon, and 940 fell by his hand alone. There was at any rate early tradition, mixed already with fable, of the prowess of the chief who led his followers in a great war of independence.

Arthur's name is also associated from old time with localities in many parts of Britain. At Caerleon-upon-Usk he is said to have held his court; that is the Isca Silurum of Antoninus, where the second Augustan legion was long in garrison, the ancient capital of Britannia Secunda (Wales), and a place of importance in the twelfth century. Here the remains of a Roman amphitheatre form an oval bank, which is called "Arthur's Round Table." He held court also at Camelot, which is identified with Cadbury in Somersetshire, three or four miles from Castle Cary. This place is called Camelot sometimes in old records, and near it are the villages of West Camel and Queen's Camel. John Selden, in his notes to Drayton's "Polyolbion," spoke of Cadbury as a hill, "a mile compass at the top, four trenches encircling it, and twixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it within about twenty acres full of ruins and relics of old buildings." There is also Tintagel, on the coast of Cornwall, Arthur's birth-place. At Camelford, about five miles from Tintagel, the last battle is said to have been fought with

Mordred. In a convent at Amesbury, not far from Stonehenge, Arthur's penitent wife, Guenevere, is said to have ended her days, and his body was taken to Avalon, which is Glastonbury, on a peninsula formed by the river Brue, the Roman *Insula Avalonia*, or Isle of Apples. The Roman name was only a Latinising of the Cymric, in which Afall is an apple-tree. The great abbey at Glastonbury once covered sixty acres, and the modern town has almost been built out of its ruins. Here Joseph of Arimathea was said to have been buried. It was said also that King Arthur was buried here between two pillars; and as the revival of King Arthur's fame took place in Henry II.'s time, that king, when on his way to Ireland, in the year 1171, ordered Henry of Blois, then Abbot of Glastonbury, to make search. The search was made, and care was no doubt taken to make it successful. Between two pillars, at a depth of nine feet, a stone was found, with a leaden cross, inscribed on its under side in Latin:—"Here lies buried the renowned King Arthur, in the Isle of



THE INSCRIPTION OVER KING ARTHUR'S COFFIN.
From Warner's "History of Glastonbury."

Avalon;" and seven feet lower down his body was found in an oaken coffin.

It must have been about this time—when Arthur had become the hero of romance, and his bones were found at Avalon, to please the king—that Walter Map, perhaps asked by the king for a connected body of Arthurian romance, gave life to such a body by putting into it the very soul of our mediæval religion. Many in the world were becoming better studied in the animal life of the new stories about Arthur than in Bible truth. Shakespeare long afterwards indicated this in Dame Quickly's confusion of ideas between Arthur and Abraham, when of the dead Falstaff she said, "Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made a fine end, and went away, an it

¹ See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," page 5.

had been any chrissom child." Map took the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, who also was said to be buried at Glastonbury, and to whom the monastery had a chapel consecrated, by additions of his own drew from it a symbol of the mystery of godliness, and by his genius associated this for all time with the animal romances. The simplest form of the tradition of Joseph of Arimathea is that about sixty-three years after the birth of Christ he was sent by the Apostle Philip, with eleven more of Philip's disciples, into Britain. The twelve, it was said, obtained leave from Arviragus, the British king, to settle in a small uncultivated island, afterwards known as Avalon, and the king gave each of them a hide of land for his subsistence, in a district long afterwards known as the "Twelve Hides of Glaston." By them the religious house was founded, St. Joseph

flesh to the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth." Joseph answered, "That speech is like the speech of proud Goliath, who reproached the living God in speaking against David. But ye scribes and doctors know that God saith by the prophet, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay to you evil equal to that which ye have threatened to me. The God whom you have hanged upon the cross, is able to deliver me out of your hands. All your wickedness will return upon you. For the governor, when he washed his hands, said, 'I am clear from the blood of this just person.' But ye answered and cried out, 'His blood be upon us and our children!' According as ye have said, may ye perish for ever." The elders of the Jews hearing these words, were exceedingly enraged; and seizing Joseph, they put him into a chamber where there was no window; they fastened the door, and put a seal upon the lock; and Annas and Caiaphas placed a guard upon it, and took counsel with the priests and Levites, that they should all meet after the sabbath, and they con-



CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH OF ARIMATEA. GLASTONBURY. (From Warner's "History of Glastonbury.")

being its first abbot, and great privileges were obtained for it.

Of Joseph's history, after he had begged the body of Christ for burial, as told by all the four Evangelists, this was the account given in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, and familiarly known before Map's time:—

JOSEPH OF ARIMATEA.

Joseph, when he came to the Jews, said to them, "Why are ye angry with me for desiring the body of Jesus of Pilate? Behold, I have put him in my tomb, and wrapped him up in clean linen, and put a stone at the door of the sepulchre: I have acted rightly towards him; but ye have acted unjustly against that just person, in crucifying him, giving him vinegar to drink, crowning him with thorns, tearing his body with whips, and prayed down the guilt of his blood upon you." The Jews at the hearing of this were disquieted, and troubled; and they seized Joseph, and commanded him to be put in custody before the sabbath, and kept there till the sabbath was over. And they said to him, "Make confession; for at this time it is not lawful to do thee any harm, till the first day of the week come. But we know that thou wilt not be thought worthy of a burial; but we will give thy

trived to what death they should put Joseph. When they had done this, the rulers, Annas and Caiaphas, ordered Joseph to be brought forth.

¶ *In this place there is a portion of the narrative lost or omitted, which cannot be supplied.*

When all the assembly heard this, they wondered and were astonished, because they found the same seal upon the lock of the chamber, and could not find Joseph. Then Annas and Caiaphas went forth, and while they were all wondering at Joseph's being gone, behold one of the soldiers, who kept the sepulchre of Jesus, spake in the assembly, that while they were guarding the sepulchre of Jesus, there was an earthquake: "and we saw an angel of God roll away the stone of the sepulchre and sit upon it; and his countenance was like lightning and his garment like snow; and we became through fear like persons dead. And we heard an angel saying to the women at the sepulchre of Jesus, 'Do not fear; I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified; he is risen, as he foretold. Come and see the place where he was laid; and go presently, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead, and he will go before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him, as he told you.'" Then the Jews called together all the soldiers who kept the sepulchre of Jesus, and said to them, "Who are those women, to whom the angel spake?"

Why did ye not seize them?" The soldiers answered and said, "We know not who the women were; besides, we became as dead persons through fear, and how could we seize those women?" The Jews said to them, "As the Lord liveth, we do not believe you." The soldiers answering said to the Jews, "When ye saw and heard Jesus working so many miracles, and did not believe him, how should ye believe us? Ye well said, 'As the Lord liveth,' for the Lord truly does live. We have heard that ye shut up Joseph, who buried the body of Jesus, in a chamber, under a lock which was sealed; and when ye opened it, found him not there. Do ye then produce Joseph whom ye put under guard in the chamber, and we will produce Jesus whom we guarded in the sepulchre." The Jews answered and said, "We will produce Joseph, do ye produce Jesus. For Joseph is in his own city of Arimathea." The soldiers replied, "If Joseph be in Arimathea, Jesus also is in Galilee; we heard the angel tell the women." The Jews hearing this, were afraid, and said among themselves, If by any means these things should become public, then everybody will believe in Jesus. Then they gathered a large sum of money, and gave it to the soldiers, saying, "Do ye tell the people that the disciples of Jesus came in the night when ye were asleep, and stole away the body of Jesus; and if Pilate the governor should hear of this, we will satisfy him and secure you." The soldiers accordingly took the money, and said as they were instructed by the Jews: and their report was spread abroad among all the people. But a certain priest Phinees, Ada a schoolmaster, and a Levite, named Ageus, they three, came from Galilee to Jerusalem, and told the chief priests and all who were in the synagogues, saying, "We have seen Jesus, whom ye crucified, talking with his eleven disciples, and sitting in the midst of them in Mount Olivet, and saying to them, 'Go forth into the whole world, preach the Gospel to all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and whosoever shall believe and be baptised, shall be saved.' And when he had said these things to his disciples, we saw him ascending up to heaven." And they sent forth men, who sought for Jesus, but could not find him: and they returning, said, "We went all about, but could not find Jesus, but we have found Joseph in his city of Arimathea." The rulers hearing this, and all the people, were glad, and praised the God of Israel, because Joseph was found, whom they had shut up in a chamber, and could not find. And when they had formed a large assembly, the chief priests said, "By what means shall we bring Joseph to us to speak with him?" And taking a piece of paper, they wrote to him, and said, "Peace be with thee, and all thy family. We know that we have offended against God and thee. Be pleased to give a visit to us thy fathers, for we were in utmost surprise at thine escape from prison. We know that it was malicious counsel which we took against thee, and that the Lord took care of thee, and the Lord himself delivered thee from our designs. Peace be unto thee, Joseph, who art honourable among all the people." And they chose seven of Joseph's friends, and said to them, "When ye come to Joseph, salute him in peace, and give him this letter." Accordingly, when the men came to Joseph, they did salute him in peace, and gave him the letter. And when Joseph had read it, he said, "Blessed be the Lord God, who didst deliver me from the Israelites, that they could not shed my blood. Blessed be God, who hast protected me under thy wings." And Joseph kissed them, and took them into his house. And on the morrow, Joseph mounted his ass, and went along with them to Jerusalem. And when all the Jews heard these things, they went out to meet him, and cried out, saying, "Peace attend thy coming hither, father Joseph!" To which he answered, "Prosperity from the Lord attend all

the people!" And they all kissed him; and Nicodemus took him to his house, having prepared a large entertainment. But on the morrow, being a preparation-day, Annas, and Caiaphas, and Nicodemus said to Joseph, "Make confession to the God of Israel, and answer to us all those questions which we shall ask thee; for we have been very much troubled, that thou didst bury the body of Jesus; and that when we had locked thee in a chamber, we could not find thee; and we have been afraid ever since, till this time of thy appearing among us. Tell us therefore before God, all that came to pass." Then Joseph answering, said, "Ye did indeed put me under confinement, on the day of preparation, till the morning. But while I was standing at prayer in the middle of the night, the house was surrounded with four angels; and I saw Jesus as the brightness of the sun, and fell down upon the earth for fear. But Jesus laying hold on my hand, lifted me from the ground, and the dew was then sprinkled upon me; but he, wiping my face, kissed me, and said unto me, 'Fear not, Joseph; look upon me, for it is I.' Then I looked upon him, and said, Rabboni Elias! He answered me, 'I am not Elias, but Jesus of Nazareth, whose body thou didst bury.' I said to him, 'Shew me the tomb in which I laid thee.' Then Jesus, taking me by the hand, led me unto the place where I laid him, and shewed me the linen clothes, and napkin which I put round his head. Then I knew that it was Jesus, and worshipped him, and said, 'Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord.' Jesus again taking me by the hand, led me to Arimathea, to my own house, and said to me, 'Peace be to thee; but go not out of thy house till the fortieth day; but I must go to my disciples.'"

There is nothing here of the Holy Graal, nor is there evidence of any connection of that legend with growing traditions of St. Joseph, until Walter Map told of the appearance of St. Joseph to a certain hermit in the year 717, as a way of opening the story which was to introduce a new element into Arthurian romance:—

PRELUDE TO THE FIRST ROMANCE OF THE ST. GRAAL.

He who accounts himself the least and most sinful of all, salutes, and begins this history to all those whose heart and faith is in the Holy Trinity. The name of him who wrote this history is not told at the beginning. But by the words that follow you may in a great measure perceive his name, country, and a great part of his lineage. But he would not disclose himself in the beginning. And he has three reasons for that. The first is that if he named himself, and said that God had revealed through him so high a history, the felon and envious would turn it into scoff. The second is that all who knew him, if they heard his name, would value the less his history, for being written by so mean a person. The third reason is, that if he put his name to the history, and any fault were found committed by him, or by a transcriber from one book into another, all the blame would fall on his name; for there are so many more mouths that speak evil than good, and a man gets more blame for a single fault than praise for a hundred merits. And however he may wish to cover it, it would be more seen than he should like. But he will tell quite openly how the History of the Saint Graal was commanded to him to be made manifest. It happened 717 years after the passion of Jesus Christ that I, the most sinful of all men, was in a place wilder than I can describe—

And then the story begins with the vision of Joseph, who tells how the Holy Graal, or dish from which the

Last Supper was eaten, was taken by a Jew to Pilate, who gave it to Joseph of Arimathea, whom he knew to be one of the Saviour's devoted friends. When Joseph took the body of the Lord down from the cross he washed the wounds in the same dish. When the Jews, angered at the Resurrection, imprisoned Joseph, he is said to have been forty-two years in a dungeon preserved by sight of the Holy Graal miraculously placed in his hands. Released by Vespasian, Joseph quitted Jerusalem, and went with the Graal through France into Britain. Here he taught, and died at Glastonbury, and the Holy Graal was preserved in the treasury of one of the kings of the island, known as the Fisherman King. But it is so sacred that it is not visible to the impure. This made the Quest of the Graal by Arthur's knights a type of the striving to come near to God, the sight of the Graal an embodiment of the thought of the Psalmist, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully;" or of the words of Christ himself, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Beginning with this new legend of Joseph of Arimathea, Map took next from Geoffrey of Monmouth the prophecies of Merlin, then reproduced in a form of his own the fleshly charm of Arthurian romance in the story of Lancelot; gave Lancelot a son Galahad, pure as a maid; and in the Quest of the Graal, which Galahad especially accomplished, he caused men to find the charm of romance in religious teaching; then he went on to the close of the series, with the death of Arthur, adapting all to his design so perfectly that the Graal story became thenceforth inseparable from Arthurian legend. Although in conception and detail it was essentially poetical, Map seems to have worked out his scheme in Latin prose. Its several parts were then turned into French prose, and versified by many. Chrestien of Troyes, who was born, like Map, between the years 1140 and 1150, first sang the romance of Erec and Enid. Kyot, a Provençal poet, gave new development to the Graal story in his romance of Percival, and this was the groundwork of the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, in which the conception of the Graal legend is developed with deep spiritual feeling. Wolfram von Eschenbach was a Bavarian knight of good family, who in and after the year 1204 was at the court of the Thuringian landgrave, Hermann, on the Wartburg, near Eisenach, then a centre of intellectual life, such as Weimar became 600 years later. Wolfram von Eschenbach had strength and depth rather than surface grace. He wrote but few lyrics, and was rather knight than scholar; though a poet born, having that large sense of the essentials of life which may be said, perhaps, to belong to the religious feeling of the Teuton, whether he be an English Walter or a German Wolfram. But Map's genius owed some of its vivacity to marriage of the Teuton with the Celt. It was long after Map's time that Sir Thomas Malory compiled his History of King Arthur. He is said to have ended the work in the ninth year of Edward IV. Fifteen years later, in 1485, it was first printed by Caxton, at

Westminster. But Malory only reproduced in his own English the old material, and an English reader has no book that will bring home to him the form and spirit of Map's "Quest of the Graal" so well as the chapters of Malory which reproduce its story. From him I take, therefore, some illustrations of

THE QUEST OF THE GRAAL.¹

The king and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster. And so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sun-beam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other, as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the holy Graile covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall full filled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world; and when the holy Graile had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became. Then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings unto God of his good grace that he had sent them. "Certes," said the king, "we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly, for that he hath shewed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost." "Now," said Sir Gawaine, "we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the holy Graile, it was so precious covered: wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Sancgreal, that I shall hold me out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here: and if I may not speed, I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ." When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most party, and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made.

Anon as king Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well that they might not againsay their avows. "Alas!" said king Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, "ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made. For through you ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world. For when they depart from hence, I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the Quest."

But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path, but as wild adventure led him. And at the last he came to a stony cross, which departed

¹ "The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the Edition of 1634, with Introduction and Notes, by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A.," in three volumes of the "Library of Old Authors," published by J. R. Smith, is the most accessible edition of Sir Thomas Malory. The same text, with some abridgments, to make it suitable for general home use, is contained in one of the cheap volumes of the "Globe Editions" of English authors, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

two ways in waste land, and by the cross was a stone that was of marble, but it was so dark that Sir Launcelot might not wit what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chapel, and there he wend to have found people. And Sir Launcelot tied his horse till a tree, and there he did off his shield, and hung it upon a tree. And then he went to the chapel door, and found it waste and broken. And within he found a fair altar full richly arrayed with cloth of clean silk, and there stood a fair clean candlestick which bare six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, he had great will for to enter the chapel, but he could find no place where he might enter: then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned and came to his horse, and did off his saddle and bridle, and let him pasture; and unlaced his helm, and ungirded his sword, and laid him down to sleep upon his shield tofore the cross.

And so he fell on sleep, and half waking and half sleeping, he saw come by him two palfreys all fair and white, the which bare a litter, therein lying a sick knight. And when he was nigh the cross, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for he slept not verily; and he heard him say, "Oh, sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me? and when shall the holy vessel come by me where through I shall be blessed? For I have endured thus long for little trespass." A full great while complained the knight thus, and always Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick with the six tapers come before the cross, and he saw nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sancgreal, which Sir Launcelot had seen aforetime in king Peschour's house. And therewith the sick knight set him up, and held up both his hands, and said, "Fair sweet Lord, which is here within this holy vessel, take heed unto me, that I may be whole of this malady." And therewith on his hands and on his knees he went so nigh that he touched the holy vessel, and kissed it, and anon he was whole, and then he said, "Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this sickness." So when the holy vessel had been there a great while it went unto the chapel, with the chandelier and the light, so that Launcelot wist not where it was become, for he was overtaken with sin that he had no power to arise against the holy vessel; wherefore after that many men said of him shame, but he took repentance after that. Then the sick knight dressed him up, and kissed the cross. Anon his squire brought him his arms, and asked his lord how he did. "Certes," said he, "I thank God right well, through the holy vessel I am healed. But I have great marvel of this sleeping knight, that had no power to awake when this holy vessel was brought hither." "I dare right well say," said the squire, "that he dwelleth in some deadly sin, whereof he was never confessed." "By my faith," said the knight, "whatsoever he be he is unhappy, for as I deem he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the Quest of the Sancgreal." "Sir," said the squire, "here I have brought you all your arms, save your helm and your sword, and therefore by my assent now may ye take this knight's helm and his sword." And so he did. And when he was clean armed he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his own; and so departed they from the cross.

Then anon Sir Launcelot waked, and set him up, and be-thought him what he had seen there, and whether it were dreams or not. Right so heard he a voice that said, "Sir Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leaf of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place." And when Sir Launcelot heard

this he was passing heavy, and wist not what to do, and so departed, sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was born. For then he deemed never to have had worship more. For those words went to his heart, till that he knew wherefore he was called so. Then Sir Launcelot went to the cross, and found his helm, his sword, and his horse taken away. And then he called himself a very wretch, and most unhappy of all knights: and there he said, "My sin and my wickedness have brought me unto great dishonour. For when I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires I ever achieved them, and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfit in no quarrel, were it right or wrong. And now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, and now I see and understand that mine old sin hindereth me, and shameth me, so that I had no power to stir nor to speak when the holy blood appeared afore me." So thus he sorrowed till it was day, and heard the fowls sing; then somewhat he was comforted. But when Sir Launcelot missed his horse and his harness, then he wist well God was displeased with him. Then he departed from the cross on foot into a forest. And so by prime he came to an high hill, and found an hermitage, and an hermit therein, which was going unto mass. And then Launcelot kneeled down and cried on our Lord mercy for his wicked works. So when mass was done, Launcelot called him, and prayed him for charity for to hear his life. "With a good will," said the good man. "Sir," said he, "be ye of king Arthur's court, and of the fellowship of the Round Table?" "Yea forsooth, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, that hath been right well said of, and now my good fortune is changed, for I am the most wretch of the world." The hermit beheld him, and had marvel how he was so abashed. "Sir," said the hermit, "ye ought to thank God more than any knight living; for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than any knight that now liveth. And for your presumption to take upon you in deadly sin for to be in His presence, where His flesh and His blood was, that caused you ye might not see it with worldly eyes, for He will not appear where such sinners be, but if it be unto their great hurt, and unto their great shame. And there is no knight living now that ought to give God so great thanks as ye; for He hath given you beauty, seemliness, and great strength, above all other knights, and therefore ye are the more beholding unto God than any other man to love Him and dread Him; for your strength and manhood will little avail you and God be against you."

And here is a later adventure. Launcelot had entered a mystical ship:—

So dwelled Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power. And often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts; and there they found many strange adventures and perilous, which they brought to an end. But because the adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sancgreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

So after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest, tofore a cross, and then saw they a knight, armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse. And so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the high Lord's behalf, and said, "Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sancgreal." Then he

went to his father, and kissed him sweetly, and said, "Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more, till I see the body of Jesu Christ." "I pray you," said Launcelot, "pray you to the high Father that he hold me in His service." And so he took his horse; and there they heard a voice that said, "Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom." "Now, son Galahad," said Launcelot, "since we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the high Father to preserve both me and you both." "Sir," said Galahad, "no prayer availeth so much as yours." And therewith Galahad entered into the forest. And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sancgreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair. And there was a postern opened towards the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said, "Launcelot, go out of this ship, and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire." Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so he went to the gate, and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword, and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say, "O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker? for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service thou art set." Then said Launcelot, "Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of thy great mercy, that thou reprovost me of my misdeed. Now see I well that ye hold me for your servant." Then took he again his sword, and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblant to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber wherof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

Then he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened, and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said, "Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven!" Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber. Then said he, "Fair sweet Father Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased the Lord, for thy pity have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that thou shew me something of that I seek!" And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him, "Flee Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it: and if thou enter thou shalt forthink it." Then he withdrew him aback right heavy. Then looked he up in the midst of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest, and it seemed that he was at the sacrificing of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands there were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands, and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not

a little, for him thought that the priest was so greatly charged of the figure, that him seemed that he should fall to the earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said, "Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man, which hath great need of help." Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it burnt his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his saying. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there seeming dead to all people. So upon the morrow, when it was fair day, they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in. And so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse, to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might neither stand, nor stir no member that he had; and so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk, and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said nay. "In the name of God," said an old man, "for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all, and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again."

Early in the reign of Henry II. there was an Englishman living in France named Hilarius. He had gone to France that he might study under Abelard, and he was a poet. From him we have the earliest extant example of a Miracle Play or Mystery. There were no such plays in this country before the Conquest, but after the Conquest they must have been soon introduced, for in the Chronicle of Matthew Paris there is chance reference to the acting of a Miracle Play of St. Katherine at Dunstable, before the year 1119, by the pupils of a learned Norman named Geoffrey, who afterwards became abbot of St. Alban's. We know also that the acting of Miracle Plays was established in London by Henry II.'s time; for William Fitzstephen, a clerk of Becket's household, who wrote the life of his patron, says in his *Life of Becket* that London, instead of the ancient shows of the theatre, "has entertainments of a more devout kind, either representations of those miracles which were wrought by holy confessors, or those passions and sufferings in which the martyrs so rigidly displayed their fortitude."

It will be observed that this description limits the representation to the acts of the saints—Miracle Plays. The Mystery Plays, which dealt with the sacred history itself, and drew from the Bible story representations of those incidents which are connected with the mysteries of faith, seem to have been acted abroad for some time before their introduction into this country. After they had been introduced, the old name of Miracle Play, which had become familiar when all our plays were such as Fitzstephen defined, remained common, and was

applied still as a general term to the Mystery Plays also; but abroad the distinction made by use of the several terms Mystery and Miracle Play was well understood.

At first the plays, like the offices of the Church, were spoken in Latin. Perhaps everywhere the Miracle Play was first introduced. On the day of the saint to whom a church was dedicated there would be high celebration, and a great desire to attract worshippers to the shrine. The reading in the service of the day of a pertinent chapter from the "Acts of the Saints," instead of from the Gospel or the Acts of the Apostles, edified few. It occurred to somebody to act a chapter telling of some miracle of the saint, or setting forth his undaunted faith in God, visibly within the church, before the people's eyes, at that part of the service; and then, going on with the psalms or prayers ordained by the rubric to succeed the lesson for the day, proceed to the completion of the offices. This device succeeded, of course, in fixing attention; larger attendance was obtained; there was a more lively sense communicated to the untaught crowd of the piety or power of the saint. Experience would then justify bolder advance, and attempt would be made to bring home in the same way to the minds of the people incidents from the Bible history that involved vital truths of religion. In England, certainly, the incidents in lives of saints were acted for some time before men ventured to deal in the same way with incidents from Scripture history. But when only Miracle Plays properly so called were acted in England, we find Hilarius, an Englishman in France, writing for the Church not only a Miracle Play of St. Nicholas, but also a representation of the story of Daniel, and enforcing the mystery of the Resurrection by a play written to be represented during the church service, at the time of the reading from Scripture, when the eleventh chapter of the Gospel of St. John happened to be the lesson of the day. The story was so shown to the eye that it would come home to the understanding of the people although sung in Latin rhymes; and Hilarius ventured to quicken their feelings by the addition of little refrains in their mother-tongue. This is the Mystery Play of Lazarus, designed, it will be seen, to produce clear, homely realisation of the narrative for which it stands. I simply translate the directions to the actors, but give the play exactly as it has come down to us:—

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

To which these persons are necessary: the person of Lazarus, of his two sisters, of four Jews, of Jesus Christ, of the Twelve Apostles, or six at least.

At first, Lazarus being sick, his two sisters Mary and Martha shall come with four Jews afflicting themselves greatly, and sitting down by his bed shall sing these verses:

O sors tristis, O sors dura,
Cujus gravis est censura:
Nam per tua modo jura
Languet, frater, nostra cura.
Languet frater, et nos vere
Facit sibi condolere.

Sed tu, Deus, miserere.
Quique potes, tu medere.

[O sad lot, O hard lot, of which heavy is the thought; For even now by your ordinance fades away our brother, our care. Our brother withers away, and makes us indeed to share his pain. But thou, God, have pity, and heal him, for thou canst.]

The Jews shall say for their consolation:

Karissime, flere desinite,
Nec adstantes ad fletum cogite,
Immo preces ad Deum mitte
Lazaroque salutem poscite.

[Cease, dearest, to weep, nor compel those who stand by to weeping; nay, rather send up prayers to God and ask health for Lazarus.]

To whom they shall say:

Ite, fratres, ad summum medicum,
Ite citi regem ad unicum,
Fratrem nostrum narrate languidum,
Ut veniat et reddat validum.

[Go, brothers, to the highest physician, go quick to the only king, tell that our brother is withering, that he may come and restore him to strength.]

But they, when they shall have come to Jesus, shall say:

Quia tu diligis infirmatum graviter,
Ad te juxi (sic) fuimus venire celeriter.
Qui summus es medicus, egrum nostrum visita,
Ut tibi deserviat, sospitate reddita.

[Because thou hast strong love for him who is made infirm, we have been commanded to come to thee quickly. Thou who art the chief physician, visit our sick man, that he may do service to you when his health has been restored.]

Jesus replies:

Morbus iste fratris mei
Non ad mortem erit ei,
Sed evenit ut per eum
Manifestum vobis Deum.

[That sickness of my brother shall not be for him unto death; but it happens that through him I may make God manifest to you.]

In the meantime, when they shall have returned, Lazarus being already dead, two from among them shall lead Mary to him. To whom she shall sing:

En culpa veteri
Dannatur¹ posteri
Mortales fieri.
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frater morz:
Por que gei plor

Per cibum vetitum
Nobis interitum
Constat impositum.
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frater morz:
Por que gei plor.

¹ Damnantur.

Facta sum misera,
Et soror altera
Per fratris funera.
Hor ai dolor.
Hor est mis frere morz :
Por que ges plor.

Cum de te cogito,
Frater, et merito.
Mortem affligito
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frere morz :
Por que ges plor.

[For an ancient sin those who live after are doomed to be made mortal. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep. Through the forbidden food death is firmly laid upon us. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep. I am made a wretched woman, and my sister another by the burial of our brother. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep. When I think of thee, brother, and thy worth, I passionately call for death. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep.]

Then two of the Jews consoling, shall say to her :

Cesset talis gemitus.
Cesset meror penitus.
Cessent que suspiria ;
Talis lamentacio
Talis ejulacio
Non est necessaria.

Non per tales lacrimas
Vium fuit animas
Redisse corporibus.
Cessent ergo lacrimæ
Que defunctis minime
Proderunt hominibus.

[Let cease such sobbing, let cease grief from the depths, let cease the sighs; such lamenting, such wailing, is not necessary. Never through such tears has it been seen that souls have returned to their bodies. Let cease, therefore, the tears which are of slightest service to dead men.]

After this shall come Martha, with two other Jews, singing :

Mors execrabilis !
Mors detestabilis !
Mors mihi flebilis !
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

Fratris interitus
Gravis et subitus
Est causa gemitus.
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

Pro fratre mortuo
Mori non abnuo.
Nec mortem metuo.
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

Ex fratris funere
Recuso vivere :
Ve mihi misere !
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

[Death to be execrated! Death to be detested! Death to be wept by me! Unhappy, wretched one! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living? The destruction of my brother, heavy and sudden, is a cause for sobbing. Unhappy, wretched one! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living? For my dead brother I do not refuse to die, nor do I fear death. Unhappy, wretched one! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living? Because of the burial of my brother I refuse to live. Woe to me, miserable! Unhappy, wretched one! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living?]

Two of the Jews shall say for her comfort :

Tolle fletum, quesumus,
Nichil enim possumus
Per fletum proficere.
Insistendum fletibus
Esset si quis talibus
Posset reviviscere.

Quare non consideras
Quia dum te macheras¹
Nichil prodes mortuo?
Quare tu non respicis,
Quia nichil (proficis)
Ut jam vivat denuo?

[Put away weeping, we entreat, for we can bring nothing about by weeping. We might persist in lamentations if by such any one could be brought back to life. Why do you not consider, because while you torment yourself, you nothing profit the dead? Why have you no regard, because you can in no way bring about that now he should live once more?]

Jesus shall say to His Disciples :

In Judeam iterum
Nos oportet pergere,
Ubi quiddam paululum
Decrevi peragere.

[We must go again into Judea, where there is a certain small work that I have determined to complete.]

To whom the Disciples shall say :

Te nuper lapidibus volebant obruere ;
Et vis tamen iterum in Judeam tendere ?

[They of late sought to strike thee down with stones; and wilt thou, nevertheless, go again into Judea?]

And Jesus to them :

Ecce dormit Lazarus, quem decet ut visitem :
Vadam illuc igitur, ut a somno excitem.

[Behold, Lazarus sleepeth, whom it is fit that I should visit: I will go thither, therefore, that I may awake him out of sleep.]

¹ Maceras.

The Disciples again :

Postquam dormit, salvus erit ;
Salus enim somnum querit.

[After he sleeps, he shall be well ; for health demands sleep.]

Jesus again to them :

Non est sicut creditis : immo jam defunctus est ;
Sed in Patris nomine nobis suscitandus est.

[It is not as ye believe : on the contrary, he is already dead ; but in the name of the Father he is to be raised up to us.]

But Thomas shall say :

Ergo nos proficiscamus
Et cum illo moriamur.

[Therefore let us go and die with him.]

Afterwards Martha shall say to Jesus :

Si venisses primitus,
Dol en ai,
Non esset hic gemitus.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.
Quod in vivum poteras,
Dol en ai,
Hoc defuncto conferas.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.
Petis patrem quid libet ;
Dol en ai,
Statim pater exhibet.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.

[If thou hadst come at first, Grief for it have I, There had not been this sobbing. Darling brother, I have lost you. What you had power for on the living, Grief for it have I, This confer thou on the dead. Darling brother, I have lost you. Ask of the Father what you will, Grief for it have I, At once the Father will give it. Darling brother, I have lost you.]

Jesus shall say :

Nunc comprimas has lacrymas et luctum qui te urget.
Frater tuus est mortuus, sed facile resurget.

[Restrain now these tears and this lament that presses upon thee. Thy brother is dead, but readily will rise again.]

And she to him :

Rexurgere et vivere
Fratrem meum affirmo,
Tunc denique cum utique
Rexurget omnis homo.

[I know that my brother shall rise and live, then at last when in any case every man shall rise.]

And Jesus again :

Immo, soror, non despera,
Nam sum ego vita vera ;
Et quicumque credet ita
Vivet in me, qui sum vita.
Et qui vivens in me credet,
Mors ad illum non accedet.
Credis, Martha, fore verum
Quod sit talis ordo rerum ?

[Nay, sister, do not despair, for I am the true way, and whoever shall so believe shall live in me who am life. And

he who living shall believe in me, death shall not approach to him. Do you believe, Martha, that it is true that such is the order of things ?]

But Martha shall answer :

Te Christum, Dei filium,
Ad hoc nostrum exilium
Venisse in auxilium
Ego credo.

[I believe thee Christ, the Son of God, to have come for our help to this our place of exile.]

Martha, telling Mary that Jesus has come, shall say :

Jesus adest, soror carissima ;
Cesset luctus et cesset lacrima.
Ipsum prece flectas humillima,
Ut redeat ad fratrem anima.

[Jesus is here, dearest sister. Let cease the grief, let cease the tear. Bend thou himself by humblest prayer that the soul may return to our brother.]

Then Mary shall say to Jesus :

Nullius solacio
Mea desolacio
Valet unquam auferri.
Sed credo consilium
Per te, Dei filium,
Posse mihi conferri.
Tu ergo qui potens es
Qui mittis (*sic*) et clemens es
Ad tumulum venito.
Fratrem meum suscita,
Quem mors carni debita
Surripuit tam cito.

[By the solace of no man can my desolation ever be taken away. But I believe that help can be brought to me through thee, the Son of God. Come, therefore, to the tomb, thou who art powerful, and merciful and mild, raise up my brother, whom death due to the flesh seized so suddenly.]

And Jesus to her :

Volo, soror, volo multum
Me deduci ad sepultum,
Ut in vitam revocetur
Qui a morte detinetur.

[I desire, sister, I desire greatly to be brought down to the buried man, that he may be called back into life who is held from you by death.]

But she, leading Jesus to the sepulchre, shall say :

Hic eum posuimus,
Ecce locus, Domine.
Quem in patris poscimus
Suscitari nomine.

[Here we deposited him ; behold the place, O Lord. Him whom we ask to be raised up in the name of the Father.]

Jesus to those standing around :

Sustollatis lapidem qui superest tumulo,
Ut rexurgat Lazarus coram omni populo.

[Lift ye up the stone which is upon the tomb, that Lazarus may arise in presence of all the people.]

They shall say :

Fetorem non poteris sustinere mortui :
Namque ferens graviter funus est quadridui.

[Thou wilt not be able to bear the stench of the dead, for bearing him heavily the funeral was four days since.]

Then Jesus, looking up into Heaven, shall pray thus to the Father :

Pater, verbum tuum clarifica,
Lazarumque, precor, vivifica.
Sic filium mundo notifica,
Pater, in hac hora.
Nec hoc dixi in difidencia,
Sed pro gentis hujus presentia,
Ut de tua certi potencia
Credant absque mora.

[Father, make thy word manifest and, I pray thee, give life unto Lazarus, so declare thy Son to the world, Father, in this hour. Nor have I said this through want of faith, but because of the presence of this people, that, certain of thy power, they may believe without delay.]

Then shall he say to the dead :

O Lazare, foras egredere,
Aure dono vitalis utere ;
In paterne virtutis munere,
Exi foras, et vita frue.

[O Lazarus, come forth, I give thee to use vital air. By the gift of the Father's power, come forth, and enjoy life.]

Then after Lazarus shall have risen, Jesus shall say :

Ece vivit : nunc ipsum solvite,
Et solutum abire sinite.

[Behold he lives : now loose him, and when loosened, suffer him to go hence.]

Lazarus unbound shall say to the bystanders :

Ecce que sunt Dei magnalia.
Vos vidistis et hec et alia.
Ipse celum fecit et maria ;
Mors ad ejus tremuit imperia.

[Behold what are the mighty things of God. You have seen both these and others. He made the heaven and the seas ; death trembles at his command.]

And having turned to Jesus he shall say :

Tu magister, tu rex, tu Dominus,
Tu populi delebis facinus.
Quod precipis, illud fit protinus.
Regni tui non erit terminus.

[Thou Master, thou King, thou Lord, thou wilt wash away the sin of the people. What thou orderest is straightway done. Of thy kingdom there shall be no end.]

Which being finished, if it was done at Matins, Lazarus shall begin Te Deum Laudamus. But if at Vespers, Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

Giraldus Cambrensis, which means Gerald of Wales, was Gerald de Barri, born in the castle of Manorbeer,

a little west of Tenby. He was the scholar of a patriotic fighting family, as patriotic as any other of his kindred, and combatant with spiritual weapons for the Church of Wales. His ambition was to form in Wales a national church, with its primate at St. David's, and to make it a church free from the corruption that had come of wealth and ease. He was eager, as a strict Churchman, for church reform ; became an archdeacon at six-and-twenty, and would have been made Bishop of St. David's if the King of England could have trusted at the head of the Welsh Church a man so able and uncompromising, and so full of zeal for his own people. Henry II. liked Gerald personally, made him one of his chaplains, used him in the pacification of Wales, and sent him with Prince John upon his unsuccessful Irish expedition. Gerald's energy caused him to make much use of his pen, and this visit of his to Ireland in 1185 caused him to write a "Topography of Ireland," and a "History of the Conquest of Ireland." The zeal with which he sought to restore purity of life to Churchmen did not prevent Gerald from sharing the ready faith of his time in any marvel that appeared to show the power of God, the full devotion to Him of holy men, or God's love to His faithful servants. Simplest traditions of the country-side were in the twelfth century accepted by a singularly shrewd, vigorous, and earnest man with unquestioning faith, when there was worship at the heart of them. Thus, in his "Topography of Ireland," one book is upon its geography and natural history ; and here the chapter on the eagle is developed into religious allegory after the manner of the Bestiaries. The next book is on the "Wonders and Miracles of Ireland," and the next on its "Inhabitants." Here are, as told by Giraldus Cambrensis, a few miracles of a saint, said to have been born in the year 498, and to have founded an abbey in the wilderness of Glendalough (the valley of the two lakes) in the Wicklow Mountains :—

MIRACLES OF ST. KEVIN.

When St. Kevin had become celebrated for his life and sanctity at Glendalough, a noble boy, one of his scholars, happened to fall sick, and had a craving for some apples. The saint, taking compassion on him, and having prayed to the Lord, a willow-tree, which stood near the church, bore apples, to the relief of the boy as well as of other sick persons. And even to the present day that willow, and other sets from it, planted in the neighbouring cemetery, produce apples every year, as if it were an orchard, although in other respects, such as their boughs and leaves, the trees retain their natural properties. These apples are white, and of an oblong shape, and more wholesome than pleasant to the taste. They are held in great reverence by the natives, who call them St. Kevin's apples ; and many carry them to the most distant parts of Ireland, as remedies for various diseases.

On the feast-day of the same saint, the ravens at Glendalough, in consequence of his curse for his scholars having accidentally spilt their milk, neither come on the ground nor taste food ; but, flying round the village and church, and making a loud cawing, enjoy no rest or refreshment on that day.

St. Kevin, upon some occasion, when, during the season of

Lent, he had fled, as he was wont, from converse with men, retired to a little cabin in the wilderness, where, sheltered only from the sun and rain, he gave himself up to contemplation, and spent all his time in reading and prayer. One morning, having raised his hand to heaven, as was his custom, through the window, it chanced that a blackbird pitched upon it and laid her eggs in his palm, treating it as her nest. The saint, taking pity on the bird, shewed so much gentleness and patience that he neither drew in nor closed his hand, but kept it extended and adapted it to the purpose of a nest, without wearying, until the young brood was entirely hatched. In perpetual memory of this wonderful occurrence, all the images of St. Kevin throughout Ireland represent him with a blackbird in his extended hand.

The next chapter tells some wonders about

ST. COLMAN'S TEAL.

There is in Leinster a small pool frequented by the birds of St. Colman, a species of small ducks, vulgarly called teal (*cercelle*). Since the time of the saint, these birds have become so tame that they take food from the hand, and until the present day exhibit no signs of alarm when approached by men. They are always about thirteen in number, as if they formed the society of a convent. As often as any evil chances to befall the church or clergy, or the little birds themselves, or any molestation is offered them, they directly fly away, and, betaking themselves to some lake far removed from thence, do not return to their former haunts until condign punishment has overtaken the offenders. Meanwhile, during their absence, the waters of the pond, which were before very limpid and clear, become stinking and putrid, unfit for the use either of men or cattle. It has happened occasionally that some person fetching water from this pond in the night-time, has drawn up with it one of the birds, not purposely, but by chance, and having cooked his meat in the water for a long time without being able to boil it, at last he has found the bird swimming in the pot, quite unhurt; and, having carried it back to the pond, his meat was boiled without further delay.

It happened, also, in our time, that as Robert Fitz-Stephen, with Dermot, king of Leinster, was passing through that country, an archer shot one of these birds with an arrow. Carrying it with him to his quarters, he put it in a pot to be cooked with his meat, but after thrice supplying the fire with wood, and waiting till midnight, he did not succeed in making the pot boil, so that, after taking out the meat for the third time, he found it as raw as when he first placed it in the pot. At last, his host observing the little bird among the pieces of meat, and hearing that it was taken out of this pond, exclaimed, with tears—"Alas, me, that ever such a misfortune should have befallen my house, and have happened in it! For this is one of St. Colman's birds." Thereupon the meat being put alone into the pot, was cooked without further difficulty. The archer soon afterwards miserably expired.

Moreover, it chanced that a kite, having carried off one of these little birds, and perched with it in a neighbouring tree, behold, all his limbs immediately stiffened in the sight of many persons, nor did the robber regard the prey which he held in his claws. It also happened that one frosty season a fox carried off one of these birds, and when the morning came, the beast was found in a little hut on the shore of the lake, which was held in veneration from its having been formerly the resort of St. Colman, the bird being in the fox's jaws, and having choked him. In both cases the spoiler

suffered the penalty of death, while his prey was unhurt, the birds returning to the lake without the slightest injury, under the protection of their holy patron.

Gerald published his "Topography of Ireland" by reading it publicly at Oxford in 1187, giving a day to the reading of each of its three books. On the first day of reading he entertained at his lodgings all the poor of the town; on the second day the teachers of the different faculties and the best students; on the third day the rest of the students, with the soldiers, townsmen, and many burgesses. In the latter part of the same year Saladin took Jerusalem, and in the next year, 1188, another crusade was preached. Archbishop Baldwin, followed by a train of clergy, preached the crusade in Wales, and Gerald went with him. This gave rise to another book of his, "The Itinerary of Wales," from which we may take a passage on the degeneracy of the monks. He was speaking of the Abbey of Llanthony, near which he had a little house of his own at Llanddeu.

CORRUPTION OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

The mountains are full of herds and horses, the woods well stored with swine and goats, the pastures with sheep, the plains with cattle, the arable fields with ploughs; and, although these things in very deed are in great abundance, yet each of them, from the insatiable nature of the mind, seems too narrow and scanty. Therefore lands are seized, landmarks removed, boundaries invaded, and the markets in consequence abound with merchandise, the courts of justice with law-suits, and the senate with complaints. Concerning such things, we read in Isaiah, "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

If, therefore, the prophet inveighs so much against those who proceed to the boundaries, what would he say to those who go far beyond them? From these and other causes, the true colour of religion was so converted into the dye of falsehood, that manners internally black assumed a fair exterior:

"Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo."

[The colour that was white is now the contrary to white.]

So that the Scripture seems to be fulfilled concerning these men, "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves." But I am inclined to think this avidity does not proceed from any bad intention. For the monks of this Order (although themselves most abstemious) incessantly exercise, more than any others, the acts of charity and beneficence towards the poor and strangers; and because they do not live as others upon fixed incomes, but depend only on their labour and forethought for subsistence, they are anxious to obtain lands, farms, and pastures, which may enable them to perform these acts of hospitality. However, to repress and remove from this sacred Order the detestable stigma of ambition, I wish they would sometimes call to mind what is written in Ecclesiasticus, "Whoso bringeth an offering of the goods of the poor, doth as one that killeth the son before his father's eyes;" and also the sentiment of Gregory, "A good use does not justify things badly acquired;" and also that of Ambrose, "He who wrongfully receives, that he may well dispense, is rather burthened than assisted." Such men seem to say with the Apostle, "Let us do evil that good may come." For it is written, "Mercy ought to be of such a nature as may be

received, not rejected, which may purge away sins, not make a man guilty before the Lord, arising from your own just labours, not those of other men." Hear what Solomon says: "Honour the Lord from your just labours." What shall they say who have seized upon other men's possessions, and exercised charity? "O Lord, in Thy name we have done charitable deeds, we have fed the poor, clothed the naked, and hospitably received the stranger:" to whom the Lord will answer, "Ye speak of what ye have given away, but speak not of the rapine ye have committed; ye relate concerning those ye have fed, and remember not those ye have killed." I have judged it proper to insert in this place an instance of an answer which Richard, king of the English, made to Fulke, a good and holy man, by whom God in these our days has wrought many signs in the kingdom of France. This man had among other things said to the king: "You have three daughters, namely, Pride, Luxury, and Avarice; and as long as they shall remain with you, you can never expect to be in favour with God." To which the king, after a short pause, replied: "I have already given away those daughters in marriage: 'Pride to the Templars, Luxury to the Black Monks, and Avarice to the White.'"

It is a remarkable circumstance, or rather a miracle, concerning Llanthony, that, although it is on every side surrounded by lofty mountains, not stony or rocky, but soft, and covered with grass, Parian stones are frequently found there, and are called free-stones, from the facility with which they admit of being cut and polished; and with these the church is beautifully built. It is also wonderful, that when, after a diligent search, all the stones have been removed from the mountains, and no more can be found; upon another search, a few days afterwards, they re-appear in greater quantities to those who seek them.

With respect to the two Orders, the Cluniac and the Cistercian, this may be relied upon: although the latter are possessed of fine buildings, with ample revenues and estates, they will soon be reduced to poverty and destruction. To the former, on the contrary, you would allot a barren desert and a solitary wood; yet in a few years you will find them in possession of sumptuous churches and houses, and encircled with an extensive property. The difference of manners (as it appears to me) causes this contrast. For as without meaning offence to either party, I shall speak the truth: the one feels the benefits of sobriety, parsimony, and prudence, whilst the other suffers from the bad effects of gluttony and intemperance: the one, like bees, collect their stores into a heap, and unanimously agree in the disposal of one well-regulated purse; the others pillage and divert to improper uses the largesses which have been collected by divine assistance, and by the bounties of the faithful; and, whilst each individual consults solely his own interest, the welfare of the community suffers; since, as Sallust observes, "Small things increase by concord, and the greatest are wasted by discord." Besides, sooner than lessen the number of one of the thirteen or fourteen dishes which they claim by right of custom, or even in a time of scarcity or famine recede in the smallest degree from their accustomed good fare, they would suffer the richest lands and the best buildings of the monastery to become a prey to usury, and the numerous poor to perish before their gates.

The first of these Orders, at a time when there was a deficiency in grain, with a laudable charity, not only gave away their flocks and herds, but resigned to the poor one of the two dishes with which they were always contented. But in these our days, in order to remove this stain, it is ordained by the Cistercians, "That in future neither farms nor pastures shall be purchased; and that they shall be satisfied

with those alone which have been freely and unconditionally bestowed upon them." This Order, therefore, being satisfied more than any other with humble mediocrity, and, if not wholly, yet in a great degree checking their ambition; and though placed in a worldly situation, yet avoiding, as much as possible, its contagion; neither notorious for gluttony or drunkenness, for luxury or lust; is fearful and ashamed of incurring public scandal, as will be more fully explained in the book we mean (by the grace of God) to write concerning the Ecclesiastical Orders.

Giraldus Cambrensis entered fully into Church questions in his "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*,"¹ produced in the reign of Richard I. The subject of it fell, he said, under the two heads, precept and example. "For as Jerome tells us, 'Long and tedious is the way that leads by precept; commodious and brief is the way that leads by example.' So from the legends of the holy Fathers, of which very few copies are to be found among you of Wales, and from the faithful narratives of ancient and more recent times, I have compiled, with a view to your imitation, some things which will be not unserviceable to you." He begins by answers to questions then dwelt upon. What shall the priest do if by chance he has spilt part of the consecrated cup, or allowed mice to nibble at the sacred bread? When may a layman officiate? How are sins remitted? By the sacraments, by martyrdom, by faith, by mercy, by charity, by prayer, and—observe the doubt—"perhaps by pontifical indulgence." He describes minutely the manner of carrying consecrated elements to the sick, and discusses the mystery of the Eucharist, of which he says it seems safer concerning that which is miraculous not to discuss every point to a hair's breadth, but rather to leave to God what is uncertain. If we are told on certain authority that the substance of the bread and wine is converted into substance of the body and blood of the Lord, let us not blush to say that we are ignorant as to the manner of the conversion. Of the questioning in his time as to the way in which men were to accept that doctrine, he tells that he saw in Paris a learned Englishman, Richard de Aubry, who lectured to a large audience in interpretation of the Eucharist. "He seemed to be the very mirror of religion and morality among the clergy; he afflicted his body with watchings and fastings, with much abstinence and earnest prayers; yet when he took to his bed in his last sickness, and was offered the Lord's body, he could not receive it. Nay, he even averted his face, exclaiming that this punishment had happened to him through the just judgment of God, because he never could prevail upon himself

¹ The "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*," never before printed, was edited, with a valuable introduction, by Professor John Sherren Brewer, in 1862, as one of the collection of the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, in the series of "*Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages*," published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The preceding translations are from a volume of Bohn's Libraries that makes two notable works by Giraldus easily accessible to the general reader. It is called "*The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis, containing the Topography of Ireland, and the History of the Conquest of Ireland*, translated by Thomas Forester, M.A. *The Itinerary through Wales and the Description of Wales*," translated by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. Revised and Edited, with Additional Notes, by Thomas Wright, M.A." (Bohn, 1863.)

to have a firm belief in this article of faith. And so he entered the way of all flesh without the viaticum." From the Eucharist and the vessels and books used in its celebration, Gerald passed to baptism, confession, possession by evil spirits, and the power of the sign of the cross. Throughout, his teaching was enforced by wonderful tales; fables taken as truth for love of the truth they symbolised. Thus, there was a noble young lady possessed by a spiteful devil. A holy man was brought to her, and she immediately slapped his face. He bore the insult patiently, and turned the other cheek. To that she gave a harder slap. He turned his face to her the third time. Then said the evil spirit within her, "Your patience conquers me," and so the girl was cured. Giraldus in many ways dwelt on the devices of the clergy to enrich themselves unfairly. Soldiers and laity were accustomed to make offering at certain gospels for which they had especial veneration in the same way as they offered at the mass. For that reason the reading of a gospel at each mass was often multiplied into the reading of three or four to win an offering for each. He would have had fewer churches and altars, fewer persons ordained, with more care in their selection, and oblations only permitted three times a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; to which might be added founder's day, a funeral, each anniversary, and purification. He vehemently opposed the practice of bestowing benefices in reversion, and all multiplication of the fees of bishops. He tells of a bishop who when he had consecrated a church immediately anathematised it because the fee was not ready; of an archbishop who excused his simony by saying, "I do not sell the church, I only sell my favour; why should any one have my favour who has never done anything to deserve it?" of another who gave benefices to his nephews while they were children, that, under pretext of wardship, he might take the profits to himself; of another who gave church promotion to his stupid relatives, and neglected the deserving, for they, he said, could take care of themselves. Thus, Gerald added, these prelates observe the Apostle's precept, "Those members of the body which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness."

As soon as a self-seeking worldliness is joined in many with charge over the spiritual interests of men, protest begins; the most earnest Churchmen are themselves the most devoted labourers for Church reform; the history of labour towards reformation covers as much time as the history of human frailty. There were very many Church reformers before Wiclif, each attacking those which seemed to him the faults most hurtful to the spiritual life. Giraldus spoke of the growing luxury of eating and drinking. He allowed licence in case of hospitality, as we read, he said, in the lives of saints that they sometimes exceeded rules of temperance in honour of their guests. "As is read," he says, "of Saint Philibert, to whom when he had taken too much while sitting with guests, the devil came as he lay on his back, and tapping at his belly, said, 'All's well within Philibert to-day.' To whom he answered, 'It will be ill for him to-morrow.' On this account he fasted next day

upon bread and water. If therefore our enemy thus scoffed at that excusable excess, how can he mock our excesses that are inexcusable!"

Giraldus Cambrensis spoke of the degradation by luxury of houses of the great order of the Benedictines. Its founder, Benedict of Nursia, had known it difficult in the sixth century to find men ready as he himself was to deny the flesh. He kept it down with thorns and nettles; but when he was Abbot at Vicovaro it is said that his monks tried to poison him for his strictness. He retired into the wilderness and founded twelve monasteries. Persecution of a priest named Florentinus drove him to Cassino in Campania. On Monte Cassino he is said to have destroyed a heathen temple and grove, and to have founded on its site the first and most famous monastery of his order, there planning a strict rule, which he perfected in the year 529. His cloistered community was to dwell together in constant meditation and labour, and in strict obedience to the abbot, serving as a type of their obedience to God. Women also afterwards joined themselves in such communities for holy contemplation and repression of the flesh. The body of religious women to whom love of



A BENEDICTINE NUN. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")

Christ was commended in a little discourse on "The Wooing of Our Lord," may have been Benedictines. I think, however, that Dr. Richard Morris, who has edited this and other "Old English Homilies and Homiletic Treatises of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," shows good reason for identifying its author with the writer of a piece called the "Ancren Riwe," the Rule of the Anchoresses. That author

was probably Bishop Poor, who died in 1237, and lies buried in his cathedral church at Salisbury. His Rule of the Anchoresses was written for a small community consisting only of three pious ladies and their domestics or lay sisters at Tarrant Kaines, or Kingston, near Crayford Bridge, in Dorsetshire. The house remained a religious home, and was afterwards incorporated with the Cistercian order; but the author of the "Rule" written for their instruction said, "If any ignorant man ask you of what order ye are, say that ye are of the Order of St. James. If such answer seem strange and singular to him, ask him, What is Order, and where he can find in Scripture Religion more plainly described than in the canonical epistle of St. James? He saith what Religion is, and right Order: 'Pure Religion and without stain is to visit and assist widows and orphans, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.' Thus doth St. James describe Religion and Order." The Rule written for the Anchoresses is in eight parts, and treats (1) of Devotional Services, (2) of the Government of the External Senses in keeping the Heart, (3) Moral Lessons and Examples, Reasons for Embracing a Monastic Life, (4) of Temptations and the means of Avoiding and Resisting them, (5) of Confession, (6) of Penance and Amendment, (7) of Love or Charity, (8) of Domestic and Social Duties. Probably for the same community, possibly for another convent of women who had turned from earthly wooing to set all their love on Christ, the writer of the "Ancren Riwe" wrote this piece called—

THE WOODING OF OUR LORD.

Jesu, sweet Jesu, my love, my darling, my Lord, my Saviour, my honey-drop, my balm! sweeter is the remembrance of thee than honey in the mouth. Who is there that may not love thy lovely face? what heart is there so hard that may not melt at the remembrance of thee? Ah! who may not love thee, lovely Jesu? For within thee alone are all things joined that ever may make any man worthy of love to another.

Beauty, and lovesome face, flesh white under clothing, make many a man the rather and the more to be beloved.

Gold and Treasures and Wealth of this world cause some to be beloved and praised.

Others for their Generosity and Liberality, that prefer graciously to give than niggardly to withhold.

Some for their Wit and Wisdom and worldly prudence; and others for Might and Strength, to be distinguished and brave in fight to maintain their rights.

Some are loved for their Nobility and highness of Birth; others for Virtue, and Politeness, and their faultless Manners.

Some for Kindness, and Meekness, and goodness of heart and deed; and yet, above all this, nature causes friends of Kin to love one another.

Jesu, my precious darling, my love, my life, my beloved, my most worthy of love, my heart's balm, my soul's sweetness, thou art Lovesome in countenance, thou art altogether bright. All angel's life is to look upon thy face, for thy cheer is so marvellously lovesome and pleasant to look upon, that if the damned that boil in hell might eternally see it, all that torturing pitch would appear but a soft warm bath; for, if it might be so, they had rather boil evermore in woe and

evermore look upon that blissful beauty, than be in all bliss and forego the sight of thee. Thou art so shining and so white, that the sun would be pale if it were beside thy blissful countenance. If I then will love any man for fairness I will love thee, my dear life, mother's fairest son. Ah, Jesu, my sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But now I will choose my beloved for Wealth; for everywhere with chattels one may buy love. But is there any one richer than thou, my beloved, that reignest in heaven, thou that art the renowned kaiser that has created all this world? for as the holy prophet David says, "The earth is the Lord's and all that fills it, the world and all that lives therein;" heaven with the mirths and the immeasurable blisses, all is thine, my sweet one, and all thou wilt give me, if I love thee aright. I cannot give my love to any man for a sweeter possession. I will hold then to thee, my beloved, and love thee for thyself, and for thy love forsake all other things that might draw and turn my heart from thy love. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But what is wealth and world's weal worth without Liberality? And who is more free than thou, for first thou didst make all this world and didst put it under my feet, and didst make me lady over all thy creatures that thou didst create on earth, but I miserably lost it through my sins. Ah! lest I should lose all, thou gavest thyself to me, to deliver me from pain. If I will love then any one for liberality, I will love thee, Jesu Christ, most free beyond all others; for other liberal men give these outward things, but thou didst give Thyself for me, that thou couldst not withhold thy own heart's blood. A dearer love-token gave never any beloved to another. And thou that gavest me first all thyself, thou hast promised me, my beloved, the gift, all to myself, to reign on thy right hand, crowned with thyself. Who is then more generous than thou? who, for largess, is better worthy of being beloved than thou, my dear life? Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But largess is worth little when Wisdom is lacking. And if that I will love any man for wisdom, there is none wiser than thou, that art called the wisdom of thy Father in heaven; for He through thee, that art wisdom, created all this world, and ordereth it and divideth it, as it seemeth best. Within thee, my dear love, is hidden the treasure of all wisdom, as the book bears witness. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But many a man through his Strength and Courage also makes himself beloved and esteemed. And is any so hardy as thou art? Nay: for thou alone darest not with thine own dear body to fight against all the terrible devils of hell; that whichever of them is least loathsome and horrible, if he might, such as he is, show himself to man, all the world would be afraid to behold him alone, for no man may see him and remain in his wits, unless the grace and strength of Christ embolden his heart. Thou art moreover herewith so immensely mighty that, with thy precious hand nailed on the rood, thou boundest the hell-dogs, and bereftest them of their prey which they had greedily grasped and held it fast on account of Adam's sin. Thou brave renowned champion robbedst hell-house, and deliveredst thy prisoners, and broughtest them out of the house of death, and leddest them with thyself to thy jewelled bower, the abode of eternal bliss: wherefore of thee, my beloved, was it truly said, "The Lord is mighty, strong and keen in battle." And therefore if a stalwart lemmen please me, I will love thee, Jesu, strongest over all, so that thou mayest fell the strong

foes of my soul; and that the strength of thee may help my great weakness, and thy boldness embolden my heart. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But noble men and gentle and of high Birth often obtain the love of women at a very small cost; for oftentimes many a woman loses her honour through the love of a man that is of high birth; then, sweet Jesu, upon what higher man may I set my love? where may I a more gentle man choose than thou, that art the king's son, that wisdest this world, and art king equal with thy father, king over kings, and lord over lords? and yet, with respect to thy manhood, born thou wast of Mary, a maiden meekest of mood; child of royal birth, of king David's kin, of Abraham's race. No higher birth than this is there under the sun. I will love thee, then, sweet Jesu, as the most noble life that ever lived on earth, and also because in all thy life never was any vice found, my dear faultless beloved one; and that came to thee of birth and of nurture, because thou didst ever dwell in the court of heaven. Ah! my precious lord; so noble and so gracious; suffer me never to settle my love on churlish things, nor to desire earthly things nor fleshly things in preference to thee, nor to love against thy will. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

Meekness and Mildness make a man everywhere to be beloved; and thou, my dear Jesus, for thy great meekness wast compared to a lamb, because anent all the wrong and the shame that thou sufferedst, and anent all the woe and the painful wounds, thou never openedst thy mouth to murmur against it; and yet the shame and the wrong, that the sinful each day do unto thee, thou sufferest meekly; nor dost thou take vengeance immediately after our sins, but long awaitest our repentance, through thy mercy. Since thy goodness may cause thee everywhere to be beloved, therefore is it right that I love thee and leave all others for thee, for thou hast shown great mercy toward me. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But because friends of Kin naturally love one another, thou clothest thyself with our flesh; tookest man of her flesh, born of a woman. Thy flesh took of her flesh without commerce of man; took fully, with that same flesh, man's nature to suffer all that man may suffer, to do all that man doth, except sin alone; for thou hadst neither sin nor ignorance. Then against nature goes each man who loveth not such a kinsman, and leaveth all others. Seeing that truer love ought to be amongst brethren, thou becamest man's brother of one father, with all those that sing Pater noster in purity; but thou art a son through nature, and we through grace, and man of that same flesh that we bear on earth. Ah! whom may he love truly who loveth not his brother: then whosoever loveth not thee is a most wicked man. Now, my sweet Jesu, I have left for thy love flesh's kinship, and yet born-brothers have cast me aside, but I reck of nothing whilst I hold thee, for in thee alone may I find all friends. Thou art to me more than father, more than mother. Brother, sister, or friends, none are to be esteemed as anything in comparison with thee. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

Thou then with thy Beauty, thou with thy Riches, thou with thy Liberality, thou with Wit and Wisdom, thou with thy Might and Strength, thou with nobleness of Birth and graciousness, thou with Meekness and mildness and great gentleness, thou with Kinship, thou with all the things that one may purchase love with, hast bought my love; but above

all other things thou makest thyself worthy of love to me, through those hard horrible injuries, and those shameful wrongs that thou didst suffer for me. Thy bitter pain and thy passion, thy sharp death on the rood, rightly tells upon all my love, and challenges all my heart. Jesus, my life's love, my heart's sweetness, three foes fight against me, and yet may I sore dread for their blows; and it behoves me, through thy grace, prudently to guard myself against the world, my flesh, and the devil.

The homily then dwells upon the peril of man and Christ's suffering and death for his salvation. Then it proceeds:—

Lady, mother, and maiden, thou didst stand here full nigh, and sawest all this sorrow upon thy precious son. Thou wast inwardly martyred within thy motherly heart when thou sawest his heart cloven asunder with the spear's point. But, Lady, for the joy that thou hadst of his resurrection the third day thereafter, grant me to understand thy sorrow and heartily to feel somewhat of the sorrow that thou then hadst; and that I may help thee to weep because he so bitterly redeemed me with his blood, so that I, with him and with thee, may rejoice in my resurrection at doomsday, and be with thee in bliss. Jesus, sweet Jesu, thus thou foughtest for me against my soul's foes; thou didst settle the contest for me with thy body, and madest of me, wretch, thy beloved and spouse. Thou hast brought me from the world into the bower of thy birth, enclosed me in thy chamber where I may so sweetly kiss and embrace thee, and of thy love have spiritual delight. Ah! sweet Jesu, my life's love, with thy love hast thou redeemed me, and from the world thou hast brought me. But I now may say with the Psalmist, *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus que retribuit mihi*—Lord, what may I requite thee for all that thou hast given me! What may I suffer for thee for all that thou didst endure for me! But it is needful for me that thou be easy to satisfy. A wretched body and a weak I bear on earth, and that, such as it is, I have given thee, and will give to thy service. Let my body hang with thy body nailed on the rood, and enclosed transversely within four walls; and hang I will with thee, and never more come from my cross until I die; for then shall I leap from the rood into rest, from woe to weal and into eternal bliss. Ah! Jesus, so sweet it is with thee to hang; for when I look on thee that hankest beside me, the great sweetness of thee bereaves me of many pains. But, sweet Jesus, what is my body worth in comparison with thine? for if I might a thousand-fold give thee myself, it would be nothing compared to thee that gavest thyself for me; and yet I have a heart, vile and unworthy, and destitute and poor of all good virtues; and that, such as it is, take to thyself now, dear life, with true love, and suffer me never to love anything against thy will, for I may not set my love better anywhere than on thee, Jesu Christ, that didst redeem it so dearly. There is none so worthy to be loved as thou, sweet Jesu, that hast in thyself all things for which a man ought to be love-worthy to another. Thou art most worthy of my love, thou that didst die for the love of me. Yet if I offered my love for sale and set a value thereupon, as high as ever I will, yet thou wilt have it, and moreover to what thou hast given thou wilt add more; and, if I love thee aright, wilt crown me in heaven to reign with thyself, world without end. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, my love, my beloved, my life, my dearest love, that didst love me so much that thou didst die for the love of me, and hast separated me from the world, and hast made me thy spouse, and all thy bliss

hast promised me, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

Pray for me, my dear sister. This have I written thee because that words often please the heart to think on our Lord. And therefore, when thou art in ease, speak to Jesu, and say these words; and think as though he hung beside thee bloody on the rood; and may he, through his grace, open thine heart to the love of him, and to ruth of his pain.¹

The English poem by Layamon, "The Brut," in more than 32,000 lines, which, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, developed Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the British Kings" into national poetry with enlargement of its Arthurian traditions, will be described in the volume of this Library which treats of larger works not specially religious. Produced, perhaps, a few years later than Layamon's "Brut" (which was finished about the year 1205), and of about the same date as the "Ancren Riwe," and "The Wooing of Our Lord," was a long religious work in verse, "The Ormulum." This is named after its author, who calls himself at the opening of his work, Orm—

"This book is nemned Ormulum,
Forthi that Orm it wrote."

But he evidently there writes only Orm to account for the first syllable of Ormulum, since, at the close of the dedication, the lines immediately preceding those which open the poem itself were—

"I that this English have set
English men to lare,
I was there there I christened was
Ormin by name nemned.
And I Ormin full inwardly
With mouth, and eke with heart"

Beg Christians who hear the book read or who read it, to pray for my soul.

What we know of Ormin we learn from himself; and as his work is not of a kind to yield internal evidence of date, there is only the language from which to infer the time when it was written. He was a canon regular of the order of St. Augustine, and at the request of Brother Walter, also an Augustinian canon, he planned and executed his work, of which the object was—as far as the Church allowed—to bring the Gospel story, and the teaching founded on it, straight home, in their own tongue, to the understanding of the people. The English conscience never was at ease with a mere reading of the Bible to the people in an unknown tongue. If that Book was the foundation of their faith, it was felt that they should have it to build on. The honest fear of the Church was that if ignorant men read the Bible for themselves they would interpret it blindly for themselves, and there would be ruin of souls by the diffusion of heresies; therefore in Ormin's time, and long after, the Book of Psalms

was the only part of Scripture which it was permitted to translate. In First-English days, not only was there a translation of the Psalms ascribed to Aldhelm, but there was translation by Ælfric of the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua, Judges, part of the books of Kings, Esther, Job, Judith, and the Maccabees. Also, as we have seen, the Gospels were translated for the people and divided into sections, that they might every year be read through in the churches. And now that they were being read still, although in Latin, Brother Ormin's care was to provide for the people in a sort of rhythm, through which pleasant tales might be told to them by the wayside and "on ember-eves and holy-ales," the whole series of those portions of the New Testament that were read in the daily offices of the Church, each Gospel being associated with a little homily of explanation, doctrinal and practical, often containing ideas borrowed from Bede or Ælfric.

There is only one MS. of the "Ormulum," and that is in the collection given by Francis Junius to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Though of considerable extent, it is but a fragment. Homilies were written by Ormin for all, or nearly all, the daily services of the year, and of these there are left us only thirty-two. Ormin's verse is seldom rhymed, and is without alliteration, imitating a mediæval Latin rhythm in verses of fifteen syllables in two sections, the metrical point being placed at the end of the eighth syllable, or fourth foot, and the fifteenth syllable unaccented, almost always a syllable of inflection, *e*, *en*, or *ed*. In his writing Ormin used a device which was perhaps meant to help a Norman-English reader of his lines to such pronunciation of them as would be understood by the people for whose benefit they were written. He always doubled the consonant after a short vowel in the same word, and avoided doubling it after a long vowel. This duplication is, in fact, a special characteristic of the written English of the "Ormulum." Ormin's work was, then, a putting of the entire Gospel history into verse, with a running commentary of doctrine and exhortation, in a form that would be welcome to the people's ears, and with provision that whoever recited any part of it for their instruction should, as far as he could contrive, not make a dead language of its English, or take the pleasantness out of his rhythm by pronouncing it amiss. "And whoso," he says to the copyists, "shall will to write this book again another time, I bid him that he write it rightly, so as this book teacheth him entirely as it is upon this first pattern, with all such rhyme as is here set, with just as many words, and that he look well that he write a letter twice where it upon this book is written in that wise."

Here is the whole of one of Ormin's metrical Homilies. It is upon Christ's Teaching of Nicodemus (St. John, chapter iii.). The opening of the homily I give in Ormin's English, with interlinear translation, and then modernise the rest, but without attempting to reproduce, in our uninflected language, the weak fifteenth syllable once formed by an inflection, and of which the music was often imitated by adding

¹ This translation is substantially that given by Dr. Morris, with the original text, in his excellent edition of "Old English Homilies," already mentioned.

an "O" or an "a"¹ to a line after the inflections disappeared:—

"Sic Deus dilexit mundum ut filium suum unigenitum daret."—John iii. 16.

CHRIST'S TEACHING OF NICODEMUS.

Thurh thatt te Laferred seggde² thus

In that the Lord said thus

Till Nicodem withth worde:

To Nicodemus with word:

Swa lufede the Laferred Godd

So loved the Lord God

The werelld tatt he sennde

The World that he sent

His aghenn sune Allmahhtig Godd

His own Son Almighty God

To wurrthen mann onn erthe

To become man on earth

To lesenn mannkinn thurh hiss death

To release mankind through his death

Ut off the defless walde,

Out of the devil's power,

Thatt whase trowwenn shall onn himm

That whosoever shall believe in him

Wel muyhe wurrthenn borrihenn:

Surely³ may become saved;

Thaer thurh he dide Nicodem

By that he caused Nicodemus

To sen and unnderstannenn,

To see and understand

Thatt he wass Godd himm self, off Godd,

That he was God himself, from God,

And Godess Sune ankennedd,

And God's Son acknowledged,

And wurrthenn mann o moder halff

And become man on mother's side

Thurh sothfasst herrsummesse,

Through faithful obedience,

Thurr-thatt his Faderr haffde himm sennd

Because his Father had sent him

And gifenn himm to manne,

And given him for man,

To tholenn death o rode tre

To suffer death on the cross

Forr all mannkinne nede,

For all mankind's need,

All thurh thatt lufe, and thurh thatt lusst

All through that love and through that desire

That tegg till mannkinn hafidenn,

That they had towards mankind.

Forth withth thatt Hallghe Frofre Gast

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter

Thatt cumethth off hemm bathe,

That cometh of them both,

All thurh thatt lufe and thurh thatt lusst

All through that love and through that desire

¹ The measure is (though without rhyme) that of the old song from which Antolycus sings in the "Winter's Tale"—

"A merry heart goes all the day

Your sad tires in a mile-a."

² Seggde. The italic *g* stands for the *g* softened to *y* or *gh* sound, and represented at one time by a letter like *3*.

³ The old common use of the word *well* as an intensive, still found in idiomatic phrases as "well on in years," or "well-nigh dead," or "you may well say that," is so far weakened that its sense is sometimes better given by another word.

That tegg till mannkinn haffden,
That they had towards mankind,
 To lesenn menn off deless band
To release men from bonds of the devil,
 And ut off helle pine,

And out of the pain of hell,
 That whase trowwenn sholde o Crist
That whoso should believe on Christ
 Wel sholde wurrthen borrihenn.

Surely should be saved,
 Whi seggde Crist to Nicodem

Why said Christ to Nicodemus

That Drihhtin Godd off heffne

That the Lord God of Heaven

Swa lufede thiss middell ærd,

So loved this mid-earth,

Thiss werelld, tatt he sennde

This world, that he sent

Hiss aghenn Sune Allmahhtig Godd,

His own Son, Almighty God,

To tholenn dæth o rode,

To suffer death on the cross,

Als iff he sholde lesenn ut

So that he should deliver

The middell ærd off helle

The mid-earth from hell!

Thurh whatt wass heffness whel forrgarrt

For what was heaven's wheel (the firmament, com-

To dreghen helle pine? [pelled

To suffer pain of hell?

And lifft, and land, and waterrflood,

And air, and land, and waterflood,

Hu wærenn thegg forrwrohhte

How were they condemned

To dreghenn wa withth mikell riht

To suffer woe with much right

Inn helle withth the defell?

In hell with the devil?

Off thise fowre shaffte iss all

Of these four created things (elements) is all

Thiss middell werelld timmbredd,

This middle world built,—

Of heffness whel and off the lifft,

Of the firmament and of the air,

Off waterr, and off erthe;

Of water and of earth;

And i tha fowre shafftess niss

And in these four elements is (not)

Nowwtherr,—ne lif ne sawle

Neither—nor life, nor soul

Thatt mihhte gilltenn anig gillt

That might be guilty of any guilt

And addlenn helle pine.

And deserve pain of hell.

We ought to know now that for us

The World here signifies

Created thing that was condemned

To suffer pain of hell.

The World here signifies for us

The race of man alone;

And since man's body is made up

Of what is in the world:

Of heaven's fire, and of the air

Of water, and of earth:

And since man's Soul is through the world

Here surely signified,

For both of them fall into one
 After the Greekish speech,
 For *Cosmos*! all the world is called,
 So as the Greeks explain,
 Because it worthily is clothed
 With sun and moon and stars
 All round about the firmament,
 Through God that wrought it so;
 And eke it worthily is clothed,
 That know'st thou well for sooth,
 With air and land and water-flood
 With creatures manifold,
 The Soul, too, worthily is clothed
 By God, after its kind,
 With immortality, also
 With wit and will and mind;
 And therefore saith the Lord our God
 The Soul is his likeness,
 For that they both, the Soul and God,
 Are ever without end,
 And they have mind, and will and wit,
 But not upon one wise:
 For always God hath it in Him,
 And ever and aye it had;
 The Soul receives her excellence
 All from the hand of God,
 Where'er he shapeth Soul from nought
 All as himself shall please.
 And the World therefore in this place
 But signifies mankind,
 For both of them fall into one
 Even as I have shown:
 For either worthily is clothed,
 But not upon one wise,
 And yet the clothing of them both
 Cosmos will signify.
 And Man therefore thou mayest call
 After the Greekish speech,
 Microcosmos, the which we call
 After the English speech,
 The little World, and all for this:
 Because the Soul of man
 God has clothed worthily and well
 With God and righteousness.
 And even as this World is clothed
 With creatures beautiful,
 The World also may signify
 Mankind therefore the better,
 Because man's body is made up
 And wrought of creatures four,—
 Of heaven's fire, and of the air,
 Of water, and of earth.
 And therefore here the World must mean
 Only the race of Man
 That Word of God was sent by God
 To loosen out of hell.
 And of the Son of Man, and Son
 Also of God, of both,

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Christ here hath told to Nicodeme
 The one truth in these words:
 That whoso shall believe on him
 He surely shall be saved.
 And that was said as if he thus
 With open speech had said:
 For this I have come down from Heaven
 To be a man on earth,
 That whoso shall believe in me
 And shall obey my laws,
 Worthy shall he be with me
 To have eternal bliss.
 But this Christ said to Nicodeme
 That he might understand
 That he himself was God and Man,
 One person, that should save
 Mankind from hell and give to men
 To win the bliss of heaven.

130

140



MAN'S PERIL AND SAFETY.
 From Cotton. MS., Tiberius, B. v.

And that the Lord hath there declared
 With words to Nicodeme,
 That the Almighty hath not sent
 His Son that he should judge
 This world, but that he should redeem
 It from the Devil's power;—
 That said he then to cause him so
 To see and understand
 That he was sent and made as man
 To rescue men from hell.
 Through love he bore himself, and through
 Love of his Father too
 And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 Proceeding from them both,
 Through that he was not come down then
 To judge the people all,
 But in humility to save
 The world by his own grace.
 And that he there to Nicodeme
 Yet spake thus of himself:
 Whoso believeth upon him
 That man is not condemned;—

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Cosmos. The Greek *κοσμος* means in the first instance order (from *κομω*, I take care of), that which depends on thought and care; order of dress, clothes (the sense on which Ormin here dwells); order of behaviour; order of private life; order of a state; order or system of the universe. The range of the word is from the divine order that fills the world with beauty down to Livia's cosmetic—

— "A light fucus
 To touch you o'er withal."

(Ben Jonson's "Sejanus.")

That was as if he had thus said
 To him with open speech :
 The man that shall believe on me
 And shall obey my laws,
 That same man will not be condemned
 To suffer pain of hell.
 And that he there to Nicodeme
 Yet spake thus of himself : 170
 And whoso believes not in him
 With full and willing truth
 Already is condemned by God
 To suffer pain of hell :—
 That was as if he had thus said
 To him with open speech :
 The man that believes not on me
 With full and willing truth,
 But shall through haughtiness and hate
 Reject all that I teach, 180
 Already is condemned by me
 To suffer pain of hell :
 For since that I am truly God
 Full easily I know
 All those in whom I shall be pleased
 Who earn the bliss of heaven.
 And those by whom I shall be scorned
 Who earn the pain of hell,
 Of all the folk that from this day
 To Doomsday shall be born. 190
 For all the folk that ever was,
 And all that yet shall be,
 It is already judged and set
 In book, told, measured out,
 By God, and now he seeth all
 That each one man shall find.
 What meed shall be the recompense
 Of each one for his deeds.
 The Highest how the doom shall go
 All knows, and ever knew, 200
 For eye of God and wit of God
 All sees, all learns, all knows.
 Both that that was, and that that is,
 And that that yet shall be ;
 And if thou art redeemed that is
 All through the Lord God's grace,
 And through thy labour to win that,
 Strong with the Lord God's help.
 And if that thou art not redeemed,
 That is all through thy sin, 210
 And through right doom thou'rt then condemned
 To suffer pain of hell
 According to what thou hast earned,
 And neither less nor more.

And that he there to Nicodeme
 Yet spake thus of himself :
 And he that shall not upon him
 Believe, is now condemned
 Because that he believeth not
 As he ought to believe 220
 Upon that one appointed name
 Of God's Son upon earth,
 On him that is of God the Lord
 Only begotten Son ;—
 That was as if he had said thus
 To him with open speech :
 That man who wholly shall refuse
 To trust and to believe

That I am by my Father sent,
 Made Saviour on earth, 230
 And whoso shall through hate and scorn,
 And through his pride of heart,
 My name all utterly despise
 That calls me Saviour,—
 The name that shall bring health to all
 Who ever shall be healed,
 The name that shall redeem all who
 Shall ever be redeemed
 Through me that am of God the Lord
 Only begotten Son, 240
 Son so begotten that I am
 All one in Deity
 With Father and with Holy Ghost
 Withouten ord and end,¹
 That am come to choose many for
 My brethren upon earth
 That cheerfully shall persevere
 And do my Father's will,
 So that he shall hold all of them
 For children of His own 250
 And give them to abide with me
 Heirs of the heavenly realm,
 That am the only son of Him
 All one with him in kind,—
 The man who wholly shall refuse
 To trust this and believe,
 That man is now condemned and set
 To suffer pain of hell,
 Unless he can escape therefrom
 Before he come to die, 260
 Believing that I am true God,
 True Saviour on earth.

And that he there to Nicodem:
 Yet spake thus of himself :
 That is the doom, that light and gleam
 Is come upon the earth,
 And men have no love for the light,
 But love the darkness more,
 Because that their own deed is all
 Evil and all unclean ;— 270
 That was as if he had said thus
 To him with other words :
 All that that any man shall be
 Condemned to bear in hell,
 All that shall be for that he shall
 Neglect, scorn, and refuse
 To come unto the Christendom
 And to the right belief,
 To know me and to follow me,
 And in me to believe 280
 That am true light of truth and right
 And of the right belief.
 And, therefore, shall all those who are
 Known by the name of men
 Because they follow their own flesh
 In all its foul desires,

¹ *Ord and end*, beginning and end. This is the original of our phrase "odds and ends." "Ord" was a First-English noun that meant "beginning." When it became obsolete, and the old phrase "ords and ends" still held its ground, the obsolete word was at last confounded with the nearest known word that resembled it. That is a not unusual process, to which we owe such phrases as "under the rose," "set the Thames on fire," &c.

And wholly put away and scorn
 To do the Spirit's will;
 And hate all that is dear to God
 And love all evil ways, 290
 Are ever lying deep in sin
 In many kinds of way
 That are all openly enough
 By darkness signified,
 Because that sins will ever draw
 Towards the gloom of hell,
 Away from heaven's light and gleam,
 The souls that follow them,—
 Even as he that evil doth 300
 Aye flies from light of day,
 For him is loth that man him see
 Employed in his foul deeds,—
 Therefore, shall all that wicked flock
 Be sentenced to hell pain,
 Because that all their life on earth
 With darkness is beset
 In all the evil that man doth
 Through heathendom and wrong.

 Before that our Lord Christ was come
 To be a man on earth, 310
 This middle world was wholly filled
 With gloomy shades of sin,
 Because that Christ, the world's true light,
 Was then not yet come down
 With his rebuke for all mankind
 Of heathendom and wrong,
 And with his showing what was good
 And what was evil deed,
 And how a man might please his God
 And earn the bliss of heaven, 320
 And stand against the evil one,
 And turn himself from hell.
 And after our Lord Christ was come
 To be a man on earth,
 Thereafter was this middle earth
 Filled full of heaven's light,
 Because that our Lord Christ himself
 And his Disciples too,
 Both what was right and what was wrong
 Made known in all the lands, 330
 And how a man might please his God
 And earn the bliss of heaven.
 And many peoples haughtily
 Withstood and still denied,
 And turned them from the light of heaven
 And from the heavenly lore,
 Because they rather chose to be
 In darkness that they loved,
 To follow lusts of their own flesh
 In every kind of sin, 340
 Because they rather hated light
 That brought rebuke of sin.
 And other peoples well received
 The gift of heavenly lore,
 And turned them to the Christendom
 And to the right belief;
 That is that very light and gleam
 That leadeth man to heaven;
 And it received full inwardly
 By shrift and penitence, 350
 Accusing all their own misdeed
 And punishing themselves

That they so long in heathendom
 Had angered the true Lord.
 And so they came into the light,
 Into the right belief
 In Jesus Christ our Saviour,
 Whose name is Faithfulness:
 For all that's ever true and right 360
 And good, and pleases God,
 Salvation for His handiwork,
 All comes by grace of Christ.
 And so they come into the light
 To shew and to make known
 That their deeds have been done aright
 By pattern of our Lord;
 For all together did one thing
 Both Christ and they themselves,—
 Christ has rebuked them for their wrong 370
 By teaching righteousness,
 And they also rebuke their wrong
 By shrift and penitence,—
 So all together did one thing
 Both Christ and they themselves.
 And so through that was plainly seen
 That any good they did
 Was all in God and all through God,
 Effected by His help.
 And God Almighty grant us here 380
 To please Christ while we live,
 All pure in thought and pure in word,
 Pure mannered, pure in deed,
 So that we may be worthy found
 To win the grace of Christ. Amen.

Side by side with this faithful work there was much darkness gathering where light should have been brightest. At the beginning of the thirteenth century both the Dominican and the Franciscan brotherhoods were founded to meet needs of the time with higher spiritual effort than had come of late from the chief teachers in a church weakened by wealth and luxury. The founder of the Dominicans was a Spaniard, Domingo, of the noble family of Guzmans, in the valley of the Douro. He pitied the poor. In a famine year he sold even his cherished books to relieve them. But he had learnt in his books that the way to heaven was along one narrow line of orthodox opinion; and when, after nine years of study at Osma, he travelled with his prior across a region of France cursed with the persecution of pure-minded heretics by orthodox priests who had neither knowledge wherewith to set forth, nor lives that would recommend, the opinions of which they sought brutally to compel acceptance, Dominic felt the need of a right power to convince of error thoughtful and well-meaning men whom he devoutly believed to be astray on a path leading to eternal punishment. Most of us now believe with Milton that there is more light in the world than shines in at our own windows. Few thought so then, and Dominic was profoundly sincere, true also in deeds of life to his own deepest convictions, when he founded the order of Preaching Friars called after him Dominicans. They were not to be monks, named from a Greek word that implied life in seclusion, but *Fratres*

Friars, Brothers of men going amongst them, putting aside all worldly ambitions, and devoting themselves wholly to diffusion of what they held to be the vital truths of God. They were to be practised in a profound study of the Scriptures, armed with knowledge, and trained to skill in its use that they might detect heresy in its beginnings, and triumph over it when at its strongest. The followers of Dominic, in the Black robe which gave them their name of Black Friars, were to be devoted guardians of the faith. Dominic's first followers adopted the rule of St. Augustine. They were first embodied with Papal assent in 1215 and 1216 as Predicants or Preaching Friars, afterwards called Dominicans from their founder, and Black Friars from their dress. This order also degenerated in the course of time. It had a great house in the part of London still known as Black Friars, and from this house came, as we shall find, from the custodians of orthodoxy condemnation of what were regarded as the heresies of Wiclif.



A DOMINICAN. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")¹

The Franciscan Order of Gray Friars or Minorites was founded nearly at the same time as the Dominican, and represented another form of effort to put truer life into the ministrations of the Church. Francis, son of a wealthy merchant, was born in 1182 at Assisi, in Umbria. He was twelve years younger than Dominic, whose birth year was 1170. Francis of Assisi, bred as a merchant, became deeply devout, pitied the poor, abandoned his own worldly wealth, and made it the work of his life to bring home to the poor the comforts of religion, as one

who was separated from them by no worldly rank or wealth, and was drawn very close to them in brotherhood by Christian love. Others who shared his enthusiasm gathered about him, all devoting themselves to poverty; and they formed an order of brothers, Fratres, Friars, for whom a rule was drawn up that had Papal approval in 1210, and was approved by the Lateran Council in 1215. The enthusiasm of Francis, and the reaction of many a pure heart from the worldliness that had crippled



A FRANCISCAN. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")

the Church, gathered so many to his ranks, that at a chapter of the order held in 1219, 5,000 Franciscan Friars were present. The Franciscans in their early days would not allow great houses to be built for them. When a house of stone was built for them at Oxford, they had it pulled down and replaced by a building with mud walls, and it was placed in the lowest haunts of the poor. In London they lived by the shambles in a place called "Stinking Lane." They put aside the pride of knowledge, left book-learning to the Dominicans, called themselves the Lesser Friars, Fratres Minores, Minorites, and trusted to humility of love. This order also degenerated as the days of the pure enthusiasm that established it were left more and more in the past. But it is a significant fact that the putting away of books in which science lay as petrified, and from which people took forms of opinion to be exactly reproduced, caused the Franciscans presently to become leaders of knowledge. They went among the poor, and sought to win from them goodwill and confidence. They sympathised with their troubles, sought to pacify their quarrels, and heal their infirmities of body or of mind. In seeking means to

¹ Representations of the several religious orders that first appeared in the "Monasticon" were used again for the "History of Warwickshire."

heal the bodily infirmities the Franciscans were led to observe nature, to draw knowledge from experience; and minds of active, intellectual men thus trained in a forced contact with Nature alone as their chief teacher, were soon on the way to many a truth that was not written in the books they might not read. After some years Franciscans were teaching in the universities, and drew the largest audiences to their lecture-rooms. As the order lost its singleness of purpose, the positions fairly won were weakly held; and Wiclif, in his earlier years at Oxford, earned much goodwill in the university by opposing what was then undue predominance of the Franciscans, and of the Dominicans who arrogated to themselves the teaching of theology.

In the earlier half of the thirteenth century, not very long after the establishment of the Franciscan order, its first rector in Oxford was Robert Grosseteste, who was appointed to that office in 1224, when he was about fifty years old. Grosseteste—only about five years younger than Dominic, and seven years older than Francis of Assisi—was a great scholar, born of poor parents in Suffolk. He studied at Paris and Oxford, graduated in Divinity, was rector at one time of St. Margaret's, Leicester, became afterwards Archdeacon of Leicester, and had other preferment when the corruption of self-seeking among churchmen caused him to begin his own efforts towards reform by resigning all that he held himself except one office, a prebend at Lincoln. In 1235 he was made Bishop of Lincoln, but caused violent agitation among the monks and clergy of his diocese by bold punishment and repression of corruption. A monk tried to poison him; the canons preached against him in his own cathedral; the king's power was used to check the strictness with which he enforced their duties on his clergy. He opposed the bestowal of English benefices, as mere pieces of income, upon Italians nominated by the Pope; and in the last year of his life boldly refused to induct a nephew of the Pope himself into a canonry at Lincoln. Grosseteste died in 1253, leaving to the Franciscans his library, and to his country a memory of which the good fame might rest upon his patriotic and religious zeal in the contest for Church reform; but he was also one of the profoundest scholars and teachers of his age—Roger Bacon was among his pupils—and he had a keen sense of the graces of life, a love of music and of old romance. This caused him to put in the form of French romance a religious poem upon the Virgin. It was written in French and called the "Chateau d'Amour." There was more than one early version of it translated into English.¹

¹ One early translation was edited very thoroughly with notes and glossary by Dr. R. F. Weymouth, for the Philological Society, in 1864. Another version had been printed in 1849 by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips for private circulation. This is the beginning:—

"He that good thinketh, good may do,
And God will helpen him thereto;
For there was never good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought,
Nor ever was wrought evil thing
But evil thought was beginning."

Grosseteste's pupil, the famous Franciscan, Roger Bacon, was born in 1214, and died in 1292. In the year 1267 he was pouring out his knowledge for the Pope in a spirit of philosophy, kindred in some respects to that of the Francis Bacon who was born three centuries later. Roger Bacon dwelt upon the need of exact knowledge by Churchmen. He condemned the ignorance that propagated false translations for want of right training in language, and when he spoke emphatically of mathematics as a most essential study, he argued that it was essential to divines if they would read and explain the Bible with intelligence, and help men rightly to admire the works of the Creator.

Roger Bacon had spent a little fortune upon study before he became a Franciscan at Oxford, denied the use of books, and of pens, ink, and paper. The fame of his knowledge reached Pope Clement IV., who asked him to write down what he knew. The result was a sequence of writings, poured out with wonderful rapidity, in which he went the round of all the knowledge of his day, with additions of his own, and philosophical suggestions of the highest interest. Even the four "Idols" condemned by Francis Bacon were almost anticipated in the assertion of Roger Bacon that there are four grounds of human ignorance—trust in inadequate authority, the force of custom, the opinion of the inexperienced crowd, and the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parading of a superficial wisdom. When in passing through the sciences he comes to music, we have these notes from Roger Bacon on

Then follows prayer that God will grant us to think and work as we should, before statement of the subject of the poem, which is first the happiness of Adam in Paradise till all was lost; and then how all was redeemed by the High King's Son.

The High King had four daughters—Mercy, Truth, Right, and Peace. He had also a thrall, who having done amiss was set in prison and delivered to his foes. Mercy pleaded for him, but Right had called for his punishment, and this Truth urged. Right then judged in accordance with the words of Truth. Then Peace—who was banished by the execution of the Righteous dooms—joined in the plea of Mercy. The King's Son, when he had heard the pleading, offered to wear the clothing of the thrall, and suffer for him all that Truth and Right required, so that Peace might come back into the land, and Righteousness and Peace might kiss each other. The parable is then applied to the sacred story, and through praise of the love of God the poem passes to the birth of Christ. When God came to bless us he chose to alight

"In a castel wel comeliche
Muche and feir and loveliche;
That is the castel of alle flour,
Of solas and of socour."

Then follows a description of the castle wherein God "chose his inn"—

"This is the castel of love and lisse,
Of solace, of socour, of joye, and blisse,
Of hope, of hele, of sikernesse,
And ful of allé swetenesse;
This is the Mayden bodi so freo
Ther never nas non but heo,
That with so fele thewes iwarnd wes,
So that swete Mayden Marie wes."

Every detail of an elaborate description of the castle is then explained into allegory, with praise of the Virgin. The coming of Christ to earth, his birth, his resistance of temptation, his death and passion, and the pain of Mary in the agony he suffered for the sins of man, his resurrection, descent into hell, Godhead, power, are the next themes; then follows judgment, and a prayer for salvation.

CHURCH MUSIC AND PREACHING.¹

[He had said that there were three kinds of harmony, diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic, the last-named adopted by the Church; had dwelt on the importance of music, and complained that church singing in his time had lost gravity, and slipped into a voluptuous softness; that the old manly tone was in some of our greatest cathedrals spoilt by falsetto voices and the womanish singing of boys. He then dwelt on music as an aid to devotion, as allayer of evil passions, and as healer of disease, and spoke of its power over irrational creatures. But, he went on, besides all this]

The force of music is very agreeable and useful in the Church. It has been said that one kind of music is by metre, another by rhythm. But hymns, and histories, and prose narratives of the saints ought to be made according to the true art of metre and rhythm, as the saints made them from the beginning. Common metres are of hexameter and pentameter verses, which are alone now used by the community of the Latins. But hymns and rhythmical prose-writings, and pieces of that kind, do not follow common laws of metre and rhythm, but have special methods; as, when it is said:

Ut queant laxis Re-sonare fibris
Mi-ra gestorum Fu-muli tuorum,
Sol-ve pollutos La-bii reatus

Sancte Johannes²

Here is a beautiful metre with distinct verses, but of fewer feet, five and six; and so of the hymns, &c. And these metres are not only used with the three recognised feet, dactyl, spondee, and trochee, but with others which mount up to twenty-eight, of which Augustine teaches in his books of music, and other musical writers. When, therefore, hymns, &c., of this kind resound sweetly in the Church of God, and excite the souls of the faithful to devotion, and this, chiefly, because of the charm of metre and rhythm, it is necessary that the Church should have knowledge of this metrical and rhythmical science for church use, that when saints are canonised, or churches dedicated, or other solemnities appointed, which for special devotion require hymns and rhythms of their own in the divine offices, the devout handmaid of the church, called Music, may be ready to do her aptest service.

But if it may be said that these things can be done, and are done, without the science of music; that its grammar is sufficient. Clearly that is not so, for reasons already given, because it is the business of the musician to give cause and reason of these things that they may rightly produce rhythmic and metrical work; but grammar is only mechanical in this respect, ignorant of these causes and reasons. And if it may be said that no great art is required for this, because men easily produce such things in the offices of the saints and others whenever they please, it is to be said of them that they do nothing rightly nor truly, but it is a mockery of divine service. For all that has been done during the last thirty years is false to art and truth, because composers of this kind know neither what feet they ought to use, nor how many feet, nor what kind of metre, nor how they are to be put together according to the ways of art; but after the

pattern of other hymns and such pieces so made, they count syllables at haphazard, and do not in anything observe metrical law. And, therefore, this is a mockery before God and the holy angels, and all who have any real knowledge of this art. For the saints who first composed in this way, as St. Ambrose, and Augustine, and Beda, and others, knew perfectly the laws and principles of metre and rhythm; and wrote according to the ways of art as having the power of science, and not working at haphazard as the moderns do, who fashion as they please.

The next thing in which the philosophy of Music can powerfully serve the Church is in the office of preaching, although at first sight that may seem absurd. But this office does not belong to study, because it consists in reading and disputation. But preaching is to the faithful and to the faithless, to laity and clergy.

Now, some cannot preach unless they are sent by the authority of prelates. Whence this is the office proper to prelates, and conceded by them to others, who exercise it in their place; and, therefore, it does not pertain to study absolutely, but to the Church. But that philosophy will minister to a great power of persuasion is patent enough from what I have said when speaking of Moral Philosophy; for there I have traced the roots of persuasion, according to the doctrines both of the saints and of the philosophers, and because of the ignorance of these roots, the whole method of preaching to the people comes to nothing, and the art itself is unknown. And since the infidels have proper methods of persuasion in those things which concern them, therefore this manner of persuasion is philosophical, because it is common to Christian and Pagan. And, therefore, there descends from the springs of philosophy one method special for this purpose, though also another method may be taken from the teaching of the saints. But the method of philosophy is first, and leads us towards the higher way, and is necessary to it as the servant to the master. Wherefore, if philosophy in other things is necessary to the Church, it is most so in this, seeing that the first intention of the Church and its last end is the work of preaching; that infidels may be converted to the faith, and that believers be maintained in faith and honesty of living. But because the crowd knows nothing of either way, it turns all to supreme and unending curiousness, as by Porphyrian divisions, by foolish consonances of words and little clauses, and by vocal concords, in which is nothing but a wordy vanity, wanting in every ornament of rhetoric and power of persuasion. Some phantasm is displayed in puerile fashion, invented by boys void of all wisdom and power of eloquence, as is plain to any one who looks at it; such as I have set forth in my second work, and this my third, among the sins of theology. Nevertheless, over all this there is the greatest consumption of time. For on account of the superfluity of curiousness they labour ten times more over the construction of this sort of spider's web than over the thought of the sermon. Since the books of Aristotle's Logic on these matters, and the commentaries of Avicenna, are not to be had in Latin, and the few things that are translated are not brought into use or read, it is not easy to express what ought to be done. But that Aristotle did write two books of Logic on this kind of persuasion, concerning sects and morals, I have shown in the third part of the "Opus Majus," and in the seventh; and there can be no doubt that they were excellent books, though the Latin writers are ignorant of them, as they were ignorant of the new logic when they only had the old. For in them would be taught how sublime discourses should be made, as well in the utterance as in the thought, with all true ornaments of speech, in metre, rhythm, or prose; that the soul may be hurried unexpectedly towards that for which the

¹ Chapter lxxiv. and part of chapter lxxv. of the "Opus Tertium," first edited by Professor Brewer in the important series of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," published under direction of the Master of the Rolls. Roger Bacon wrote, of course, in Latin.

² The verses are an appeal to St. John to loosen lips that they may sound his praise, so worded as to introduce the syllables of the scale—Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

persuader puts forth all his power, and suddenly fall in love with good, and into hate of evil, as teaches Alpharabius in his book *De Scientiis*. And these arguments of preaching do not consist only in the beauty of the speech, or greatness of the wisdom touching things divine; but in the feelings, in the gesture and fitly-proportioned movement of the body and the limbs, to which the instruction of the saints comes near when they teach the preacher to implore in his opening the grace of the Holy Spirit, and abundantly to shed tears of devotion while he is persuading. For thus Augustine teaches the way to preach the Gospel in his fourth book upon Christian Doctrine, and so he confesses that he preached himself. . . . But some one may say, What has all this to do with the properties of Music? Surely much; indeed they have a chief relation to it: and this I will show, that we may see what is proper to one science, what to another. For I cannot deny that many sciences take this into account. The moral philosopher knows the use of pleasant speech and fit gestures suited to an agreeable utterance. So does the logician and grammarian. But it is the part of none of those to assign the causes and reasons, for they are of another science. And this is Music.

The man whose scientific mind was thus applied to all subjects of human study in his time is the same Friar Bacon whose learning won for him a place in mediæval fable. His teacher, Robert Grosseteste, Grosthead, or Greathead, called also Robert of Lincoln, was ranked with the conjurors, but Friar Bacon became especially a hero of legend. Samuel Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," paired "Old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grostead;" and we find from the fourth book of the "*Confessio Amantis*" that Grosseteste, as well as Bacon, was once associated with a story of a brazen head.

"For of the great clerk Grosseteste
I rede how busy that he was
Upon the clergie, an head of bras
To forge and make it for to telle
Of suché thingés as befelle.
And seven yerés besinesse
He laidé, but for the lachesse
Of half a minute of an houre
Fro firsté he began laboure
He loste all that he haddé do."

Let us next take, in brief, the substance of a *Zestiar* which turned into religious allegory the supposed attributes of divers animals. It was derived from the Latin verse of an Italian bishop, Theobald, whose book, called "*Physiologus*," was of a class so ancient that Epiphanius, an opponent of Origen, at the close of the fourth century, referred to the two natures of the serpent with the phrase, "as the Physiologues say." In this thirteenth-century version of the "*Physiologus*" of Theobald we read that

When the LION hears or scents from a hill the hunter approaching, he flies and wipes out his traces with his tail as he is running to his den. The hill is the kingdom of heaven, Christ the Lion, the Devil the cunning hunter, who never knew whence the Lord came or how he housed himself in Mary. The Lion's cub is not called to stir till the sun has shone three times upon it. This is an image of the resur-

rection. The Lion sleeps with his eyes open. So watchful over us is Christ.

When the EAGLE is old he regains eyesight by hovering over a well in the light of the sun, drops then into the well, and comes out renewed, except his beak, which he puts right by pecking at a stone. Man not yet Christian is old in sins. He goes to church and regains sight in the sunshine of God's love, he falls naked into the font and comes out renewed, save that his mouth has not yet uttered creed or paternoster. But he may soon set his mouth right upon that rock which is Christ, and obtain bread for his soul in Christ, who is the bread of life.

The old SERPENT fasts for ten days, and when his skin is slack creeps through a stone with a hole in it, so scrapes it off; then drinks at a spring, casts out the venom bred in his breast since his birth, and drinks again from the pure stream until he is renewed. The Christian needs renewal when he has broken the laws to which he was pledged; avoidance of pride is the fast, repentance the hole in the stone through which he must pass, in the temple of God he will find the healing stream. The serpent represents also the devil, in the fact that he will attack a clothed man, and flee from the naked. The devil attacks the man who is clothed in his sins, and flies from him who has put them off.

The ANT lays up store for the winter; prefers wheat, and avoids barley; bites each grain of corn in two to save it from perishing before it is used. Death is our winter-time, and if we have not made provision here, we shall suffer after that has come. Like the ant, let us avoid barley, the old law, and take to us wheat, the new. The divided grain shows that the law is one, its ways are two, earthly and heavenly. It feeds the body and the soul.

The HART draws the stone out of the serpent, swallows it and burns with its poison, till he drinks greedily of water that makes it harmless. Then he sheds his horns and renews himself. We draw the poison from our forefathers, who have sinned through the serpent; but in our rage let us run to the living waters, and drink of the teaching of the Lord that quenches sin. Let us cast off pride as the hart casts his horns, and be renewed unto salvation. Harts keep together. If they cross a river, each lays his shin-bone on another's loin-bone; if the foremost become tired, the others help him. So Christians should draw together, and lighten one another's burdens.

The FOX seizes poultry, and entraps birds by lying in a hole as dead, till they alight on him fearlessly and peck at him as carrion food, then with his sharp teeth he tears them. The devil looks as if he would not harm us, and tempts us to do our carnal will. Whoso indulges in sin pecks at the fox's skin, and has his reward. So also, he who hides evil under a fair show is a fox and a fiend.

The SPIDER who spreads his web, is the man who deceives another and brings him to ruin.

The WHALE looks like an island when afloat. When he is hungry he opens his wide jaws, and a sweet scent comes from them which draws to him the fishes. Only the little fish are swallowed; he

cannot seize the great ones. So the devil tempts man by pleasures that lead to ruin, but he beguiles only the weak in faith. In fair weather he is at the bottom of the sea, in storm he comes to the surface. Sailors, mistaking him for an island, anchor upon him, and light a fire on him to warm themselves. Feeling the heat, he dives and drowns them all. So is it with all who trust in the fiend for shelter and comfort.

Many men are like the SIREN when they speak fair words and do evil, destroying another in his goods and in his soul by treachery.

The ELEPHANT is careful not to fall, because he can with difficulty raise himself. He rests by leaning against a tree. The hunter, marking his haunt, saws the tree, then when he leans he falls, and sets up a loud cry for help. Many of the herd labour in vain to raise him, then they all set up a loud cry, till a youngling comes who helps him up with his trunk, and so he is saved. Adam, through that hunter the devil, so fell by a tree. Moses and the prophets sought in vain to restore man. A great cry went up to heaven, and Christ came, who went, as it were, by death, under Adam, and so lifted him out of hell.

The Christian should be true to Christ as the TURTLE, who will never leave her mate or take a second love.

The PANTHER is beautiful. When he has eaten he sleeps in his cave for three days, then rises, cries aloud, and out of his mouth comes a smell sweeter than balsam. This draws to him many animals, but not the dragon, who lies trembling in his den. Christ is the fair panther, who, when he had lain three days, rose and ascended to heaven. The sweet smell is his holy teaching to which men are drawn, but the devil hides and trembles when he hears the word of God.

Seven good qualities of the DOVE are to be imitated by the Christian. She has no gall. She does not live by plunder. She picks up seed only, and avoids worms; so let us feed only on Christ's teaching. She is as a mother to the young of other birds; let us help one another. Her song is a plaint; let us bewail our sins. In water she sees when the hawk comes; in the Word of God we learn to shun the devil. She makes her nest in a hole of the rock; our best shelter is in that rock which is the mercy of our Lord.

That is the whole substance of the Bestiary, versified in the thirteenth century from Bishop Theobald.¹ In the opinion of Dr. Richard Morris, who has edited them both, an English religious poem of the thirteenth century, which tells the story of Genesis and Exodus in free octosyllabic rhymes, is by the author of the rhymed version of this Bestiary;

because there are in the MSS. of them not only similar verbal and grammatical forms, but similar peculiarities of spelling. The manner of this poem may be illustrated by the part of it which ends the story of Genesis.

THE DEATH OF JOSEPH.

Hise brethere comen him thanne to
Hise brethren then came to him
 And gunnen him biseken alle so;
And began all to beseech him thus:
 "Vre fader," he seiden, "or he was dead,
"Our father," they said, "before he was dead,
 "Our father," they said, "before he was dead,
 Vs he this bodeward seigen bead,
He bade us say this message,
 Hure sinne thee him forgiue
Hure sinne thee him forgive
 That thou for him our sin forgiue
That thou for him our sin forgive
 With-thanne-that we vnder the liven."
So that we under thee may live."
 Alle he fellen him thor to fot
Alle he fellen him thor to fot
 All they fell there at his feet
All they fell there at his feet
 To beden mede and bedden oth,
To beg mercy and offer oath,
 And he it forgaf hem mildelike
And he forgave it them mildly
 And luvede hem alle kinde-like.
And loved them all according to nature.
 Gsep an hundred gor was hold
Joseph was a hundred years old
 Joseph was a hundred years old
And his kin wexen manig fold:
 And his kin wexen manig fold;
And his kindred increased manifold;
 He bad sibbe cumen him biforen
He bade relations come before him
 He bade relations come before him
Or he was ut of werlde boren
 Or he was ut of werlde boren
Ere he was borne out of the world;
 Ere he was borne out of the world;
 "It sal," quath he, "ben soth, biforen
"It shall," quoth he, "be true, before
 "It shall," quoth he, "be true, before
 That god hath ure eldere sworn
That God hath sworn to our elders,
 That God hath sworn to our elders,
 He sal gu leden in his hond
He shall lead you in his hand
 He shall lead you in his hand
 Hethen to that hotene lond
From hence to the promised land;
 From hence to the promised land;
 For godes luue get bid ic gu
For God's love yet pray I you
 For God's love yet pray I you
 Lesteth² it thanne, hoteth it nu,
Perform it then, promise it now.
 Perform it then, promise it now.
 That mine bene ne be forloren,
That my prayers may not be lost,
 That my prayers may not be lost,
 That my prayers may not be lost,
 With gu ben mine bones boren."
Let my bones be carried with you."
 Let my bones be carried with you."
 He it him gatten and wurth he dead,
They granted it him and he died (became dead),
 They granted it him and he died (became dead),
 God do the soule seli red!
God cause to the soul a happy gain!
 God cause to the soul a happy gain!
 His liche was spice-like maked
His body was embalmed
 His body was embalmed
 And longe egipte-like waked.
And long watched after the manner of Egypt,
 And long watched after the manner of Egypt,
 And tho biried hem biforen
And then buried before them
 And then buried before them
 And sithen late of londe boren.
And some time afterwards borne out of the land.
 And some time afterwards borne out of the land.

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¹ It will be found, as well as the Latin original, in one of the publications of the Early English Text Society, "An Old English Miscellany," containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, Religious Poems of the Thirteenth Century, from Manuscripts in the British Museum, Bodleian Library, Jesus College Library, &c. Edited, with introduction and Index of Words, by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D." The Bestiary has also been printed by Mr. Thomas Wright in the "Reliquiae Antiquae."

² Lesteth is not listen, from "hlystan;" but observe, execute, perform, from "læstan."

His othre brethere on and on
His other brethren one by one
 Woren ybiried at ebron,
Were buried at Hebron,
 And here endade to ful in wis
And here fully ended in sooth
 The boe the is hoten Genesis
The book that is called Genesis,
 The moyses, thurg godes red,
That Moses, by the counsel of God,
 Wrot for lefful soules ned
Wrought for the need of faithful souls.
 God schilde his soule fro helle bale
God shield his soul from bale of hell
 The mad it thus on engel tale,
Who made it thus in English speech,
 And he that thise lettres wrot
And he that wrote these letters
 God him helpe weli mot
May God effectually help him,
 And berge is soule fro sorge and grot
And protect his soul from sorrow and weeping
 Of helle pine, cold and hot!
Of hell pains, cold and hot!
 And alle men the it heren willess
And all men that will to hear it
 And alle men that will to hear it
 God leve hem in his blisse spilen
God give them to have pleasure in His bliss
 Among engeles and seli men
Among angels and blessed men
 Withuten ende in reste ben!
To be in rest without end!
 And luue and pais us bitwen,
And love and peace be us between,
 And God so graunte. Amen, amen!

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40

We now pass out of the thirteenth century with only a reminder that in the year 1300 Dante was in mid-life—thirty-five years old—and that it is the date of the action of his “Divine Comedy.” Petrarch was born in 1304, and Boccaccio in 1313. Not many years later there were born in England, Chaucer, Gower, Langland, and Wiclif.

Robert Mannyng, who was born at Bourn, in Lincolnshire, and is also known, therefore, as Robert of Brunne, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, in which devout persons of both sexes lived together. He turned into English rhyme, for the instruction of the people, a Chronicle of England that had been written by an Englishman, Peter Langtoft. It had been written in French verse for the few; and Robert turned also into English verse a religious book written in French verse by another Englishman, William of Waddington (a Yorkshire town near Clitheroe), and called the “Manuel des Péchés.” The original poem in French has been ascribed also to Grosseteste. Robert of Brunne called his translation “The Handlyng Synne,” for he said—

“In Frenshé ther a clerk hyt sees
 He clepyth it ‘Manuel de Peches.’
 ‘Manuel’ ys Handlyng with honde;
 Peches ys synne, y understonde:
 These twey wurdys that beyn atwynne,
 Do hem togedyr ys ‘Handlyng Synne.’”

He omitted from the original¹ what appeared to him to be uninteresting, and increased the proportion of illustrative stories; for he said—

“For many ben of such manere
 That tales and rhymes will blithely hear,
 In games and feasts and at the ale,
 Love men to listen trotevale;²
 That may fall off to villanie
 To deadly sin or other folie;
 For such men have I made this rhyme.
 That they may well dispend their time.”

Accordingly the poem first illustrates with doctrine and anecdote the Ten Commandments, and the sins against them; then the Seven Deadly Sins—Pride, Anger, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, Gluttony, and Lechery—with stories about each; then in like manner the sin of sacrilege. Then follow rhymes and stories on the Seven Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Sacrament of the Altar, Penance, Holy Orders, Marriage, Extreme Unction. Then come illustrations of the twelve requisites and the twelve graces of thrift. Among sins against the first Commandment, Robert of Brunne reckoned many of the superstitions of the people, which put some kind of charm in the place of quiet trust in God.

[If] any man gave thee meed
 For to raise the devil³ indeed
 For to tell or for to wrey⁴
 Thingé that was done away;
 If thou have do any of this
 Thou hast sinned and do amiss,
 And thou art worthy to be shent⁵
 Through this each⁶ commandment.
 If thou in sword or in basin
 Any child mad’st look therein,
 Or in thumb, or in crystal,
 Witchecraft men clepen⁷ it all;
 Believe not in the pie’s chattering,
 It is no truth but false believing;
 Many believen in the pie
 When she cometh low or high
 Chattering, and hath no rest,
 Then, say they, we shall have geste;⁸
 Many are trowen⁹ on their wiles
 And many times the pie them guiles.
 Also is meeting in the morrow¹⁰
 When thou shalt go to buy or to borrow;

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¹ The “Handlyng Synne” and the “Manuel des Péchés,” carefully edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., were first printed in a volume published by the Roxburghe Club in 1862.

² Trotevale, a trifling thing.

³ Derv. Pronounced as one syllable, “de’il.” So “over” is read “o’er,” and “evil” has become “ill.”

⁴ Wren and wrec, bewray, discover. First-English “wrecan.”

⁵ Shent, blamed, shamed. First-English “scændan,” to shame.

⁶ This each (“eche”), this same.

⁷ Clepen, call. First-English “clypian.”

⁸ Have geste, hear news. The French original is—

“Si il oient la pie iangler
 Quident sanz dute noueles auer.”

The English saying is, “When the pie chatters we shall have strangers.”

⁹ Trowen, to trust, believe. First-English “treowian.”

¹⁰ Morrow (“morwe”), morning.

If then thy errand speed ne set
 Then wilt thou curse him that thou met.
 It is the timent of the devil
 To curse them that thought thee no evil.
 Of hanel I can no skill¹ also
 It is nought to believe thereto,
 Methinketh it is false every dele,²
 I believe it not, ne ne'er shall wele. 30
 For many have glad hanel at the morrow
 And to them ere even com'th mochel sorrow,
 And many one have in the day great noy³
 And yet ere even com'th to them mochel joy.
 So may'st thou wit, if thou good can,
 That hanel is no belief to man.
 Believé not much in no dreams,
 For many be naught but glittering gleams,
 These clerks say that is vanity.

Such sensible counsel as this comes under the head of turning aside from God by making to oneself idols of the imagination, and putting trust in them. I add two of Robert of Brunne's illustrative tales. This is in illustration of the fourth Commandment :

THE FOND FATHER.

Of a man that some time was
 I shall you tell a little pas.⁴
 Of his son he was jealous⁵
 And gave him all his land and house,
 And all his catel⁶ in town and field
 That he should keep him well in his eld.
 This young man wax fast and was jolife,
 His counsel was to take a wife ;
 He wedded one and brought her home
 With all the mirth that thereto come : 10
 He baddé her first loud and still
 To serve his father well at his⁷ will.
 Soon afterward, this yongé man
 His heart, his thoughté, change began ;
 Tendrer he was of wife and child
 Than to his father meek or mild.
 Of one day he thoughté five,
 Long him thought his father alive ;
 And every day, both the tone and the tother,
 Servéd him well worse than other. 20
 I trow this man, when he gan moan
 For thought that he gave so much his sone,
 This oldé man, was brought so low
 That he lay full cold beside a wow.⁸

¹ I can no skill, I know no reason ; for the belief in luck that comes with the first coin taken as hanel. A hanel is that which is given into the hand, from "hand" and First-English "syllan," to give. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood says it does not mean the coin given, but the hand itself given in striking a bargain. This is the root of the name of the Hanse Towns, a confederation bound by agreement for common security of trade.

² Dele, part ; from "dælan," to divide, deal out.

³ Noy, hurt. French "nuire," Latin "nocere."

⁴ Pas, a setting forth : from "pandere," to spread out, as when Æneas "ordine singula pandit." Each division of a long poem, as a spreading forth of a distinct section, was sometimes called a "Passus."

⁵ Jealous. The French text has "géluz." The word is of the root of "zeal," and used here in the same sense as in the phrase "jaloux de lui plaire," anxious to please him.

⁶ Catel, possessions, chattels.

⁷ At his, pronounced "at's." So line 6, in his, "in's."

⁸ Wow, wall. The spelling in the original is "loghe" and "woghe."

This oldé man upon a day
 Plained him that he coldé lay :—
 "Son," he said, "for Goddés love
 Wrie⁹ me with some clothe above."
 The son that was the husband
 To whom was given all the land, 30
 Clepéd his son, and bade him take
 A sack, of those that he did make,
 And bade him turn it twayfold
 And lay it on his father¹⁰ for cold.
 The child, as he bade him do,
 Took a sack and carve 't in two.
 His father spaké to him yorn,¹¹
 "See! Why hast thou the sack shorn?"
 The child answered him in haste,—
 It was through the Holy Ghast,¹²— 40
 "This deed have I done for thee.
 Good example giv'st thou me
 How I shall serve thee in thy eld,
 When thou, thyself, may'st not weld.¹³
 This half sack¹⁴ shall lie thy father above :
 And keep the tother part to thy behove.
 Unkindly thou teachest me the good :
 Of unkind cometh unkind blood."
 This example were good to con,
 Both to the father and eke to the son. 50
 God is not payéd,¹⁵ here we find
 That the son to the father is not kind.

Among warnings against the seven sins, under the head of Covetousness comes, in Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne"—

THE TALE OF PIERS THE USURER.

Saint John the Almoner¹⁶
 Saith Piers was an okerer,¹⁷

First-English "wah." In Piers Plowman, Mede promises that she shall

"Yowre cloystre do maken,
 Wowes do whiten, and windowes glasen."

⁹ Wrie, cover, clothe. First-English "wrgan," to cover or clothe. Whence the phrase "to rig out."

¹⁰ Father used to be pronounced rapidly, fà'ter ; so also "other," o'ther, whence "or."

¹¹ Yorn, eagerly, anxiously. First-English "georn," desirous, eager, anxious.

¹² Ghast (First-English "gást"), spirit.

¹³ Weld, have power, rule. First-English "wealdan."

¹⁴ The verse often seems irregular where it is not so. We have to remember the old ways of contraction and running together of identical letters, as here :—

"This half sack sh'llie thy fà'r above :
 And keep the to'r part-t-ty behove."

¹⁵ Payéd, "pacatus," pleased.

¹⁶ St. John the Almoner, to whom this story is ascribed, was a famous Patriarch of Alexandria. He was born at Amathonte in the island of Cyprus, and was made Patriarch A.D. 610 against his will, after the death of his wife and children. The zeal of his charity and love for the poor obtained for him the title of "The Almoner." Though his revenues were very great he lived poorly, and slept on a small pallet under a wretched blanket. A rich Alexandrian presented him with a good one. The saint slept under it one night, reproached himself for luxury, and sold it the next day. The rich man bought it, and presented it again ; the saint sold it again. It was bought and given again, and sold again ; the saint saying good-humouredly to his friend, "We shall see which of us first tires." His exertions for the poor during the famine of A.D. 615 and the plague that followed were the last famous incidents of the Almoner's life. He died at his birth-place in the year 616.

¹⁷ Okerer, usurer ; from First-English "ecean," to eke or increase.

And was swith¹ covetous
 And a nigm² and avarous.
 And gathred pence unto store
 As okers doon aywhor.³
 Betel it so upon a day
 That pooré men sat in the way
 And spread their hatren⁴ on their barm⁵
 Against the sunné that was warm, 10
 And reckoned the custom-house each one
 At which they had good, and at which none;
 Where they had good they praised well,
 And where they had nought never a dele.⁶
 As they spake of many what
 Comé Piers forth in that gat.⁷
 Then said each one that sat and stood,
 "Here com'th Piers, that ne'er did good;"
 Each one said other janglánd⁸
 They took ne'er good at Piers' hand; 20
 Ne none poor man ne'er shall have,
 Coud he never so well crave.
 One of them began to say,
 "A wager dare I with you lay
 That I shall have some good of him,
 Be he ne'er so gryll⁹ ne grim."
 To that wager they granted all,
 To give him a gift if so might befall.
 This man up stert and took the gate
 Till he came to Piers' gate. 30
 As he stood still and bode the qued¹⁰
 One come with an ass charged with bread:
 That eaché breadé Piers had bought,
 And to his house should it be brought.
 This saw Piers come therewithal.
 The pooré thought, "Now ask I shall:"—
 "I ask thee some good, for charity,
 Piers, if thy willé be!"
 Piers stood and looked on him,
 Felounly, with eyés grim. 40
 He stooped down to seek a stone
 But, as hap was, then found he none.
 For the stone he took a loaf
 And at the pooré man it drove.
 The poor man hent it up belive¹¹
 And was thereof full ferly¹² blithe.
 To his fellows fast he ran
 With the loaf, this pooré man,
 "Lo," he saidé, "what I have!"
 Of Piers' gift, so God me save!"— 50
 Nay, they sworé by their thrift,
 Piers gave never such a gift.
 He said, "Ye shall well understand
 That I it had at Piers' hand;
 That dare I swear on the halidom,
 Here beforé you each one."

Greaté marvel had they all
 That such a chance might him befall.

The thirdé day, thus writ it is,
 Piers fell in a great sickness; 60
 And as he lay in his bed
 Him thoughté well that he was led
 With one that after him was sent
 To come unto his Judgément.
 Before the Judgé was he brought,
 To yield account how he had wrought.
 Piers stood full sore adrade
 And was abashéd as maid:
 He saw a fiend on the to party¹³
 Bewraying¹⁴ him full felonly; 70
 All it was shewed him before
 How he had lived since he was bore;
 And namelý¹⁵ every wicked deed
 Sin first he coudé himself lead,
 Why he them did and for what chesun,¹⁶
 Of all behoveth him yield a reason.
 On the tother party stood men full bright
 That would have saved him at their might,
 But they mighté no good find
 That might him save or unbind. 80
 The fair men said, "What is to rede,¹⁷
 Of him find we no good deed
 That God is payed of—but of a loaf
 The which Piers at the poor man drove.
 Yet gave he it with no good will
 But cast it after him with ill;
 For Goddés love he gave it not
 Ne for almsdeed he it had thought:
 Nathéless the pooré man
 Had the loaf of Piers than." 90
 The fiend had laid in balance
 His wicked deeds and his mischance:
 They laid the loaf against his deeds—
 That had nought else, they moté needs—
 The holy man telleth us and says
 That the loaf made even peise.¹⁹
 Then said these fairé men to Piers,
 "If thou be wisé, now thou leres²⁰
 How this loaf thee helpeth at need
 To till²¹ thy soul with almés deed." 100

Piers of his sleep gan blink
 And greatly on his dream gan think,
 Sighing with a moaning cheer
 As man that was in great were,²²
 How that he acoupéd²³ was
 With fiendés fele²⁴ for his trespas,
 And how they had damned him there
 If mercy of Jesus Christ ne were.

¹ Swithé, greatly. First-English "swith," strong, great.

² Nigm, niggard.

³ Anywhor, everywhere. First-English "eghwar."

⁴ Hatren, clothes. First-English "hæter," clothing.

⁵ Barm, (First-English "bearm"), lap.

⁶ Never a dele, never a bit.

⁷ Gat, road. Icelandic "gata."

⁸ Janglánd, prating, chattering.

⁹ Gryll, stern, cruel, hideous, causing fear.

¹⁰ Bode the qued, waited for the shrewish or ill-disposed person.

There was First-English "cwead," filth.

¹¹ Hent it up belive, snatched it up quickly. First-English "hentan," to pursue, seize.

¹² Ferly, wonderfully.

¹³ On the to party, on the one side. In line 77 are the angels "on the tother party."

¹⁴ Bewraying, accusing.

¹⁵ Namelý, especially.

¹⁶ Chesun, motive. Norman-French.

¹⁷ Rede, counsel. First-English "ræd."

¹⁸ Than, then.

¹⁹ Peise, weight, balance. French "peser," to weigh.

²⁰ Thou leres, you learn, take the lesson home.

²¹ Till, prop up. The root "til" meaning fit or good in Teutonic languages, the verb from it means to make fit or good. To till the soil is to make it fit or good for fruit-bearing. To till the soul is to make it fit to stand in the day of trial. The same root yields a provincial use of the word "till" as "to prop up," make fit to stand; and that is the sense here.

²² Were, uncertainty, confusion.

²³ Acoupéd, inculpated, accused.

²⁴ Fele, many.

All this in his heart he cast,
And to himself he spake at last : 110
"That for a loaf in evil will
Halp me in so great peril,
Muché would it help at need
With good will do almés deed."

From that timé then wex Piers
A man of so fairé maneres
That no man might in him find
But to the poor both meek and kind,
A milder man ne might not be,
Ne to the poor more of alms free, 120
And rueful of heart also he was
That mayst thou here learn in this pas.

And said it was an evil sign
And that himself was not digne⁵
For to be in his prayer,
Therefore nold⁶ he the kirtle wear.
When he haddé full long grete
And a party began thereof lete,⁷
For⁸ commonly after weep
Falle men soone on sleep,— 150
As Piers lay in his sleeping
Him thought a fairé swevening.⁹
Him thought he was in heaven light,
And of God he had a sight,
Sitting in his kirtle clad
That the poor man of him had,
And spake to him full mildely :



LOST SOULS.

From a Fresco of the Day of Judgment, discovered in 1804 over the great arch separating nave and chancel in the Chapel of Holy Cross, Stratford-on-Avon. Engraved in Thomas Sharp's "Coventry Mysteries."

Piers met upon a day
A poor man by the way
As naked as he was bore
That in the sea had allé lore.¹
He came to Piers where he stood
And asked him some of his good,
Soméwhat of his clothing 130
For the love of Heaven's king.
Piers was of rueful heart,
He took his kirtle off, as smart,
And did it on the man above
And bade him wear it for his love.
The man it took and was full blithe ;
He yede² and soldé it as swithe.³
Piers stood and did behold
How the man the kirtle sold,
And was therewith ferly wroth, 140
That he sold so soon his clothe ;
He might no longer for sorrow stand,
But yede home full sore greetánd,⁴

"Why weepest thou and art sorry ?
Lo, Piers," he said, "this is thy clothe.
For he sold it were thou wroth ? 160
Know it well, if that thou can,—
For me thou gave it the poor man.
That thou gave him in charity
Everydeal thou gave it me."
Piers of sleepé out abraid¹⁰
And thought great wonder and sethen¹¹ said,
"Blessed be allé pooré men,
For God Almighty loveth them !
And well is them that poor are here,
They are with God both lief and dear ! 170
And I shall fonde¹² both night and day
To be poor, if that I may."

¹ Lore, lost.² Yede, went.³ As swithe, at once ; as soon as he could.⁴ Greetand, weeping.⁵ Digne, worthy.⁶ Nold, would not.⁷ Began in some degree to slacken or cease from it.⁸ For, because.⁹ Swevening (First-English "swefen"), dream.¹⁰ Out ahead, started out. So after Pharaoh's dream in the metrical story of Genesis and Exodus, "The king abraid and woe in thogt." Icelandic "bregtha," to move swiftly.¹¹ Sethen, afterwards.¹² Fonde, seek. First-English "fandlan," to try to find.

Hastily he took his catel
 And gave it to poor men each deal.
 Piers called to him his clerk,
 That was his notary and bade him bark,
 "I shall thee show a privy,
 A thing that thou shalt do to me,
 I will that thou no man it tell.
 My body I take¹ thee here to sell 180
 To some man as in bondage,
 To live in povert and in servage.
 But² thou do this, I will be wroth,
 And thou and thine shall be me loth.³
 If thou do it, I shall thee give
 Ten pound of gold, well with to live.
 Those ten pound I take thee here,
 And me to sell in bond manere.
 I ne recké unto whom,
 But only he have the Christendom. 190
 The ransom thou shalt for me take,
 Therefore thou shalt sickness make⁴
 For to give it blithely and well
 To poore men every deal,
 And withhold thereof no thing
 The moutenance of a farthing."
 His clerk was woe to do that deed,
 But only for menace and for dread,
 For dread Piers made him it do,
 And did him plight his troth thereto. 200
 When his clerk had made his oath
 Piers did on him a foul cloth,
 Unto a churché both they yede⁵
 For to fulfil his will indeed.

When that they to the churché come,
 "Lord," thoughté the clerk, "now whom
 Might I find this eaché sele⁶
 To whom I might sell Piers well."
 The clerk lookéd everywhere
 And at the lasté he knew where. 210
 A rich man that ere had be
 Special knowledge ever betwe,
 But through mischance at a cas
 All his good y-loré was,
 "Yolé," thus that man hight,
 And knew the clerk well by sight.
 They spake of old acquaintánce
 And Yolé told him of his chance.
 "Yea," said the clerk, "I rede⁷ thou buy 220
 A man to do thy marchaundye,
 That thou mayst hold in servage
 To restore well thy damage."
 Then said Yolé, "In such chaffare
 Would I fain my silver ware."⁸
 The clerke said, "Lo! one here
 A true man and a debonere
 That will servé thee to pay⁹
 Peynible¹⁰ all that he may.

Piers shalt thou call his name,
 For him shalt thou have much frame;¹¹ 230
 He is a man full graciús
 Good to win unto thine house,
 And God shall give thee his blessing
 And foison¹² in allé thing."
 The clerk gave all his ransoun
 To the poor men of the town,
 Plenerly¹³ all that he took,
 Withheld he not a farthing nook.

The Emperor sent his messengérs
 All about for to seek Piers,
 But they ne mighté never hear
 Of rich Piers the tollere,¹⁴
 In what steadé he was nome¹⁵
 Nor whitherward he was become;
 Nor the clerk would tell to none
 Whitherward that Piers was gone. 240

Now is Piers become bryche¹⁶
 That ere was both stout and rich,
 All that ever any man him do bade
 Piers did it with hearté glad, 250
 He wex¹⁷ so mild and so meek
 A milder man thurst¹⁸ no man seek,
 For he meeked himself o'er skill¹⁹
 Pots and dishes for to swill;
 To great penáncé he gan him take,
 And muché for to fast and wake;
 And much he lovéd tholmodness²⁰
 To rich, to poor, to more, to less.
 Of allé men he would have dout,²¹
 And to their bidding meekly lout;²² 260
 Would they bid him sit or stand
 Ever he wouldé be bowánd,
 And, for he bare him so meek and soft,
 Shrewés misdid him²³ full oft
 And held him folted or wood,²⁴
 For he was so mild of mood.
 And they that were his feláws
 Missaid him most in theiré saws;
 And all he suffered their upbraid
 And never naught against them said. 270

Yolé, his lord, well understood
 That all his grace and all his gooú
 Camé for the love of Piers
 That was so holý maneres.
 And when he wist of his countrý
 He calléd Piers in privy.
 "Piers," he said, "thou were worthy
 For to be worshipped more than I,
 For thou art well with Jesú,
 He sheweth for thee great virtú, 280

¹ Take (in the sense of betake), confide, entrust.

² But, unless.

³ Loth, hateful.

⁴ Sickerness make, give your assurance. ⁵ Yede, went.

⁶ Sele, time, season. First-English "sæl," good opportunity.

⁷ Rede, advise.

⁸ Ware, lay out in bargaining. From First-English "wær," a caution, agreement, warranty.

⁹ To pay, to your satisfaction.—Debonere French "débouaire"), of good manners, easy, kind.

¹⁰ Peynible (French "pémeble"), taking pains.

¹¹ Frame, profit, advantage. First-English "freme," profit, gain.

¹² Foison, abundance.

¹³ Plenerly, fully.

¹⁴ Tollere, farmer of public tolls. The "publican" of the New Testament. ¹⁵ To what place he had taken himself.

¹⁶ Bryche, a servant. First-English "bryce," useful, serviceable.

¹⁷ Wex, grew. First-English "weaxan."

¹⁸ Thurst, needed. First-English "theartfian," to need.

¹⁹ Skill, knowledge.

²⁰ Tholmodness, long-suffering. First-English "tholian," to endure; "mod," mood or temper. ²¹ Dout, fear. French "douter."

²² Lout, bow. First-English "hlutan."

²³ Misdid him, misbehaved to him.

²⁴ Folted or wood, foolish or mad.

Therefore I shall make thee free :
I will that my fellow thou be."
Thereto Piers granted not
To be freeman as he besought,
He woldé be as he was ore,¹
In that servage for evermore ;
He thanked the lord mildely
For his greaté courtesy.

Sithen Jesu, through his might,
Shewéd him to Piers sight, 290
For to be stalworth in his fonding²
And to him to have longing :
" Be not sorrowful to do penance,
I am with thee in every chance ;
Piers, I have mind of thee,—
Lo here the kirtle that thou gave for me :
Therefore grace I shall thee send,
In all goodness well to end."

Befel that serjeaunts and squiers
That were wont to servé Piers 300
Went in pilgrimage, as in case,³
To that country where Piers was.
Yolé full fair gan them call
And prayéd them home to his hall ;
Piers was there, that eaché sele,⁴
And, every one, he knew them wele.
All he servéd them as a knave,
That was wont their service to have,
But Piers not yet they knew,
For penance changed was his huc. 310
Not forthé they beheld him fast⁵
And often to him their eyes they cast,
And saidé, " He that standeth here
Is liké to Piers tollere."
He hid his visage all that he might
Out of knowledge of their sight ;
Natheless they beheld him more
And knew him well, all that were thore,
And said, " Yolé, is yon thy page ?
A rich man is in thy servage ! 320
The Emperor, both far and near,
Hath do him seek⁶ that we find here."

Piers listened and heard them speaking
And that they had of him knowing ;
And privily away he name⁷
Till he to the porter came.
The porter had his speeché lore,⁸
And hearing also, since he was bore ;
But through the grace of sweet Jesu
Was shewed for Piers fair virtù. 330
Piers said, " Let me forth go !"
The porter spake, and saidé, " Yo."⁹
He that was deaf and dumb also
Spake, when Piers spake him to.
Piers out at the gaté went
And thither yede where God him sent.

The porter yede up to the hall,
And this mervail told them all,
How the squier of the kitchén,
Piers, that had woned¹⁰ here in, 340
He asked leavé, right now late,¹¹
And went forth out at the gate.
" I redé you all, give good tent¹²
Whitherward that Piers is went.
With Jesu Christ he is privé,
And that is shewéd well on me :
For what time he to me spake
Out of his mouth me thoughté break
A flame of fire, bright and clear,
The flame made me both speak and hear ; 350
Speak and hear, now both I may,
Blessed be God and Piers to-day."
The lord and the guestés all,
One and other that were in hall,
Had mervail that it was so,
That he might such mirácle do.
Then as swithé Piers they sought.
But all their seeking was for nought ;
Never Piers they ne found
Night nor day, in ne stound.¹³ 360
For he that took Enoch and Ely
He took Piers, through his mercý,
To rest withouten end to lede,
For his meekness and his good deed.

Robert of Brunne, in one part of his poem, reproduced objections to the miracle plays, except when acted in church by the clergy at Easter and Christmas. But the taste for them was spreading, and in the fourteenth century they attained to a development in this country, strongly illustrative of the national desire to bring the Bible story and what were held to be the essentials of its teaching home to all. We have seen the early form of such plays in the "Raising of Lazarus." That was a single play, not one of a series, and was acted by the persons employed usually in the services of the Church. An early sequence of three plays from the Bible story, in a MS. of the twelfth century, was found in the Library of Tours. The first play set forth the Fall of Adam and Eve; after which, said the stage directions, "devils shall take them, and put them into hell, and they shall make a great smoke to rise in it, and cry aloud." The second play was of the death of Abel, after which, "devils coming, Cain is led to hell, being often struck, but they shall take Abel more mildly; then the Prophets shall be ready each in a convenient place of concealment." The third play consisted in their coming forward to prophesy of Christ, and when each had prophesied, devils took him also into hell. This sequence was evidently meant as a short summary from the Old Testament, showing man's need of Christ through the Fall, and the looking of the old world to his coming. The hell in such plays was always represented by the type of the whale's open jaws. A hell-mouth of painted

¹ Ore, ere, before.

² Fonding, endeavour. From "fandian," to try to find.

³ In case, by chance.

⁴ That eaché sele, just at that time. (See line 207.)

⁵ Nevertheless they looked fixedly at him.

⁶ Do him seek, caused him to be sought.

⁷ Name, took himself. First-English "niman," to take. (See line 243.)

⁸ Lore, lost.

⁹ Yo, yea. First-English "gea."

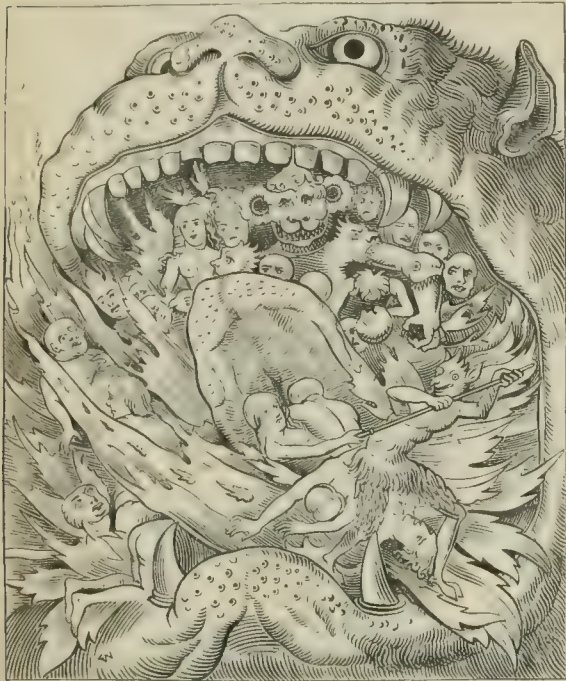
¹⁰ Woned, dwelt. First-English "wunian," to dwell.

¹¹ Late, lately.

¹² Tent, heed.

¹³ Stound, space of time. First-English "stund;" German "Stunde," an hour.

paste-board, with a fire lighted behind the lower jaw, so that it might seem to breathe flame, was a common property of the miracle play; and through this mouth those who played the devil's parts would, by passing behind it, have their apparent entrances and exits.



HELL MOUTH.

From an old German Print copied in Thomas Sherry's "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries."

The acting was at first within the church, in service time. The crowds attracted became greater than the church would hold. The acting was then specially arranged on a stage, built outside the church door, so that a large audience might be assembled in the square in front. There were, for representation of the Fall, an upper stage representing heaven, approached by inhabitants of heaven from within the church; below that a stage representing Paradise on earth; and below that an enclosed open space, within which there was clanking of chains, and a burning of wet straw to produce smoke. A door from this enabled demons to come out and, as they were instructed to do, mix sometimes among the audience. This made them too familiar; and they seem really to have sometimes degenerated in France into comic characters. In England there was usually but one stage, with hell-mouth in a corner of it, and demons only appeared when they were to do demons' work. Very remarkable also was, in this country, the development of sequences of plays, and these were acted after the year 1328, or thereabout, in the language of the people. In 1264, Pope Urban IV. founded the feast of Corpus Christi, in honour of the consecrated Host. The institution was confirmed by Clement IV., in the year 1311. The grand procession of this day was the only one of the year in which laity and clergy marched together. The guilds were out, not only carrying pictures, but walking

in procession as living representatives of the saints and apostles. Then the guilds dined at their halls, and it has been suggested that the acting of Scripture incidents before them by the characters they had exhibited may have led to what followed. This was the combination of guilds, representing the religious laity of England, to produce at the festival of Corpus Christi, or at Whitsuntide, or on other fit occasions, complete representations of the leading facts in Bible History from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. By dividing the several parts of the great history among themselves, and taking the requisite time—three or more successive days—they produced, in fact, before the multitude a Living Bible in the streets. A wide diffusion of this very thorough use of the miracle play, by clergy and laity, as a means of religious instruction, was characteristic of English religious feeling. A good monk would write a sequence of two or three dozen plays, which might be acted by the guilds of any town in which they chose to combine for the purpose. Each guild would then take a play for its own, provide properties, train actors, and undertake to put out corporate strength for its efficient annual performance in the streets of the town. Corpus Christi day was the first Thursday after Trinity, and as Trinity Sunday is eight weeks after Easter, Corpus Christi was, like Whitsuntide, a summer holiday time, convenient for out-of-door performances. It is said that Randal Higgenet, or Ralph Higden, a monk of Chester Abbey, having obtained leave of the Pope to put Latin aside, and write these plays in English, the first English series—which was of twenty-four plays—was acted at Chester, in the year 1327 or 1328, the performance occupying three days. The Tanners first set forth the Fall of Lucifer; then came the Drapers with the Creation and Fall and the Death of Abel; then the Water-carriers and Drawers of Dee represented the pageant of Noah's Flood and the Ark. Then the histories of Lot and Abraham were played by the guilds of the Barbers and Waxchandlers. Such sequences of Scripture stories are known to have been acted at Chester, Coventry, Wakefield, York, Newcastle, Lancaster, Preston, Kendal, Wymondham, Dublin, and other places. Three whole sets have come down to us and form part of our literature:—the Chester series of twenty-four plays; a series of forty-two said to have been acted at Coventry (these add to the Scripture story legendary incidents in the life of the Virgin); and the Wakefield Mysteries, a series of thirty-two, known also as the Towneley Mysteries, because the MS. containing them belonged to the Towneley family in Lancashire. The Wakefield series is much the best. The several plays are not plays in the sense in which we use the word in the modern drama, and though we are often told that it did,¹ the modern drama most certainly did not arise

¹ This mistake is peculiar to English text-books, and to foreign writers whose knowledge of our literature is chiefly derived from them. It originated in a few lines of Warton's "History of English Poetry" which threw out the passing suggestion of a neat little theory of the development of the Miracle Play into the Morality, and of the Morality into the true drama. Mr. Collier, in his valuable "History of English Dramatic Poetry," developed Warton's specula-

out of the miracle play. It arose in the Universities and among men bred as scholars, who had long been in the habit of acting plays of Seneca, Terence, or Plautus, or Latin plays of their own written upon the classical models. When it began to occur to them to write such plays in English instead of Latin, the first English dramas were produced. The Italian drama began a little before the English in exactly the same way, and the miracle plays had nothing whatever to do with the matter in one country or another. Miracle plays went through no transition stages after the manner of the caterpillars till they were transformed to something altogether different. They survived unchanged long after they had passed their prime; indeed, till the time of the youth of Shakespeare; and they disappeared then altogether because the use for them had passed away. The Bible in their own tongue had been given to the people. Inasmuch as these sequences of incidents from Scripture, always chosen for their bearing upon cardinal points of Christian faith, imposed a more continued strain on powers of serious attention than it would be possible to maintain, places of relaxation were provided by the interpolation of jest, and this was drawn always in England from incidents not in themselves Scriptural. Noah would be provided with an obstinate wife to provide comic business, and so forth. Between the Old Testament and New Testament series there was an Interlude, the Shepherd's Play, that led up to the birth of Christ. The shepherds supposed to be keeping their flocks at Bethlehem were presented as common shepherds talking, jesting, wrestling, one of them playing especially the part of the country clown, till the song of the angels was heard. At first they mimicked it rudely, afterwards they became impressed, they were led to the infant Christ in the manger, knelt, offered their rustic gifts, and arose prophets. There is reason to believe that this Shepherd's Play had its independent origin in rustic sports outside a town, arranged by the clergy, who concealed a choir arrayed as angels to raise the *Gloria in Excelsis* at the proper time, and then lead the rude actors and their audience into the lighted church. Here there had been set up a representation of the new-born Saviour; and as the shepherds knelt by the manger the organ pealed, the *Gloria* resounded through the church, and the people, realising the occasion, had their hearts stirred with emotion. The Magi too, in Eastern robes, would ride into the town and bring their offerings. So also when Easter was at hand, persons in Oriental dress entered the market-place selling spices, spices to be bought for the anointment of the Lord. It happens that in the Wakefield series there are two Shepherd's Plays provided, either of which might be chosen by the guilds who acted the whole series. One of these furnishes the usual dialogue and sport, but the other happens to develop a short farcical story which accidentally fulfils the requisite conditions, and so becomes our

earliest known piece of acted drama. It is so by accident; it was not imitated or developed, and has no relation to the origin of the true drama. Still, out of a form of literature that has many points in common with the drama, something which in a rude way fulfilled all its conditions was by chance produced. It will be, therefore, the first piece in the volume of this Library which has been planned to illustrate the course of our English Dramatic Literature.

At Coventry there are still preserved account-books of the guilds, which show in what way money was paid for the production of the miracle plays. The rehearsals, the fees to actors, the provision or repair of stage appointments, are so recorded, that it is not difficult to construct from the entries a somewhat full detail of the method of procedure. This was done by Mr. Thomas Sharp when he published in 1825 by private subscription his valuable "Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries anciently performed at Coventry by the Trading Companies of that City; chiefly with reference to the Vehicles, Characters, and Dresses of the Actors." The entries of expenses for the Drapers' Pageant of Doomsday, include, among machinery, hell-mouth and the keeping of the fire at it, "an earthquake" and "barrel for the same," "three worlds, painted," and "a link to set the world on fire." Among dresses are the black and white suits for souls lost and saved, "gold skins" for the angels, and three pounds of hair for the demon's coat and hose; also a "Hat for the Pharisee." Among payments to actors are sixteenpence to "Worms of Conscience," three shillings to two demons, and only two shillings to four angels; the demons being better paid, because they had more stage business to go through efficiently. One entry is of a payment of two shillings for a demon's face, and another of ten shillings "for making the ij devells facys." There are frequent entries for souls' coats. One entry is "payd to Crowe for makynge of iij worldys, ij," and another is of fivepence "for setting the world of fyer." These are entries of the sixteenth century, into which the practice of acting these plays at Coventry was continued. They were acted at Chester as late as 1577, and at Coventry as late as 1580. Let us take from the Wakefield series the Mystery Play of

ABRAHAM.

Abraham. Adonay,¹ thou God veray,²
 Thou hear us when we to thee call!
 As thou art he that best may,
 Thou art most succour and help of all!
 Mightful Lord! to thee I pray,
 Let once the oil of mercy fall!
 Shall I ne'er abide that day?
 Truly yet I hope I shall.
 Mercy, Lord omnipotent!
 Long since He this world has wrought:
 Whither are all our elders went?

tion; treating the fancy as a fact; and English compilers, paying just respect to the authority of so good a student of dramatic literature, have followed one another in the steady reproduction of a very great mistake.

¹ *Adonay.* The Hebrew *Adonai*, for *Lord*, was used to avoid repetition of the sacred name, *Jehovah*.

² *Veray* (French "*vrai*"), true: so "*very God of very God*."

This muses mickle in my thought.
 From Adam unto Eve assent,¹
 Eat of that apple spared he nought,
 For all the wisdom that he ment²
 Full dear that bargain has he bought
 From paradise that bade him gung;
 He went mourning with simple cheer,
 And after lived he here full lang,
 Moré than three hundred year,
 In sorrow and in travail strang;
 And every day he was in were,³
 His children angered him among.
 Cain slew Abel was him full dear.
 Sithen Noe, that was true and good,
 He and his children three,
 Was savéd when all was flood;
 That was a wonder thing to see.
 And Lot from Sodom when he yede,
 Three cities brent yet escaped he,
 Thus, for they mended my Lord's mede,
 He vengéd sin through his pausté.⁴

When I think of our elders all,
 And of the marvels that has been,
 No gladness in my heart may fall,
 My comfort goes away full clean.
 Lord, when shall dede⁵ make me his thrall?
 An hundred years, certes,⁶ have I seen:
 Ma fay! soon—I hope he shall,
 For it were right high time, I ween.
 Yet Adam is to hellé gone,
 And there has ligen many a day;
 And all our elders everychon,
 They are gone the samé way;
 Unto⁷ God will hear their moan.
 Now help, Lord, Adonay!
 For, certes, I can no better wone,⁸
 And there is none that better may.

Deus. I will help Adam and his kind,
 Might I love and lewté⁹ find;
 Would they to me be true, and blin¹⁰
 Of their pride and of their sin:
 My servant I will found and frast,¹¹
 Abrahám, if he be trast.¹²
 On certain wise I will him prove
 If he to me be true of love.

Abraham! Abraham!

Abraham. Who is that? ware, let me see,
 I heard one neven¹³ my name.

Deus. It is I, take tent¹⁴ to me
 That forméd thy father Adam,
 And everything in it¹⁵ degree.

Abraham. To hear thy will ready I am,
 And to fulfil whate'er it be.

Deus. Of mercy have I heard thy cry,
 Thy devout prayers have me bun.¹⁶
 If thou me love, look that thou hie
 Unto the land of Vision;
 And the third day be there bid I
 And take with thee Isaac, thy son,
 As a beast to sacrifice:
 To slay him look thou not shun,
 And bren¹⁷ him there to thine offerand.

Abraham. Ah, lovéd be thou, Lord in throne!
 Hold o'er me, Lord, thy holy hand;
 For certes thy bidding shall be done,
 Blessed be that Lord in every land
 Would visit his servant thus so soyn.¹⁸
 Fain would I this thing ordand,
 For it perfects nought to hoyne¹⁹;
 This commandment²⁰ must I needs fulfil
 If that my heart wax heavy as lead,
 Should I offend my Lordés will?
 Nay, yet were I lieber my child were dead!
 Whatso he bids me, good or ill,
 That shall be done in every stede;
 Both wife and child, if he bid spill,²¹
 I will not do against his rede.
 Wist Isaac,²² wheréso he were,
 He would be abashéd now,
 How that he is in dangere.

Isaac, son, where art thou?

Isaac. All ready, father; lo me here;
 Now was I coming unto you.
 I love you mickle, father dear.

Abraham. And does thou so? I would wit how
 Loves thou me, son, as thou has said.

Isaac. Yea, father, with all mine heart;
 More than all that ever was made.
 God hold me long your life in quart!²³

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had
 A child so loving as thou art?
 Thy lovely cheer makes my heart glad,
 And many a time so has it gart.²⁴

Go home, son, come soon again,
 And tell thy mother I come full fast;

[*Hic transiet Isaac à patre.*²⁵
 So now, God thee save and sayne!²⁶

Now well is me that he is past.
 Alone, right here in this plain,
 Might I speak to mine heart brast.²⁷
 I would that all were well, full fain,
 But it must needs be done at last.

¹ From the time when Adam assented to Eve.

² Ment, bad in mind.

³ In *acc.*, in strife and confusion. See line 104 of "Piers the Usurer," page 61, Note 22.

⁴ Dede, death.

⁵ Certes, surely; pronounced as one syllable.

⁶ Unto, until.

⁷ I can no better wone, I know no better stay.

⁸ Lewté, loyalty.

⁹ Blin, cease.

¹⁰ Found and frast, prove and try. Found (First-English "fandian"), to try, tempt, prove. Frast (Icelandic "freista"), to tempt, make trial of.

¹¹ Trast, trusty.

¹² Neven, name. First-English "nemnan;" Icelandic "nefna" and "nemna."

¹³ Take tent, take heed.

¹⁴ It for its, which was not used till the time of Elizabeth.

¹⁵ Bun, made ready.

¹⁶ Bren, burn.

¹⁷ Soyn, soon.

¹⁸ Hoyne, think anxiously, lament. First-English "hogian."

¹⁹ Commandment, pronounced "c'mmandment," in two syllables. The y in "heavy" unites, in the next line, with the a of "as."

²⁰ Spill, destroy. First-English "spillan," to spoil, destroy, kill.

²¹ Wist Isaac, if Isaac knew.

²² In quart, in safe keeping. First-English "cweart-ern," a place

for safe keeping, guard-house, prison.

²³ Gart, made.

²⁴ Here Isaac shall pass away from his father.

²⁵ Sayne, bless. First-English "segnian" and "senian," to bless.

²⁶ Till my heart broke.

And it is good that I be ware;
To be avised full good it were.
The land of Vision is full far,
The third day end must I be there.
Mine ass shall with us, if it thar,¹
To bear our harness less and more,
For my son may be slain no nar;²
A sword must with us yet therefore.
And I shall found³ to make me yare.⁴
This night will I begin my way.
Though Isaac be ne'er so fair,
And mine own son, the sooth to say,
And though he be mine righte heir,
And all should wield after my day,
Goddess bidding shall I not spare;
Should I that gainstand? We!⁵ nay, my fay! Isaac!

Isaac. Sir!

Abraham. Look thou be boun;⁶
For certain, son, thyself and I,
We two must now wend forth of town,
In far country to sacrify,
For certain skillis⁷ and encheson;⁸
Take wood and fire with thee, in hy,⁹
By hills and dales, both up and down,
Son, thou shall ride and I will go by.
Look thou miss nought that thou should need,
Do make thee ready, my darling!

Isaac. I am ready to do this deed,
And ever to fulfil your bidding.

Abraham. My dear son, look thou have no drede,
We shall come home with great loving;
Both to and fro I shall us lead,
Come now, son, in my blessing.

Ye two here with this ass abide,
For Isaac and I will to yond hill,
It is so high we may not ride,
Therefore ye two shall abide here still.

Primus Puer.¹⁰ Sir, ye owe not to be denied;
We are ready your bidding to fulfil.

Secundus Puer. Whatsoever to us betide
To do your bidding ay we will.

Abraham. God's blessing have you both in fere;¹¹
I shall not tarry long you fro.¹²

Primus Puer. Sir, we shall abide you here.
Out of this stede¹³ shall we not go.

Abraham. Childre, ye are ay to me full dear,
I pray God keep ever fro woe.

Secundus Puer. We will do, sir, as ye us lere.¹⁴

Abraham. Isaac, now are we but we two,
We must go a full good pace,
For it is farther than I wend;¹⁵
We shall make mirth and great solace,
By this thing be brought to end.

Lo, my son, here is the place.

Isaac. Wood and fire are in my hend;
Tell me now, if ye have space,
Where is the beast that should be brend?

Abraham. Now, son, I may no longer layn,¹⁶
Such will is into mine heart went;
Thou was ever to me full bayn¹⁷
Ever to fulfil mine intent.
But certainly thou must be slain,
And it may be as I have ment.

Isaac. I am heavy and nothing fain,
Thus hastily that shall be shent.

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. Sir?

Abraham. Come hither bid I;
Thou shall be dead whatsoever betide.

Isaac. Ah, father, mercy! mercy!

Abraham. That I say, may not be denied;
Take thy dede¹⁸ therefore meekly.

Isaac. Ah, good sir, abide;
Father!

Abraham. What, son?

Isaac. To do your will I am ready,
Wheresoever ye go or ride,
If I may ought overtake your will,
Syn I have trespassed I would be bet.¹⁹

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. What, sir?

Abraham. Good son, be still.

Isaac. Father!

Abraham. What, son?

Isaac. Think on thy get;²⁰
What have I done?

Abraham. Truly, none ill.

Isaac. And shall be slain?

Abraham. So have I het.²¹

Isaac. Sir, what may help?

Abraham. Certes, no skill.

Isaac. I ask mercy.

Abraham. That may not let.

Isaac. When I am dead, and closed in clay,
Who shall then be your son?

Abraham. Ah, Lord, that I should abide this day!

Isaac. Sir, who shall do that I was won?²²

Abraham. Speak no such words, son, I thee pray.

signs is his womanly tenderness towards the boy who waits upon him in his tent. Abraham's tender words to the two lads whom he leaves with the ass while, with heroic faith in the word of God, however hard it may be to him, he is prepared to offer his beloved son as sacrifice, have a touch in them of the finest human truth.

¹⁵ *Wend*, thought, weened. First-English "wænan," to suppose.

¹⁶ *Layn*, deceive. First-English "leogan."

¹⁷ *Bayn*, helpful. Icelandic "beini," help.

¹⁸ *Dede*, death. Compare Dunbar's "Lament for the Makars," line 89, page 112 of "Shorter Poems:"—

"Good Master Walter Kennedy
In point of deid lies verily."

¹⁹ *Bet*, beaten.

²⁰ *Thy get*, thy child, thy begotten.

²¹ *Het*, promised. First-English "hatan," to command, ordain, promise.

²² *Won*, wont. First-English "wunna," a custom; "wunian," to dwell, to be accustomed.

¹ If it thar, if need is. First-English "thearfian," Icelandic "tharfa," to need.

² No nar, no nearer than the place which is a three days' journey distant.

³ Found, try. ⁴ Yare, ready. ⁵ We! an exclamation.

⁶ Boun, ready. Icelandic "búa," to make ready.

⁷ Skillis, reasons.

⁸ Encheson, occasion or cause. Norman-French "chaison."

⁹ In hy, in haste. First-English "higan," to hie or make haste.

¹⁰ The journey just proposed is supposed to have been taken when Abraham and Isaac leave with their attendants the "First Boy" and "Second Boy," the ass upon which Isaac rode, while Abraham walked beside his darling.

¹¹ In fere, together.

¹² Fro, from.

¹³ Stede, place.

¹⁴ Lere, teach. There is a touch of pathos here, drawn not only from the love of Abraham towards the son whom his faith causes him to sacrifice, but from his tenderness towards the boys not his whom he prays that God may ever keep from woe. When Shakespeare's Brutus, with his soul wrung by the death of Portia and a great duty before him, is made grand throughout the latter part of the play of "Julius Cæsar," with indication of suppressed emotion, one of its

Isaac. Shall ye me slo?¹
Abraham. I trow I mon:—
 Lie still, I smite.
Isaac. Sir, let me say.
Abraham. Now, my dear child, thou may not
 shon.
Isaac. The shining of your bright blade
 It gars me quake for ferd to dee.²
Abraham. Therefore groflyinges³ thou shall be
 laid,
 Then when I strike thou shall not see.
Isaac. What have I done, father? what have I
 said?
Abraham. Truly, nokyns⁴ ill to me.
Isaac. And thus guiltless shall be arayde.
Abraham. Now, good son, let such words be.
Isaac. I love you ay.
Abraham. So do I thee.
Isaac. Father!
Abraham. What, son?
Isaac. Let now be seyn⁵
 For my mother love.
Abraham. Let be, let be!
 It will not help that thou would meyn;⁶
 But lie still till I come to thee,
 I miss a little thing I ween.

He speaks so ruefully to me
 That water shoots in both mine een,
 I were liever than all worldly win,
 That I had fon him once unkind,
 But no default I found him in;
 I would he dead for him or pined,⁷
 To slo him thus I think great sin,
 So rueful words I with him find;
 I am full wo that we should twyn,⁸
 For he will never out of my mind.
 What shall I to his mother say?
 For where he is, tyte will she spy;⁹
 If I tell her, "Run away,"
 Her answer is belife¹⁰—"Nay, sir!"
 And I am feared her for to flay,¹¹
 I ne wot what I shall say till her.¹²
 He lies full still there as he lay,
 For to I come¹³ dare he not stir.

Deus. Angel hie with all thy main,
 To Abraham thou shall be sent:
 Say, Isaac shall not be slain,
 He shall live and not be brent.
 My bidding stands he not again,
 Go, put him out of his intent:
 Bid him go home again,
 I know well how he ment.

Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am ready,
 Thy bidding shall be magnified;
 I shall me speed full hastily,
 Thee to obey at every tide;¹⁴
 Thy will, Thy name, to glorify,
 Over all this world so wide,
 And to Thy servant now in hy,
 Good, true, Abraham, will I glide.

Abraham. But might I yet of weeping cease,
 Till I had done this sacrifice!
 It must needs be, withouten lesse,¹⁵
 Though all I carp on thiskyn wise,
 The more my sorrow it will increase;
 When I look to him I gryse;¹⁶
 I will run on a res,¹⁷

And slo him here, right as he lies.

Angelus. Abraham! Abraham!

Abraham. Who is there now?
 Ware, let thee go.

Angelus. Stand up, now, stand;
 Thy good will come I to allow,
 Therefore I bid thee hold thy hand.

Abraham. Say, who bade so? any but thou?

Angelus. Yea, God; and sends this beast to thine
 offerand.

Abraham. I speak with God later, I trow,
 And doing he me command.

Angelus. He has perceivèd thy meekness
 And thy goodwill also, iwis;
 He will thou do thy son no distress,
 For he has grant to thee his bliss.

Abraham. But wot thou well that it is
 As thou has said?

Angelus. I say thee yis.

Abraham. I thank Thee, Lord, well of goodness,
 That all thus has released me this!
 To speak with thee have I no space
 With my dear son till I have spoken;
 My good son, thou shall have grace,
 On thee now will I not be wroken,
 Rise up now, with thy frely¹⁸ face.

Isaac. Sir, shall I live?

Abraham. Yea, this to token.

[*Et osculatur eum.*¹⁹

Son, thou has scaped a full hard grace,
 Thou should have been both brent and broken.

Isaac. But, father, shall I not be slain?

Abraham. No, certes, son.

Isaac. Then am I glad;

Good sir, put up your sword again.

Abraham. Nay, hardly, son, be thou not adrad.

Isaac. Is all forgeyn?

Abraham. Yea, son, certain.

Isaac. For ferd, sir, was I near hand mad.

¹ Slo, slay.

² For ferd to dee, for fear to die.

³ Groflyinges, lying flat with the face to the ground. Icelandic "grufl."

⁴ Nokyns, of no kind. There was also "alkyn" and "alkyns," of every kind. Lower down also "thiskyn," of this kind.

⁵ Seyn, seen. Let your love for my mother now be seen.

⁶ Meyn, complain.

⁷ Pined, put to pain.

⁸ Twyn, be parted.

⁹ Tyte will she spy, quickly will she ask. Tite and tit (Icelandic "tithr" and "titt"), frequent. Spyr (First-English "spirian"), to search out, inquire, i.e., follow the spór, spoor, or track.

¹⁰ Belife, quickly.

¹¹ Flay, frighten.

¹² Till her, to her.

¹³ To I come, till I come.

¹⁴ Tide, time.

¹⁵ Withouten lesse, without lease, or lie.

¹⁶ Gryse, feel horror and dread.

¹⁷ Res (First-English "res"), rush.

¹⁸ Frely, beautiful, causing delight.

¹⁹ And kisses him.

While in this way the English people, forbidden to hear the whole Bible read to them in their native tongue, were bringing it home as closely as they

could to their daily lives, John Wiclif, the first who, after the Conquest, was to give the Bible itself to the people, was ripening for the great work of his life. John Wiclif was born about the year 1324, of a family that derived its name from the small village of Wycliffe, which is about six miles from Barnard Castle, in Yorkshire. He was born, probably, at the village of Hipswell, near Richmond. He was educated at the University of Oxford, and became eminent for his acquirements in theology and in philosophy. A contemporary, William Knighton, who was his opponent, says that he was "most eminent" as a teacher of theology, in philosophy "second to none," and "incomparable in scholastic studies." In 1356 Wiclif produced a tract on the "Last Age of the Church," suggested by the desolating plague of 1348-9, which occurred when he was

received from that College the rectory of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire.

Langland, Gower, and Chaucer were also during these years advancing to the fulness of their power, and among other religious literature three books were produced—"The Ayenbite of Inwit," the "Cursor Mundi," and the Hermit of Hampole's "Prick of Conscience," of a kind that has been already illustrated.

The Ayenbite (Again-bite, Re-morse) of Inwit (Con-science) was a version by Dan (which means Dominus or Master) Michel, of Northgate, Kent, from a French treatise called "La Somme des Vices et des Vertues," composed in 1279 for Philip II. of France by a French Dominican, Friar Laurence. It is a work of the type illustrated by Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne" from the French of



WYCLIFFE. (From Hallam's "History of Richmondshire.")

about twenty-four years old. Thomas Bradwardine, newly become Archbishop of Canterbury, and the author of the most acute theological book of his time, the "Summa Theologiæ," died of that plague. Wiclif thought that the plagues which scourged the nations indicated that the second coming of Christ was near, and that the fourteenth century would be the Last Age of the World. Among signs of the end were the corruptions of the Church. "Both vengeance of sword," he said, "and mischiefs unknown before, by which men in those days shall be punished, shall befall them, because of the sins of the priests. Hence men shall fall upon them and cast them out of their fat benefices, and shall say, 'He came into his benefice by his kindred; and this by a covenant made before. He, for his worldly service, came into the church; and this for money.' Then every such priest shall cry, 'Alas, alas, that no good spirit dwelt with me at my coming into the Church of God.'" In 1360 Wiclif was energetic in resistance to the undue influence acquired in Universities by the Dominicans and the Franciscans. This added to his reputation at Oxford, and in the following year, 1361, he was made Warden of Baliol College, and

an Englishman, but it is in prose, and it is not made lively with illustrative tales. The heads of its dissertation are the Ten Commandments, the twelve articles of the Creed, the Seven Deadly Sins, Learning to Die, Knowledge of Good and Evil, the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, the four Cardinal Virtues, each elaborated with subdivisions, Penance, Almsgiving, Seven Steps and Seven Boughs of Chastity, the Seven Steps of Sobriety, and so forth.

The "Cursor Mundi," or Course of the World, is a long and important poem in Northumbrian English, which begins by setting forth the delight men take in romances of Alexander, Caesar, and King Arthur. But

"The wise man will of wisdom hear,
The fool him draws to folly near."

Delight in the false love of the world leads to a bitter end, and soft begun will end in smart. In the love of the Virgin Mary there is trust:—

"For though I sometime be untrue,
Her love is ever alike new."

¹ See pages 58—63.

In her honour, the poet says, he writes.

"In her worship begin would I
A work that should be lastingly
For to do men know her kin
That much worship did us win."

He will tell of that in the Old Testament story which points chiefly to Christ's coming, and then he will tell of the salvation of the world by Christ who died for it, of Antichrist, and of the Day of Judgment; he will do it, not in French rhymes, which are of no use to the Englishman ignorant of French, but in their own tongue to the English, and especially to those who need the knowledge most, and who go most astray.

"Now of this prologue will I blin,¹
In Christ's name my book begin;
'Cursor of the World' I will it call,
For almost it overrunnys all.
Take we our beginning than
Of Him that all this world began."

Then the poet begins with Creation, commenting and moralising; tells of the three orders of angels, and how Michael fought against Lucifer. Of the distance that Lucifer fell from heaven to hell, none can tell:

"But Bede said fro Earth to Heaven
Is seven thousand year and hundreds seven;
By journeys whoso go it may
Forty mile everychê day."

Man was made of the four elements, and has seven holes in his head, just as there are seven master stars in heaven. The poet dilates thus on the structure of man, and on the union of soul and body. Then he turns to Adam in Paradise, still blending touches of legend and speculation with his sketch of the Fall of Man. The story goes on through the lives of Cain and Abel to the Flood, and dwells on the history of Noah. Then he comes to the division of the world among Noah's sons, and looks to the different quarters of the world and its races of men. From the Tower of Babel he passes to the third age of the world, with the history of Abraham, and proceeds at length through the lives of the patriarchs to Joseph in Egypt. Jacob's reason for sending to Egypt in the time of famine is thus given:—

"Soon after, in a little while
Jacob yode² by the water of Nile,
He saw upon the water gleam
Chaff come fleting³ with the stream,
Of that sight wex⁴ he full blithe
And to his sons he told it swithe,⁵
'Childer,' he said, 'ye list and lete:⁶
I saw chaff on the water flete;

Whethen⁷ it comes can I not rede,
But down it fleteth full good speed.
If it be comen fro far land,
Look which of you will take on hand
For us all do this travail,
Thereof is good we take counsail,
Again the flum⁸ to follow the chaff,
Corn there shall we find to haf.'"

The poem goes on in like manner, often suggesting figures of Christ's coming, through the Exodus, and the histories of Moses and Joshua, to the Land of Promise; tells the histories of Samson, of Saul, David, and Solomon at length, is brought through the later history of the Jews to the chief prophecies of Christ, and then proceeds to a full dwelling on the life of Christ.

The Hermit of Hampole's "Prick of Conscience" is also a Northumbrian poem. Its author, Richard Rolle, was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire, about the year 1290, and educated at Oxford. When he was but nineteen years old he was seized with religious enthusiasm for the life of a hermit, and obtained from Sir John de Dalton a cell, with daily sustenance, at Hampole, about four miles from Doncaster. There he lived until his death in 1349, and he was one of the busiest religious writers of his day. He translated, as we shall presently see, the Psalms into English prose. He wrote many prose treatises, and he produced this poem of "The Prick" (that is, the Goad) "of Conscience" ("Stimulus Conscientiæ"). Its seven parts tell—1. Of the Beginning of Man's Life; 2. Of the Unstablens of this World; 3. Of Death, and why it is to be dreaded; 4. Of Purgatory; 5. Of Doomsday; 6. Of the Pains of Hell; 7. Of the Joys of Heaven. Mediæval fancies blend with the teaching. Thus the feebleness of man at birth is associated with memories of our first parents:—

"For unnethes⁹ es a child born fully
That it ne bygynnes to youle and cry;
And by that cry men knaw than¹⁰
Whether it be man or weman.
For when it es born it cryes swa:¹¹
If it be man it says, 'A, a!'
That the first letter es of the nam
Of our forme-fader Adam.
And if the child a woman be,
When it is born it says, 'E, e!'
E es the first letter and the hede
Of the name of Eve that bygan our dede.
Tharfor a clerk made on this manere
This vers of metre that es wroten here:
Dicentes E vel A quotquot nascuntur ab Eva.
'Alle thas,' he says, 'that comes of Eve
(That es all men that here byhoves leve¹²),

⁷ Whethen, whence; formed like *hethen*, hence.

⁸ Again the *flum*, against the course of the river.

⁹ *Unnethes*, scarcely. First-English "eathe," easily; "uneathe," uneasily, with difficulty, scarcely.

¹⁰ *Than* (First-English "thane"), then.

¹¹ *Swā*, so, thus. The First-English form of the word.

¹² *Byhoves leve*, have to live. First-English "behofian," to behave, be fit, have need of. In impersonal form, the meaning is fit or necessary.

¹ *Blin*, cease.

² *Yode* (First-English "eode"), went.

³ *Fleting*, floating.

⁴ *Wex*, grew. First-English "weuxan;" past "weox."

⁵ *Swithe*, quickly.

⁶ *List and lete*, listen and think.

When thai er born what-swa thai be,
Thai say outhar A, a! or E, e!"

This is Richard Rolle's reason for the title he gives to his book :—

"Therefore this treatise draw I would
In English tongue that may be called
'Prick of Conscience,' as men may feel,
For if a man it read and understand wele
And the matters therein to heart will take,
It may his conscience tender make;
And to right way of rule bring it belive!¹
And his heart to dread and meekness drive,
And to love, and yearning of heaven's bliss,
And to amend all that he has done amiss."

CHAPTER III.

WICLIF, LANGLAND, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1360 TO
A.D. 1400.

IN the year 1360 the Psalter was the only book of Scripture of which there was a translation into English of a date later than the Conquest. Within twenty-five years from that date John Wiclif had secured by his own work and that of true-hearted companions a translation of the whole Bible into English, including the Apocrypha. In the year 1365, Simon of Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, made



JOHN WICLIF.

From the Portrait in the Rectory at Wycliffe.

John Wiclif Warden of Canterbury Hall at Oxford, which stood where there is now the Canterbury Quadrangle of Christchurch. Canterbury Hall had on its foundation a Warden and eleven Scholars, of whom eight were to be secular clergy, but the other three and the Warden were to be monks of Christ

Church, Canterbury. Simon of Islip removed the four monks, including the Warden, in 1365; and he put Wiclif and three other secular clergy in their place. In 1366 Islip died, and his successor entertained an appeal against his dealing in the case of Canterbury Hall. The new Archbishop pronounced Wiclif's election void. Wiclif resisted, and appealed to Rome. After three or four years of uncertainty, the Pope supported the monks, and confirmed Wiclif's ejection. It was in 1365, the year of Wiclif's appointment to the Warden's office at Canterbury College, that the Pope revived a claim on England for homage and tribute which had remained unpaid for the last three-and-thirty years. In 1366, Edward III. laid the demand before Parliament, which answered that, forasmuch as neither King John, nor any other king, could bring this realm into such thralldom but by common consent of Parliament, which was not given; therefore what John did was against his oath at his coronation. The Pope had threatened that if Edward III. failed to pay tribute and arrears, he should be cited by process to appear at Rome, and answer for himself before his civil and spiritual sovereign. The English Parliament replied that if the Pope should attempt anything against the king by process or otherwise, the king with all his subjects should resist with all their might. A monk then wrote in vindication of the Papal claims, and challenged Wiclif, by name, to reply to them, and justify the decision of the English Parliament. Wiclif at once replied with a defence of the king and Parliament, in a Latin tract or "Determination" on Dominion, "*De Dominio*." The king had made Wiclif one of his chaplains, and his argument against the claims of Papal sovereignty procured him friends at court. In 1372, when he was about forty-eight years old, John Wiclif became Professor of Divinity at Oxford. Many were drawn to his lectures and sermons, and we also may now hear Dr. Wiclif preach :—

THE HEALING OF THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.²

Erat quidem regulus. Joh. iv. [46].

There was a certain [little king] nobleman.

This Gospel telleth how a king, that some men say was a heathen man, believed in Christ and deserved to have a miracle of his son. The story saith, how in Galilee was dwelling a little king, in the city of Capernaum, that had a son full sick of the fever. And when he heard tell that Jesus came from Judæa to Galilee, he came and met him on the way,

² This sermon is one of those published in "Select English Works of John Wyclif, edited from original MSS. by Thomas Arnold, M.A., of University College, Oxford. In three volumes. Published for the University of Oxford by the Clarendon Press in 1869 and 1871." This issue was undertaken by the Delegates of the University Press at the suggestion of Canon Shirley, who had devoted many years to the study of Wiclif, and issued in 1865 a "Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wyclif," as an aid to study of the Reformer. Very many of his works remained unprinted. Dr. Shirley did not live to enrich these volumes with the full Introduction he proposed to write, but they were carefully produced by an editor of his own choice, and have helped greatly to remove the discredit of a neglect of Wiclif's English writings under which England had lain for many years. Mr. Arnold has taken much pains to distinguish Wiclif's work from that of his followers.

¹ *Belive*, quickly. First-English "*bi life*," with life.

and prayed him come down and heal his son, for he was in point of death. And Christ said to this king, to amend his belief, Ye believe not in Jesus but if ye see signs and wonders; as this man believed not in the Godhead of Christ, for if he had, he should have trowed that Christ might have saved his son if he had not bodily come to this sick man and touched him. But this king had more heart of health of his son than he had to be healed of untruth that he was in, and therefore he told not hereby but asked eft¹ Christ to heal his son; and in this form of words, in which he shewed his untruth, "Lord," he said, "come down before that my son die." But Jesus as wise Lord and merciful healed his son in such manner that he might wite² that he was both God and man; "Go," he said, "thy son liveth." And therewith Christ taught his soul both of his manhood and Godhead, and else had not this king trowed;³ but this Gospel saith that he trowed and all his house. And upon this truth "he went homeward and met his men upon the way, that tolden him that his son should live, for he is covered⁴ of his evil. And he asked when his son fared better, and they saiden that yesterday the seventh hour the fevers forsook the child. And the father knew, by his mind, that it was the same hour that Christ said, "Thy son liveth," and herefore believed he and all his house in Jesus Christ. And therefore Jesus said sooth that he and men like to him trowen not but if they see both signs and wonders. It was a sign of the sick child that he did works of an whole man, but it was a great wonder that by virtue of the word of Christ a man so far should ben whole, for so Christ shewed that he is virtue of Godhead, that is everywhere; and this virtue must be God, that did thus this miracle.

This story saith us this second wit⁵ that God giveth to holy writ, that this little king betokeneth a man's wit by sin slidden from God, that is but a little king in regard of his Maker; and his son was sick on the fevers, as weren these heathen folk and their affections that comen of their souls; but they hadden a kindly⁶ will to wite the truth and stand therein. This king came from Capernaum, that is, a field of fatness; for man fatted and alarded wendeth away from God. This man's wit when he heard that Jesus came to heathen men, and that betokeneth Galilee, that is transmigration, met with Jesus in plain way, and left his heathen possession, and prayed God to heal his folk that weren sick by ghostly fever. But Christ sharpened these men's belief, for faith is first needful to men, but understanding of man prayed Christ come down by grace before man's affections die about earthly goods. But, for men troweden the Godhead of Christ, they weren whole of this fever when they forsoken this world and put their hope in heavenly goods. These servants ben low virtues of the soul, which, working joyfully, tellen man's wit and his will that this son is whole of fever. This fever betokeneth shaking of man by unkindly distemper of abundance of worldly goods, that ben unstable as the water; and herefore saith St. James that he that doubteth in belief is like to a flood of the sea that with wind is borne about. That these servants tolden this king that in the seventh hour fever forsook this child, betokeneth a great wit as Robert of Lincoln⁷ sheweth. First it betokeneth that this fever goeth away from man's kind by seven gifts of the Holy Ghost that ben understanden by these hours. And this clerk divideth the day in two halves by six hours, so that all the day

betokeneth light of grace that man is in. The first six hours betokenen joy that man hath of worldly thing, and this is before spiritual joy, as utter man is before spiritual. But in the first hour of the second half leaveth ghostly fever man, for whosoever have worldly joy, if he have grace on some manner, yet he trembleth in some fever about goods of the world; but anon in the seventh hour, that is the first of the second half, when will of worldly things is left, and spiritual things begynnen to be loved, then this shaking passeth from man, and ghostly health cometh to the spirit. And so shadows of light of sun from the seventh hour in to the night ever waxen more and more, and that betokeneth ghostly, that vanity of this world seemeth aye more to man's spirit till he come to the end of this life, to life that aye shall last. And so this man troweth in God, both with understanding and will, with all the mayné⁸ of his house, when all his wits and all his strength ben obeshing⁹ to reason, when this fever is thus passed. Of this understanding men may take moral wit how men shall live, and large the matter as them liketh.

This little fancy drawn from Grosseteste of the healing of the fever in the seventh hour is a pleasant example of that allegorical method of interpreting the Bible, that finding of what Wiclif here calls the "second wit" of a passage, that spread chiefly from the example of the Greek Fathers of the Church. Such a second meaning, or mystical reading, was often added by interpreters of any passage from the Bible to what was held to be the doctrinal truth it contained, the essential truth first to be expounded. Wiclif's preaching shows that while his first care was to deal with what appeared to him the plain doctrines and duties set forth by the Gospel, he delighted in the exercise of wit for the development of spiritual under-senses in this way of parable. Thus, for example, in a sermon on the fifth chapter of Luke's Gospel, which tells how Christ in Simon Peter's boat bade him cast his net again into the sea, Wiclif spoke thus of

THE TWO FISHERS OF PETER.

Two fishings that Peter fished betokeneth two takings of men unto Christ's religion, and from the fiend to God. In this first fishing was the net broken, to token that many men ben converted, and after broken Christ's religion; but at the second fishing, after the resurrection, when the net was full of many great fishes, was not the net broken, as the Gospel saith; for that betokeneth saints that God chooseth to heaven. And so these nets that fishers fishen with betokeneth God's Law, in which virtues and truths ben knitted; and other properties of nets tellen properties of God's Law; and void places between knots betokeneth life of kind,¹⁰ that men have beside virtues. And four cardinal virtues ben figured by knitting of the net. The net is broad in the beginning, and after strait in end, to teach that men, when they ben turned first, liven a broad worldly life; but afterward when they ben deeped in God's Law, they keepen hem straitlier from sins. These fishers of God shulden wash their nets in this river, for Christ's preachers shulden clearly tellen God's Law, and not meddle with man's law, that is trouby

¹ Eft, again.

² Wite, know.

³ Trowed, believed.

⁴ Covered, recovered, cured.

⁵ Second wit, second or under sense; a mystical reading added to the plain one.

⁶ Kindly, natural.

⁷ Robert of Lincoln, Robert Grosseteste. (See page 54.)

⁸ Mayné (French "mesnie"), originally the people upon the establishment of a manse, which was a home with as much ground about it as two oxen could till.

⁹ Obeshing (French "obeissant"), obedient.

¹⁰ Kind, nature.

water; for man's law containeth sharp stones and trees, by which the net of God is broken and fishes wenden out to the world. And this betokeneth Gennesareth, that is, a wonderful birth, for the birth by which a man is born of water and of the Holy Ghost is much more wonderful than man's kindly¹ birth. Some nets ben rotten, some han holes, and some ben unclean for default of washing; and thus on three manners faileth the word of preaching. And matter of this net and breaking thereof given men great matter to speak God's word, for virtues and vices and truths of the Gospel ben matter enow to preach to the people.

All Wiclif's preaching was true to this definition of what ought to be the matter of the preacher, "virtues and vices, and truths of the Gospel;" but among vices that most hindered religion were those of the professed teachers of religion, and an essential part of Wiclif's service to the people was his labour to check the corruptions of the Church. His chief service was the giving of the Bible itself to common Englishmen. He was at work upon this in 1374 when an inquiry into the number and value of English benefices given to Italians and Frenchmen caused a commission, of which Wiclif was a member, to be appointed for negotiation at Bruges with the Court of Rome. In November, 1375, Wiclif was presented to the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester, and not long afterwards he was appointed by the Crown to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. In 1376, a Parliament, called by the people "the Good Parliament," which opposed usurpations and tyrannies both of the Pope and of the King—expelling and imprisoning some of John of Gaunt's adherents—presented a remonstrance to the Crown upon the extortions of the Court of Rome. In this it urged that the tax paid to the Pope of Rome for ecclesiastical dignities doth amount to five-fold as much as the tax of all the profits that appertain to the king, by the year, of this whole realm; and for some one bishopric or other dignity the Pope, by way of translation and death, hath three, four, or five several taxes: that the brokers of that sinful city for money promote many caitiffs, being altogether unlearned and unworthy, to a thousand marks living yearly; whereas the learned and worthy can hardly obtain twenty marks; whereby learning decayeth. That aliens, enemies to this land, who never saw, nor care to see, their parishioners, have those livings, whereby they despise God's service and convey away the treasure of the realm. There was much more that explicitly set forth evils of Church corruption. It was in June of the same year that the death of the Black Prince deprived England of a popular heir to the throne. In the next year, 1377, when the protest of Parliament was continued, the Pope's collector, resident in London, a Frenchman in the time of English wars with France, who sent annually 20,000 marks to the Pope, was gathering first-fruits throughout England. The Parliament advised that no such collector or proctor for the Pope be suffered to remain in England, upon pain of life or limb; and that, on the like pain, no Englishman become any such collector or proctor,

or remain at the Court of Rome. While this was the political side of the reform movement, Wiclif for the support he gave it on spiritual grounds was cited to appear before Convocation at St. Paul's, on the 19th of February, 1377. The Court, then in full heat of political conflict with the Pope, supported Wiclif, and he was escorted to St. Paul's by John of Gaunt himself and Lord Henry Percy, the Earl-Marshal. The result was a brawl in the church, and a brawl following it in the town. The people confounded the cause of Wiclif with the character of John of Gaunt, whom they had no reason to count among their friends, and judging by his companions the pure spiritual reformer who was the best friend they had, they took part, naturally, with the bishop whose authority the overbearing courtiers had in their own fashion defied. Four months afterwards—on the 21st of June, 1377—Edward III. died, and his grandson Richard, son of the Black Prince, became king, at the age of eleven, as Richard II. Wiclif was then past fifty, and his work on the translation of the Bible was within two or three years of completion.

England was then suffering much by war. The French and Spaniards committed unchecked ravages upon our coast, destroyed the town of Rye, burnt Hastings, Poole, Portsmouth, and other places. Sore need of the means of self-defence quickened desire to check the Pope's drain on the treasures of the kingdom. The Pope, upon change of reign, revived the claim of Peter's pence which Edward III. had resisted. Wiclif was asked as to the lawfulness of withholding payments to the Pope, and justified it by the law of nature, self-preservation, which God has imposed on nations as on individuals. He justified it also by the Gospel, since the Pope could claim English money only under the name of alms, and consequently under the title of works of mercy, according to the rules of charity; but, he said, it would be madness, not charity, while pressed by taxation at home and facing the prospect of ruin, to give our goods to foreigners already wallowing in luxury. Bulls against Dr. John Wiclif, Professor of Divinity and Rector of Lutterworth, had been issued by the Pope before the death of Edward III. They were addressed to the King, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the University of Oxford. Private inquiry was first to be made as to Wiclif's heresies, and if this showed them to be as represented, he was to be imprisoned, and dealt with according to the instructions of his Holiness. Early in the year 1378, Wiclif appeared before a Synod of Papal Commissioners, held in the Archbishop's Chapel at Lambeth Palace. But the Londoners were now with the Reformer, a crowd broke into the chapel to protect him, and the commissioners were daunted also by a message from the widow of the Black Prince, forbidding them to pass any sentence against Wiclif. He was dismissed with an admonition.

It was at this time that the increasing movement for reform was aided by the schism in the Papacy. The removal of the Papal see to Avignon, early in the fourteenth century, by making the Pope dependent on the King of France, whose interests were held to be opposite to those of the King of

¹ Kindly, according to nature.

England, had greatly weakened the Pope's influence in this country. Upon the death of Gregory XI., in 1378, the Romans, weary of French Popes, elected an Italian, who became Pope as Urban VI. Against him was presently set up a Frenchman as Clement VII.; and so there were two discordant heads of the Church—one at Rome and one at Avignon—each claiming infallibility. Wiclif's conflict with the Papacy now passed to open war. "Trust we," he said, "in the help of Christ, for He hath begun already to help us graciously, in that He hath cloven the head of Antichrist and made the two parts fight against each other; for it cannot be doubtful that the sin of the Popes, which hath so long continued, hath brought in the division." This he wrote in a treatise on the schism, called the "Schisma Papæ," and about the same time he produced a treatise on the "Truth and Meaning of Scripture," in which he maintained the right of private judgment, asserted the supreme authority and the sufficiency of Scripture, and the need of a Bible in English.

While the supreme authority maintained that an admitted right of private judgment would lead many to heresy and peril of their souls, and that Holy Scripture in the language of the people, open to interpretation by the ignorant, would diffuse the error from which men were saved by the intervention of well-taught interpreters, the people of this country had, as we have seen, made fullest use of all permitted means of access to the Bible. Since it was lawful to translate the book of Psalms, that book had several translators. Of a metrical Psalter in Transition English of the North of England, in the thirteenth century, which was edited in 1845 by Mr. Joseph Stevenson, for the Surtees Society, in the same volume with a First-English Psalter, this will serve as a specimen:—

PSALM LXVII.

God milthe¹ of us, and blis us thus;
Light over us his face, and milthe us.
That we knowe in erthe thi wai,
In alle genge² thi heling ai.³
Schriuen to the, God, folke be;
Schriuen alle folke be to the.
Faine and glade genge, mare and lesse,
For thou demes⁴ folke in evennesse;
And genge in erthe with thi might
Steres⁵ thou, that thai do right.
Schriuen to the, God, be folke; al folke to the
 shrive.
The erthe gaf his fruite bilive.
Blisse us, God; our God us blisse
And drede him all endes of erthe thisse.

The first prose version of the Psalms in Transition English was made about the year 1327, by William of Shoreham, who was Vicar of Chart Sutton, in Kent,

¹ *Milthe*. First-English "milts," mercy; "miltisian," to pity, to be gracious.

² *Genge*, nations, congregations of people. First-English "genge," a flock.

³ *Ai*, ever.

⁴ *Demes*, judgest.

⁵ *Steres*, rulest. First-English "steoran," to steer, rule, govern.

and wrote Southern English. I take the 22nd Psalm in this version as an example:—

PSALM XXIII.

Our Lord governeth me, and nothing shall defailen to me; in the stede of pasture he sett me ther.

He norissed me up water of fyllynge; he turned my soule from the fende.

He lad⁶ me up the bistiges⁷ of rigtfulnes; for his name. For gif that ich have gon amidde of the shadowe of deth; Y shal nought douten iuels, for thou art wyth me.

Thy discipline and thyn amendyng; comforted me. Thou madest radi grace in my sight; ogayns hem that trublen me.

Thou makest fatt myn heued wyth mercy; and my drynke makand drunken ys ful clere.

And thy merci shal folwen me; alle daies of mi lif:

And that ich wonne⁸ in the hous of our Lord, in lengthe of daies.

The next English prose version of the Psalms was that of Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, author of "The Prick of Conscience," already mentioned. He made his translation at the request of Dame Margaret Kirkby, of the Nunnery at Hampole. Of Richard Rolle's translation this is a specimen:—

PSALM LXXIX.

God, folkis come in to thyn heritage, thei defouledyn thin hooli temple; thei setten Jerusalem in to keypyng of applis.

Thei settyn the deede bodies of thi seruautis meete to the foulis of heuene; fleische of thyn halowis⁹ to beestis of erthe.

Thei heeld¹⁰ out the bloode of hem as watir in the cumpas fo Jerusalem; and there was not to birye hem.

We ben maad repreef to our neighboris; scoornynge and hethyng¹¹ to alle that ben in oure cumpas.

Hou longe, Lord, schal thou be wroth in to the eende; thi loue as fijr schal be kyndliid.

Heeld out thyn yre in to folkis that knewen thee not; and in to rewmys that han not incelepid thi name.

There are many variations in the manuscripts of Richard Rolle's translation of the Psalms.

In the religious house of Llanthony, in Monmouthshire, there was in the twelfth century a monk named Clement, who wrote in Latin a *Monotessaron*, or "Harmony of the Gospels." Wiclif's earlier work on what seemed to him signs of the coming end of the world, "The Last Age of the Church," perhaps suggested to him the Commentary on the Apocalypse, with which his work upon the Bible-text may have begun. He may then have written Commentaries on the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, and

⁶ *Lad*, led.

⁷ *Bistiges*, paths. First-English "stig," a path. An italic *g* stands here for the softened *g*, represented in Transition English by a modified letter like *ȝ*. Such a *g* disappears or becomes *y* or *gh* in modern English.

⁸ *Wonne*, dwell. First-English "wunian."

⁹ *Halowis*, saints. First-English "halga," from "halig," holy.

¹⁰ *Heeld*, poured. Icelandic "hella," to pour out. So in Wiclif's translation of Mark's Gospel, "No man sendith newe wyn in-to oold botelis, ellis the wyn shal berste the wyn-vesselis, and the wyn shall be helde out."

¹¹ *Hethyng*, scoff. Icelandic "hætha," to scoff at; "hæthing," scoffing.

John; but his authorship of these is doubtful. In the Prologue to the Commentary upon Matthew's Gospel, their compiler strongly urged that the whole Scriptures ought to be translated into English. His Commentaries included the text they explained, and their method is set forth by himself in this passage of his Prologue to the Commentary upon Luke:—

"Herefore a poor caitiff¹ letted from preaching for a time for causes known of God, writeth the Gospel of Luke in English, with a short exposition of old and holy doctors, to the poor men of his nation which cunnen little Latin either none, and ben poor of wit and of worldly catel, and natheless rich of goodwill to please God. First this poor caitiff setteth a full sentence of the text together, that it may well be known from the exposition; afterwards he setteth a sentence of a doctor declaring the text; and in the end of the sentence he setteth the doctor's name, that men mowen know verily how far his sentence goeth. Only the text of the Holy Writ, and sentence of old doctors and approved, ben set in this exposition."

While Wiclif was at work, another writer, whose name is unknown, but whose English is of the North of England, produced Commentaries upon Matthew, Mark, and Luke, executed upon the same principle. This writer said in his preface to the Commentary on Matthew:—

"Here begins the exposition of St. Matthew after the chapters that ben set in the Bible, the chapters of which Gospel ben eight-and-twenty.

"This work some time I was stirred to begin of one that I suppose verily was God's servant, and oftentimes prayed me this work to begin; sayand to me, that sethin the Gospel is rule, by the whilk each Christian man owes to life,² divers has drawn it into Latin, the whilk tongue is not knowen to ilk man, but only to the lered, and many lewd men are that gladly would con the Gospel if it were drawn into English tongue, and so it should do great profit to man soul, about the whilk profit ilk man that is in the grace of God, and to whom God has sent conning, owes heartily to busy him. Wherefore I that through the grace of God began this work, so stirred, as I have said before, by such word, thought in my heart that I was holden by charity this work to begin; and so this work I began at the suggestion of God's servant. And greatly in this doing I was comforted of other of God's servants divers, to such time that through the grace of God I brought this to an end. In the whilk outdrawing I set not of mine head, nor of mine own fantasy, but as I found in other expositors."

Another unknown worker made a version of St. Paul's Epistles into Latin and English. To Wiclif is ascribed a translation into English of Clement of Llanthony's "Harmony of the Gospels," and then, by separating the text from the annotation in his Commentaries, he is said to have produced complete English versions of the separate Gospels. Wiclif himself is believed to have been also the translator of

the Acts of the Apostles, and of the Epistles, as well as of the Apocalypse.

The chief translator in Wiclif's time of the books of the Old Testament was Nicholas of Hereford. The original copy of his English version of the Old Testament is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, corrected throughout by a contemporary hand. A second copy in the Bodleian is a transcript made from the first before it was corrected, and it is in this early transcript that the translation is said to have been made by Nicholas de Hereford. This Nicholas was a Doctor of Divinity in Queen's College, Oxford, and was in 1382—two years before Wiclif's death—one of the Lollard leaders in the University. On Ascension Day in that year he preached at St. Frideswide's by order of the Chancellor. A few days later, on the 18th of May, he was cited before a synod of Dominicans at London, and on the 20th he delivered a paper containing his opinions. On the 1st of July, at an adjourned meeting in Canterbury, he was excommunicated. He appealed to the Pope, went, it is said, to Rome, and was there imprisoned. Released with other prisoners during an insurrection, he came to England, where, in January, 1386, he was committed to prison for life by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In August, 1387, he was free, and aiding Reformation. In October, 1393, he was present when Walter Brute, of Hereford, was charged with heresy. In February, 1394, he was made Chancellor of the Cathedral at Hereford, and in March, 1397, he became Treasurer of the Cathedral. He was an old man when he resigned that office, in 1417, and joined the Carthusians of St. Anne's, at Coventry, among whom he died. This is a piece of his Old Testament translation:—

PSALM LXVII.

God have merci of vs, and blisse to vs, ligte to his chere vpon vs; and haue mercy of vs. That wee knowe in the erthe thi weie; in alle jentilis thi helthe givero. Knouleche to thee puplis, God; knouleche to thee alle puplis. Gladen and ful out ioge jentilis, for thou demest puplis in equite; and jentilis in the erthe thou dressist. Knouleche to thee puplis, God, knouleche to thee alle puplis; the erthe gaf his frut. Blesse vs God, oure God, blesse us God; and drede him alle the coostus of erthe.

And here is a specimen of Wiclif's New Testament translation. It is from

MATTHEW'S GOSPEL—CHAPTER VI.

Take see³ hede, lest 3e don 3our rigtwisnesse before men, that 3ee be seen of hem, ellis 3e shule nat han meed at 3oure fadir that is in heuenes. Therfore when thou dost almesse, nyle thou synge byfore thee in a trumpe, as ypocritis don in synagogis and streetis, that thei ben maad worshipful of men; forsothe I saye to 3ou, thei han resceyued her meede. But thee doyng almesse, knowe nat the left hond what thi rigt

¹ Mr. Thomas Arnold argues, among other things in opposition to Wiclif's authorship of the Commentary, that he could hardly have called himself a "poor caitiff," and that he was never "letted from preaching."

² *Owes to life*, ought to live.

³ *See*. The character at the beginning of this word is here used throughout for the soft *g*, which it resembles. It is not *z*. (See Note 2, page 49.)

hond doth, that thi almes be in hidlis,¹ and thi fadir that seeth in hidlis, shal geelde to thee. And when 3e shuln preye, 3ee shuln nat be as ypocritis, the whiche stondynge louen to preye in synagogis and corners of streetis, that thei be seen of men; trewly Y say to 3ou, thei han resseyued her meede. But whan thou shalt preye, entre in to thi couche, and the dore schet, preye thi fadir in hidlis, and thi fadir that seeth in hidlis, shal geelde to thee. Sothely preyinge nyle 3ee speke moche, as hethen men don, for thei gessen that thei ben herd in theire moche speche. Therefore nyl 3e be maadliche to hem, for 3oure fadir woot what is need to 3ou, before that 3e axen hym. Forsothe thus 3e shulen preyen, Oure fadir that art in heuenes, halwid be thi name; thi kyngdom cumme to; be thi wille don as in heuen and² in erthe; gif to vs this day oure bread oure other substaunce; and for3eue to vs oure dettis, as we for3eue to oure dettours; and leede vs nat in to temptacioun, but delyuere vs fro yuel. Amen. Forsothe gif 3ee shulen for3eue to men her synns, and³ 3oure heuenly fadir shal for3eue to 3ou 3oure trespassis. Sothely gif 3ee shulen for3eue not to men, neither 3oure fadir shal for3eue to 3ou 3oure synnes. But when 3ee fasten, nyl 3e be maad as ypocritis sorweful, for thei putten her facis out of kyndly termys, that thei seme fastynge to men; trewly Y say to 3ou, thei han resseyued her meede. But whan thou fastist, anynte thin hede, and washe thi face, that thou be nat seen fastynge to men, but to thi fadir that is in hidlis, and thi fadir that seeth in hidlis, shal geelde to thee. Nyle 3e tresoure to 3ou tresours in erthe, wher rust and mou3the destruyeth, and wher theeues deluen out and stelen; but tresoure 3ee to 3ou tresouris in heuene, wher neither rust ne mou3the destruyeth, and wher theeues deluen nat out, ne stelen. Forsothe wher thi tresour is there and² thin herte is. The lanterne of thi body is thin e3e; gif thin e3e be symple, al thi body shal be lizhtful; bot gif thyn e3e be weyward, al thi body shal be derkful. Therefore gif the lizht that is in thee be derknessis, how grete shulen thilk derknessis be? No man may serue to two lordis, forsothe ethir he shal haat the toon, and loue the tother; other he shal susteyn the toon, and dispise the tothir. 3e mown nat serue to God and richessis. Therefore Y say to 3ou, that 3e ben nat besie to 3oure lijf, what 3e shulen ete; othir to 3oure body, with what 3e shuln be clothid. Wher³ 3oure lijf is nat more than mete, and the body more than clothe? Beholde 3e the fleeyinge foulis of the air, for thei sown nat, ne repyn, neither gadren in to bernys; and 3oure fadir of heuen fedith hem. Wher 3e ben nat more worthi than thei? Sothely who of 3ou thenkinge may putte to to his stature oo cubite? And of clothing what ben 3e besye? Beholde 3e the lilies of the feelde, how thei wexen. Thei traueilen nat, nether spynnen. Trewly I say to 3ou, for whi neither Salamon in al his glorie was keuerid as oon of thes. For gif God clothith thus the heye of the feelde, that to day is, and to morwe is sente in to the fourneyse, how moche more 3ou of litil feith? Therefore nyl 3e be bisie, sayinge, What shulen we ete? or, What shulen we drynke? or, With what thing shulen we be keuered? Forsothe heithen men sechen alle these thingis; trewly 3oure fadir wote that 3e han need to alle these thingis. Therefore seke 3ee first the kyngdam of God and his rigtwisnesse, and alle these thingis shulen be cast to 3ou. Therefore nyle 3e be bisie in to the morwe, for the morow day shal be besie to it self; sothely it sufficith to the day his malice.

¹ Hidlis, a secret place. First-English "hydels." So Wiclif translates "Exultatio eorum sicut ejus qui devorat pauperem in abscondito." "The gladnes of hem, as of hym that devoureth the pore in hidlis."

² And, also.

³ Wher, whether.

In the last years of his life, after he had secured a translation of the whole Bible into English by himself and his fellow-workers,⁴ Wiclif wrote many English tracts on the religious questions of the day; and his labour for Reformation, that had begun with the corruptions of Church discipline, included more argument against what he held to be corruptions of Church doctrine, especially upon the old question of the real presence of Christ in the bread and wine of the Sacrament. In 1381 he issued twelve propositions against the doctrine of transubstantiation. In 1382, the London Dominicans, or Black Friars, as custodians of orthodox opinion, condemned as heretical twenty-four conclusions drawn from Dr. Wiclif's writings. Apparently in reply to this came the tract setting forth "Fifty Heresies and Errors of Friars," ascribed to Wiclif, and probably his, but perhaps by one of his followers. Wiclif was then banished from the University, and in 1384 was summoned to appear before the Pope; but on the last day of that year he died.

Of the personal appearance of the first great English Church Reformer there are only two records. One



JOHN WICLIF.

From Bale's "Centuries of British Writers" (1548).

is the portrait, said to have been by Sir Antonio More, which Dr. Thomas Zouch, Rector of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, gave to the rectory in 1796, to be preserved by the rectors who should succeed him, as an heirloom of the rectory house. A copy of it is at the commencement of this chapter. The other record, perhaps more trustworthy, is a woodcut portrait which appeared in the first edition, published in 1548, and only in that first edition, of John Bale's "Centuries of the Illustrious Writers of Great Britain."

⁴ A noble edition of Wiclif's Bible was published by the University of Oxford in 1850: "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books, in the Earliest English Version made from the Latin Vulgate, by John Wycliffe and his Followers. Edited by the Rev. Josiah Forshall, F.R.S., &c., late Fellow of Exeter College, and Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., &c., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Oxford University Press."

This is well executed, and except woodcuts of Bale himself presenting his book to Edward VI., it is the only portrait in the volume. The publisher of that edition must, therefore, have valued it as a copy from some trustworthy original which is not now to be found. The picture ascribed to Sir Antonio More must also have been copied from a portrait now lost, and there is likeness enough between the two.

Fellow-worker and contemporary with John Wiclif was William Langland. His religious poem called "The Vision of Piers Plowman" was addressed to the whole body of the English people, and dealt earnestly with the material condition of the country, so far as that concerned its spiritual life. It was in the old English form of alliterative verse, and had a vocabulary rich, not only by the acquisition of new words from the Norman-French, but by the retention of old English words which had already become obsolete in the cultivated English of the towns, though still familiar among the people. Its popular English—English rather of the country than of the town—includes, in fact, so many words of which the disuse has, by this time, become general, that "The Vision of Piers Plowman" is now to be read less easily than contemporary verse of Chaucer's, and to modern eyes looks older for that which gave it, in the ears of those for whom it was written, the ease of homeliness. It was not the homeliness of an ill-taught rusticity, but of an educated man of genius who loved God and his country, and laboured to lift many eyes from amidst the troubles of those times to Christ, typified by the Plowman of whom he told his Vision. "The Vision of Piers Plowman" deserves European fame as one of the great poems of the fourteenth century; but it is enough for Langland if, after many years, his own countrymen shall still hold him in memory, and honour him because they share the spirit of his work.

William Langland¹ may have been born, as John Bale says that he was, at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, or, as a fifteenth-century note on one MS. of his poems says that he was, at Shipton-under-Wychwood, four miles from Burford, in Oxfordshire, the son of a freeman named Stacy de Rokayle, who lived there as a tenant under Lord le Spenser. Upon one MS. he is called William W., which may possibly mean William de Wychwood. In a part of his poem which contains a reference to the accession of Richard II. in 1377, Langland seems to speak of his own age as forty-five:—

"Coveytise-of-cyghes confortid me anon after
And folwed me fourty wynter and a fyfte more."

If we take this as direct evidence, the earliest possible date of Langland's birth would be 1332. He was well educated, perhaps in the Priory School at

Malvern, and then seems to have been engaged in that house upon offices of the Church. His Vision was represented as occurring to him while he slept from time to time on Malvern Hills. The opening lines may be variously interpreted:—

"In a somer seson whan soft was the sonne
I shope me in shroudes as I a shepe were,
In habit as an heremite unholy of workes,
Went wyde in this world wondres to here."

Shepe here is said to mean shepherd, and William is supposed to have put on a shepherd's dress, which resembled that of a hermit. Hermit "unholy of works" was paraphrased by Dr. Whitaker as meaning "not like an anchorite who keeps his cell, but like one of those unholy hermits who wander about the world to see and hear wonders," and some such sense of depreciation is usually given to the phrase. I think that "shepe" means sheep, as the opposite to shepherd; and that William on a summer's day put off the clerical dress that marked his place among the pastors, made himself as one of the flock, in habit of a heremite, a man given to contemplation in the wilderness,—for Malvern Hills were then a famous wilderness; and so to William's mind was the wide world. He took the form of a man devoting himself to lonely thought, who was "unholy of works," because he made himself as one of the flock, not of the pastors, thinking and feeling as one of the people of England, and as if he were not vowed to the sole contemplation of God. I do not suppose unholy to have any bad sense, but to mean only that William made himself, for the purpose of the poem, as one of the people, and put aside for a time his work as of one in holy orders. That he was incorporated in some way with the great religious house at Malvern is made the more probable by the account he gave in later life of his means of subsistence when living in Cornhill with Kit his wife:—

"And ich lyue in London and on London both
The lomes² that ich laboure with and lyfode³ deserve
Ys *pater-noster* and my prymer, *placebo* and *dirige*,
And my sauter som tyme and my seuene psalmes.
Thus ich synge for hure soules of suche as me helpen
And tho⁴ that fynden me my fode."

The freedom with which William Langland entered into the new spirit of reformation stayed, no doubt, his advancement in the Church. Such a man as a married priest, with a wife Kit and Calot a daughter, might live in London and on London by the help of those who shared his aspirations and could lighten the burden of his daily life; but he had entirely turned his back upon the race for Church preferment, and had indeed, in the eyes of the Church superiors, "shope himself in shroudes as he a shepe were, in habit as an heremite unholy of workes." He had gone out into the wilderness that he might tell us of

¹ Bale, in his Latin "Centuries of the Illustrious Writers of Great Britain," called him Robert Langland, born at Cleobury Mortimer, in the clayland, and within eight miles of Malvern Mills. But earlier than this sixteenth-century evidence of a writer who abounds in errors, is the evidence of the titles of MSS. which always call him William, and of the author's own use of "Will" when he speaks of himself, and of a record on a Dublin MS. in a hand of the fifteenth century, which describes him as William of Langland, son of Stacy de Rokayle.

² *Lomes*, utensils. First-English "lóma" and "gelóma," household stuff, utensils, furniture, stock, store.

³ *Lyfode* (First-English "liflode"), maintenance, livelihood.

⁴ *Tho*, those.

the solemn voices that he heard through all the noise and babble of the world.

Langland's poem rose out of almost his whole life as a man. He began it about the year 1362, when he was not older than thirty. He was thoroughly revising it about the year 1377, when his age was forty-five, and he continued to revise and enlarge it during the next twenty years. The numerous MSS. which attest the great popularity of the poem represent it in three forms, corresponding to these stages of its development—first in eleven passus, or divisions; then in twenty; then in twenty-three. It was from a MS. of the second form that Robert Crowley, dwelling in Ely Rents in Holborn (he was Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate), first printed "The Vision of Piers Plowman," in 1550, in a quarto volume of 250 pages. It was published to assist, by its true voice, the great effort made towards reformation in the reign of Edward VI., and so heartily welcomed that there were three editions of the poem at this date. It was again printed by Reginald Wolfe in 1553; and, after the interval of Mary's reign, again by Owen Rogers in 1561. But Langland's work was known to very few when, in 1813, Dr. Thomas Dunham Whitaker printed an edition of it from a MS. of the third and latest type. It was edited again by Mr. Thomas Wright, in 1842 and 1856, the latter edition being a most convenient and accessible one, forming two volumes of a "Library of Old English Authors."¹ Mr. Wright's edition was from a MS. giving a form of the poem similar to that published by Robert Crowley; and in 1867, 1869, and 1873, each of the three forms of the MSS. of "Piers Plowman" was represented, with collation of all the best of the three dozen MS. texts, in editions prepared by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, for the Early-English Text Society.²

Wandering over Malvern Hills on a May morning, William became weary. He lay down and slept upon the grass. Then he saw in a dream—first of the series of dreams that form his Vision—"all the wealth of this world, and the woe both." Between the sunrise, where rose in the east the Tower of Truth, and the sunset, where Death dwelt in a deep dale,

"A fair field full of folk found I there between,
All manner of men, the mean and the rich,
Working and wandering as the world asketh."

¹ The "Library of Old English Authors," published by J. R. Smith. Soho Square, has already been referred to as containing in three of its five-shilling volumes Sir Thomas Malory's "History of King Arthur." It is a series of good handy editions of books of real worth.

² Mr. Skeat's work upon Langland's great poem is singularly thorough. He publishes, with a special introduction, each of its three forms separately, from collation of the MSS., with various readings and reference to the MS. containing each. A fourth section is assigned to the General Introduction, Notes and Index. Besides this work on the whole poem, Mr. Skeat has contributed to the Clarendon Press Series the first seven passus—"The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, by William Langland, according to the version revised and enlarged by the author about A.D. 1377," with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, as an aid to the right study of Early English in colleges and schools, and also as a most efficient guide to the reading of the whole poem by those to whom its English, without such help, would be obscure. Mr. Skeat's thorough study of the poem from all points of view makes him our chief authority in any question concerning it.

Some put themselves to the plough, took little rest, and earned that which the wasters destroy by their gluttony. Some put themselves to pride, and clothed themselves thereafter in many a guise. Many put themselves to prayer and penance, living hard lives for the love of our Lord, in hope to have a good end, and bliss in heaven. Some lived by trade; and some by minstrelsy, avoiding labour, swearing great oaths, and inventors of foul fancies, making themselves fools, though they have wit at will to work if they would. Beggars were there with full bags, brawling and gluttonous; pilgrims and palmers who went to St. James of Compostella and the saints of Rome, and had leave to tell lies all their lives after. Long lubbers made pilgrimages to our Lady of Walsingham,³ clothed themselves in copes to be known from other men,

"And made themselves Hermits, their ease to have.
I found there Friars, all the four orders,⁴
Preaching the people for profit of the wam⁵
And glosing⁶ the Gospel as them good liked.

There preached a Pardoner, as he a Priest were,
And brought forth a bull with bishop's seals,
And said that himself might assolt them all
Of falseness of fastings, of vows to-broke.
Lewéd men lievéd⁷ him well, and likeden his words,
Comen and kneleden, to kissen his bulls.⁸
He blessed⁹ them with his brevet,¹⁰ and bleared¹¹ their eyne

³ Our Lady of Walsingham. The shrine of the Virgin Mary in the monastery of the Augustinian Canons at Walsingham, in Norfolk (twenty-seven miles N.W. of Norwich), attracted very many pilgrims. Norfolk people said that the Milky-way pointed to it, and was Walsingham-way. The monastery was founded in the eleventh century by Geoffrey de Taverche. Henry VIII. in the second year of his reign walked barefoot from the village of Barsham to the shrine at Walsingham, but afterwards he caused the image of Our Lady to be burnt at Chelsea. The ruins are now a lofty arch, sixty feet high, some cloister and another arch, a stone bath, and the two Wishing Wells. Any pilgrim allowed to drink of their water had his wish.

⁴ Friars, all the four orders. Grey Friars (Franciscans or Minorites); Black Friars (Dominicans); White Friars (Carmelites); Austin Friars (Augustines). The foundation of the Grey and Black Friars has been described (see pages 52, 53). The Carmelites claimed Elijah for their founder. They were established in the twelfth century by Berthold, a Calabrian, who went to the Holy Land and formed a hermit community on Mount Carmel, the traditional abode of Elijah. Pressed out by the Saracens in 1238, they spread over Europe, and had in Langland's time about forty houses in England and Wales. The Austin Friars followed the Rule of St. Augustine, prescribed by Pope Alexander IV. in 1256.

⁵ Wam, womb. First English "wamb," the belly.

⁶ Glosing, commenting on, interpreting.

⁷ Lievéd, believed. First-English "lyfan," to allow.

⁸ Bulls were so called from the seals attached. The round official seal of stamped lead attached to the document was called *bull* from its roundness. This is one of a class of mimetic words said to originate in the roundness, or of the motion of the bubbles in a boiling pot. *Bull* or *ball*, from the roundness of the bubble. *Ballot*, a little ball; *balloon*, a great one. *Ballare*, to dance from the movement of boiling, whence *ball*, a dance; *ballet*, a little dance. So *ballads* were probably named from the old custom of swaying to and fro in various ways, accordant to the mood expressed by the reciter.

⁹ Blessed. Another MS. has *bonched*, hammered at. Icelandic "banga," to hammer, whence the common English form "to bang," and a provincial form "to bunch," meaning to strike.

¹⁰ Brevet, letter of indulgence. A short official letter. Old French "brievet," from Latin "breve," like English and German "brief." So also in Icelandic "bref" meant a letter and a written deed, or official despatch, in which last sense (according to Cleasby and Vigfusson) the word first occurs in the negotiation between Norway and Sweden, A.D. 1018.

¹¹ Bleared, made dim. This is not the word *bleared* applied to eyes

And raught with his rageman¹ rings and brooches.
Thus ye giveth your gold gluttons to help."

But, says the poet, though the bishop were a saint and worth both his ears, his seals should not be sent to deceive the people. Parsons and parish priests, in this field full of folk that stood for the English world, complained in Will's dream to the bishop that their parishioners were poor since the pestilence time, and asked licence to live in London—

"And sing there for simony: silver is sweet.
Bishops and bachelors, both masters and doctors,
That have cure under Christ, and crowning in token,
Ben chargéd with Holy-Church Charity to till,
That is leal love and life among learned and lewéd;²
They lien in London in Lentene and elles.
Some serven the King, and his silver tellen,³
In the chequer and the chancelry, challenging his debts,
Of wards and of wardmotes, waifs and strays.
Some aren as seneschals and serven other lords,
And ben in stead of stewards, and sitten and demen.⁴

Conscience accused such men, and the people heard, and the world was made worse by their covetousness. The Cardinals to whom St. Peter entrusted his power to bind and to unbind were not the Cardinals at court, who take that name and presume power in themselves to make a Pope; they were the four Cardinal Virtues. So Will, in his Vision, looked upon the world till a King came into the field led by Knighthood—"the much might of the men made him to reign." And then came Kind-wit, the knowledge of the natural man, and he made Clerks; and Conscience, Kind-wit, and Knighthood together agreed that the Commons should support them. Kind-wit and the Commons contrived between them all the crafts, and for chief profit of the people made a plough, whereby men may live through loyal labour while there remains life and land. Here Langland applies the mediæval fable of the rats and mice who wished to bell the cat that they might know when to get out of his way; but when the bell was bought and fastened to a collar, there was no rat of all the rout, for all the realm of France, that durst have bound the bell about the cat's neck. Then stood forth a wise little mouse, who said—

"Though we had ykilled the cat, yet should there come another

To cratchen us and all our kind, though we creep under benches,

For-thi⁵ I counsel, for common profit, let the cat be,

And never be we so bold the bell him to shew.

For I heard my sire sayn, seven year past,

'There⁶ the cat nis but a kitten the court is full ailing;'

Witness of Holy Writ, who so can read—

Vie terra ubi puer est rex Salamon;"

"Woe to thee, O Land, when thy king is a child!" (Ecclesiastes x. 16). There is here one of the pathetic echoes of this cry which blended with the voice of England in our literature after young Richard II. became king. Langland applied his fable of the belling of the cat to the power of Edward III.'s son, John of Gaunt, the richest noble in England, the wielder of royal power in the last years of his father's weakness, and one who was believed to be looking forward to possession of the throne. Detested by the commonalty, he was the cat whom the rats and mice desired to bell. Langland's parable was a veiled suggestion that no substantial gain was to be hoped. Though we might bell the cat, what of the kitten? Could the misery of the land with John of Gaunt foremost at court be less when it had a child for king and its princes ate in the morning? What his dream of the cat and the rats meant he said to his readers "divine ye, for I ne dare."

The misery of the land! We have referred to the burning and ravage of our coast towns at the close of Edward III.'s reign. Langland has represented country priests pleading that they could not draw livings out of congregations wasted and impoverished by plague. Later reference to these pestilences, as well as to a memorable high wind, and to the treaty of Bretigny, fix the year 1362 as about the time when Langland began to write his Vision. The first two of the great pestilences of the fourteenth century were suffered by England in the years 1348-49 and 1360-61. The earlier of these, known as "the Black Death" or "the Great Mortality," was, of all plagues, the most desolating ever known in Europe. It was said that the plague entered Italy with a thick foul mist from the east. Unseasonable weather had caused general failure of crops. In the spring of 1347, before the plague, bread was being distributed to the poor in Italian cities; 94,000 twelve-ounce loaves were given away daily from large public bakehouses erected in Florence alone. Famine preceded pestilence; and of the famine many died. The "Black Death" had raged on the northern shores of the Black Sea before it was brought thence to Constantinople. Thence it passed, in 1347, to Cyprus, Sicily, Marseilles, and some of the seaports of Italy. It spread over the Mediterranean islands, and reached Avignon in January, 1348. Petrarch's Laura was there among its victims. It spread through Italy and France, was in Florence by April, passed into Germany, entered England in August, but three months then passed before it had reached London.

red after crying—a word said to be formed from *blear*; but *bleared* allied to *blurred*. See page 137, note 13 of the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems."

¹ *Raught with his rageman.* *Raught*, reached, got to himself. First-English "*raēcan*."—*Rageman*. In the Chronicle of Lanercost (edited by Stevenson, page 261), we read that an instrument or charter of subjection and homage to the kings of England is called by the Scots *ragman*, because of the many seals hanging from it. "*Unum instrumentum sive cartam subjectionis et homagii faciendi regibus Angliæ . . . a Scottis propter multa sicilla dependentia ragman vocatur.*" That is the sense in which Langland uses the word. Afterwards in Wyntoun's Chronicle, Douglas and Dunbar, "*ragman*" and "*ragment*" mean a long piece of writing, a rhapsody, or an account. In course of time, it is said, "*ragman's roll*" became "*rigmarole*."

² *Lewed*, the unlearned mass of the people. First-English "*leode*," people.

³ *Tellen*, count. First-English "*tellan*."

⁴ *Demnen*, give judgment.

⁵ *For-thi*, therefore.

⁶ *There*, where.

In 1349 it was sweeping over northern Europe, but it did not reach Russia till 1351. Those were not days of accurate statistics, and we may say nothing of the 23,840,000 said to have died by this plague in the East; but of Western towns, civilised enough to have some notion of the number of their inhabitants, Venice said that there perished 100,000 of her people, or three-fourths of the whole population; Florence said she had lost 60,000; Avignon, 60,000; Paris, 50,000; London, 100,000; Norwich, 51,100; Yarmouth, 7,052. In many places half the population died; some little towns and villages lost all by death and flight. Of the Franciscan Friars in Germany there were said to have perished 124,434, and in Italy 30,000. Merchants sought favour of God by laying down their treasures at the altar; monks shunned the gifts for the contagion that they brought, and closed their gates, and still had the vain riches of this world thrown by despairing men over their convent walls. In the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, when five hundred were dying daily, pious women, Sisters of Charity, were about them with human ministrations and words of divine consolation. These nurses were perishing themselves daily of the disease from which they would not flinch in the performance of their duty; and as they fell at their posts there never was a want of other gentlewomen to press in and carry on their sacred work. The Black Death was followed in England by a murrain among cattle. It has been estimated by a modern writer that this great pestilence destroyed a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe.¹ The terror of this was fresh when pestilence, which broke out again at Avignon in 1360, was again scourging us in 1361. Of the second pestilence it was observed that the richer classes suffered by it in larger proportion than before.

We return to William's Vision of "all the wealth of this world and the woe both." What means the mountain and the murky dale and the field full of folk, he will go on to show. From the Castle on the hill came down to him a fair lady who called him by his name,

"And said, 'Will, sleepest thou? Seest thou this people
How busy they ben about the mase.²
The most part of the people that passeth on this earth
Have they worship in this world they willeen no better,
Of other heaven than here they holden no tale.'³
I was afearod of her face, though she fair were,
And said, 'Merci, madame;⁴ what may this be to mean?'
'The tower upon toft,'⁵ quoth she. 'Truth is therein,
And would that ye wrought as His word teacheth,
For He is Father of Faith, and Former of All.
To be faithful to Him He gave you five wits
For to worshipin Him therewith while ye liven here.'"

He bade the elements serve man, and yield all that man needed: three things only, clothing, and food, and

drink, without excess. Though you desire much, Measure is medicine. All is not good for the spirit that the body asks, nor is the flesh fed by that in which the soul delights. Believe not thy body, for the beguiling world speaks through it. Hear the soul's warning when the flesh leagues with the fiend.

"Ah, ma dame, merci," quoth I, "me liketh well your words,

But the money of this mold that men so fast keepeth,
Tell ye me now to whom that treasure belongeth?"

"Go to the Gospel," quoth she, "and see what God said
When the people apposed⁶ him of a penny in the temple,
And God asked of them what was the coin.

'Reddite Cæsari,' said God, 'that to Cæsar befallerth,
Et quæ sunt Dei Deo,⁷ or else ye don ill.'

For rightfully Reason should rule you all
And Kind-wit be Warden your wealth to keep,
And tutor of your treasure and take it you at need,
For husbandry and he holdeth together."

Then the dreamer asked what was meant by the deep dale and dark. That, he was told,

"That is the Castle of Care; whoso cometh therein
May ban that he born was in body and in soul;
Therein woneth⁸ a wight, that Wrong is his name,
Father of Falsehood, found it first of all."

It was he who urged Eve to do ill; who was the counsellor of Cain; who tricked Judas with the silver of the Jews, and hung him afterwards upon an elder-tree. He is the hinderer of love, and lieth always; he betrayeth soonest them who trust in earthly treasure, to encumber men with covetousness. That is his nature. The dreamer next wondered who she was that showed him such wise words of Holy Writ, and asked her name. She said, "I am Holy-Church; thou oughtest to know me. I received thee at the first, and made thee a free man. Thou broughtest me sureties to fulfil my bidding, to believe in me and love me all thy lifetime." Then he kneeled and asked grace of her, and sought her prayers for his amendment, and that she would teach him to believe on Christ. He sought to know of her no treasure but that she would only tell him how to save his soul.

"When all treasures ben tried," quoth she, "Truth is the best;

I do it on Deus Caritas⁹ to deem the sooth.

It is as dereworthy a druery¹⁰ as dear God himself.

For he that is true of his tongue and of his two hands
And doth the works therewith, and wilneeth no man ill,
He is a god by the Gospel, aground and aloft,
And like Our Lord also, by Saint Luke's words.¹¹

⁶ Apposed him, put to him.

⁷ "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." (Matthew xxii. 21.)

⁸ Woneth, dwelleth. First-English "wunian," to dwell.

⁹ Deus Caritas, God is Love.

¹⁰ As dereworthy a druery, as precious an object of affection. Dereworthy, First-English "deo-wurthe. Druery (Old French "druerie"), love.

¹¹ It was told Jesus, "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to see thee. And he answered and said unto them, My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it." (Luke viii. 20, 21.)

¹ "The Black Death in the Fourteenth Century." From the German of I. F. C. Hecker, M.D., Professor at Frederick William's University at Berlin. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D. London, 1833.

² Mase, bewilderment.

³ No tale, no account.

⁴ Merci, madame. Pardon me, madame.—Courteous introduction to the putting of a question.

⁵ Toft, a green knoll, a site on a hill cleared for building.

Clerkés that knowen, this should kennen it¹ about,
For Christian and Unchristian claimen it each one.²”

Kings should rule for the maintenance of Truth,
and knights be as those whom David swore to serve
Truth ever. The fair lady told the dreamer of the
faithful angels and the pride that laid Lucifer lowest
of all, with whom they that work evil shall dwell
after their death day. But all that have wrought
well shall go eastward to abide ever in heaven, where
Truth is God's throne.

“Lere² it these lewed men, for lettered it knoweth,
Than Truth and True Love is no treasure better.
'I have no kind knowing,' quoth I, 'ye mote ken me
better

By what way it waxeth, and whether out of my meanings.'
'Thou doted daff,' quoth she, 'dull aren thy wits.
I lieve thou learnedst too lite³ Latin in thy youth.

*Hec mihi, quod sterilem duxi vitam juvenilem!*⁴

It is a kind knowing that kenneth in thine heart
For to love they Lord liefest of all
And die rather than do any deadly sin.

*Melius est mori quam male vivere.*⁵

And this I trow be Truth, whoso can teach thee better
Look thou suffer him to say, and so thou might learn.
For Truth telleth that Love is triacle⁶ for sin
And most sovereign salve for soul and for body.
Love is the plant of peace and most precious of virtues,
For Heaven might not holden it, so heavy it seemed,
Till it had of the earth eaten his fill.
And when it had of this fold flesh and blood taken
Was never leaf upon lind⁷ lighter thereafter.”

Love led thenceforth the angels; Love was mediator
between God and Man. God the Father made us,
loved us, and suffered His Son to die meekly for our
misdeeds to amend us all. He willed no woe to
his persecutors, but mildly with mouth he besought
Mercy to have pity on that people that pained him
to death.

“Forthi I rede⁸ you rich have pity on the poor,
Though ye be mighty to mote⁹ be meek in your works;
The same measure that ye meteth, amiss or else,
Ye shall be weighed herewith when ye wenden hence.

*Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis, remeietur vobis.*¹⁰

Though ye be true of your tongue, and truly win,
And be as chaste as a child that neither chides nor fighteth,
But if¹¹ ye love loyally and lend¹² the poor
Of such good as God sent a goodly part,
Ye have no more merit in mass ne in hours¹³

¹ Kennen it, make it known.

² Lere, teach.

³ Lite, little. First-English “lyt,” from which “lytel” was formed by a diminutive suffix.

⁴ Alas for me, that I have led a barren life in my youth.

⁵ It is better to die than to live ill.

⁶ Triacle, Theriaca, a very famous ancient antidote to poison. See the volume of this Library containing “Shorter English Poems,” page 21, Note 11.

⁷ Lind, linden or lime-tree, applied also generally to a tree.

⁸ Rede, counsel.

⁹ Mighty to mote, powerful when you cite poorer men, or plead against them in the law courts.

¹⁰ “With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.” (Matthew vii. 2; Luke vi. 38.)

¹¹ But if, unless.

¹² Lend, give.

¹³ Hours, religious services for particular times of the day.

Than Malkin of her maidenhood, whom no man desireth.
For James the gentle judged in his books
That faith without fait¹⁴ is feeble than nought,
And dead as a door nail but if the deeds follow.

*Fides sine operibus mortua est.*¹⁵”

Many chaplains are chaste, but fail in charity. There
are none harder and hungrier than men of Holy-
Church, more hard and avaricious when advanced,
and unkind to their kin and to all Christians. They
eat up what is theirs for charity, and chide for more.
Encumbered with covetousness they cannot creep out
of it, so closely has avarice hasped them together.
This is ill example to the unlearned people,

“For these aren wordés written in the Evangile
*Date et dabitur vobis*¹⁶ (for I deal¹⁷ you all),
And that is the lock of Love that unlooseth Grace,
That comforteth all Christians encumbered with sin.
So Love is leech of life, and lysse¹⁸ of all pain,
And the graft of grace, and graythest¹⁹ way to Heaven.
Forthi I may say as I said, by sight of the text,
When all treasures ben tried, Truth is the best.
'Love it,' quoth that Lady, 'let may I²⁰ no longer
To lere²¹ thee what Love is. Now loke thee²² Our Lord!’”

Then the dreamer knelt to the Lady, praying that
she yet would teach him to know Falsehood from
Truth. “Look on thy left hand,” she said. “Lo,
where he standeth; both Falseness and Favel
(flattery) and fickle-tongued Liar, and many of their
manners, both men and women.” I looked, says Will,
on my left hand as the Lady taught me, and saw
there as it were a woman richly clothed and crowned.
On all her five fingers were rings with red rubies
and other precious stones. His heart was ravished by
her riches, and he asked her name. “That maiden,”
said Holy-Church, “is Meed” (earthly reward), “who
before kings and commons thwarts my teaching.
In the Pope's palace she is privy as myself. Her
father is Favel, who has a fickle tongue that never
spoke truth since he came to earth; and Meed is
mannered after him. I,” Holy-Church went on,
“ought to be higher than she; my Father is the great
God and Ground of all Graces, One God, without
beginning, and I his good daughter. The man who
loveth me and followeth my will shall have grace and
a good end; but he who loves Meed, I dare pledge my
life, shall lose for her love a lap full of charity. That
most helps men to heaven; Meed most hinders: I rest
upon David's words, ‘Lord, who shall abide in thy
tabernacle? He that walketh uprightly,’ &c., ‘nor
taketh reward against the innocent.’ To-morrow is
this Meed to be married to the wretch Falseness, kin
to the Fiend; Favel's tongue has enchanted her, and

¹⁴ Fait, something done.

¹⁵ “Faith without works is dead.” (James ii. 20.)

¹⁶ “Give, and it shall be given unto you.” (Luke vi. 38.)

¹⁷ Deal, distribute.

¹⁸ Lysse, dismissal. First-English “liss,” forgiveness, dismissal, grace, favour, comfort.

¹⁹ Graythest, straightest. Icelandic “greitha,” to make ready, speed, further. “Greithit Drottins götur,” make straight the way of the Lord” (Luke iii. 4).

²⁰ Let may I, I may delay.

²¹ Lere, teach.

²² Loke thee, guard thee.

it is Liar's work that the Lady is thus wedded. Wait now, and thou wilt see whom it pleases that Meed should be thus married. Know, if thou canst, these lovers of lordships, and avoid them all. Leave them alone till Loyalty be judge, and have power to punish them, then put thy reason forth." So the Lady left Will to his study of the life that was now crowding upon his dream, commending him to Christ before she left, and bidding him never burden his conscience for desire of Meed. He was left sleeping, and saw in his dream how Meed was to be married, and saw the rich folk, her relations, that were bidden to the bridal—as sisours¹ and summoners,² sheriffs and their clerks, beadles and bailiffs and brokers of ware, victuallers, advocates of the Arches,³ a rout past reckoning. But Simony and Civil Law and sisours of counties seemed to be most intimate with Meed. It was Favel who first brought her from her chamber to be joined with Falseness; Simony and Civil Law assenting thereto at the prayer of Silver. Then Liar leapt forth with a deed that had been given by Guile to Falseness; Simony and Civil Law unfolded it, and thus it ran:—

"*Sciunt presentes et futuri: et cetera.*

"Witen⁴ all and witnessen that women here on earth That Meed is y-married more for her richesse Than for holiness or hendeness,⁵ or for high kind. Falseness is fain⁶ of her, for he wot⁷ her rich. And Favel hath with false speech feoffed⁸ them by this letter

To be Princes of Pride, and poverty to despise,
To backbitten and to boasten and bear false witness
To scornie and to scoldé, slanders to make
Both unbuxom⁹ and bold, to break the ten hests.¹⁰
The Earldom of Envy and Ire he them granteth
With the Castle of Chest¹¹ and Chattering-out-of-Reason;

The County of Covetise he consenteth unto both,
With usury and avarice and other false sleithes¹²

In bargains and in brokages,¹³ with the borough of Theft

And all the Lordship of Lechery in length and in breadth,

As in works and in words and in waitings of eyes,
In weeds¹⁴ and in wishings, and with idle thoughts
Where that will would and workmanship faileth.
Gluttony he giveth them, and Great Oaths together,
All day to drink at diverse tavernés
There to jangle and to jape and judge their em-
Christian,¹⁵

And in fasting days to frete¹⁶ ere full time were,
And then to sitten and soupen till sleep them assail,
And awake with wanhope,¹⁷ and no will to amend,
For they lieveth be¹⁸ lost, this is their last end;
And they to have and to hold, and their heirs after,
A Dwelling with the Devil and damned be for ever,
With all the purtenance of Purgatory and the pain
of Hell."

Wrong was the name of the first witness to this Deed, then followed Piers the Pardoner, Bette the Beadle of Buckinghamshire, Raynold the Reve of Rutland soken,¹⁹ Mund the Miller, and many more. When Theology heard this, he was vexed and said to Civil Law, "Now sorrow come to thee for contracting marriages that anger Truth. Meed is the daughter of Amends, and God grants her to Truth, but thou hast given her to a beguiler. Thy text telleth thee not so. Truth saith 'the Labourer is worthy of his hire.' Yet thou hast bound her to Falseness. Fie on thy law! Thou livest all by leasings. Thou and Simony shame Holy-Church. The notaries and ye trouble the people. Ye shall pay for it, both of you. Ye know well that Falseness is faithless and of Beelzebub's kin; but Meed is a well-born maiden who might kiss the King for cousin if she would. Be wise then. Take her to London where the law is taught, and see whether any law will suffer them to come together. But though the Justices adjudge her to Falseness, yet beware of the wedding. Truth has good wit, and Conscience is of his counsel and knows each one of you, and if he find you wanting and in league with Falseness it shall in the end be bitter to your souls."

Civil Law agreed to this appeal to London; but Simony and the Notaries could agree to nothing until they saw silver for it. Then Favel brought out florins enough, and bade Guile give gold all about, and specially to the notaries that none of them might fail, and fee False-Witness with florins enough, "For he may master Meed and make her subject to my will." When the gold was given there was a great thanking of Falseness and Favel, and many came to comfort Falseness, saying to him softly, "We shall never rest

¹ Sisours, persons appointed to hold assizes.

² Summoners, sompuours, apparitors. Persons who summoned offenders before the ecclesiastical courts, and, as Chaucer shows, used their position as means of extortion.

³ Advocates of the Arches. The Archbishop of Canterbury's Court of Appeal was called the Court of Arches because in ancient times it was held in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Sancta Maria de Arcubus.

⁴ Witen, know. "Know all and witness that dwell here on earth," &c.

⁵ Hendeness, urbanity. The word in its first sense is equivalent to handiness. Handiness is opposed to clumsiness of the untaught, and implies therefore the civilised ways and courtesies of social life; urbanity as opposed to clownishness.

⁶ Fain (First-English "fægen"), glad.

⁷ Wot, knows. First-English "wát," from "witan."

⁸ Feoffed, endowed with property.

⁹ Unbuxom, unyielding. Buxom (First-English "buhson"), from "bugan," to bow—bowsome—means pliant, the reverse of stiff and obstinate. A buxom woman is a woman without perversity, and I suppose the modern notion that to be buxom is to be plump comes of a popular association of fat with good temper.

¹⁰ Hests, commandments. First-English "hátan," to command; "hæ's," a command.

¹¹ Chest (First-English "ceást"), strife, enmity.

¹² Sleithes, slippery ways. First-English "slith," slippery, evil; "slithan" and "slidan," to slide.

¹³ Brokages, commissions. First-English "brúcan," to use, enjoy, draw profit.

¹⁴ Weeds, attire. First-English "wæd," clothing.

¹⁵ Em-Christian. In First-English "em-" in composition meant even or equal.

¹⁶ Frete, eat greedily. First-English "fretan," eat up, devour, gnaw. German "fressen."

¹⁷ Wanhope, despair. The First-English prefix "wan" meant deficiency, as in "waning" of light, in the word "wan" meaning deficiency of colour, and in "want."

¹⁸ Lieveth be, believe themselves to be.

¹⁹ Soken. First-English "sócn," a lordship privileged by the king to hold a "sóc" or soke; which was a court of the king's tenants or sóc-men authorised to minister justice or have jurisdiction, and whose tenure was therefore called "socagium" or socage-tenure.

until Meed be thy wedded wife. For we have mastered Meed with our smooth tongues, and she agrees to go to London, and has agreed to be married for money, if Law so will judge." Then Favel was glad and Falseness was of good cheer, and the people on all sides were summoned to be ready to go with them to Westminster and honour the wedding. But they had no horses. Then Guile set Meed on a sheriff newly shod, Falseness rode on a soft trotting sisour, and Favel on a finely-adorned flatterer. Provisors¹ were saddled as palfreys for Simony. Deans and sub-deans, Archdeacons and other officials, were saddled with silver to suffer all sins of the rout and carry bishops; Liar was to be a long cart to carry friars, swindlers, and the rest who usually go afoot. So they went forth together with Guile for their guide, and having Meed amongst them. Soothness saw them on the way and said nothing, but sped before to the King's court, where he told Conscience, and Conscience told the King. The King swore that if he caught Falseness or Favel, no man should bail them, but they should be hanged. He bade a constable go fetter Falseness and cut off Guile's head; put Liar in pillory, if he could catch him; and bring Meed into his presence. Dread, who stood at the door, heard this doom, went nimbly to Falseness, and bade him and his fellows flee for fear. Falseness fled then to the friars; and Guile was hurrying off, when the

and displayed their wares. Liar leapt off and found no friends till the Pardoners took pity on him, brought him into their house, washed him and clothed him, and sent him on Sundays into the churches to sell pardons by the pound. Then the physicians were displeased, and wrote for Liar's help as an examiner of waters. Spicers sought aid from his cunning in gums. Minstrels met with him and kept him by them half a year and eleven days. But the Friars by smooth words got him amongst themselves. He may go abroad in the world as much as he pleases, but is sure always of a welcome home when he returns to them.

Simony and Civil Law appealed to Rome for grace. But Conscience accused both to the King, and told him that if the clergy did not amend, their covetousness would pervert his kingdom and harm Holy-Church for ever. So they all fled for fear, except the maiden Meed, who trembled, wept, and wrung her hands at finding herself prisoner. The King bade a clerk take charge of her and make her at ease. He would himself ask her whom she chose to wed, and if she answered wisely he would forgive all her misdeeds. The clerk took her courteously into a bower of bliss, and sat down by her. There was mirth and minstrelsy for her pleasure, and many worshipped her who came to Westminster. Justices made haste to the bower of this bride, and, by the clerk's leave, comforted her, bidding her not mourn, for they would manage the King and shape a way for her to go whither she would, in spite of all that Conscience could do. Meed thanked them mildly, gave them



A PHYSICIAN.

From the Statues outside the Cloister of Magdalene College, Oxford.

Merchants met him and kept him and took him into their shops, where he was dressed as an apprentice

¹ Provisors were persons whom the Pope nominated to livings that were not yet vacant.



SUITORS TO MEED.

From a Brass at St. Margaret's, King's Lynn, A.D. 1364.

gold and silver cups, rubies and treasure. When these were gone there came the clerks bidding her be blithe, for they were her own to work her will while their lives lasted. Meed promised her love to them, said she would make them lords and buy them benefices, to have plurality, and those she loved should be advanced where the most able limped behind. Then came to her a Confessor coped as a Friar, and

offered, whatever her sins might be, to absolve her for a load of wheat, to hold by her himself and put down Conscience, if she liked, among kings, knights, and clergy. Then Meed knelt to be shriven by him, told him a shameless tale, and gave him a noble that he might be her bedesman, and might do her bidding among knights and clerks to thwart Conscience. He absolved her at once and said, "We have a window in hand that will stand us in a good sum: if you will glaze the gable and set your name in it, we shall sing for Meed solemnly at mass and at matins as for a sister of our order." Meed laughed and said, "Friar, I shall be your friend, and never fail you as long as you aid lords and ladies in their worldly delights and do not rebuke them. Do that, and I will roof your church and build your cloister, and both windows and walls I will so mend and glaze and paint and portray, that every man may see I am a sister of your order." But, says the poet here in his own person—

"Ac¹ God to all good folk such graving defendeth,²
To writen in windows of any well-deeds,
Lest pride be painted there, and pomp of the world.
For God knoweth thy conscience and thy kind will,
Thy cost and their covetise, and who the catel ought³
For thy lief Lordés love, leaveth such writings,
God in the Gospel such graving not alloweth,
Nesciat sinistra quid faciat dextera.
Let not thy left half, Our Lord teacheth,
Ywit⁴ what thou dealest with thy right side."

Meed then pleaded with mayors, sheriffs, and serjeants against the putting in the pillory of bakers, brewers, butchers, cooks and others, who build themselves high houses upon gains made by dishonesty in selling by retail. Against such wrongers of the people the poet, in his own person, speaks earnestly, but Meed advises the mayor to take bribes from them and let them cheat. To this the poet adds his reminder of Solomon's threat against those who receive such gifts. Fire shall devour their dwellings.⁵

Then the King called Meed before him, gently reproved her for following Guile and desiring to be wedded without his consent, but forgave her on condition of amendment. She must not again vex him and Truth, lest she be imprisoned in Corfe Castle or in a worse place.

"I have a knight," said the King, "named Conscience, lately come from beyond the seas. If he be willing to wed you, will you have him?"

"Yea, lord," said the Lady; "Heaven forbid that I should not be wholly at your command."

Then Conscience was summoned to appear before the King and his Council. He knelt and bowed before the King, to know his will and what he was to do.

"Wilt thou wed this maid, if I assent, for she is fain of thy fellowship, and to be thy mate?"

Quoth Conscience to the King, "Christ forbid! Woe betide me ere I wed such a wife. She is frail of her faith and fickle of her speech, and maketh men misdo many score times. She misleads wives and widows. She and Falseness caused your father's⁶ fall. She has poisoned Popes, she hurteth Holy-Church," and very many more of the great evils of the world were charged, in his reply to the King, by Conscience against Meed.

"Nay, lord," quoth that Lady, "the wrong lies with him. Where mischief is greatest, Meed can help. Thou, Conscience, well knowest that thou hast hung on my neck eleven times for gold to give as thee liked. Even now I might make thee more of a man than thou knowest. Thou hast defamed me foully here before the King. I never killed a king or counselled a king's death, but saved myself and sixty thousand lives here and in many lands. But thou hast slackened many a man's will to burn and destroy and beat down strength. Thou, Conscience, gavest wretched counsel to the King to leave his heritage of France in the enemy's hand.⁷ A conquered kingdom or duchy is not to be parted with, when so many who fought to win it, and followed the king's will, ask their shares. The least lad in the king's service, when the land is won, looks after Lordship or other large meed, whereby he may live as a man for evermore. That is the nature of a king who overcomes his enemies; thus to help all his host, or else to grant all that his men may win, for them to do their best with. Therefore I advise no king to admit Conscience to his counsels, if he wish to be a conqueror. Were I a crowned king, Conscience should never be my constable or marshal of my men when I must fight. Had I, Meed, been his marshal in France, I dare lay my life he would have been lord of the land in length and breadth, and the least brat of his blood a baron's peer.

"Unkindly thou, Conscience, counselled'st him thence
To let so his Lordship for a little money.
It becometh for a king that shall keep a realm
To give men meed that meekly him serveth,
To aliens, to all men, to honour them with gifts;
Meed maketh him beloved, and for a man y-hold.
Emperors and earls and all manner lords
Through gifts have yeomen to run and to ride;
The Pope and all prelates presents underfongen⁸
And give meed to men to maintain their laws;
Serjeants for their service meed they ask
And take meed of their masters as they may accord;
Beggars and bedesmen crave meed for their prayers;
Minstrels for their minstrelsy, a meed they ask;
Masters that teach clerks crave for their meed;
Priests that preach and the people teach
Ask meed and mass-pence and their meat both;

⁶ Edward II.'s.

¹ Ac, but. ² Defendeth, forbiddeth.
³ Who the catel ought, who owns the property, to whom the goods seized by the covetous really belong.

⁷ By the Treaty of Bretigny, May 8th, 1360, Edward III.—who, on the withdrawal or retreat of his famine-stricken army from Paris, had been stirred in his conscience by a great thunderstorm, and vowed a peace—renounced his claim to the French throne, restored all his conquests except Calais and Guisnes (reserving Poitou, Guienne, and Ponthieu), and set free the captive King of France for a ransom of three million crowns.

⁴ Ywit, know.
⁵ "For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." (Job xv. 34.)

⁸ Underfongen, receive.

All kyne crafty men crave meed for their apprentices,
Merchandise and meed must needs go together
Is no lede¹ that liveth that he ne loveth meed,
And glad for to gripe her, great lord or poor."

Then quoth the King to Conscience, "Meed deserves mastery." But, "Nay," quoth Conscience to the King, "clerks know the truth, that Meed is evermore a maintainer of Guile, as the Psalter sheweth. There is besides Meed, Mercede, which is the just hire for work done, but men give meed many a time where there is nothing earned. Payment for work done is mercede, not meed. There is no meed in merchandise, that is but exchange of a penny for a pennyworth; and if the King give lordship to his liegeman, he does that for love, and may revoke the gift." Conscience discussed more fully the difference between Mercede and Meed who brought Absalom to hanging, and who caused Saul's kingdom to pass from him. "The speaker of truth," said Conscience, "is now blamed; but I, Conscience, know this, that Reason shall reign and Agag shall suffer. Saul shall be blamed and David diademed; and each of us shall be in the keeping of a Christian king.

"Shall no Meed be master never more after,
But love and lowness and loyalty together
Shall be masters on mold,² true men to help."

Meed hinders the law by her large gifts,

"But Kind Love shall come yet and Conscience together,
And make of law a labourer, such love shall arise
And such peace among the people; and a perfect truth,
That Jews shall ween in their wit and wax so glad
That their King be ycome from the court of heaven,
Moses or Messias, that men ben so true.
For all that beareth baselards,³ bright sword, or lance,
Axe or hatchet, or any kynne weapon,
Shall be doomed to the death but if he do it smithie⁴
Into sickle or into scythe, to share or to coulter.

*Conflabant gladios suos in romeres, et lanceas
suas in falces.⁵*

Each man to play with a plough, a pickaxe, or a spade,
Spinnen and speak of God, and spill no time."

To more prophesy from Isaiah of the day when war shall cease on earth and God be truly known, Meed replied with half a text from the Proverbs of Solomon, and was confuted by the other half, with a comment that she was like the woman who justified doing as she pleased with the text, "Prove all things" at the bottom of a leaf, and omitted to turn over the page and read "Hold fast that which is good."

After all this argument the King bade Conscience kiss Meed. Conscience replied that he would rather die than do so, unless Reason counselled him. "Then,"

said the King, "ride away quickly, and fetch Reason. He shall rule my realm, and advise me concerning Meed and other things, tell me to whom she is to be wedded, and take account with you, Conscience, as to your dealings with my people, learned and unlearned." Conscience then rode off gladly to Reason and gave the King's message.

"I shall array me to ride," quoth Reason, "rest thou awhile":—

And called Cato his knave, courteous of speech,
And also Tom True-Tongue-tell-me-no-tales-
Ne-leasings-to-laugh-of-for-I-loved-it-never,
And set my saddle upon Suffer-till-I-see-my-time
Let warroke⁶ him well with Advise-thee-before,
For it is the wone⁷ of Will to wince and to kick."

Then Conscience and Reason rode together, talking of the mastery of Meed at court. Waryn Wiseman and his fellow Wilyman were fain to follow that they might take counsel of Reason for record before the King and Conscience in case they had a plaint against Wilyman and Wittiman and Waryn Wringlaw. But Conscience knew them well, and said to Reason, "Hither come servants of Covetise. Ride forth, Sir Reason, and reck not of their tales; for they will abide where wrath and wrangling is, but love and loyalty are not after their hearts. They will do more for a dinner or a dozen capons than for our Lord's love. Then Reason rode forth, and did not look back till he met the King. Then came the King, says the poet, and greeted Sir Reason courteously, and set him between himself and his son.

When the poem was begun, in 1362 or 1363, Edward III's son and heir, the Black Prince, still lived, and the image of the sovereign enthroning Reason between himself and his heir was, of course, not altered when change, caused by the death of the King's son, led to the covert reference to tyranny of John of Gaunt and danger from Richard's youth, in the inserted fable about belling the cat. To have then written in this part of the poem grandson for son would have implied a direct identifying of the King in the allegory with the King of England, which would have been equally bad in art and policy.

The King, then, set Sir Reason between himself and his son, and for a long while they spoke wise words together. Then came Peace into parliament, and put up a bill showing all the violent misdeeds of Wrong. "No women are safe from him, he takes my geese, my pigs, my grass. Because of his fellowship," said Peace, "I dare not carry silver to the fair upon St. Giles's down. He is bold to borrow, bad to pay. He borrowed my horse Bayard, which never was returned or paid for. He maintains men to murder my servants, breaks my barn-doors, and carries off my wheat. Because of him, I scarcely venture to look up."

The King knew this to be true, for Conscience told him that Wrong was a wicked man who worked much woe. Then Wrong besought help of Wisdom, looked

¹ Is no lede, there is no man. First-English "lead."

² On mold, on earth.

³ Baselards were long daggers worn in the girdle. It was with a baselard that Sir William Walworth stabbed Wat Tyler. The weapon was worn by civilians in Richard II's time.

⁴ But if he do it smithie, unless he cause it to be forged.

⁵ "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." (Isaiah ii. 4.)

⁶ Warroke, girth. First-English "wear" and "wearh," a knot.

⁷ Wone, custom.

to Men of Law, and offered them large pay for their help. "With your help," he said, "I should care little for Peace, though he complained for ever." Then Wisdom and Wit went together, and took Meed with them to win mercy.

"Yet Peace put forth his head, and his pan¹ bloody;

'Without guilt, God wot, got I this scathe;

Conscience knoweth it well and all the true commons.'"



BREAKING THE HEAD OF PEACE.

From the Capital to a Cluster of Columns in Wells Cathedral.

Wiles and Wit went about to bribe the King, if they could; but the King swore that Wrong should suffer, and commanded a constable to cast him in irons where he should not for seven years see feet or hands. A wise one said, "That is not best. Let him have bail if he can make amends." Wit seconded this. Meed meekly sought mercy,

"And proffered Peace a present all of pure gold;

'Have this, man, of me,' quoth she, 'to amend thy scathe;

For I will wage² for Wrong he will do so no more.'

Piteously Peace then prayéd the King

To have mercy on that man that many times grieved him—

'For he hath waged me well, as Wisdom him taught;

Meed hath made mine amends; I may no more asken,

So all my claims ben quit, by so the King assent.'"

The King answered that if Wrong escaped so lightly, he would laugh and be bolder. "He shall lie in the stocks so long as I live, unless Reason have ruth of him."

Then some besought Reason to take pity on Wrong, provided Meed were bail for him. Reason bade them not counsel him to pity—until lords and ladies all loved truth, Pernel locked up her finery, spoilt

children were chastised, the poor were clothed out of the luxury of the clergy, monks and friars kept to their strict rule, and learned men lived as they taught; till the King's counsel is all for the profit of the Commons; till bishops become bakers, brewers, tailors for all manner of men as they find need, and Saint James is sought not in pilgrimages to Gallicia, but where the sick poor lie in their prisons and their wretched homes; till the Rome-runners carry no more of the King's silver over sea, coined or uncoined: and yet, he said, I will have no ruth upon Wrong, while Meed masters the pleadings. "Were I," said Reason, "a crowned king, never wrong that I knew of should go unpunished if within my power, upon peril of my soul; nor should it get my grace by any gift or glosing speech. By Mary of Heaven, I would do no mercy for Meed. For *nullum malum* should be *impunitum*, and *nullum bonum irremuneratum*.³ Let your confessor, Sir King, construe this into English, and if you work it out into deeds, Law may turn labourer and cast dung to the field, while Love shall lead thy land as thee lief liketh."

Confessors coupled themselves together to translate this Latin. Meed winked at the lawyers that by subtle speech they might put down Reason, of whom all just men said that he spoke truth, while Conscience and Kind-Wit courteously thanked him. Love made light of Meed and Loyalty less. Whoever wedded her, they said, would be betrayed. Meed mourned when she was scorned, and a sisour and a summoner led her away softly from the judgment-hall. A sheriff's clerk proclaimed that she was to be taken into safe custody, but not imprisoned. The King then took counsel with Conscience and Reason, looked with anger on Meed, frowned on the Men of Law as hinderers of truth, and declared that, if he reigned any while, Reason should reckon with them, and judge them as they deserved. He would have loyalty for his law, and an end of jangling. His law should be administered by leal men, who were holy of their lives.

Conscience said it would be hard to bring matters to that without help of the Commons.

Reason declared that all realms could be brought under his rule.

"I would it were well about," said the King, "and, therefore, Reason, you shall not ride hence. I make thee my chief Chancellor in the Exchequer and the Parliament, and Conscience shall be as the King's Judge in all the courts." "I assent," said Reason, "if thou thyself hear both sides between Lords and Commons, and send no *supersedeas*, or seal no private letters with unfitting sufferance; I assent, and I dare lay my life that Love will furnish you with more silver than all the Lombards." The King was commanding Conscience to discharge all his officers, and appoint those whom Reason loved, when William awoke from the first dream of his Vision.

In the first form of the earlier part of the Vision the poet grieved when awake that he had not slept better and seen more, walked a furlong on over the Malvern Hills, sat down, babbled on his beads, and

¹ Pan, crown. Swedish "panna," the skull, head.

² Wage, engage, be surety

³ No evil should go unpunished, and no good unrewarded.

slept again. That when he began the poem he was at home on Malvern Hills may be inferred from his change in the manner of prefacing the second dream when in after years he recast his work. He went to sleep on Malvern Hills, and awoke, he then said, to find himself living on Cornhill, Kit and he in a cot. He was clothed as an idler, and yet not much of an idler, for he wrote about such men as Reason taught him. For as he came by Conscience he met Reason, in a hot harvest time when he had health and limbs for labour but loved to fare well and do nothing but drink and sleep. Then he represents Reason asking him what work he did in the world; and the lesson of Duty which allows no true man to be "a loller" is associated with those answers from Will, already referred to, which indicate what was his work in London. Reason then bade him begin at once a life that should be loyal to the soul. "Yea, and continue," quoth Conscience. And to the kirk, Will says, he went to honour God, weeping and wailing for his sins, until he slept.

These new incidents served as a natural introduction to the second dream. In this there was again seen the field full of folk from end to end, and Reason and Conscience, by whom he himself had just been counselled, were there among the stir of men. Reason clothed as a Pope, with Conscience for cross-bearer, stood before the King, and before all the realm

"Preached and proved that these pestilences
Was for pure sin, to punish the people;
And the south-west wind on Saturday at eve
Was pertelich¹ for pride, and for no point else.
Piries² and plum-trees were puffed to the earth
In ensample to syggen³ us we should do better;
Beeches and broad oaks were blown to the ground
And turned upward their tail in tokening of dread
That deadly sin ere doomsday should foredo us all."

The south-west wind here spoken of blew, in pestilence time, on Saturday, the 15th of January, 1362 (new style), and among other things that it blew down was the spire of Norwich Cathedral. The gale must have been fresh in the minds of the people when it was joined with the pestilence in Reason's warning to the people to flee from the wrath of God, and the allusion to it helps to determine the time when Langland began his poem.

Reason, thus preaching, bade Wasters go work for their food and lose no time, prayed Pernel (Petronilla) to lock up her embroidery, taught Thomas Stow to fetch his wife out of disgrace, and warned Wat that his wife was to blame, for her head-gear was worth half a mark and his hood not a groat. He charged Bet to cut a bough or two and beat Betty her maid if she would not work, and merchants as they became rich not to withhold from their children due correction; for the wise man wrote "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Then he prayed prelates and priests to prove in themselves their preaching to the people:

"Live ye as ye lereth⁴ us, we shalleth lieve you the better." And then he bade Religion hold her rule; for Gregory the Great had said that a monk out of rule is a fish out of water.

"For if heaven be on this earth or any ease for soul,
It is in cloister or in school, by many skills⁵ I find.
For in cloister cometh no man to chide ne to fight,
In school is love and lowness and liking to learn.
As many day men telleth, both monks and canons
Han ride out of array, their rule evil y-hold,
And pricked about on palfreys from places to manors,
An heap of hounds at his [back] as he a lord were;
And but his knave kneel that shall his cup hold
He looketh all louting and 'Lurdane!' ⁶ him calleth.
Little had lords ado to give land from their heirs
To religious that han no ruth though it rain on their
altars.

In places where these persons be by themselves at ease
Of the poor han they no pity, that is their pure charity."

Then follows a passage that, in the years next following the reign of Henry VIII., was looked upon by the reformers as giving to Langland's poem almost the dignity of prophecy. I give it without change of spelling:—

"Ac 3ut shal come a kyng and confesse 3ow alle
And bete 3ow, as the byble telleth for brekyng of 3oure
reule,

And amende 3ow monkes, moniales, and chanouns,
And put 3ow to 3oure penaunce *ad pristinum statum ire.*⁷
And barons and here barnes blame 3ow and reprove;

*Hii in curribus & hi in equis: ipsi obligati sunt, et
ecceiderunt.*⁸

Freres in here freitour⁹ shulle fynde that tyme
Bred withoute beggyng to lyue by euere after,
And Constantyn shal be here cook and couerer of here
churche.

For the Abbot of Engelande¹⁰ and the abbesse hys nece
Shullen haue a knok on here crounes and incurable the
wounde.

*Contrivit dominus baculum impiorum, virgam domi-
nancium, plaga insaniabilis.*¹¹

Ac er that kyng come, as cronycles me tolde,
Clerkus and holy churche shal be clothed newe."

Reason went on in his sermon to counsel the King to love his Commons:—

"For the comune ys the Kynges tresour, Conscience
wot wel;

And also,¹² quath Reson, 'ich rede 3ow riche
And comuners to a-corden in alle kynne treuthes.
Let no kynne consail ne couetyse 3ow departe

⁴ *Lereth*, teach.

⁵ *Skills*, reasons.

⁶ *Lurdane*, worthless fellow. French "lourdun."

⁷ To go to your former state; be as you were at your foundation.

⁸ "Some trust in chariots and some in horses. . . . They are brought down and fallen." (Psalm xx. 7, 8.)

⁹ *Here freitour*, their convent. *Here*, their.

¹⁰ In an earlier version it was the "Abbot of Abingdon," who should have "a knock of a king."

¹¹ "The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers . . . with a continual stroke" (Isaiah xiv. 5, 6). Langland's quotations are from the Vulgate, then in use.

¹² *Rede*, counsel.

¹ *Pertelich*, apertly, openly, manifestly. Latin "apertus," open.

² *Piries*, pear-trees. Latin "pyrus."

³ *Syggen*, say to. First-English "seegan," to say.

That on wit and on wil alle ȝoure wardes keep.
 Lo! in heuene an hy¹ was an holy comune
 Til Lucifer the lyere leyed² that hym-selue
 Were wittour and worthour than he that was hus
 maister.
 Hold ȝow in vite, and he that other wolde
 Ys cause of alle combrance to confounde a reame.³
 And siththen⁴ he preide the Pope haue pite of Holy-
 church.
 And no grace to graunte til good loue were
 Among alle kynne kynges ouer cristene puple.
 Comaunde that alle confessours that eny kyng
 shryue.
 Enioyne hem pees for here penaunce and perpetual
 forȝuennesse.
 Of alle manere acciouns, and eche man loue other.
 And ȝe that secheth Seint Iame and seyntes of Rome,
 Secheth seinte Treuthe in sauacion of ȝoure saules:
Qui cum patre et filio that faire hem by-falle
 That suweth⁵ my sermon. And thus ended Reason."

When Reason had done preaching, Repentance went among the throng, and made Will weep and Pernel Proudheart stretch herself flat on the earth. It was long ere she looked up and cried upon the Lord for mercy. Pernel personifying Pride, with her began the repentant confessions of the Seven Deadly Sins, which classify homely suggestions of the evil that is in the world. After Pride came Envy to confession, after Envy Wrath, dweller with men who delight in harming one another. Prelates and friars are at war, and so Wrath keeps them in dispute. One of Wrath's aunts is a nun, another an abbess; he has been cook in their kitchen and made their pottage of jangles. The sisters sit and dispute until "Thou liest!" and "Thou liest!" be lady over them all. Wrath sits in the wives' pews. "The parson knows how little I love Lettice at the Stile, my heart was changed towards her from the time when she was before me at sacrament to take the holy bread. I don't care to live among monks, for they eat more fish than flesh, and drink weak ale; but otherwhile when wine cometh and when I drink late I have a flux of a foul mouth well five days after." "Now repent thee!" quoth Repentance, "and be sober;" and absolved him, and bade him pray to God by His help to amend. Luxury next came to confession and repentance; then Avarice in a torn tabard of twelve years old, who was once apprentice to Sim at the Stile,⁵ where he learned to lie and to use false weights. He went with his master's goods to the fair at Winchester or Weyhill, and his wares would have gone unsold for seven years had Guile not helped him. Avarice told of tricks of trade learnt from the drapers; how his wife, Rose the Regrater, wove, and paid the spinsters by false weight for their work upon the wool; how

she was brewster too, and played tricks with her ales.

"Didst thou never make restitution?" quoth Repentance.

"Yes," said Avarice; "I was lodged once with a company of chapmen, and when they were asleep, I got up and rifled their bags."

"That was a rueful restitution," quoth Repentance, "forsooth. Thou wilt hang high for it, here or in hell. Usedst thou ever usury in all thy lifetime?"

"Nay, only in my youth, when I learned among the Lombards to clip coin, and took pledges of more worth than the money lent. I lent to those who would lose their money; they bought time. I have lent to lords and ladies that loved me never after. I have made a knight of many a mercer."

"By the rood," said Repentance, "thine heirs shall have no joy in the silver thou leavest. The Pope and all his pardoners cannot absolve thee of thy sins unless thou make restitution."

"I won my goods," Avarice went on, "by false words and false devices. I am rich through Guile and Glosing. If my neighbour had anything more profitable than mine, I used all my wit to find how I might have it. And if it could be had no other way, at last I stole it, or shook his purse privily, unpicked his locks. And if I went to the plough, I pinched on his half acre, so that I got a foot of land or a furrow of my neighbour's earth; and if I reaped, I bade my reapers put their sickle into that I never sowed. On holy days when I went to church, I mourned not for my sins, but for any worldly good that I had lost. Though I did deadly sin, it less troubled me than money lent and lost, or long in being paid. And if a servant was at Bruges to await my profit and trade with my money, neither matins nor mass, nor penance performed, nor pater-noster said, could comfort the mind that was more in my goods than in God's grace and His great might."

"Now," quoth Repentance, "truly I have ruth of your way of living. Were I a friar, in good faith, for all the gold on earth, I would not clothe me or take a meal's meat of thy goods, if my heart knew thee to be as thou sayest. I would rather live on water-cresses than be fed and kept on false men's winnings. Thou art an unnatural creature. I cannot absolve thee until thou have made, according to thy might, to all men restitution. All that have of thy goods are bound at the high day of doom to help thee to restore. The priest that takes thy tithe shall take his part with thee in purgatory and help pay thy debt, if he knew thee to be a thief when he received thine offering."

Then there was a Welshman named Evan Yield-again, who said in great sorrow that though he were left without livelihood, he would restore to every one, before he went thence, all that he had won from him wickedly. Robert the Rifler looked on *Reddite*⁶ and wept sorely, because he had not wherewith to make restitution; and he prayed with tears to Christ, who pitied Dismas his brother,

¹ An hy, on high.

² Leyed, believed.

³ Siththen, after that.

⁴ That suweth, that follow, or act according to. French "suivre."

⁵ Sim at the Stile. In another version he is "Sim atte noke," equivalent to "atten oke," at the oak; here use happens to be made of the answering phrase for a hypothetical dwelling-place "at the stile." Both forms remain in the phrase "Jack Nokes and Tom Stiles." See, just before, "Lettice at the Stile."

⁶ Reddite, Restore! Reddere, to restore.

the repentant thief upon the cross, to rue on him, Robert, who had not *Reddere*, and never hoped to come by it through any craft he knew. "By the rood," said Repentance, "thou art on the way to heaven if that be in thy heart which I hear upon thy tongue—

"Trust in his moche mercy and 3et might thou be saved,
For all the wretchedness of this world, and wicked deeds,
Fareth as a fork of fire that fell emid Temese
And died for a drop of water: so doth all sins
Of all manner men that with good will
Confessen hem and crien mercy: shullen never come in hell."

*Omnis iniquitas quoad misericordiam dei est quasi
scintilla in medio maris.*¹

'Repent thee anon!' quoth Repentance, right so to the usurer,

'And have His Mercy in mind.'

After Avarice came Gluttony in like manner to Repentance, and confessed his evil ways. On his way to church on a Friday fast-day, when he passed the house of Betty the brewster, she bade him good morrow, and asked whither he went.

"To holy church," he said, "to hear mass, and then sit and be shriven, and sin no more."

"I have good ale, gossip Glutton, wilt thou assay?"

"What hast thou?" quoth he. "Any hot spices?"

"I have pepper and peony-seed, and a pound of garlic, a farthing's worth of fennel-seed for fasting days."

Then goeth Glutton in, and Great-oaths after. Ciss the sempstress sat on the bench, Wat the warrener and his wife drunk, Tom the tinker and two of his boys, Hick the hackneyman and Hugh the needler, Clarice of Cock Lane, the Clerk of the church, Sir Piercy Pridie and Pernel of Flanders, Daw the ditcher, with a dozen idle lads of porters and of pick-purses and of pill'd tooth-drawers. A ribibour² and a ratcatcher, a raker and his boy, a roper and a riding-king, and Rose the disher, Godfrey the garlic-monger, Griffith the Welshman, and a heap of upholders early in the morning gave Glutton with glad cheer good ale for hansel. Clement the cobbler cast off his cloak and put it up at New Fair.³ Hick the hackneyman threw his hood after, and bade Bet the butcher be on his side. Chapmen were chosen to appraise the goods. Then arose great disputing and a heap of oaths, each seeking to get the better of the other, till Robin the roper was named umpire to end the dispute. Hick the hackneyman had the

cloak, in covenant that Clement should fill the cup and have the hackneyman's hood, and hold himself satisfied; and whoever first repented should arise after and greet Sir Glutton with a gallon of ale. Then follows a lively picture of Glutton's drunkenness, and his being helped home by Clement the cobbler. His wife put him to bed, where he slept all Saturday and Sunday, and the first words he said when he woke were, "Who holds the bowl?" His wife and his conscience rebuked him of sin; he became ashamed, shrove himself to Repentance, and cried, "Have mercy on me, thou Lord that art on high. To thee, God, I Glutton, yield me guilty of my trespass with the tongue, swearing, I cannot tell how often, by 'thy Soul' and by 'thy Sides,' and 'so help me God Almighty!' where no need was, many times falsely; I have over-suppered myself at supper, and sometimes eaten at dinner more than nature could digest. I cannot speak for shame of my filthiness. Before noon on fast-days I fed me with ale out of reason, among ribalds to hear their ribaldry. Hereof, good God, grant me forgiveness of all my ill living in all my lifetime."

Sloth, described with the same homely truth as really seen and known among the people, came to Repentance after Gluttony, and completed the embodiment of the chief misdeeds of the world in the confessions of the Seven Deadly Sins. Then Repentance prayed for all the penitents, and after the prayer of Repentance, Hope blew on a horn "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven," till all the saints joined with the sinners in the song of David, "O Lord, Thou preservest man and beast. How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God!"

Then thronged a thousand men together, crying upward to Christ and to his pure mother, that they might have grace to find Truth. But there was none who knew the way. They went astray like beasts over the brooks and hills.

They met a Palmer⁴ in his pilgrim's weeds, with bowl and bag and vernicle, and asked him "Whence he came?" "From Sinai," he said, "and from the Sepulchre. I have been to Bethlehem and Babylon, to Armenia, Alexandria, Damascus. You may see by the tokens in my cap that I have been to shrines of good saints for my soul's health, and walked full widely in wet and in dry."

"Knowest thou," they asked him, "of a saint that men call Truth; and could'st thou show us the way to where he dwells?"

"Nay," said the man then, "I never knew of palmer with staff and scrip, who ever asked after him before, until now in this place."

"Peter!"⁵ quoth a Plowman, and put forth his head

"I know him as kindly⁶ as clerks don their books,

¹ All Iniquity in relation to the Mercy of God is as a spark in the midst of the sea.

² Ribibour, player on the rebeck, or rude country fiddle.

³ There was in 1297 a mart called the New Fair in Soper Lane, Cheapside, and others like it were called "Eve-chepings." They were for the sort of barter still popular among schoolboys as "swapping." Something is offered in exchange against some other thing, and if necessary something else must be thrown in to make the exchange equal. New Fair is in our day carried on through papers devoted to the satisfaction of a taste for "swapping" among grown-up boys and girls. Clement the cobbler has many descendants who contribute to them, and manage exchanges more politely than their ancestor, by inserting and answering advertisements like this—"Wanted, lady's large new dark brown soft felt hat, broad brim. Exchange swansdown muff and collarette.—7116 P."

⁴ The Palmer was one who visited the shrines of many saints. Living upon the way by charity, his bowl was for what he found to drink, his bag for bread and meat that might be given to him. The vernicle, worn with other tokens in the cap, was a little copy of the miraculous transfer of the face of Christ to the handkerchief offered him by St. Veronica when he was bearing his own cross to Calvary.

⁵ "Peter!" was a common exclamation in the fourteenth century. It has perhaps a designed fitness in the introducing of Piers Plowman, Peter being the rock on whom Christ built his Church.

⁶ Kindly, naturally "Kind," nature.

Conscience and Kind-wit¹ kenne^d me to his place
 And makod me sykeren him² siththen to serve him for
 ever,
 Both to sowe and to setten, the while I swink³ might,
 Within and without to wayten⁴ his profit.
 I have been his follower all these forty winter,
 And served Truth soothly, somdel to paye.⁵
 In all kynne craftes that he couth devise
 Profitable to the plough, he put me to learn;
 And though I say it myself I served him to paye.
 I have mine hire of him well, and otherwhile more;
 He is most prest⁶ payer that any poor man knoweth.
 He withholds non hewe⁷ his hire over even;
 He is low as a lamb, and leal of his tongue,
 And whoso wilneth to wite⁸ where that Truth woneth⁹
 I will wissen¹⁰ you well right to his place."

In this manner Piers the Plowman first appears in the Vision. In the field full of folk "working and wandering as the world asketh," repentant men turn from the ills of life, look up to God, and seek for Truth. Those who toil in the mere form of search, but want its soul, know nothing of their need and cannot help. But what is hidden from the wise of this world God has revealed to the humble. "Whosoever would be chief among you let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Under the figure, therefore, of the Plowman, faithful to his day's labour, the poet first introduces the humility that becomes servant to Truth. Once introduced, the Plowman presently rises to his place in the poem as a type of Christ himself.

The pilgrims to Truth offered meed to Piers for showing them the way; but he set that aside and freely told them that they must all go through Meekness, till they came to Conscience, known to God Himself, and loyally¹¹ love him as their lord; that is, they must rather die than do any deadly sin, and must in no wise hurt their neighbours or do otherwise to them than they would have them do to themselves. Then as they followed the brook they would find the ford Honour-your-fathers; therein they should wade and wash them well. Then they would come to Swear-not-but-for-need, and by the croft Covet-not, from which they must be careful to take nothing away. Near by it are two stocks, Steal-not and Slay-not, but do not stay there; strike on to the hill Bear-no-false-witness, through a forest of florins. Pluck there no plant, on peril of thy soul! Next they would see Say-sooth, and by that way come to a court clear as the sun; the moat is of Mercy, and the walls are of Wit that Will cannot win; the battlements are of Christendom, the buttresses are of Believe-so-or-thou-be'st-not-saved. The houses are

roofed, not with lead, but all with love and loyalty; the bars are of buxomness as brethren of one body, the bridge is Pray-well-and-the-better-speed. Each pillar is of penance and prayers to saints; alms-deeds are the hinges of the gates, which are kept by Grace and his man Amend-you. "Say to him this for token, 'I am sorry for my sins, so shall I ever be, and I perform the penance that the priest commanded.' Ride to Amend-you, humble yourselves to his master Grace to open the high gate of Heaven that Adam and Eve shut against us all. Through Eve that gate was closed, and through the Virgin Mary it is opened. She hath a latchkey, and can lead in whom she loveth. If Grace grant thee to enter in this wise, thou shalt see Truth where he sits in thine own heart, and solaces thy soul and saves thee from pain. Also charge Charity to build a temple within thine whole heart, to lodge therein all Truth and find all manner of folk food for their souls, if Love and Loyalty and Our Law be true. Beware then of Wrath, for he has envy against him who sitteth in thine heart and urges Pride in thee to praise thyself. If thy well-being make thee bold and blind, thou wilt be driven out and the gate locked and latched against thee, so that thou mayest not enter again for a hundred years. To that place belong Seven Sisters, who serve Truth ever, and are porters at the postern. They are Abstinence, Humility, Charity, Chastity, Patience, Peace, and Liberality. Unless one be sib¹² to these seven it is hard to enter in at the gate unless Grace be the more."

"I have no kin among them," said a cut-purse; "Nor I," said an ape-ward; "Nor I," said a wafer maker. "Yes," said Piers Plowman, and urged them all to good: "Mercy is a maid there who hath might over them all, and she and her Son are sib to all the sinful. Through the help of these two ye may get grace there, if ye go betimes." "Yea," quoth one, "I have bought a piece of ground, and now must I thither to see how I like it," and took leave of Piers. Another said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and therefore I must go with a good will at once to drive them; therefore, I pray you, Piers, if peradventure you meet Truth, so tell him, that I may be excused." Then there was one named Active, who said, "I have married a wife who is changeable of mood, and if I were out of her sight for a fortnight she would lour on me and say I loved another. Therefore, Piers Plowman, I pray thee tell Truth I cannot come, because my Kit so cleaves to me. *Uxorem duxi et ideo non possum venire.*"¹³ Quoth Contemplation, "Though I suffer care, famine, and want, yet will I follow Piers. But the way is so difficult that, without a guide to go with us, we may take a wrong turning."

Then said Piers Plowman, "I have a half-acre to plough by the highway. Had I ploughed that half-acre and sowed seed in it, I would go with you and teach the way."

"That will delay us a long time," said a lady in a veil. "What shall we women do meanwhile?"

¹² Sib, related. First-English "sib," peace, relationship; so Gossip is God-sib, related in God, sponsor in baptism.

¹³ See Luke xiv. 18-20.

¹ Kind-wit, natural knowledge. ² Sykeren him, give him surety.

³ Swink, labour.

⁴ Wayten, watch after.

⁵ Somdel to paye, in some part to his content. To paye, to his pleasure. Latin "pacare," to satisfy.

⁶ Prest, ready. French "prêt."

⁷ Hewe, servant. First-English "hiwan," domestics.

⁸ Wite, know.

⁹ Woneth, dwells.

¹⁰ Wissen (First-English "wissian"), to show the way.

¹¹ The word leal or loyal qualifying love throughout Piers Plowman and otherwise used, has always its first sense of obedience to or accordance with just law.

"I pray you," said Piers, "for your own profit, that some sew the sack to prevent shedding of the wheat; and ye worthy women who work on fine silk with your long fingers, work at fit times chasubles for chaplains to do honour to the church; wives and widows spin wool and flax, Conscience bids you make cloth for profit of the poor and pleasure of yourselves. For I shall feed them, unless the earth fail, as long as I live, for our Lord's love in heaven. And all manner of men whom this earth sustains, help me, your food-winner, to work vigorously."

Quoth a knight, "He counsels the best. I never was taught to drive a team. I wish I could. I should like to try some time, as it were, for pleasure."

"Surely, Sir Knight," said Piers then, "I shall toil and sow for us both, and labour for thee while thou livest, on condition that thou keep Holy-Church and myself from wasters and wicked men who destroy this world. Go boldly to hunt the beasts that break my hedges, and fly falcons at the wild fowl that defile my corn."

Then said the Knight, "According to my power, Piers; I plight my troth faithfully to defend thee, and fight for thee if need be."



THE KNIGHT.

From the Abbey Church at Tewkesbury.

Then the Knight was warned also to respect his bondmen, and remember that before God it was hard to distinguish knight from knave or queen from quean. Ranks might be reversed, when to the lowly it would be said, "Friend, go up higher." The knight is bound to be courteous and avoid the com-

pany of idle chatterers who help the devil to draw men to sin. The Knight promised for himself and his wife to obey his conscience and work as Piers directed.

Then Piers apparelled himself to go as a pilgrim with those who sought Truth; he hung his seed-basket on his neck instead of a scrip, and a bushel of bread-corn was within, "For I will sow it myself," he said, "and then we will go upon our journey. My plough-foot shall be my staff to help my coulter to cut and cleanse the furrows, and all who help me to plough and to weed shall have leave, by our Lord, to go and glean after, and be merry therewith, grudge who may. And I shall feed all true men who live faithfully; not Jack the juggler, Daniel the dice-player, Robin Ribald, Friar Faitour,¹ and folk of that order."

Piers had a wife, Dame Work-when-time-is, and the names of his son and daughter mean Obedience. Piers made a will, leaving his body to the Church, to his wife and children all that he had truly earned. Debts he had none. He always bare home what he borrowed ere he went to bed.

Then Piers went to the ploughing of his half-acre by the roadside, and had many to help. At high prime Piers let the plough stand to see who wrought best; he should be hired thereafter when harvest-time came. Some sat and sang at the ale, helping to plough the half-acre with "Hoy, trolly lolly!" When urged to work with the threat that not a grain should gladden them in time of need, they pleaded that they were blind, or lame, and could not work: "But we pray for you, Piers, and for your plough too, that God of his grace will multiply your grain and reward you for your almesse that ye give us here. We have no limbs to labour with, we thank the Lord."

"Your prayers would help, I hope, if ye were true," said Piers, "but Truth wills that there be no feigning among those who beg. I fear ye are wasters, who devour what loyal toil has raised out of the land. But the halt, the blind, the prisoners shall eat my corn and share my cloth."

Then one of the Wasters offered to fight with Piers Plowman, and spoke to him contemptuously. Another came bragging, and said, "Will thou or nill thou, we will have our will, and fetch thy meat and flour whenever we like to make us merry." Piers looked to the Knight for help. The Knight warned Waster courteously that if he did not amend his way he must be beaten, and set in the stocks. "I was never used to work," said Waster, "and I will not begin now." So he took little heed of the law, and less of the Knight, and set Piers at defiance.

Then Piers fetched Hunger to punish these misdoers. Hunger soon seized Waster by the throat, wrung him by the belly till his eyes watered, and buffeted him about the cheeks till he looked like a lantern all his life after. Piers had to pray off Hunger with a loaf of pease-bread. "Hunger, have mercy on him," said Piers, "and let me give him

¹ Faitour, Make-believe.

beans. What was baked for the horse may save him." Then the feigners were afeared, and flew to Piers's barns, and threshed with their flails so stoutly from morning to evening that Hunger was afraid to look on them. Hermits cut their copes into short coats, took spades, spread dung, weeded, for dread of their death, such strokes gave Hunger. Friars of all five orders worked, for fear of Hunger. Piers was glad, and was sending Hunger away, but asked counsel of him first; since many were at work for fear of famine, not for love.

"Truth," said Piers, "taught me once to love them all; teach me, Sir Hunger, how to master them, and make them love the labour for their living."

Hunger advised that the able-bodied who avoided work should be fed only with the bread of dogs and horses. "Give them beans. If any object, bid him Go, work; and he shall sup the sweeter when he hath deserved."

Hunger quoted many words of Scripture in support of his argument that men were born to work. They should not eat till Hunger sent his sauce, or let Sir Surfeit sit by them at table. If men did thus, Physic should sell his furred hood for his food,

"And lerne labore with londe leste lyfode hym faile.

Ther aren meny luthere¹ leeches, and lele leeches fewe :

Thei don men deye² thorgh here³ drynkes er destynye hit wolde."

Piers said that Hunger was right, and bade farewell; but Hunger would not go till he had dined. It was not yet harvest, and there was nothing to be had but a little curds and cream, an oat-cake, a few loaves of beans and pease, parsley, onions, half-red cherries, a cow and her calf, and a cart-mare. But the poor people brought what they could to feed Hunger, who ate all in haste, and asked for more. But when it was harvest-time, and the new corn was in, Hunger ate and was satisfied, and went away. And then the beggars would eat only the finest bread, they would take no halfpenny ale—only the best and brownest that the brewsters sell. Labourers, who had only their hands to live by, would not dine upon worts more than one night old, or penny ale and a piece of bacon, but must have fresh meat and fish, hot, and hotter, because their stomachs were a-cold. They would chide if they had not high wages, and curse the laws; but they strove not so when Hunger frowned upon them. Here the poet, reading signs of the stars according to the astrology that formed part of the undoubted science of his day, warned his countrymen, by the aspect of Saturn, that Hunger was coming back; for famine and pestilence were on the way to them again. It was a sad prediction which, in those days, must needs be fulfilled. The next of the great pestilences followed a sore famine in 1382.

Truth heard of these things, and sent to bid Piers till the earth; granting a full pardon to him and all

who in any way helped at his ploughing: to kings and knights who defended him; to bishops if they were loyal and full of love, merciful to the meek, mild to the good, severe to the bad men of whatever rank when they would not amend; to merchants who earned honestly and made a right use of their gain, repairing the hospitals, mending the highways, helping the fatherless, the poor, the prisoner, helping also to bring the young to school. "Do this," said Truth, "and I myself shall send you Michael, mine angel, that no fiend shall hurt you, and your souls shall come to where I dwell, and there abide in bliss for ever and ever." Then the merchants wept for joy, and prayed for Piers Plowman. It was ill with lawyers who would not plead unpaid, but well with them if they would plead for the innocent poor and comfort them, and maintain their cause against injustice of the strong. There follows upon Truth's message a tender picture of the sorrows of the poor mother of many children, whose spinning barely pays the rent of the low cot, the cost of milk and meal to feed the little ones who hunger as she is hungering herself:—

"And woe in winter-time with waking a-nights

To rise to the ruel,⁴ to rock the cradle,

Both to card and to comb, to clouten⁵ and to wash,

To rub and to rely,⁶ rushes to pilie,⁷

That ruth is to read other⁸ in ryme shewe

The woe of these women that woneth in cotes."

Still dwelling upon love as the companion of labour, the poet touches on the secret sorrows of poor men, who will not beg or complain or make their need known to their neighbours; whose craft is all their substance, bringing in few pence to clothe and feed those whom they love; to whom a farthing's worth of mussels is a fast-day feast. To help and comfort such as these, and crooked men and blind, is charity indeed. But beggars with their bags, whose church is the brewhouse; if they be not halt, or blind, or sick, if they be idlers who deceive; leave them to work or starve. And those who wander wanting wit,—the lunatics and lepers, to whom cold and heat are as one, and who walk moneyless far and wide, as Peter and Paul did, though they preach not nor work miracles,—to my conscience, it is as if God, giver of wit and health, had sent forth these also as His apostles, without bread and bag and begging of no man, reverencing no man more than another for his dignity, to draw from us love and mercy. They are heaven's minstrels: men give gold to all manner of minstrels in the name of great lords. Rather, ye rich, should ye help with your goods these minstrels of God, whose sins are hid under His secret seal, than the idlers and unlearned eremites who come into the house to rest them and to roast them with their backs to the fire, and leave when they will, to go next where they are most likely to find a round of bacon. These eremites worked till they found out

¹ *Luthere*, bad. First-English "lath," evil, whence our "loathe."

² *Don men deye*, cause men to die.

³ *Here*, their.

⁴ *Ruel*, the spinning-wheel.

⁵ *Clouten*, patch.

⁶ *Rely*, reel.

⁷ *Pilie*, peel.

⁸ *Other*, or.

that feigners in friar's clothing had fat cheeks. Such men may truly be called lollers.

"As by English of our elders, of old men teaching,
He that lolleth is lame, or his leg is out of joint,
Or maimed in some member, for to mischief it soundeth.
And right so soothly such manner eremites
Lollen agen the Belief and Law of Holy-Church."

Because he is a friar, he sits at meat with the first who once sat at a side-bench and second table, tasted no wine all the week, had neither blanket on his bed nor white bread before him. The fault is with bishops who allow such sins to reign. "Simon, why sleepest thou? To watch were better, for thou hast great charge. For many strong wolves are broken into the fold; thy dogs are all blind, thy sheep are scattered, thy dogs dare not bark. They have an ill tar, their salve is of *supersedeas* in the Summoner's boxes. Thy sheep are nearly all scabbed; the wolf tears away their wool. Ho, shepherd! Where is thy dog?"

To such exhortation a priest answered by calling upon Piers to show the form of the Pardon Truth had sent him. Piers unfolded it, and showed it to them all. There were but two lines in it:

*"Qui bona egerunt ibunt in vitam eternam;
Qui vero mala, in ignem eternum."*¹

"Peter!" quoth a priest then, "I can find no pardon here! Nothing but

"Do well and Have well, and God shall have thy soul;
Do ill and have ill, and hope thou none other
But he that ill liveth shall have an ill end."

Thus the priest disputed with Piers about the Pardon, and with their words, says the Dreamer, I awoke, and saw the sun far in the south, and wandered a mile over Malvern Hills musing upon this dream. What meant Piers Plowman by the Pardon wherewith he would gladden the people? what meant the priest by his contention that it was no pardon at all? and the dream seemed to him to mean

"—that Do-well Indulgences passed,
Biennals and triennals and bishops' letters.
For whoso doth well here, at the day of doom
Worth faire underfong before God that time.
So Do-wel passeth Pardon and Pilgrimages to Rome.
Yet hath the Pope power pardon to grant
As lettered men us lereth² and Law of Holy-Church.
And so I believe loyally, lords forbid else,
That pardon and penance and prayers do save
Souls that have sinned seven siths³ deadly.
Ac⁴ to trusten upon triennals, truly me thinketh,
Is not so sicker for the Soul certes as is Dowel.
Forthi ich rede you renkes⁵ that rich ben on this earth
Up trist⁶ of your treasure triennals to have
Be ye never the bolder to break the ten hests.

And nameliche⁷ ye maistres, mayors, and judges
That han the wealth of this world, and wise men ben hold,⁸
To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls,
At the dreadful day of doom when dead men shullen rise,
And comen all before Christ accounts to yield
How we had our life here and his laws kept,
And how we did day by day, the doom will rehearse:
A poke⁹ full of pardon there, ne provincials' letters,
Though we be found in fraternity of all five orders,
And have indulgences doublefold, but¹⁰ Do-wel us help,
I set by pardon not a pea nother a pye-heel.
Forthi ich counsel all Christians to cry God mercy
And Mary his mother be our mene¹¹ to Him,
That God give us grace here, ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here
That after our death day Do-wel rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he taught. Amen."

Thus ends, with the second dream, the first part of the Vision of Piers Plowman, which I am dwelling on the more fully because the book is not yet read and known as widely as it ought to be, and because there is no other work of the fourteenth century that shows so vividly the life of England in those days, and in the midst of all its ills, the rising spirit of a Reformation that sought grace of God in calling every man—king, knight, priest, merchant, peasant—to his Duty. Langland opposed no doctrines then accepted by his Church. He joins in testimony to the general corruption of the friars, but finds many monks true to their vows; the place held by the Virgin Mary in the mediæval Church he gave her without question, and he did not contradict what the Church taught concerning the Pope's power to grant indulgences. Obey Holy-Church, he says, but trust not in what money can buy. A bagfull of pardons will surely help you less at the Last Day, than grace of God obtained by prayer to Him with true penitence shown by undoing of the evil done, and labour to do well all one's life after. He has no faith in the religion of Say-well who turns his back upon well-doing, or in a love of God that does not show itself by love of man and deeds of mercy. He looks to Christ, and bids men strive to read their duty in the pure light of our Saviour's teaching.

The second part of his poem—styled in MSS. the vision concerning Dowel—Langland began by representing himself thus robed in russet, roaming about all a summer season in search of Dowel. He asked of many where he might be found, and met on a Friday two Franciscan friars.

"You travel much about," he said, "in princes' palaces and poor men's cots. Tell me where Dowel dwells."

"He is one of us friars," said one; "always has been, and I hope always will be."

"Nay," said Will, "even the just sins seven times a day. He cannot always be at home with you."

"I will explain to you, my son," said a friar, "how we sin seven times a day and have Dowel. If a man be in a boat on the wild sea of the world,

¹ The reference is to Matthew xxv. 34—46.

² Lereth, teach.

³ Siths, times.

⁴ Ac, but.

⁵ Therefore I counsel you men.

⁶ Up trist, upon trust.

⁷ Nameliche, especially.

⁸ Ben hold, are esteemed.

⁹ Poke, bag. First-English "pocca," pocket, a little bag.

¹⁰ But, unless.

¹¹ Our mene, our mediator.

and stumble and fall seven times a day, if his fall be within the boat he is safe and sound. Man has also free will and free wit to row out of sin."

"I cannot follow that," said Will. "We acknowledge Christ who died upon the cross," said the friar; and Will said, "May he save you from mischance, and give me grace to die with a good end."

Then he went farther in a wilderness by a wood-side, and pleasure of the birds' songs caused him to lie under a tree and listen to their lays and lovely notes until he slept, and dreamt. In this his third dream came to him a man like to himself and called him by his name.

"What art thou?" quoth I, "that my name knowest?"

"That wotst thou, Will," quoth he, "and no wight better."

"Wot I?" quoth I: "Who art thou?" "Thought," said he then,

"I have thee sewed¹ this seven year. Seih² thou me no rather?"

"Art thou Thought?" quoth I then, "thou coutheest me wisse³"

Where that Dowel dwelleth, and do⁴ me to know."

"Dowel and Dobet," quoth he, "and Dobest the third, Beeth three fair virtues, and beeth not far to find.

Whoso is true of his tongue and of his two hands,
And through leal labour liveth and loveth his emchristian,⁵
And thereto is true of his tale and halt⁶ well his hands,
Not dronkelewe ne deynous,⁷ Dowel him folweth.

Dobet doth all this, ac yet he doth more:
He is low as a lamb and lovely of speech,
And helpeth heartily all men of that he may spare.
The bags and the by-girdles he hath to-broke them all
That the Earl Avarous held and his heirs,
And of Mammon's money made him many friends,
And is run into religion, and rendreth his Bible,
And preacheth to the people Saint Paul's words:

*Libenter suffertis insipientes, cum sitis ipsi sapientes.*⁸

"Ye worldliche wise unwise that ye suffer,
Lene them⁹ and love them," this Latin is to mean.

Dobest bear should the bishop's cross
And hale with the hooked end ill men to good,
And with the point put down *prevaricatores legis*,¹⁰
Lords that liven as them lust and no law acounten,
For their muck and their meuble¹¹ such men thinken
That no bishop should their bidding withsit.¹²
But Dobest should not dreaden them, but do as God
highte,¹³

*Nolite timere eos qui possunt occidere corpus.*¹⁴ "

And these three have crowned a king with sole
power over the lives of those who will not do as

Dobest taught; have crowned one to be king and rule all realms according to their teaching, but no otherwise than as those three assented.' The Dreamer thanked Thought for his teaching, but was not yet satisfied. He would go farther and learn more about Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest. Thought directed him to Wit (knowledge). None in the kingdom could tell him better than Wit where those three dwelt. So Thought and the Dreamer went together until they met with Wit.

"He was long and lean, like to none other,
Was no pride in his apparel, nor poverty neither,
Sad of his semblant, with a soft speech."

The Dreamer, afraid to address him, caused Thought to inquire for him where Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest dwell, what lives they live, what laws they use, and what they dread and fear.

"Sir Dowel dwelleth," quoth Wit, "not a day hence

In a castle that Kind made of four kyne things;

Of Earth of Air it is made, medled¹⁵ together,

With Wind and Water wittily en-joined.

Kind hath closed therein craftily withal

A leman that he loveth well, like to himself,

Anima she hatte,¹⁶ to her hath envy

A proud pricker of France, *Princeps hujus Mundi*,¹⁷

And would win her away with wiles if he might.

And Kind knoweth this well, and keepeth her the better,

And dooth her with Sir Dowel, Duke of these Marches.

Dobet is her damsel, Sir Dowel's daughter,

To serve that Lady leally both late and rathe.¹⁸

Dobest is above both, a bishop's peer,

And by his lering¹⁹ is led that ilk Lady *Anima*.

The constable of that castle that keepeth them all

Is a wise knight withal, Sir Inwit²⁰ he hatte,

And hath five fair sons by his first wife,

Sir Seewell, Sir Saywell, Sir Hearwell the hende,

Sir Work-well-with-thine-hand, a wight²¹ man of strength,

And Sir Goodfaith Gowell, great lords all.

These five ben ysett for to sauye *Anima*²²

Till Kind come or send and keep her himself."

"And who is Kind?" asked Will. Wit then described him as the Creator of all things, Lord of Light and Life, who made man in His image, that sin hides from us as clouds obscure the sun. Inwit (Conscience) lives in the head; *Anima* lives in the heart. Wit added in new form the direct lessons of human love and duty, and dwelt on the relations between husband and wife that should be founded upon higher love than that of money, and have issue in peace, not in contention. But Wit himself had Study for his wife, and she contended with him for giving his wisdom to fools,

"And said, *Noli mittere*, ye men, margerie-pears
Amonge hogges that haven haws at will."

¹ Sewed, followed. ² Seih . . . rather, sawest . . . sooner.

³ Wisse, direct. ⁴ Do, make, cause.

⁵ Emchristian, even or equal Christian: fellow-Christian.

⁶ Halt, holds. ⁷ Deynous, disdainful.

⁸ "Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise." (2 Cor. xi. 19.)

⁹ Lene them, give to them; that is, give to them of your knowledge.

¹⁰ Prevaricators of the law. ¹¹ Meuble, furniture.

¹² Withsit, withstand; set himself against.

¹³ Highte, commanded.

¹⁴ "Fear not them which kill the body." (Matthew x. 28.)

¹⁵ Medled, mixed.

¹⁶ *Anima* she hatte, the Soul she is called.

¹⁷ The Prince of this World.

¹⁸ Rathe, early.

¹⁹ Lering, teaching.

²⁰ Inwit, conscience.

²¹ Wight, vigorous. ²² Appointed to keep *Anima* safe.

The world, she said, loves land and lordship more than all the saints can teach. Through her the poet paints contempt of true learning in clerks who argue blindly of the Trinity and send the poor shivering and starving from their gates. Were not the poor more merciful to one another, many would go unfed. Pride is so much enhanced that men's prayers have no power to stay these pestilences. Men now want charity, are gay and gluttonous. Beware, Dame Study said to Wit her husband, beware of showing Holy Writ to swine. Wit laughed and bowed to his wife, and looked at the Dreamer as inviting him to win her grace. The Dreamer bowed, and very courteously prayed that she would teach him to know what Dowel is. For his meekness, she said, and his mild speech, she would introduce him to her cousin Clergy, who has Study's sister Scripture (written knowledge) for his wife. By their understanding and counsel he should come to know Dowel. The Dreamer asked the way to Clergy's home, and was bidden to go by the highway to Suffer-both-weal-and-much-woe, and then ride on through Riches without tarrying. "When you come to Clergy, say it was I who taught his wife. Many men," said Dame Study, "have been taught by me, but Theology has vexed me ten-score times.

"The more I muse thereon the mistier it seemeth,
And the deeper I dive the darker methinketh it.

It is no science soothly, but a soothfast belief,

Ac for it lereth¹ men to love, I believe thereon the better."

When Clergy was found, he told the Dreamer that if he coveted Dowel he must keep the Ten Commandments and believe in Christ. If man's wit could not doubt evidence of the revealed mysteries of God, there would be no merit in Faith. Belief and Loyalty and Love make Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest.

Then Clergy's wife, Scripture (written knowledge) scorned the questioner, and looked to Clergy to get rid of him; saying in Latin, "Many know many things, and not themselves."

The Dreamer wept for woe and awoke, and slept again, and passed into another—the fourth—dream of the Vision.

He dreamt that Fortune took him to the Land of Longing and Love, and bade him look into a Mirror of the World. "Here," she said, "thou may'st see wonders, and know that which thou covetest to know." Fortune had two fair maidens following her, named Lust-of-Flesh and Covetise-of-Eyes. Pride-of-Perfect-living also followed him fast, and bade him make light of Clergy's teaching. The two maidens offered him their comfort, but there was one named Eld (old age), heavy of cheer, who warned him that he should find Fortune fail him at his need, and that he would then be forsaken by her daughters.

"Yea, never reck thee," said Recklessness, who stood forth in ragged clothes, "it is a far way yet to Eld."

Sir Wanhope (Despair) was sib to Recklessness,

and said, "Go I to hell or heaven, I shall not go alone. If all be true that Clergy and Scripture say, there's not a lord or lady on earth who shall see God in his bliss. The Church says that Solomon and Aristotle are in hell; that Mary Magdalene and the repentant thief are in heaven. A little of God's grace is better than much learning of Clergy and Scripture. Clerks who are most learned can forfeit the heaven that poor loyal labourers and tillers of the soil reach with a Pater Noster. God disposes." Then childish Recklessness drew the Dreamer towards the daughters of Fortune; he thought no more of Dowel and Dobet; he cared no more for Clergy and his counsel.

"Alas!" said Eld and Holiness both, "that Wit should become wretchedness, when Wealth has all his will!"

But Covetise-of-Eyes solaced the Dreamer, and said, "So thou be rich, have no conscience how thou come to good. Confess to a friar, and thou'rt soon absolved."

He did so; but Fortune presently became his foe, and Poverty pursued him. Then he went to the friar, and could get no absolution without silver. "Why frown'st thou at this friar?" asked Loyalty. "Because he flattered me when I was rich, and will not look upon me now." Here Loyalty gave counsel, and Scripture enforced it with texts, setting forth the grace of God to those who faithfully bear poverty and trials upon earth. Poverty walks in peace, unrobbed among the plunderers. Poverty Jesus chose. The poor may be as having nothing, yet possessing all things. The poet dwells at length upon the consolations of the uncumbered poor. Recklessness argued against Clergy until Nature came to Clergy's help, and showed how the beasts follow Reason, while men alone ride away from Reason recklessly. The birds patiently build their nests, and hatch their young; the flowers yield their fit colour and perfume. The Dreamer asked of Reason why he did not rather govern man than beasts. "Ask not," said Reason, "what I suffer from those who sin against me. Who is more long-suffering than God? Be patient. Rule thy tongue. Praise God, and know that none lives without crime."

The Dreamer then awoke, and grieved that he had slept no more. "Sleeping," he said, "I might have found Dowel. Waking, I never shall."

After this fourth dream of the Vision, while Will mourned, there came to him one who told him that if he had been patient, even though but in a dream, he would have heard Reason confirm the teaching of Clergy. For his pride and presumption of perfect living, Reason refused to stay with him. He had been brought to shame for reasoning against Reason. The new counsellor was Imaginative, who said he had followed him these forty years, and often taught him about Dowel; counselling that to beguile no man, neither to lie, nor to waste time, nor to hurt any true thing, to live humbly, and obey the Church is Dowel; but to love and to give, living a good life in faith, is called *Caritas*, Kind Love in English, that is Dobet. In different forms, in short, there is one lesson: Dowel is the life of truth and justice that

¹ Ac for it lereth, but because it teacheth.

should be natural to man; Dobet rises within himself above simple equity, to the grace of a true Christian charity and self-denial; Dobet multiplies in others these blessings, represses evil in the world, calls forth its good, is the human head of the Church when he fulfils his duty, and is, above all, the divine Head of the Church, who wipes out the sins of the people, and brings many to salvation.

Imaginative tells the Dreamer of the grace of God, of the right use of learning, and of the attention due from the unlearned to those who bring them knowledge. It is well with the lowly who seek heaven. The peacock's tail hinders his flying, and he is harsh of voice. Many a man's riches are as the peacock's tail. The lark is a smaller bird, but he is sweeter of song, sweeter of savour, and swifter of wing:

"To low living men the lark is resembled,
And to leal and to life-holy that loven all truth."

To heathen men who had loved all truth they knew or could discover, Langland makes Imaginative apply the saying of the lord to the steward in Christ's parable of the talents, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

"And that is love and large hire, if the lord be true,
And courtesy more than covenant was, what so clerks carpen.
For all worth¹ as God will—and therewith he vanished."

The Dreamer awoke, and mused upon his dreaming till he slept again. In this, his sixth dream, Conscience and Clergy came to him and bade him rise and roam, for he should dine with Reason. To the allegorical dinner

"Patience as a poor thing came and prayed meat for charity,
Ylike to Piers Plowman."

The Dreamer sat with Patience at a side table, served with the sour bread of Penitence and the drink of Long Perseverance. Will was grieved at the gluttony of a doctor at the high dais, whom he had heard preach three days ago at St. Paul's, of the penance through which Paul and all who sought heaven attained its joy. He wondered why the doctor never preached of "perils among false brethren." But (ac), he says,

"Ac me is loth, though I Latin know, to lucky² any sect,
For all we ben brethren, though we be diversely clothed."

Yet this doctor with the great cheeks hath no pity on the poor. Let him be asked, when he is full, said Patience, what penance is; and whether Dobet do any penance. Presently this doctor, ruddy as a rose, began to cough and converse. "What is Dowel, Sir Doctor?" quoth I. "Is Dobet any penance?" "Dowel?" quoth this Doctor, and he drank after, "Do thy neighbour no harm nor thyself neither,

then dost thou well and wisely." "Certes, sir," then said I, "in that ye divide not with the poor ye pass not do well, and do not live as our Lord would, who hath visited and redeemed his people." Then Conscience courteously asked the Doctor concerning Dowel and Dobet. "Do well," he replied, "is do as the doctors tell you; Dobet is travail to teach others; and he that doth as he teacheth I hold it for a Dobet." Then Conscience asked Clergy also, "What is Dowel?" "Have me excused," quoth Clergy; "for me that shall remain a question of the schools, for love of Piers the Plowman, who has rejected all kinds of learning and craft—

"Save love and loyalty and lowness of heart,
And no text taketh to prove this for true
But *Dilige Deum et proximum*³ and *Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo*, &c.,⁴
And proveth by pure skill imperfect all things,
Nemo bonus,⁵
But leal Love and Truth, that loth is to be yfound."

Quoth Piers the Plowman, "*Patientes vincunt*."⁶ Suddenly here breaks in the voice of Piers the Plowman, "*Disce, doce, dilige*. Learn, teach, and love God and thine enemy; help him with all thy might; heap coals of gentle words upon his head; give to him again and again in the day of his need; lay on him thus with love until he laughs, and if he do not yield him to this beating, blind he must be." And when he had said thus no man knew what was become of Piers the Plowman, so privily he went. Reason ran after and went with him, but no others except Conscience and Clergy. Then Patience said, when Piers had passed from them, "They who love loyally covet but little. I could win all France if I would, without any bloodshedding. *Patientes vincunt*. Neither poverty nor malice, heat nor hail, can hurt the man who has taken Patience to his bosom. Perfect love casteth out fear. Live as thou teachest, and the world is at thy feet." "This is all dido," said the Doctor. "All the wit of this world and strength of the strong cannot make a Peace between the Pope and his enemies that shall be profitable to both parties." Will noticed that Conscience soon quitted this doctor and said to Clergy, "I would liever, if I should live, have patience perfectly than half thy pack of books. I will depart, therefore, with Patience to find Perfectness." So they went their way, and, with great will, the Dreamer followed.

They talked by the way of Dowel and met Hawkin the Active man, a baker of wafer-bread, who said he was prentice to Piers Plowman, for the comfort of all people. He was very poor, and wished the Pope might bear in his mouth mercy and amend us all; since he hath the power that Saint Peter had, why shall he not lay hands on the sick and they recover; why did he not give health to the sickly air, and stay the pestilence? Is it that men are no longer worthy of such grace? There would be less pride

³ Love God and thy Neighbour. (Matthew xxii. 37, 39.)

⁴ Psalm xv.

⁵ "There is none good." (Mark x. 18.)

⁶ The patient conquer. "If we suffer we shall also reign with him" (2 Timothy ii. 12).

¹ All worth, all is, all becomes.

² Lucky, find fault with.

among men if there were bread for all. But Patience said that though there were no bread, plough, or pottage in existence, yet Pride would shoot forth. Hawkin's own coat was soiled with sins, and he was so busy that he had not time to clean it. But Conscience taught him, and Patience satisfied his hunger with a piece of the Paternoster called "Thy-Will-be-Done."

Then they met one who was named Free-Will, and well known to both Conscience and Clergy. He said he was Christ's creature, to whom neither Peter nor Paul would deny admission into heaven. He went about in man's body and had many names—*Mens, Memoria, Ratio, Sensus, &c.*

"You would like to know what they all mean?"

"I should," said the Dreamer.

"Then you are one of the knights of Pride. God alone can know everything. The priesthood should leave fallacies and insoluble problems that cause men to doubt their own belief, and show the way of holiness by walking in it as guides of the people. Unsound priests get with guile and spend ungraciously; but there is an ill end to those who live against holy love and the love of Charity."

"Charity!" said the Dreamer. "I have often heard that praised, but never met with it. I have lived in London many long years and have never found, as the friars say, Charity that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. I never found layman or clerk who would not ask after his own, and covet besides what he could do without, and get it if he could."

The reply pictures Charity as child-like in gladness with the glad and sadness with the sorry, child-like in faith that what a man declares for truth he holds for truth, and for reverence to God who is so good, unable to beguile or grieve another. Charity has no laugh of scorn, and takes all griefs of life as ministries from heaven.

"And who," the Dreamer asked, "feeds Charity? What friends hath he, what rents or riches to relieve him at his need?"

"For rents and riches," was the reply, "he never cares. He hath a friend that faileth never. He can find all in Thou-openest-thine-hand,¹ and Thy-Will-be-Done feasteth him each day. He visits the prisoners; he tells men of the sufferings of Christ; he takes all the apparel of Pride into his laundry, and it is washed white with his tears."

"Were I with him I would never leave him," said the Dreamer. "But they know him not, who keep the church."

"Piers Plowman," it was answered, "knoweth him most perfectly. By clothing and talking thou shalt know him never, but by works thou mightest come into his way. He is pleasant of speech and companionable, as Christ himself teacheth, Be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance.² I have seen him myself sometimes in russet and sometimes in gold. He was found once in a friar's frock, but that was long since in the far days of

Francis.³ He seldom comes to court, because of the brawling and backbiting there, or to the consistory, for law there is too slow, except when silver is wanting. He would live with bishops for the sake of the poor, but Avarice keeps him outside their gates. Whoso coveteth to follow Charity must be of such kind as I told you not long ago. He holds it a shame to beg or borrow but of God only, Give us this day our daily bread."

At this point in the narrative the MSS. mark the close of the Vision as far as it concerns Dowel, and the beginning of Dobet. There is no man, says the Dreamer, who does not sometimes borrow or beg, and who is not at times wrathful without any sin. "Whoso is wroth and desires vengeance," he is told, "puts aside Charity, if Holy-Church be true. Charity suffers all things. Holy men have lived also without borrowing or begging. Paul, the first hermit, if Augustine be true, was fed by the birds; Paul the Apostle made baskets after his preaching, and earned what he needed with his hands; Peter and Andrew fished. To Mary of Egypt three little loaves sufficed for thirty years. But now no prayers bring us peace; the learned err so much that the unlearned lose belief. The sea and the earth fail, though sea and seed and sun and moon daily and nightly do their duty.⁴ If we did the same our peace would be perpetual. Weatherwise shipmen have now lost their faith in the air and in the lode-star. Clerks say that faith alone suffices. It would be better for us if they did their duty. Saracens might so be saved, if they believed in Holy-Church."

"What is Holy-Church, friend?" asked the Dreamer.

"Charity," was the answer. "Life and love and loyalty in one belief and law, a love-knot of loyalty and leal belief. All kinds of Christians joined together by one will, without guile and gabbing give and sell and lend. Jews, Gentiles, and Saracens judge themselves that they believe loyally (that is, according to law), and yet their law differeth; and with good heart they honour one God, who is source of all. But our Lord loveth no love unless law be the cause. For dissolute men love against the law, and at the last are damned; thieves love against loyalty, and at the last are hanged; and leal men love as the law teacheth, and love thereof ariseth which is head of charity and health of man's soul. Love God, for he is good and ground of all truth. Love thine enemy entirely, God's best to fulfil. Love thy friend that followeth thy will, that is thy fair soul."

When Free Will had said much more upon this head, "Dear Free Will," quoth I, "I believe as I hope that thou couldst tell me the way to Charity." Then he smiled, and led me forth with tales till we came into a garden land, its name was *Cor Hominis* (the Heart of Man). In the midst was a tree called *Imago Dei* (the Image of God). This was the tree of True-Love, which shot forth blossoms named Benign Speech, and thereof cometh a good fruit which men call Works of Holiness, of Gentleness, of Help-him-that-needeth, the which is called *Caritas*,

¹ "That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good." (Psalm civ. 28.)

² Matthew vi 16.

³ Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan order. See page 53.

⁴ "Dever" ("devoir") is the word here representing duty.

Christ's own food. The tree is shored up with three props against the wind of Covetise, that shakes the tree and nips its fruit. The first prop is the Might of God the Father; the second is the Wisdom of the Father in the passion and penance and perfectness of the Son. The Devil comes with a ladder, of which the rungs are lies, to shake the tree; but Free Will then brings down the evil spirit with the third shorer, which is *Spiritus Sanctus*, and that firm belief which is grace of the Holy Ghost. The Dreamer gazed intently on the fruit, and saw that it was wondrous fair, and asked if it were all of the same kind. Yes, he was told, but, as in an apple-tree, some are sounder and some sweeter than others. Then the tree was Adam; the fruit in different positions on the tree, some getting more light to ripen the love in them, were men in different positions of life. The contemplative life has more light than the active. Widowhood is above matrimony, maidenhood above them both. The Dreamer, wishing to taste this fair fruit, asked that the tree might be shaken. Eld (Old Age) shook it, but as the fruit fell, the Devil picked it up. Then Free Will of God struck at the fiend with the middle prop, and the Son, with the Father's will, flew with the Holy Spirit to recover the fruit from that accuser.¹ Then spake the Holy Ghost, through Gabriel's mouth, to a meek maid named Mary. Here the narrative proceeds from the Annunciation to the Birth and Life of Christ, and to the betraying kiss of Judas, and the noise of the carrying of Christ by the Jews to judgment. With that William awoke from his sixth dream.

He awoke and knew not whither Free Will was gone, but waited for him till, on Mid-Lent Sunday, he met a man hoar as a hawthorn, and Abraham he hight. "Whence came you?" the poet asked. "I am with Faith," he said, "who was a herald before there was any law." "What is his cognisance?" "Three persons in one pennon;" and the allegory goes on to set forth a Triune God as the mark of faith. Abraham bare in his bosom a thing that he often blessed. It was a leper. The fiend claimed Abraham and the leper too. Christ only could ransom them by giving life for life. The poet wept at hearing, but presently there came one who ran swiftly.

"I am Spes,"² quoth he, "and speer after a knight
That took me a mandement upon the Mount of Sinai,
To rule all realms therewith in right and in reason.
Lo here the Letter," quoth he, "in Latin and in Ebrew.
That I say is sooth, see whoso liketh."
'Is it a-sealed?' I said. 'May men see the letters?'
'Nay,' he said, 'I seek him that hath the seal to keep,
The which is Christ and Christendom, and a Cross thereon
to hang.

Were it therewith a-sealed, I wot well the truth,
That Lucifer's lordship lie should full low.'
'Let see thy letters,' quoth I; 'we might the Law know.'
He ploughed forth a patent, a piece of an hard rock,
Whereon was writ two words in this wise glosed:

*Dilige Deum et Proximum tuum.*³

¹ *Rageman* is the name here given to Satan, from Icelandic "*raðja*," to slander or defame; First-English "*wrecean*," to accuse. The word is not related to the "*ragman*" of page 79, Note 1.

² *Spes*, Hope.

³ Love God and thy neighbour.

This was the text truly I took full good come,⁴
The glose gloriously was writ with a gilt pen:
*In his duobus mandatis pendet tota lex et propheta.*⁵

During the talk that arose from the words of Faith (for whom Abraham spoke) and Hope, a Samaritan, travelling their own way, came by them quickly on a mule. He was on his way from Jericho to joustings at Jerusalem. Abraham, Hope, and He came together in a wild wilderness where thieves had fast bound a man who was naked, and who seemed to be half dead. Faith and Hope saw and passed him at a distance; the Samaritan at once drew near, dismounted and led his mule, poured wine and oil into the stranger's wounds, bandaged them, set him on Bayard, and led him to a grange called *Lex Dei* (the law of God), where he left him to be healed, giving two pence to the hosteler, and saying that he would make good to him what more was spent on medicine; for I may not stay, he said, and re-mounted and sped on towards Jerusalem. Then the Dreamer hurried after that Samaritan, and was taught by him, of the Trinity upon which Faith (Abraham) had dwelt; and of Love, the theme of Hope. "Every man can love his neighbour if he will," said the Samaritan, and hasted on.

Here ended the seventh dream of the Vision, but the poet slept again and dreamt much of Palm Sunday, of the Palm Sunday hymn, the *Gloria laus* (sung as the procession halts before re-entering the church), and of Hosanna sung by old folk to the organ. One who was like the Samaritan, and some part like Piers Plowman, came barefoot on an ass's back, without spurs or spear, as a knight on his way to be dubbed. Then was Faith in a window, and cried, "O Son of David!" as a herald cries when adventurers come to the jousts. Old Jews of Jerusalem sang for joy, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" Then the Dreamer asked of Faith what this meant.

"And who should jousten at Jerusalem?"—"Jesus," he said;
'And fetch that the fiend claimeth, Piers' fruit, the Plowman.'

'Is Piers in this place?' quoth I."

Then he was told that Free Will of God had undertaken for love that Jesus should joust in the arms of Piers the Plowman; in his helm and habergeon of human nature. He asked who should joust with Jesus, Jews or scribes? None, he was told, but the Fiend, and the false doom of Death. Death claims and threatens all, but Life hath laid his life to pledge that within three days he will recover from the Fiend the fruit of Piers the Plowman.

Then came Pilate to the judgment-seat, and Jesus was condemned and suffered on the cross, and said, "It is finished." And the day became dark, and the dead rose, and one of the dead told of the battle in darkness between Life and Death. The side of the Saviour was pierced by Longeus, who, in doing so

⁴ *Gome*, heed. First-English "*gýme*" and "*gýmen*," care, heed "*gýman*," to take care of.

⁵ "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." (Matthew xxii. 40.)

against his will, begged Mercy of Jesus. Presently there came Mercy as a mild maiden walking from the west, and looking hell-ward." Forth from the east, came softly walking, clean and comely, one who seemed to be her sister, and her name was Truth. They spoke of what they saw and what should follow, and Truth doubted the high promises of Mercy, that by this death Death should be destroyed. Then out of the north came to them Righteousness (Justice), and Peace out of the south. Righteousness paid reverence to Peace, who said she was come forth to welcome the redeemed. They shall sing, she said—

"And I shall dance thereto: do also thou, sister,
For Jesus jousted well; joy beginneth to dawn."

So Mercy and Truth and Peace and Righteousness spoke of Salvation.

Then is set forth in lively narrative the Descent into Hell. A spirit bade unbar the gates.

"A voice loud in that light to Lucifer said,
'Princes of this palace, prest undo the gates,
For here cometh with coroune the King of all Glory!'"

Then Satan bade the fiends bar out the coming light and hold the gate, but, owning presently that they had not power against Christ, he would appeal, he said, to his justice. Here also Christ crucified prevailed. Satan was bound; the angels sang in Heaven, and Peace piped a poet's note that when the dark cloud disappears, much brighter for that is the sunshine; so when the Hatreds are gone, brighter for that is the Love.

"After sharpest showers,' quoth Peace, 'most sheen is the sun;

Is no weather warmer than after watery clouds
Neither love liever, ne liever friendés
Than after war and wrack, when Love and Peace ben
masters.'"

Then Truth and Peace embraced; Righteousness and Peace kissed each other; Truth trumpeted and sang, "We praise Thee, O God!" and then Love sang in a loud note, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Till the day dawned these damsels danced. Then men rang to the Resurrection, and the Dreamer awoke, and called to Kit his wife and Calot his daughter, "Arise, and go reverence God's Resurrection, and creep on knees to the cross."

Here the eighth dream ends, and the rest of the poem is said to be Vision of Dobest. The awakened Dreamer went to mass and sacrament, and, sleeping in the midst of the mass, he dreamt again—

"That Piers the Plowman was painted all bloody,
And came in with a cross before the common people,
And right like in all limbs to Our Lord Jesu;
And then called I Conscience to ken me the sooth.
'Is this Jesus the joster,' quoth I, 'that Jews duden
to death,
Other is it Piers Plowman? Who painted him so red?'
Quoth Conscience, and kneeled then, 'These aren Christ's
arms,

His colours and his coat-armour, and he that cometh so
bloody

It is Christ with his cross, conqueror of Christine.'"

Then Conscience tells the Dreamer of Our Lord as Jesus and as Christ. In his youth he was Dowel. When he was older, and gave eyes to the blind and food to the hungry, he got a greater name, and was Dobet. When he had died for man, and said to doubting Thomas, "Blessed are they that see not as thou hast seen, and yet believe," and gave Piers power and might to show mercy to all manner of men, and power to absolve the penitent who seek to pay that which they owe, and power to bind and to unbind; then he became Dobest, and ascended into heaven, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. Then, says the poet, methought the Holy Spirit descended in likeness of lightning upon Piers and his fellows, and made them to know all kinds of languages. I wondered, and asked Conscience what that was, and feared the fire with which the Holy Spirit overspread them all. Quoth Conscience, then, and kneeled, "This is Christ's messenger, and cometh from the great God; Grace is his name. Welcome him, and worship him with *Veni, Creator Spiritus*." And I sang then that song, and so did many hundreds, and cried with Conscience, "Help us, God of grace."

Then began Grace to go with Piers Plowman, and counselled him and Conscience to summon the Commons, to take weapons for the battle against Antichrist. Antichrist and his kind were coming to grieve the world; false prophets and flatterers would have the ears of King and Earl; Pride would be Pope, with Covetise and Unkindness for his cardinals. "Therefore," said Grace, "ere I go I will give you treasure, and weapons for the conflict."

Here follows an enumeration of the gifts of the Spirit, followed by the Holy Spirit's counsel to all to be loyal, and each one craft to love others without boast, or debate, or envy. All crafts are given to men variously by the Grace of God. Let men not blame one another, but love as brethren, and crown Conscience for their king. Piers Plowman is appointed steward of God's Grace, and registrar to receive Redde-quod-debes (pay that which is due), the duty done by each. Piers also was appointed to be God's Plowman on earth, to till Truth with a team of four great oxen named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John the most gentle of all, the prize neat of Piers' Plough, passing all other. Also four stots—Austin, Ambrose, Gregory, and Jerome—to draw the harrow over all those oxen ploughed. Also four seeds, the four Cardinal Virtues—Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice. "Against thy grains begin to grow," said Grace, "prepare thee a house, Piers, for garnering thy corn." "Give me timber for it," said Piers, "ere ye go hence." And Grace gave him the cross with the crown of thorns, and Mercy was the name of the mortar made with the blood shed for man.

Then Grace laid a good foundation, and Piers built a house, and called that house Unity, in English Holy-Church. Then he devised a cart, called Christendom, to carry home the sheaves, and

put two horses to it—Contrition and Confession—and made Priesthood work with him in tilling Truth.

But Pride espied Piers at the plough, and gathered a great host for assault upon his ground, and sent forth his sergeants-of-arms and his spy Spill-love on Speak-evil-behind, who came to Conscience and all Christians, preparing for the destruction of all Piers's work, and for bringing men out of the house Unity. Pride and Lust then came in arms to waste the world. Conscience counselled all Christians to take refuge in the house Unity, Holy-Church, and defend it, seeking Grace for helper. Kindwit (natural sense) joined Conscience in urging upon Christian men to dig a great moat about Unity, that might be a strength to defend Holy-Church. Then most repented of their sins. The cleanness of the people, and clean-living of clerks, made Unity, Holy-Church, to stand in holiness. Conscience called all Christians to eat together, for help of their health as partakers of the Lord's Supper, once a month, or as often as those needed who had paid to Piers Plowman Redde-quod-debes.¹

"How?" quoth all the Commons; "counselest thou us to give to every one his due ere we go to housel?"

"That," said Conscience, "is my counsel."

"Yea, bah!" quoth a brewer; "I will not be ruled. It is my business to sell dregs and draff, and draw at one hole thick and thin ale, and not to hack after holiness. Hold thy tongue, Conscience."

Conscience warned him that he could not be saved unless he lived as the spirit of justice taught.

"Then," said a Vicar, "many men are lost. I never heard talk in the church of cardinal virtues, or knew a man who cared a cock's feather for Conscience. The only Cardinals I know are those sent by the Pope, and it costs us much, when they come, to pay for their furs and their commons, and to feed their palfreys and the thieves that follow them. Therefore," said this Vicar, "I would that no Cardinals came among the common people, but that they stayed at Avignon among the Jews, or at Rome, if they pleased, to take care of the relics; and that thou, Conscience, wert in the King's Court, never to come thence; and that Grace, of whom thou criest aloud so much, were the guide of all clergy; and that Piers, with his new plough and his old, were Emperor of all the World; that all men were Christian!"

A Lord said, as to Redde-quod-debes, that he held it right and reason to take of his reeve whatever his auditor or steward and the writing of his clerks made to be his. With a spirit of Understanding they make out the rent-roll, and with a spirit of Fortitude they gather it in, will-he, nill-he. A King said that as he was head of the law, crowned to rule Commons and defend the Church, law would that if he wanted anything, he should take it wherever it could most readily be had. "Whatever I take, I take by the spirit of Justice, for I judge you all; so I may be houseled."

"Yes," said Conscience, "on condition that thou learn to rule thy realm right well in reason and in truth, and that thou have thine asking as the law asks. All things are thine to defend, but not to seize."

Here the Vicar, who was far from home, departed, and the ninth dream ended.

Then William went by the way heavy of cheer, not knowing where to eat, and he met Need, who rebuked him for not excusing himself as the King and others had done. He might have pleaded that as to food, water, and clothing, a man who has them not cannot be forbidden to take them without reference to Conscience or the Cardinal Virtues, if only he obey the Spirit of Temperance, which is a virtue greater than Justice or Fortitude, or even Prudence, for Prudence may fail in many points. God himself taking the shape of man, was so needy that he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Be not ashamed of poverty. And then Will slept again, and there came to him the tenth and last of the dreams that form the Vision of Piers Plowman.

He saw Antichrist, in the form of man, spoiling the crop of Truth, and causing Guile and Falsehood to spring and spread in its place in each country that he entered. Friars followed that fiend, for he gave them copes. Whole convents, except only the fools more ready to die than live while loyalty was so rebuked, came out to welcome him, and rang bells in his honour. A false fiend Antichrist ruled over all, and cursed all mild and holy men, and kings who comforted them. So many gathered about Antichrist's banner, and Pride was its bearer.

Conscience counselled men to fortify themselves in Unity, Holy-Church, and call Kind (nature) to their help for love of Piers the Plowman. Then Kind came out of the planets, and sent forth his forayers; fevers and fluxes, coughs and cramps and frenzies, and foul ills. Death came, with his banner borne before him by Old Age, who claimed that office as his right. There was wild battle. Death dashed into dust kings and knights, kaisers and popes, learned and unlearned.

Conscience besought Kind then to stay his wrath, and see whether the people would amend and turn from Pride. But when the punishment was stayed, then Fortune flattered those who were alive, and promised them long life; and the sins warred still against Conscience and his company. Simony followed Avarice, and they pressed on the Pope, and made prelates who held with Antichrist to save their pockets. Avarice came into the King's council as a bold baron, and struck Conscience in the court before them all, compelled Good Faith to fly, held Falseness there, and boldly bare down with many a bright noble much of the wit and wisdom of Westminster Hall. He jogged to a justice, and jousted in his ear, and overtilted all his truth; hied then to the Arches, and turned Civil Law to Simony.

"Alas!" said Conscience, "I would that Covetise, so keen in battle, were a Christian!"

¹ Redde-quod-debes. Render to all their dues. . . . Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. (Romans xiii. 7, 8.)

² Matthew viii. 20.

Then Life laughed loudly, and held Holiness a jest, and Loyalty a churl, and Liar a free man, Conscience a folly. Life took for his mate Fortune, who said, "Health and I and Highness of Heart shall save thee from all dread of Eld and Death." Life and Fortune became parents of Sloth, who soon came of age, and mated with Despair. Sloth used his sling against Conscience, who called Eld (old age) to battle, and Eld fought with Life, who fled to Physic for protection. Life thought leechcraft able to stay the course of Eld. Eld struck a physician in a furred hood, so that he fell into a palsy, and was dead in three days.

"Now I see," said Life, "that Physic cannot help me to stay the course of Eld," so he took heart and rode to Revel, a rich place and a merry. Eld hastened after him, the Dreamer says, and on his way passed over my head so closely that he left it bald before and bare upon the crown.

"Sir illtaught Eld," I cried, "since when was there a highway over men's heads? Hadst thou been civil, thou wouldst have asked leave."

"Yea, dear dolt," he said, and so hit me under the ear, that I am hard of hearing. He buffeted me about the mouth, and beat out my grinders, and gyved me with gout so that I may not go at large. Then Death drew near me, and I quaked for fear, and cried to Kind, "Awreak me, if your will be, for I would be hence."

Kind counselled him to go into Unity, hold himself there till Kind summoned him, and see that he had learnt some craft ere he went thence.

"Counsel me, Kind," quoth I; "what craft is best to learn?"

"Learn to love," quoth Kind, "and leave all other things. If thou love loyally, thou shalt lack nothing while life lasteth."

The Dreamer, therefore, went through Contrition and Confession, till he found his way to Unity, where Conscience was constable, to save Christians besieged by seven great giants, who held with Anti-christ. Sloth and Avarice led the attack. "By the Mary," said a priest from the Irish border, "so I catch silver, I mind Conscience no more than the drinking of a draught of ale." And so said sixty of that country, and shot against him many a sheaf of oaths and broad-hooked arrows, God's Heart, and His nails, and almost had Holy-Church down, when Conscience cried, "Help, Clergy, or I fall." Friars came to the cry; but as they did not understand their work, Conscience forsook them, but offered to be their helper if they learnt to love. Armies under their officers, monks in their houses, have their numbers known; only the friars, like the hosts of hell, are numberless. Envy bade Friars learn logic, and prove the falsehood that all things under heaven ought to be in common. But God made a law that Moses taught, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods."

Envy, Covetise, Unkindness assailed Conscience, who held him within Unity, Holy-Church, and bade Peace, his porter, bar the gate. Hypocrisy with all the tale-tellers and idle titterers made sharp assault upon the gate, and wounded many a wise teacher who held by Conscience and the

four Virtues. Conscience called Shrift, a good leech, who used the sharp salve of penance and duty. Many asked for a surgeon who would handle them more softly, and give milder plasters. Then one who loved ease, and lay groaning in fear that he should be killed by fasting on a Friday, told of a friar named Flatterer, who was both surgeon and physician. Quoth Contrition to Conscience, "Bring him to Unity, for here are many men hurt through hypocrisy." "We have no need," quoth Conscience; "I know no better leech than parson or parish priest, save Piers the Plowman, that hath power over all." Nevertheless, Conscience did not prevent them from calling on that friar Flatterer. Peace questioned him at the gate, and denied him entrance, but Fair-Speech pleaded for him, and the gates were opened. "Here," quoth Conscience, "is my cousin Contrition wounded. The plasters and powders of the parson are too sore, and he lets them lie too long, and is loth to change them. From Lent to Lent he lets his plasters bite."

"That is overlong," saith this limitour; "I think I shall amend it." He gave him a plaster of Privy-payment-and-I-shall-pray-for-you. Contrition quickly ceased to weep for his wicked works. When Sloth and Pride saw that, they came with a keen will to the attack on Conscience. Conscience again cried, "Clergy, come help me!" and bade Contrition help to keep the gate. "He lies drowned," said Peace. "This friar with his physic hath enchanted folk and drenches men with error till they fear no sin."

Then Conscience vowed that he would become a pilgrim over the wide world to seek Piers the Plowman. "Now Kind, avenge me, and send me hap and hele till I have Piers Plowman!" And after that he cried aloud upon Grace till, says the poet, I awoke.

So ends the Vision, with no victory attained, a world at war, and a renewed cry for the grace of God, a new yearning to find Christ, and bring with him the day when wrongs and hatreds are no more. Though in its latest form somewhat encumbered by reiteration of truths deeply felt, the fourteenth century yielded no more fervent expression of the purest Christian labour to bring men to God. And while the poet dwells on love as the fulfilment of the law—a loyal not a lawless love—he is throughout uncompromising in requirement of a life spent in fit labour, a life of Duty. The sin that he makes Pride's companion in leading the assault on Conscience is Sloth. Every man has his work to do, that should be fruit of love to God and to his neighbour. For omitted duties or committed wrongs there is in Langland's system no valid repentance that does not make a man do all he can to repair the omission, right the wrong. Langland lays fast hold of all the words of Christ, and reads them into a Divine Law of Love and Duty. He is a Church Reformer in the truest sense, seeking to strengthen the hands of the clergy by amendment of the lives and characters of those who are untrue to their holy calling. The ideal of a Christian Life shines through his poem, while it paints with homely force the evils against which it is directed. On points of theology he never dis-

putes; but an ill life for him is an ill life, whether in Pope or peasant.

If John Gower's "*Speculum Meditantis*," (the *Mirror of one Meditating*), which he wrote in French, were not a lost work, we should have had from Gower also a book exclusively religious. His Latin and his English poem, "*Vox Clamantis*" and "*Confessio Amantis*," deal one with the ills of English life in Richard II.'s reign, the other with the Seven Sins, in stories illustrating them, and again also with the ills of England and the duties of a king. The Latin poem "*Vox Clamantis*" (the *Voice of one Crying*) was suggested to him by the tumults of the Wat Tyler and Jack Straw Rebellion, in the year 1381. He said there was no blind Fortune who ruled events, no misery without a cause; the ills suffered by man were caused by man. Whence then the misery of England? He went in his poem through all orders of society, and found each failing in duty. Like Langland, he called upon men to live true lives, and he prayed in his poem that his verse might not be turgid, that there might be in it no word of untruth; that each word might answer to the thing it spoke of pleasantly and fitly; that he might flatter in it no



RICHARD THE SECOND.
From the Picture in Westminster Abbey.

one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God. "Give me," he said, "that there shall be less vice and more virtue for my speaking." But while the same true voice was rising from both Langland and Gower, Gower's two poems are of a kind that may be left for description in the volume of this

Library set apart for larger works that do not fall necessarily into the present section. The king himself was answerable for many of the miseries of England in Richard II.'s reign; and after the *coup d'état* of 1397, and the murder of his uncle Gloucester, both Langland and Gower turned their backs on him.

John Gower wrote a Latin metrical "*Tripartite Chronicle*," in which he treated as human work the endeavour to keep Richard within bounds of law, and abate courtly corruption; as hellish work his violent breaking of bounds in 1397, after his marriage with an eight-year-old French princess had given him, as he believed, support of the King of France against his people; as heavenly work his deposition. William Langland wrote also in 1399 a poem on the deposition of Richard II., which Mr. Skeat has edited under the well-chosen title of "*Richard the Redeless*."

Without taking part as a writer in the political questions of his time, but with a faith in God and a goodwill to man that kept him cheerful in days of adversity, Geoffrey Chaucer painted life in his "*Canterbury Tales*" with a spirit of religion that usually animated pictures of human conduct in which the skill of the artist caused his teaching to be felt rather than seen. He also contrasted the spirit of the poor priest true to his calling with the self-seeking that corrupted many orders of the Church. Although no combatant with bitterness, but calm in the strength of goodwill towards man and faith in God's rule of the world, Chaucer shows always the sympathy of a high poet's nature with the purest aspirations of his time. In his own genial way he joins issue with the corruptions of the Church in pictures of the lordly Monk who loved no text that said hunters were not holy men, and the jingling of whose bridle might be heard in a whistling wind as clear and loud as the chapel bell; of the Friar who knew all the innkeepers and tapsters better than the lepers and beggars, who were no acquaintances for such a worthy man as he; of the summoner who went shares in plunder with the devil, and himself became the devil's share; and he not only paints with a tender enthusiasm, in the poor Town Parson, a minister of religion such as men like Wiclif and Langland were conceiving him, but he makes him also brother to the Ploughman who loved God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself. At the close of the "*Canterbury Tales*," as they come down to us with their plan unfinished, is the "*Parson's Tale*." This is in prose, and is simply a sermon, apt to the theme of a *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, upon the pilgrimage of life. Its text is from the sixth chapter of Jeremiah, "Stand ye in the old ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." It dwells, as the *Vision of Piers Plowman* dwells, on true repentance and the battle with the seven deadly sins. In the course of the treatise, each of the seven sins is described, and the description of each is followed by its Remedy. Thus, for example, the religious mind of Chaucer makes his Parson tell of Anger.



Bas-relief from the

De Ira.



Monastery Gate, Norwich.

After envy will I declare of the sin of Ire: for soothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour, anon commonly will find him matter of wrath in word or in deed against him to whom he hath envy. And as well cometh Ire of pride as of envy, for soothly he that is proud or envious is lightly wroth.

The sin of Ire, after the describing of Saint Augustine, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by deed. Ire, after the philosopher, is the fervent blood of man quickened in his heart, through which he would harm to him that he hateth: for certes the heart of man enchaineth and moving of his blood waxeth so troubled, that it is out of all manner judgment of reason.

But ye shall understand that Ire is in two manners, that one of them is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jealousy of goodness, through the which man is wroth with wickedness, and against wickedness. And therefore saith the wise man, that ire is better than play. This Ire is with debonairete, and it is wroth without bitterness: not wroth against the man, but wroth with the misdeed of the man: as saith the Prophet David; *Irascimini, and nolite peccare.*¹ Now understand that wicked Ire is in two manners, that is to say, sudden ire or hasty ire without avisement and consenting of reason; the meaning and the sense of this is, that the reason of a man ne consenteth not to that sudden ire, and that it is venial. Another Ire is that is full wicked, that cometh of felony of heart, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and thereto his reason consenteth: and soothly this is deadly sin. This Ire is so displeasing to God, that it troubleth His house, and chaseth the Holy Ghost out of man's soul, and wasteth and destroyeth that likeness of God, that is to say, the virtue that is in man's soul and putteth in him the likeness of the devil, and benimeth² the man from God, that is his rightful Lord. This Ire is a full great pleasance to the devil, for it is the devil's furnace that he enchaineth with the fire of hell. For certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroy earthly things than any other element, right so Ire is mighty to destroy all spiritual things. Look how that fire of small gledes,³ that ben almost dead under ashen, will quicken again when they ben touched with brimstone, right so ire will evermore quicken again when it is touched with pride that is covered in man's heart. For certes fire ne may not come out of no thing, but if it were first in the same thing naturally; as fire is drawn out

of flint with steel. And right so as pride is many times matter of Ire, right so is rancour nourice and keeper of ire. There is a manner tree saith Saint Isidore, that when men make a fire of the said tree, and cover the coals of it with ashen, soothly the fire thereof will last all a year or more: and right so fareth it of rancour when it is once conceived in the heart of some men, certes it will lasten peraventure from one Easter day until another Easter day, or more. But certes the same man is full far from the mercy of God all this while.

In this foresaid devil's furnace there forgen three shrews:⁴ Pride, that aye bloweth and encreaseh the fire by chiding and wicked words: then standeth Envy, and holdeth the hot iron upon the heart of man, with a pair of long tongs of long rancour: and then standeth the sin of Contumely or Strife and Chest,⁵ and battereth and forgeth by villainous reprovings. Certes this cursed sin annoyeth both to man himself, and eke his neighbour. For soothly almost all the harm or damage that any man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath: for certes, outrageous wrath doth all that ever the foul fiend willeth or commandeth him; for he ne spareth neither for our Lord Jesu Christ, ne his sweet mother; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! full many one at that time, feeleth in his heart full wickedly, both of Christ, and also of all his halwes.⁶ Is this not a cursed vice? Yes certes. Alas! it benimeth from man his wit and his reason, and all his debonaire life spiritual that should keep his soul. Certes it benimeth also God's due lordship (and that is man's soul) and the love of his neighbours: it striveth also all day against truth; it reaveth him the quiet of his heart, and subverteth his soul.

Of Ire comen these stinking engendures: first, Hate, that is old wrath; Discord, through which a man forsaketh his old friend that he hath loved full long; and then cometh war and every manner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel.

Of this cursed sin of Ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understand well that homicide (that is, manslaughter) is in divers wise. Some manner of homicide is spiritual, and some is bodily.

Spiritual manslaughter is in six things. First, by Hate, as saith St. John: He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by Backbiting: of which backbiters saith Solomon, that they have two swords, with which they slay their neighbours: for soothly as wicked it is to benime of

¹ "Be ye angry and sin not" (Ephesians iv. 26). "Cease from anger and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil" (Psalm xxxvii. 8).

² Benimeth, taketh away. First-English "beniman."

³ Gledes, red-hot embers. First-English "gléi."

⁴ Shrews, evil betrayers.

⁵ Chest, contention, battle, enmity. First-English "ceast."

⁶ Halwes, saints. First-English "hálga," a holy one, a saint; "hálíg," holy.

him his good name as his life. Homicide is also in giving of wicked counsel by fraud, as for to give counsel to raise wrongful customs and tallages; of which saith Solomon: A lion roaring, and a bear hungry, ben like to cruel Lords; in withholding or abridging of the hire or of the wages of servants; or else in usury; or in withdrawing of the alms of poor folk. For which the wise man saith: Feed him that almost dieth for hunger; for soothly but if¹ thou feed him thou slayest him. And all these ben deadly sins.

Bodily manslaughter is when thou slayest him with thy tongue in other manner, as when thou commandest to slay a man, or else givest counsel to slay a man. Manslaughter in deed is in four manners. That one is by law, right as a justice damnth him that is culpable to the death: but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delight to spill blood, but for keeping of righteousness. Another homicide is done for necessity, as when a man slayeth another in his defence, and that he ne may none other wise escape from his own death: but certain, an he may escape without slaughter of his adversary, he doth sin, and he shall bear penance as for deadly sin. Also if a man by cas or aventure shoot an arrow or cast a stone, with which he slayeth a man, he is an homicide.

Yet come there of ire many more sins, as well in word, as in thought and in deed: as he that arreteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself guilty; or despiseth God and all his halwes, as do these cursed hasardours² in divers countries. This cursed sin do they, when they feel in their heart full wickedly of God and of his halwes: also when they treat unreverently the sacrament of the altar, this sin is so great, that unneth³ it may be released, but that the mercy of God passeth all his works, it is so great, and He so benign.

Then cometh also of Ire attr⁴ anger, when a man is sharply admonished in his shrift to leave his sin, then will he be angry, and answer hokerly⁵ and angerly, to defend or excuse his sin by unsteadfastness of his flesh; or else he did it for to hold company with his fellows; or else he sayeth the fiend enticed him; or else he did it for his youth; or else his complexion is so courageous that he may not forbear; or else it is his destiny, he saith, unto certain age; or else he saith it cometh him of gentleness of his ancestors, and semblable things. All these manner of folk so wrap them in their sins, that they ne will not deliver themselves; for soothly no wight that excuseth himself wilfully of his sin, may not be delivered of his sin, till that he meekly beknoweth his sin.

After this then cometh swearing, that is express against the commandment of God: and that befallith often of Anger and of Ire. God saith: Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel. Also our Lord Jesu Christ saith by the word of Saint Matthew: Ne shall ye not swear in all manner, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: ne by earth, for it is the bench of his feet: ne by Jerusalem, for it is the city of a great King: ne by thine head, for thou ne mayst not make an hair white ne black: but He saith, be your word, yea, yea, nay, nay; and what that is more, it is of evil. Thus saith Christ. For Christ's sake swear not so sinfully, in dismembering of Christ, by soul, heart, bones, and body: for certes it seemeth, that ye think that the cursed Jews dismembered him not enough, but ye dismember him more.

And if so be that the law compell you to swear, then ruleth

you after the law of God in your swearing, as saith Jeremie:⁶ Thou shalt keep three conditions; thou shalt swear in truth, in doom, and in righteousness. This is to say, thou shalt swear sooth; for every leasing is against Christ; for Christ is very truth: and think well this, that every great swearer, not compelled lawfully to swear, the plague shall not depart from his house while he useth unlawful swearing. Thou shalt swear also in doom, when thou art constrained by the doomsman to witness a truth. Also thou shalt not swear for envy, neither for favour, ne for meed, but only for righteousness, and for declaring of truth to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thine even Christian.

And therefore every man that taketh God's name in idel, or falsely sweareth with his mouth, or else taketh on him the name of Christ, to be called a Christian man, and liveth against Christ's living and his teaching: all they take God's name in idel. Look also what saith Saint Peter; *Actuum iv. Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c.* There is none other name (saith Saint Peter) under heaven given to men, in which they may be saved; that is to say, but the name of Jesu Christ. Take keep eke how precious is the name of Jesu Christ, as saith Saint Paul, *ad Philipenses ii. In nomine Jesu, &c.* That in the name of Jesu every knee of heavenly creature, or earthly, or of hell, should bow; for it is so high and so worshipful, that the cursed fiend in hell should tremble for to hear it named. Then seemeth it, that men that swear so horribly by his blessed name, that they despise it more boldly than did the cursed Jews, or else the devil, that trembleth when he heareth his name.

Now certes, sith that swearing, (but if it be lawfully done), is so highly defended,⁷ much worse is for to swear falsely, and eke needless.

What say we eke of them that delight them in swearing, and hold it a genterie or manly deed to swear great oaths? And what of them that of very usage ne cease not to swear these great oaths, all be the cause not worth a straw? Certes is horrible sin. Swearing suddenly without avisement is also a great sin. But let us go now to that horrible swearing of adjuration and conjuration, as do these false enchaunters and necromancers in basins full of water, or in a bright sword, in a circle, or in a fire, or in a shoulder bone of a sheep: I cannot say, but that they do cursedly and damnably against Christ, and all the faith of holy church.

What say we of them that believe on divinales, as by flight or by noise of birds or of beasts, or by sort of geomancy, by dreams, by chirking of doors, or of creaking of houses, by gnawing of rats, and such manner wretchedness? Certes, all these things ben defended by God and holy church, for which they ben accursed, till they come to amendment, that on such filth set their belief. Charms for wounds, or for maladies of men or of beasts, if they take any effect, it may be peraventure that God suffereth it, for folk should give the more faith and reverence to his name.

Now will I speak of leasings, which generally is false signification of word, in intent to deceive his even Christian. Some leasing is, of which there cometh none advantage to no wight; and some leasing turneth to the profit and ease of a man, and to the damage of another man. Another leasing is, for to save his life or his catel. Another leasing cometh of delight for to lie, in which delight, they will forge a long tale, and paint it with all circumstances, where all the ground of the tale is false. Some leasing cometh, for he will sustain

¹ But it, unless.

² Hasardours, gamblers.

³ Unneth, hardly, not easily. First-English "eathe," easily.

⁴ Attr⁴, poisonous. First-English "attre," with poison; "attor," poison.

⁵ Hokerly, forwardly. First-English "hocer," a mocking, a reproach.

⁶ "And thou shalt swear, The Lord liveth, in truth, in judgment, and righteousness." (Jeremiah iv. 2.)

⁷ Defended, forbidden. French "defendu."

his word: and some leasing cometh of recklessness withouten avisement, and semblable things.

Let us now touch the vice of Flattery, which ne cometh not gladly, but for dread, or for covetise. Flattery is generally wrongful praising. Flatterers ben the devil's nourices, that nourish his children with milk of losengerie.¹ Forsooth Solomon saith, That flattery is worse than detraction: for some time detraction maketh an hautein² man be more humble, for he dreadeth detraction, but certes flattery maketh a man to enhance his heart and his countenance. Flatterers ben the devil's enchaunters, for they make a man to ween himself be like that he is not like. They be like to Judas, that betrayed God; and these flatterers betray man to sell him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flatterers ben the devil's chaplains, that ever sing *Placbo*. I reckon flattery in the vices of Ire, for oft time if a man be wroth with another, than will he flatter some wight to sustain him in his quarrel.

Speak we now of such cursing as cometh of irous heart. Malison³ generally may be said every manner power of harm: such cursing bereaveth man the regne of God, as saith Saint Paul. And oft time such cursing wrongfully returneth again to him that curseth, as a bird returneth again to his own nest. And over all thing men ought eschew to curse their children, and to give to the devil their engendrure, as far forth as in them is: certes it is a great peril and a great sin.

Let us then speak of Chiding and Reproving, which ben full great wounds in man's heart, for they unsew the seams of friendship in man's heart: for certes, unneth may a man be plainly accorded with him, that he hath openly reviled, reproveth, and disclaunders: this is a full grisly sin, as Christ saith in the Gospel. And take ye keep now, that he that reproveth his neighbour, either he reproveth him by some harm of pain, that he hath upon his body, as, "Mesel!"⁴ crooked harlot!"⁵ or by some sin that he doth. Now if he reprove him by harm of pain, than turneth the reproof to Jesu Christ: for pain is sent by the righteous sonde of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maim, or maladie: and if he reprove him uncharitably of sin, as, "Thou holour!" "Thou dronkelewe harlot," and so forth; then apertaineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joy that men do sin. And certes, chiding may not come but out of a villain's heart, for after the abundance of the heart speaketh the mouth full oft. And ye shall understand, that look by any way, when any man chastiseth⁶ another, that he beware from chiding or reproveth: for truly, but he beware, he may full lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he should quench: and peradventure slayeth him that he may chastise with benignity. For, as saith Solomon, amiable tongue is the tree of life; that is to say, of life spiritual. And soothly, a dissolute tongue slayeth the spirit of him that reproveth, and also of him which is reproveth. Lo, what saith Saint Augustine: There is nothing so like the devil's child, as he which oft chideth. A servant of God behoveth not to chide.

And though that chiding be a villainous thing betwix all

manner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable between a man and his wife, for there is never rest. And therefore saith Solomon; an house that is uncovered in rain and dropping, and a chiding wife, ben like. A man, which is in a dropping house in many places, though he eschew the dropping in one place, it droppeth on him in another place: so fareth it by a chiding wife; if she chide not in one place, she will chide him in another: and therefore, better is a morsel of bread with joy, than a house filled full with delices with chiding, saith Solomon. And Saint Paul saith; O ye women, be ye subject to your husbands, as you behoveth in God; and ye men love your wives.

Afterward speak we of Scorning, which is a wicked sin, and namely,⁷ when he scorneth a man for his good works: for certes, such scornors fare like the foul toad, that may not endure to smell the sweet savour of the vine, when it flourisheth. These scornors ben parting fellows with the devil, for they have joy when the devil winneth, and sorrow if he loseth. They ben adversaries to Jesu Christ, for they hate that he loveth; that is to say, salvation of soul.

Speak we now of Wicked Counsel, for he that wicked counsel giveth is a traitor, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him. But natheless, yet is wicked counsel first against himself: for, as saith the wise man, every false living hath this property in himself, that he that will annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shall understand, that man shall not take his counsel of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grievous folk, ne of folk that love specially their own profit, ne of too much worldly folk, namely, in counselling of man's soul.

Now cometh the sin of them that make Discord among folk, which is a sin that Christ hateth utterly; and no wonder is: for he died for to make concord. And more shame do they to Christ, than did they that him crucified: for God loveth better that friendship be amongst folk, than he did his own body, which that he gave for unity. Therefore they be likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sin of Double Tongue, such as speak fair before folk, and wickedly behind; or else they make semblaunt as though they spake of good intention, or else in game and play, and yet they speak of wicked intent.

Now cometh Bewraying of Counsel, through which a man is defamed: certes unneth may he restore the damage. Now cometh Menace, that is an open folie: for he that oft menaceth, he threateth more than he may perform, full oft time. Now come Idle words, that be without profit of him that speaketh the words, and eke of him that hearkeneth the words: or else idle words be those that be needless, or without intent of natural profit. And albeit that idle words be sometime venial sin, yet should men doubt them, for we shall give reckoning of them before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come without sin: and as saith Solomon, it is a sign of apert folly. And therefore a philosopher said, when a man asked him how that he should please the people, he answered; Do many good works, and speak few janglings.⁸ After this cometh the sin of japers,⁹ that ben the devil's apes, for they make folk to laugh at their japerie, as folk do at the gauds of an ape: such japes defendeth Saint Paul. Look how that virtuous words and holy comfort them that travail in the service of Christ, right so comfort the villain's words and the knakkes¹⁰ of japers them that travail in the service of the devil. These be the sins of the tongue, that come of Ire, and other sins many more.

¹ *Losengerie*, flattery. Old French "los" and "losange," praise.

² *Hautein*, haughty. French "hautain."

³ *Malison*, cursing. (French.) The reverse of "benison," blessing.

⁴ *Mesel*, leper. French "mesel" and "meseau." Old German "maser," a spot.

⁵ *Harlot* was a word of contempt applied to either sex, as here to any one with crooked back or limbs. The word is of like origin with "churl" (First-English "ceorl"), from "carl," male. Old High-German "harl" for "karl," man, husband, with the meaner sense in Modern German "kerl."

⁶ *Chastiseth*, seeks to free from fault.

⁷ *Namely*, especially: as in modern German "namentlich."

⁸ *Jambles*, van talk.

⁹ *Japers*, tricking jesters.

¹⁰ *Knakkes*, tricks.

Remedium Ire.

The remedy against Ire, is a virtue that cleped is mansuetude, that is Debonairtee: and eke another virtue, that men clepen Patience or sufferance.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refraineth the stirrings and movings of man's courage in his heart, in such manner, that they ne skip not out by anger ne Ire. Sufferance suffereth sweetly all the annoyance and the wrong that is done to man outward. Saint Jerome saith this of debonairtee, That it doth no harm to no wight, ne saith: ne for no harm that men do ne say, he ne chafeth not against reason. This virtue sometime cometh of nature, for, as saith the Philosopher, a man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and tretable to goodness: but when debonairtee is inforced of grace than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy against Ire, and is a virtue that suffereth sweetly every man's goodness, and is not wroth for none harm that is done to him. The philosopher saith, that patience is the virtue that suffereth debonairely all the outrage of adversity, and every wicked word. This virtue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him God's own child: as saith Christ. This virtue discomfitteth thine enemies. And therefore saith the wise man: if thou wilt vanquish thine enemy, see thou be patient. And thou shalt understand, that a man suffereth four manner of grievances in outward things, against the which four he must have four manner of patiences.

The first grievance is of wicked words. This grievance suffered Jesu Christ, without grudging, full patiently, when the Jews despised him and reproved him full oft. Suffer thou therefore patiently, for the wise man saith: if thou strive with a fool, though the fool be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou shalt have no rest. That other grievance outward is to have damage of thy chattel. Thereagainst suffered Christ full patiently, when he was despoiled of all that he had in this life, and that nas but his clothes.¹ The third grievance is a man to have harm in his body. That suffered Christ full patiently in all his passion. The fourth grievance is in outrageous labour in works: wherefore I say that folk that make their servants to travail too grievously, or out of time, as in holy days, soothly they do great sin. Hereagainst suffered Christ full patiently, and taught us patience, when he bare upon his blessed shoulders the cross upon which he should suffer despitous² death. Here may men learn to be patient; for certes, not only Christian men be patient for love of Jesu Christ, and for guerdon of the blissful life that is perdurable, but certes the old Pagans, that never were christened, commended and used the virtue of patience.

A philosopher upon a time, that would have beaten his disciple for his great trespass, for which he was greatly moved, brought a yerde³ to beat the child; and when this child saw the yerde, he said to his master, "What think ye to do?" "I will beat thee," said the master, "for thy correction." "Forsooth," said the child, "ye ought first correct yourself, that have lost all your patience for the offence of a child." "Forsooth," said the master all weeping, "thou sayest sooth: have thou the yerde, my dear son, and correct me for mine impatience."

Of patience cometh obedience, through which a man is obedient to Christ, and to all them to which he ought to be

obedient in Christ. And understand well, that obedience is perfect, when that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good heart entirely, all that he should do. Obedience generally, is to perform hastily the doctrine of God, and of his sovereign, to which him ought to be obeisant in all righteousness.

Another religious work of the fourteenth century is a series of three poems in West-Midland dialect, perhaps of Lancashire, and written, like the "Vision of Piers Plowman," in alliterative verse. They are the work of a poet who had true feeling, and probably were all suggested to him by the grief which is the theme of the first poem in the series—the death of an innocent child, his own two-year-old daughter, his darling Pearl. Out of his home affliction and out of his Bible study he drew always the one lesson, that we owe to God pure lives in patient resignation to His will.⁴

The unknown author of these poems begins the first of them, which Dr. Morris, its editor, has fitly named "The Pearl," with a father's outpouring of love over the grave of his lost little one, his precious pearl without a spot. Never, the mourner says, was song so sweet as that which steals to him in the stillness there; sweet flowers cover her earth-dwelling. And there, when the August reapers put the sickle in the corn, he sleeps in heaviness of grief as he laments the loss of her whom he tenderly calls again and again "My precious Pearl, withouten spot."

Then comes the dream. His body lies upon the grave, his "ghost is gone in Godes grace" to a strange land of light and beauty, where the cliffs are clear as crystal, the leaves upon the trees as burnished silver, the small stones of the ground as orient pearl. There in a glorious wood he followed the sweet music of a stream in which pebbles glittered as the stars that shine through winter night over the sleepers. Earthly heart cannot contain such gladness as this gave; and Paradise, he thought, must be upon the other bank.

"But the water was deep, I durst not wade,
And ever me longed a more and more.

"More and more, and yet well more,
Me lest⁵ to see the brook beyond;
For if it was fair there I con fare,⁶
Well loveloker⁷ was the fyrr⁸ lond."

⁴ These poems are in the same MS. of the Cotton collection (Nero A. x.), which also contains, in the same handwriting and dialect, the metrical romance of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," first edited by Sir Frederic Madden. Dr. Richard Morris edited them in 1864 for the Early English Text Society, as "Early English Alliterative Poems in the West-Midland Dialect of the Fourteenth Century. Copied and Edited from a Unique Manuscript in the Library of the British Museum, Cotton, Nero A. x., with an Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index." Students of literature have to thank Dr. Morris not only for his careful editing, but for making known to them a work of so much intrinsic value.

⁵ *Me lest*, I desired. First-English "me lyste," it pleases me, I wish; "lystan," to wish, being used generally with a dative or accusative impersonally.

⁶ *There I con fare*, where I could go.

⁷ *Loveloker*, lover. First-English "lufice," lovely.

⁸ *Fyrr*, farther. First-English "fyr," far; "fyrrre," farther; "fyrrrest," farthest.

¹ *Nas*, was not. "Eom," I am, had its negative "neom," I am not; as "willan" had its negative "nyllan," &c.

² *Despitous*, malicious.

³ *Yerde*, stick, rod. First-English "gyrd,"

In vain he sought to find a ford, and presently he saw new marvel. A crystal cliff poured out many a royal ray, and at its foot there sat a child, a gentle maiden, shining white. "I knew her well, I had seen her ere." And long he looked towards her. "The longer, I knew her more and more." He would call, and feared to call to her in that strange place. She lifted up her face, white as pure ivory; that went to his heart, "And ever the longer, more and more"—

"More than me list my dread arose,
I stood full still and durst not call;
With eyen open and mouth full close
I stood as hend as hawk in hall."

He feared lest he should lose her if he broke the silence. Then fresh as a lily she came down the bank towards him; and he dwells upon her purity of beauty, and her bright array; a wondrous pearl, without a spot, in midst her breast was set so sure. She advanced to him, bent low to him in woman's wise; with a faint sound she greeted him from beyond the stream.

"O Pearl, adorned with pearls," he said, "art thou my Pearl that I have plained¹? What fate hath brought my jewel hither, and caused me this grief? for since we two were parted I have been a joyless jeweller." Then comes to him the voice of consolation. The Pearl is not lost, but is in that gracious garden where no sin comes near her—is become indeed a pearl of price.

"And thou has called thy wyrd² a thief
That aught of naught has made thee clear,
Thou blames the bote of thy mischief³
Thou art no kindé Jewelere."

"A Jewel to me then was this geste
And jewels wern her gentle saws,
I wis, quoth I, my blissful best,
My great distress thou all to-draws."⁴

Henceforth, says the glad father, I will live in joy—

"And love my Lord and all His laws
That has me brought this blissé near;
Now were I at you beyond these waves⁵
I were a joyful Jewelere."

But his Pearl teaches him that he errs in thinking that she is with him because his eyes behold her; that he errs in thinking he can be with her; that he errs in thinking he can freely pass this water that flows between. He must abide God's time; and he can cross only through death. Then rises again the note of despair for the child's loss. She replies with the lesson of Christian Patience. He must not strive against God. He answers sadly and humbly to her

gentle rebuke, and asks her of the life she is now leading. He may know her bliss, for now his meekness, she says, is dear to her—

"My Lord, the Lamb, loves aye such cheer,
That is the ground of all my bliss.

A blissful life thou says I lead,
Thou wouldest know thereof the stage,
Thou wost well when thy Pearl con schede⁶
I was full young and tender of age;
But my Lord, the Lamb, through His God-hede,
He took myself to his marriage,
Corouned me Queen in bliss to brede,⁷
In length of days that e'er shall wage,⁸
And seised in all His heritage
His lief⁹ is, I am wholly His.
His praise, his price,¹⁰ and his parage¹¹
Is root and ground of all my bliss."

But says the Father, "Art thou the Queen to whom all this world shall do honour? Can any take the crown from Mary?" Then the child vision kneels in worship to the Virgin before telling of the many mansions in Heaven, and of the crowns of glory that make kings and queens of all who enter, each delighting in the honour of the other. Still the Father asks to be taught. She lived but two years upon earth, was too young to have learned Pater or Creed—and Queen made on the first day! The child-angel answers.

"There is no date of God's goodness,
Then said to me that worthy wight,
'For all is truth that He con dress.¹²
And He may do no thing but right.'"

She tells him our Lord's parable of the vineyard. She too was in the vineyard but a little while, and "was paid anon of all and some." The dialogue then dwells upon God's taking to himself the little ones, who have been baptized to Him, and have not lived till they could sin. They who live longer are tempted more, but let them pray and strive to keep their innocence—to be as the children whom Christ blessed and would have come to him, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Forsake the mad ways of the world, and seek the kingdom that is like a pearl without a spot.

"O maskelless¹³ Pearl, in pearlés pure,
That bears,' quoth I, 'the pearl of price,
Who forméd thee thy fair figure?
That wrought thy weed he was full wise.'"

She is adorned, she answers, by the Lamb, whose bride she is; the Lamb without spot who patiently suffered, and whose brides are the souls of the innocent and patient. She recalls the Vision of John. "I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming

¹ Plained, bewailed, lamented. From Latin "plango."

² Wyrd, fate.

³ The bote of thy mischief, the remedy of thy misfortune.

⁴ Thou all to-draws, thou completely drawest from me.

⁵ Waves, waves.

⁶ When thy Pearl con schede, at the time of thy Pearl's departure.

⁷ Brede, broaden, increase.

⁸ Wage, endure.

⁹ His lief, his dear one, his bride.

¹⁰ Price, worth.

¹¹ Parage, kindred, exalted nature.

¹² Dress, direct, or let

¹³ Maskelless, spotless.

down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Can there be castles enough in Jerusalem for many brides? the Father asks. In the Old Jerusalem, he is told, men sinned and the Saviour suffered; but in the New Jerusalem is peace only. There the Lamb gathers his own, there we seek home after our flesh is laid in earth. Then the Father begs of his spotless maid so meek and

her. By the vain struggle his dream is broken, and he awakes to grief, with his head upon the little hill over his buried Pearl.

The next poem in the series illustrates Purity and Patience, by dwelling upon Scripture incidents that enforce such virtues; the Parable of the Marriage Feast; the Fall of the Angels; the sins of the world before the Deluge, and the Deluge itself; the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the Captivity of Judah; the Stories of Belshazzar and of Nebuchadnezzar; and the other poem is a lesson of patience enforced by the story of Jonah. The pieces show not only a poetical mind in their author, but variety of power. This poet, whose name is lost, can paint a storm with vigour, and look tenderly upon a vision of his little child among the angels worshipping the Lamb.

Another poet, whose name is forgotten, produced at the close of the fourteenth century, probably in 1394 and 1395, two pieces which he associated with the two greatest poetical works of his day. One was in alliterative verse, after the manner of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," and was called "Pierce the Plowman's Crede." The other was in rhyming ballad stanzas, and professed to be a story by the Plowman whom Chaucer had reckoned as one of his Canterbury Pilgrims—"The Plowman's Tale." Mr. Skeat has been the first to show that these two poems are from the same hand. When the Pelican in the Plowman's Tale says—

"Of freres I have told before
In a making of² a Crede,"

he refers certainly to the previously written "Pierce the Plowman's Crede." As the Pelican stands for every good Christian who was called a Lollard for endeavouring to check pride and worldliness among the clergy, it is not necessary to believe that the poet means himself by his Pelican when he says, "I have told before." But it is not improbable that he does; and when Mr. Skeat adds to the resemblance in tone of thought, good evidence of the frequent occurrence in both poems of such words and terms of speech as may more fairly be accounted proper to an individual writer than common to two, he adds all argument necessary to convince us that the author of "The Plowman's Tale" (which was first printed in Chaucer's works in the edition of 1542), did mean himself when he wrote that he had told before of the Friars "in a making of a Crede."

The Ploughman of the Creed is simply a ploughman. The poet supposes himself to know his Pater-noster and his Ave Maria, but not yet his Creed. He must learn it before Easter, and would like to have it from a man, learned or unlearned,

"that liveth thereafter
And fully followeth the faith and feigneth none other;
That no worldly weal wilneth no time,
But liveth in loving of God, and his law holdeth,



THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.¹
From Cotton MS., Nero A. x.

mild that she will bring him to see that blissful bower. He can see only its outside, she says, but if he will trace the stream up to its source he will find a hill from which he can look out upon the distant glory of that city. Eagerly he seeks the hill, and sees from it the New Jerusalem. When he has dwelt upon its glories, the moon rises, and white-robed virgins issue from the city, each having bound on her breast the blissful pearl. They come forth in love and delight. The Lamb is before, and before the Lamb the elders bow. Legions of angels fill the air with a sweet incense, and a sweet song rises in praise of the Lamb that was slain. The Father looks among the shining company of those whose home is with the Lamb, and there he sees his Little Queen in peace and joy, and yearns towards her with love-longing in great delight. His delight urges him to seek to cross the stream and be with

¹ This is one of four pictures which in the original MS. of the poem are added as illustrations, each of them upon one of its small 4to pages.

² A making of, a poem about. "Maker" was the Old English name for poet, and "poet" in Greek means "maker."

And for no getting of good never his God grieveth,
But followeth Him the full way, as He the folk taught."

Where shall he find such a man to teach him his Creed properly? He asks the Friars; meets one morning a Minorite (Franciscan), and asks of him where he shall get the knowledge he needs. A Carmelite, he says, had offered to teach him. "But," he says to the Minorite—"but, for thou knowest Carmes well, thy counsel I ask." The Minorite laughs at the questioner, and holds him mad for supposing that the Carmelites can teach anything of God, whom they know not. So the narrow feuds between order and order are suggested while the jugglings and backslidings of the Carmelites are dwelt upon by a Franciscan—

"'Alas, frere,' quoth I then, 'my purpose is ifailed.
Now is my comfort cast! Canst thou no bote¹
Where I might meten with a man that might me wissen?²
For to con my Creed, Christ for to follow.'
'Certaine, fellow,' quoth the frere, 'withouten any faile,
Of all men upon mold we Minors most sheweth
The true Apostles life.'"

The Franciscan glorifies his order in a way that does not exalt it, boasts of his great buildings and painted windows—

"And mightest thou amenden us with money of thine own,
Thou shouldest kneel before Christ in compass of gold
In the wide window westward, well nigh in the middle,
And Saint Francis himself shall folden thee in his cope
And present thee to the Trinity, and pray for thy sins.
Thy name shall nobly be written and wrought for the nonce,
And in remembrance of thee y-read there for ever.
And, brother, be thou not afeard! Bethink in thine heart!
Though thou con not thy Creed, care thou no more.
I shall assoilen thee, sir, and setten it on my soul
An thou may maken this good, think thou no other."

When the seeker had applied Christ's words to this manner of well-doing, he went farther in search of a man to teach him, and came next to the Dominicans, whom he found housed in royal splendour. After he has painted in verse one of their great convents, he says—

"And yet these builders will beg a bag full of wheat
Of a pure poor man that may unneth pay
Half his rent in a year and half ben behind!
Then turned I again when I had all y-toted³
And found in a freitour⁴ a frere on a bench,
A great churl and a grim, growen as a tun,
With a face as fat as a full bladder
Blowen bret full⁵ of breath, and as a bag hanged

¹ Bote, help.

² Wissen, teach.

³ Y-toted, carefully observed. "Toten" is to look narrowly around—a watch-tower was a "totynge place"—or to peep out in a derived sense, as when it is said in this poem of Pierce's broken shoes, "His ton" (toes) "toteden out as he the lond treddede."

⁴ Freitour, refectory.

⁵ Bret full, so over-full that some of it must escape. "Standing corn so ripe that the grain falls out is said to *bret out*" (Halliwell's "Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words"). The notion of breaking up and falling associates the word "bret" also with fading and

On bothen his cheeks and his chin, with a jowl lollde
As great as a goose egg, growen all of grease,
That all wagged his flesh as a quick mire.⁶
His cope that beclipped him well clene was it folden,
Of double worsted ydight down to the heel;
His kirtle of clean white cleanly y-sewed,
It was good enow of ground grain for to beren."⁷

To this Dominican the seeker told his want, and said that an Austin Friar had offered to help him. Thereupon the Dominican abused the Austin Friar, and said that his own order was greatest of degree, as Gospels tell.

"'Ah, sir,' quoth I then, 'thou say'st a great wonder,
Sithen Christ said himself to all his disciples,
Which of you that is most, most shall he work,
And who is goer before, first shall he serven.
And said he saw Satan sitten full high
And full low ben y-laid. In likeness he told
That in poorness of spirit is speedfullest heal,
And hearts of highness harmeth the soul.
And therefore, frere, farewell; here find I but pride;
I preise⁸ not thy preaching but as a pure mite.'"

He tried next an Austin Friar, and opened upon him with talk of a Minorite. This brought abuse of the Minorites from the lips of one of a rival order, followed by the Austin Friar's picture of himself. Then visit was paid to a Carmelite, and to him a Dominican was cited, which brought down the contempt of the white friar upon the black. The Carmelite dwelt on the value of his prayers and masses, and wanted value for them—

"'A mass of us mean men is of more meed
And passeth all prayers of these proud freres,
An thou wilt given us any good, I would thee here granten
To taken all thy penance in peril of my soul,
And though thou con not the Creed, clean thee assoil;
So that thou mowe amenden our house with money, or else
With some catel, or corn, or cups of silver.'"

But as the searcher said that he had not a penny, the friar left him in scorn to hie to a housewife, who had bequeathed to his house ten pounds in her testament.

"Then turned I me forth and talked to myself
Of the falsehood of this folk, how faithless they weren,
And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I saw a sely⁹ man me by upon the plough hangen,
His coat was of a clout that cary¹⁰ was y-called,
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out,
With his knopped shoon clouted full thick,

altering. The root is, probably, First-English "breotan," to bruise or break.

⁶ Quick mire, living, palpitating, mire; quagmire.

⁷ Good enow of ground grain for to beren, of texture good enough to be dyed scarlet. Grain was a name for scarlet or purple dye, because the dried cochineal insects from which dye was made resemble seeds. Scarlet and purple were associated with the finest textures in robes of state, and one born to empire was said to be born in the purple.

⁸ Preise, value, prize; value your preaching at a mere mite.

⁹ Sely, simple.

¹⁰ Cary, the name of a coarse kind of cloth.

His toon toden out as he the land treaded,
 His hosen overhungen his hockshins¹ on everich a side
 All beslobbered in fen as he the plough followed;
 Two mittens as mete,² made all of clouts,
 The fingers weren for-ward,³ and full of fen hanged.
 This wight wasel⁴ in the fen almost to the ankle,
 Four rotheren⁵ him before, that feeble were worthen,⁶
 Men might reckon each a rib,⁷ so rueful they weren.
 His wife walkéd him with, with a long goad
 In a cutted coat, cutted full high,
 Wrapped in a winnow sheet, to weren⁸ her from weathers,
 Barefoot on the bare ice that the blood followed.
 And at the land's end lay a little crumb bowl,
 And thereon lay a little child lapped in clouts,
 And twain of two years old upon another side,
 And all they sungen one song, that sorrow was to hearen,
 They crieden all one cry, a careful note.
 The sely man sighed sore, and said, 'Children, be'th still!'
 This man lookéd upon me and let the plough standen,
 And saidé, 'Sely man, why sighest thou so hard?
 If thee lack livelihood lend thee I will
 Such good as God hath sent:—go we, lief brother.'
 I said then, 'Nay, sir, my sorrow is well more;
 For I can not my Creed. I care well harde,⁹
 For I can finden no man that fully believeth
 To teachen me the highway, and therefore I weep.'

Then comes from Pierce the Plowman warning
 against hypocrisy and pride of those by whom God's
 word was overlaid with glosses. Witness, he says—

"Witness on Wiclif that warned them with truth,
 For he in goodness of ghost graithly¹⁰ them warned
 To waiven their wickedness and works of sin.
 How soon these sorry men serveden his soul
 And over all lolléd him¹¹ with heretic's works!"

¹ Hockshins, hosekins, small hose, gaiters.

² Mete, scanty. First-English "mæ'te," moderate, small.

³ For-ward, worn out. First-English "forwered," from "weran," to wear.

⁴ Wasel, bemired himself. First-English "wase," dirt, mire.

⁵ Rotheren, oxen. First-English "hryther."

⁶ Worthen, become.

⁷ Each a rib, each one rib. So before, "Everich a side," every one side.

⁸ Weren, defend. First-English "wæ'tan."

⁹ I care well harde, I trouble very greatly. "Well" was a common intensive prefix. The *e* in "harde" is an adverbial ending. First-English "hearde," severely, greatly, above all things.

¹⁰ Graithly, straightly.

¹¹ Lolléd him, called him "Lollard." There are various reasons given for the name. I believe it to be an application to heretics of the word held to represent what was meant by the Greek *zizania* in the 13th chapter of Matthew, the tares sown by the enemy among the wheat. The Latin Vulgate version kept the Greek word *zizania*, and a collection of heretical writings was entitled "Fasciculi Zizaniorum." But the *zizania* were held to be darnel, lolium, then often spelt "lolium," which grows among good corn, having much resemblance to it, and is very poisonous. In the old Latin rendering of the Persian version of the Gospels, the passage runs: "Quin tu, O Domine, semen bonum in agro tuo seminasti, Lolium igitur inter illud unde provenit? Ille respondit, Quispiam per inimicitiam iniecit. Servi dixerunt, Permite itaque nobis ut Lolium exinde secernamus." Christ's answer by no means justified Church practice in dealing with the tares. William Langland, in the Vision of Piers Plowman, describing himself on Cornhill, played on the analogy of this word to Loller or idler, and so easily returned it on the friars. Chaucer seems to have had in mind the relation of the word to Lolium, when the Host having with an idle oath called on the Parson for a tale, is gently rebuked: "I smell a loller in the wind, quoth he. . . . This loller here wol prechen us

The Ploughman points to the likeness between friars and the Pharisees, and shows how far they were gone from the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount—

"Behold upon Wat Brute,¹² how busily they pursueden
 For he said them the sooth: and yet, sir, further
 They may no more marren him, but men telleth
 That he is an heretic and evil believeth,
 And preacheth it in pulpit to blinden the people.
 They wolden awyrien¹³ that wight for his weldeeds,
 And so they chewen Charity as chewen schaf¹⁴ hounds,
 And they pursueth the poor and passeth pursuits;
 Both they wiln and they wolden yworthen so great
 To passen any man's might, to murderhen the souls,
 First to burne the body in a bale of fire
 And sithen the sely soul slayen, and senden her to hell."

The Ploughman spoke his mind also of the monks, and ended by the utterance of truth in simple words. As God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, the poor ploughman whose first impulse was of Charity towards a sufferer, became the teacher of the Christian's Creed.¹⁵

"The Plowman's Tale," by the same author, puts into another form the common protest of the time against the worldliness that had corrupted those who should be guardians of faith, encouragers of hope, embodiments of the charity without which, though the Christian teacher speak with tongues of men and angels, he is nothing worth. It begins with direct reference to the rising controversy between those who were called Lollards and their persecutors:—

"A sterné strife is stirréd new
 In many stedés in a stound;

somewhat;" and the Shipman, who stops him by interposing a tale, says of the good town Parson—

"He wolde sowen some difficultee,
 Or springen cockle in our clene corn."

Such accusation levelled against the man whom he clothes with apostolic virtue, and whom he afterwards does make to preach, shows the goodwill of Chaucer to these persecuted Churchmen.

¹² Wat Brute. Walter Brute was a learned private gentleman in the diocese of Hereford, who, though a layman, was urged by religious feeling to teach openly and privately, assisted by two intimate friends, William Swinderby and Stephen Ball. They sought reform of church discipline, and held the opinions of Wiclif. In 1392 Richard II. issued a commission, addressed to the Mayor of Hereford and noblemen and gentlemen of the county, authorising them to investigate charges against Walter Brute of heresy and keeping of conventicles. Walter Brute defended himself, and withdrew into private life; but William Swinderby and others, quitting the diocese of Hereford, continued their work in Wales. The persecution was continued, and in 1401 Swinderby was burnt in Smithfield.

¹³ Awyrien, curse. First-English "awyrian" and "awyrgian."

¹⁴ Schaf. This is said to mean "chaff," and Mr. Skeat interprets the line "They gobble down their charity as hounds do bran." But may not the sense be, "They champ at their charity as dogs do over food they will not swallow?" "Skaf," from "skafa," to scrape, was the Scandinavian name for peeled bark used as fodder for goats and cattle, and "schaf" was probably our name, derived from the Scandinavian, for some such cattle fodder as a dog might take into his mouth and try his teeth on, but could hardly be got to swallow.

¹⁵ "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede" has been edited from collation of two MSS. with the old printed text of 1553, and fully supplied with notes and glossary by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, who adds to it in the same two-shilling book a poem of about A.D. 1500, "God spede the Plough." It is published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner and Co.

Of sundry seedés that ben sewe
It seemeth that some ben unsound.
For some be great growen on ground,
Some ben souble,¹ simple and small;
Whether of them is falsér found,
The falsér, foul mote him befall!

"That one side is that I of tell
Popés, cardinals, and prelates,
Parsons, monks, and friars fell,
Priors, abbóts of great estates;
Of heaven and hell they keep the gates,
And Peter's sùccessors they ben all,
This is deemed by oldé dates,
But falsehood, foul mought it befall!

"The other side ben poor and pale
And people put out of prease,²
And seemé caitiffes sore acale,³
And ever in one without increase,
I-clepéd lollers and landlesse,
Who toteth⁴ on them they ben untall,⁵
They ben arrayed all for the peace,
But falsehood, foul mought it befall.

"Many a country have I sought
To know the falsér of these two;
But ever my travail was for nought
All so far as I have go.
But as I wandered in a wro,⁶
In a wood beside a wall,
Two foulés saw I sitté tho,
The falsér, foul mote him befall.

"That one did plead on the Popé's side
A Griffon of a grim statúre;
A Pelican withouten pride
To these Lollers laid his lure.
He mused his matter in meásure
To counsel Christ e'er gan he call,
The Griffon shewéd sharp as fyre,
But falsehood, foul mote it befall.

"The Pelican began to preach
Both of mercy and of meekness,
And said that Christ so gan us teach
And meek and merciable gan bless,
The Evangely beareth witness
A Lamb he likeneth Christ o'er all,
In tokening that he meekest was
Sith Pride was out of heaven fall.

"And so should every Christned be,
Priestés, Peter's successours,
Beth lowly and of low degree,
And usen none earthly honours;
Neither crown ne curious covetours,
Ne pilloure⁷ ne other proud pall,

Ne nought to cofren up great treasours;
For falsehood, foul mote it befall."

The greed, pride, and intolerance of the offending clergy are dwelt upon—

"Who sayeth that some of them may sin
He shall be done to be dead."

They claim to bind and loose, they stir up strife, and many a man is now slain to determine which of them shall have lordship; but Christ said, "He who takes the sword shall die by the sword."

"They usen no simonye,
But sellen churches and priories;
Ne they usen no envye,
But cursen all them contraries;
And hireth men by days and years
With strength to hold them in their stall,
And killeth all their advers'ries;
Therefore, falsehood, foul thou fall.

"With purse they purchase parsonage;
With purse they painen them to plede;
And men of warré they will wage
To bring their enemies to the dede;
And lordés livés they will lead,
And muché take and give but small,
But he it so get, from it shall shede,⁸
And make such falsé right foul fall."

"They take on them royal powere
And sayé they have swordés two,
One Curse-to-hell, one Slay-men-here;
For at his taking Christ had no mo,
Yet Petér had one of tho,
But Christ to Peter smite gan defend,⁹
And into the sheath bade put it tho;
And all such mischiefs God amend!

"Christ bade Peter keep his sheath,
And with his sword forbade him smite;
Sword is no tool with sheep to keep,
But to shepherds that sheep woll bite;
Me thinketh such shepherds ben to wite,¹⁰
Ayen their sheep with sword that contend;
They drive their sheep with great despise;
But all this God may well amend."

At the close of his argument with the Pelican,

"The Griffon grinned as he were wood¹¹
And lookéd lovely as an owl,
And swore by cockés heartés blood
He would him tear every doule.¹²
Holy-Church thou disclaunderest foul!
For thy reasons I woll thee all to-rase,
And make thy flesh to rot and moul!
Losel, thou shalt have hard grace!

¹ Souble (French "souple"), supple, yielding; not able to stand firm against pressure.

² Out of prease, out of the crowd, expelled from the social herd.

³ Sore acale, sore acold.

⁴ Toteth, looks narrowly.

⁵ They ben untall, they are not the "high society" of this world.

⁶ Wro, enclosed or sheltered place.

⁷ Pilloure, or "pelure," costly fur.

⁸ Shede, depart. He who so gains shall part from his gain.

⁹ Christ forbade Peter to smite.

¹⁰ To wite, to blame.

¹¹ Wood, mad.

¹² Every doule, every bit, every deal or dole.

"The Griffon flew forth on his way.
The Pelican did sit and weep,
And to himselfe he gan say,
God would that any of Christ's sheep
Had heard and ytake keep
Each a word that here said was,
And would it write and well it keep,
God would it were, all for his grace."

"*Plowman*. I answered and said 'I wolde
If for my travail any man would pay.'
Pelican. He said, 'Yes, these that God hath sold,
For they han store of money.'
Plowman. I said, 'Tell me and thou may
Why tellest thou mennés trespass?'
Pelican. He said, 'To amend them in good fay
If God will give me any grace."

"'For Christ himself is likened to me,
That for his people died on rood;
As fare I right so fareth he,
He feedeth his birds with his blood.
But these doen evil against God,
And ben his fone under friendés face.
I told them how their living stood:
God amend them for this grace.'"

After telling how the Phoenix was brought to destroy the Griffin, and how with the fall of the Griffin vanished all his following of "ravens, rooks, crows, and pie," the poet ends thus:—

"Therefore I pray every man
Of my wyting² have me excused.
This writing writeth the Pelican
That thus these people hath despysed.
For I am fresh fully advysed
I will not maintain his manace,
For the devil is often disguised
To bring a man to evil grace."

"Wyteth the Pelican and not me,
For hereof I will not avow,
In high ne in low ne in no degree,
But as a fable take it ye now.
To Holy Church I will me bow.
Each man to amend him Christ send space;
And for my writing me allow
He that is Almighty for His Grace."

In these poems—written in 1394 and 1395—there is direct reference to the burning as well as the cursing of men charged with heresy. There was already persecution to the death; and the fifteenth century opened with a feeling widely spread among the English people, that many devout men, who in no particular swerved from the faith taught by the Church, were persecuted for a zeal that sought only to make teachers, more than they were, like Chaucer's poor Parson:—

CHAUCER'S TOWN PARSON.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poré Persoun of a town;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk

That Cristes gospel gladly woldé preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wondur diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-provéed ofté sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursé for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of dowte,
Unto his poré parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur,
But he ne lafte not for reyne ne thondur,
In siknesse ne in meschief to visite
The ferrest in his parissche, moch and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample unto his sheep he yaf,
That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
And this figure he addide yit therto,
That if gold rusté, what schulde yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wondur is a lewid man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
A [filéd] schepperd and a clené schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,
By his clenness, how that his sheep schulde lyve.
He setté not his benefice to huyre,
And lette his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynté Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a brethurhedé be withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepté wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscharye.
He was a schepperde and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to senful man nought dispitous,
Ne of his speché daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawé folk to heven by clenness,
By good ensample, was his busynesse:
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What-so he were of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbé scharly for the nones.
A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytud after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne makéd him a spicéd conscience,
But Cristés lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and ferst he folwed it himselve.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



From the *Mazarin Bible*, the first
Printed Book.

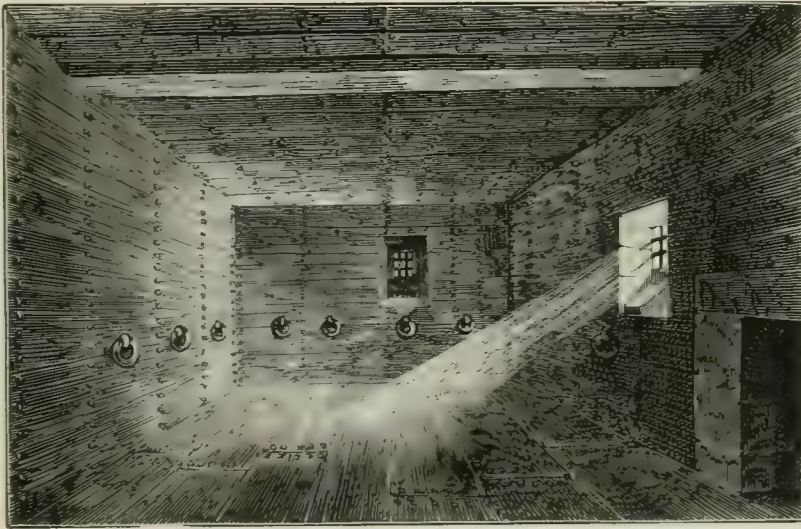
UNITY of the spirit, however hardly to be attained by men, did certainly exist between many of those whose zeal for reformation caused them to be contemned as Lollards, and condemned as heretics, and the pious men, from whom Chaucer might have painted his "poor Parson of a town," who quietly

¹ And, if.

² Writing, blaming.

obeyed authority, and trusted in the grace of God to amend those by whose evil lives it was discredited. From the beginning of the world there have been the two great types of human character which produce the forward movements of society by action and reaction on each other. Both desire good. Both know that we inherit every social good that we are born to from the labour, in successive generations, of the wisest of our forefathers. Both know that good institutions may, through human imperfection, and through change in the conditions of society, decay, and require renovation or even removal; and that we have in our turn to build for ourselves and after-comers what the conditions of our later time may need. But some men are born to dwell especially upon the danger of rash change; others to dwell especially upon the importance of removing what has become useless, repairing or reconstructing what has fallen

tion infinitely higher. But there were religious men who dreaded Lollards, believed that they endangered souls, and shared the opinion of the time that—heresy being an evil which brought many to eternal fire—if the temporal death of a few could check it, it should so be checked. They were doing the work of the enemy of man in sowing tares among the wheat, whatever their intentions; and such men, all the more dangerous when their good lives recommended them to thousands of souls, must be driven out of God's harvest-field. So good men might reason, and did reason, in those times. There were also disorderly men, who scorned religion itself, swelling the cry of Lollards who sought only Christian life within the Church; there were angry men who extended the denunciation of hypocrisy and pride in many Churchmen into scoff at all that represented the religious life of England. And as must happen



THE LOLLARDS' PRISON, LAMBETH PALACE. (From Allen's "History of Lambeth.")

to decay, and finding new means to new ends. Some men are in religion, politics, daily business, in action and opinion on all things—even to the arranging of the chairs and tables in their houses—by nature conservative; as others are by nature disposed for reform. Both are alike liberal; both have the same range of human belief and opinion, with difference only in the part of it on which most emphasis is laid; both seek to do their duty; and there are as many good and earnest men upon one side as on the other. From the struggle of the Lollards for reform of evils in the Church, there has come down to us chiefly a remembrance, upon one side, of the noble pleading for pure Christian life by Churchmen who were the true soul of the movement, and by poets who laid hold on its essential truths; and, on the other side, of the corruption that had spread with wealth and idleness through the religious orders, of the hard fight of the worldly man for material advancement, displayed by the Churchman to whom his religion was not real enough to save him from the small ambitions of the world and give him an ambi-

in all human controversies, often among the best men on both sides, mists of human passion and emotion changed to sight the proportions of the matter in dispute. But still the story is the story of an English struggle to find out the right, and do it for the love of God. The question is all of Duty; and from a quiet, orthodox monk, who was no great genius, though he wrote verse, but was a good natural Englishman, we may learn how thousands of honest folk, who took no violent part in the strife, looked at each side of it.

John Audelay or Awdlay, living in a Shropshire monastery at the beginning of the fifteenth century, wrote religious verse.¹ He versified religious duty in short poems upon Bible texts, and, while piously orthodox, he discriminated between men who, seeking the advancement of the Church, objected to self-

¹ Printed in 1844 for the Percy Society as "The Poems of John Audelay. A Specimen of the Shropshire Dialect in the Fifteenth Century. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell."

seeking of the clergy, and were corruptly stigmatised as Lollards, and the men who withdrew from the Church, set aside their duties, and deserved the name. Thus he wrote on the text

EGO SUM PASTOR BONUS.¹

The ground of all goodness curates should be the cause,
And knit them kindly together all the clergy,
And leave their lewdness and their lust and learn Godys laws

With their cunning and cleannes deadly sinners destroy,
Both the flesh and the fiend, false covetise defy,

With mercy and with meekness the truth for to teach,
The commandmentis of Christ to keep kindly
Tofore the People apert thus should he preach.

For ye ben shepherds all one ;

Then Christ to Peter, what said he ?

" My keyis I betake² to thee,

Keep my sheep for love of me,

That they perish never one."

The prophesy of the prophetus all now it doth appear,

That sometime was said by the clergy,
That lewd men, the Law of God that should love and lere,
For curates, for their covetise, would count not thereby,
But to talk of their tithys I tell you truly ;

And if the secular say a sooth, anon they ben y-shent,
And lien upon the lewdmen, and sayn It is Lollere :

Thus the people and the priestis ben of one assent,

They dare none other do :

For dread of the clergy

Would damnen them unlawfully

To preach upon the pillory

And burn them after too.

DE VOBIS QUI DICITIS MALUM BONUM, ET BONUM MALUM.³

Lef thou me, a Loller, his deeds they will him deem :⁴

If he withdraw his duties from Holy Church away,
And will not worship the cross, on him take good eme,
And hear his matins and his mass upon the haliday,
And believes not in the Sacrament, that it is God veray,
And will not shrive him to a priest, on what death he die,
And settis nought by the Sacramentis soothly to say,—

Take him for a Loller I tell you truly

And false in his fay ;

Deem him after his saw,

But he will him withdraw,

Never for him pray.

This, of course, is not the doctrine of Langland, whose charity would seek to win the sinner back, but Audelay simply follows opinion of Churchmen at the beginning of the fifteenth century. With these lines he closes his little series of admonitory poems based on Scripture texts :—

¹ " I am tye Good Shepaerd."

² *Betake*, entrust.

³ " Of you who call evil good, and good evil."

⁴ " Believe me, a Lollard can be known by his deeds."

PLAIN TRUTH.

" *Si veritatem dico quare non creditis mihi ; qui ex Deo est, verba Dei audit ; alio non auditis quia ex Deo non estis.*"⁵

For I have touched the truth, I trow I shall be shent,

And said sadly⁶ the truth without flattering ;

Hold me for no party that beth here present,

I have no liking ne lust to make no leasing,

For Favel, with his fair words and his flattering,

He will preach the people apert them for to pay,⁷

I will not wrath my God, at my weeting,⁸

As God have mercy of me, Sir John Audlay,

At my most need.

I reck never who it hear,

Whether priest or frere,

For at a fool ye may lere,

If ye will take heed.

To a poem of his on the nine virtues he thus adds his name :

" I made this with good intent,

In hope the rather ye would repent,

Prayes for me that beth present,

My name it is the blind Awdelay."

Let us turn now to John Lydgate, the good monk of Bury, who supplied the generation living after Chaucer's death with the best English poetry that time produced. The following poem ascribed to him, but perhaps by one of his contemporaries,⁹ is that upon which Robert Henryson founded his " Abbey Walk :"—

THANK GOD FOR ALL.

By a way wandering as I went

Well sore I sorrowed, for sighing sad,

Of hardé haps that I had hent,

Mourning me made almost mad

Till a letter all one me had

That well was written on a wall,

A blissful word that on I rad,

That alway said " Thank God for¹⁰ all !"

And yet I read furthermore,

Full good intent I took theretill,

Christ may well your state restore,

Nought is to strive against his will ;

He may us spare and also spill,

Think right well we ben his thrall,

What sorrow we suffer, loud or still,

Alway thank God for all.

⁵ " If I speak truth, why do ye not believe me ? He who is of God heareth God's words : ye, therefore, hear them not because ye are not of God." (John viii. 47.)

⁶ *Sadly*, seriously.

⁷ *Apert* them for to pay, openly in the way that pleases them.

⁸ *At my weeting*, to my knowledge.

⁹ " Thonke God of all " is on leaf 68 of a collection of Old English Poems made in a handwriting of the 15th century (Cotton. MSS., Caligula, A. ii. 1), which includes Lydgate's " Churl and the Bird," with other of his pieces, and the old poems of Eglamor of Artois, Ypotis, Isumbras, Chevalier Assigne, The Stations of Rome, &c. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has included it in his volume edited for the Percy Society of the Select Minor Poems of John Lydgate.

¹⁰ For: of in original, throughout.

Though thou be both blind and lame,
Or any sickness be on thee set,
Thou think right well it is no shame,
The grace of God it hath the gret;
In sorrow or care though ye be knit,
And worldés weal be fro thee fall,
I cannot say thou myst do bet,
But alway thank God for all. 20

Though thou wield this Worldés good,
And royally lead thy life in rest,
Well ishape of bone and blood,
None thee like by east ne west;
Think God thee sent as Him lest,
Riches turneth as a ball,
In all mannér it is the best
Alway to thank God for all. 30

If thy good beginneth to pass,
And thou wax a pooré man,
Take good comfort and bear good face,
And think on Him that all good wan;
Christ himself for sooth began,
He may rene both bower and hall,
No better counsel I ne can
But alway thank God for all. 40

Think on Job that was so rich,
He wex poor from day to day,
His beastis dieden in each ditch,
His cattle vanished all away;
He was put in poor array,
Neither in purple neither in pall,
But in simple weed, as clerkés say,
And alway he thanked God for all.

For Christés lové so do we,
He may bothé give and take,
In what mischief that we in be,
He is mighty enow our sorrow to slake;
Full good amends he will us make
And¹ we to him cry or call
What grief or woe that do thee thrall,
Yet alway thank God for all. 50

Though thou be in prison cast,
Or any distress men do thee bede,
For Christés love yet be stedfast
And ever have mind on thy creed;
Think He faileth us never at need,
The dereworth duke that deem us shall;
When thou art sorry thereof take heed,
And alway thank God for all. 60

Though thy friendés fro thee fail
And Death by rene hend their life,
Why should'st thou then weep or wail,
It is nought again God to strive;
Himself makéd both man and wife,
To His bliss He bring us all,
How ever thou thole or thrive,
Yet alway thank God for all. 70

What divers sonde that God thee send,
Here or in any other place,
Také it with good intent
The sooner God will send His grace;

Though thy body be brought full bas,
Let not thy heart adown fall,
But think thee God is where he was,
And alway thank God for all. 80

Though thy neighbour have world at will
And thou far'st not so well as he,
Be not so mad to think him ill,
For his wealth envious to be;
The King of Heaven himself can see
Who takes his sonde great or small,
Thus eaché man in his degree,
I redé thank God for all.

For Christés love be not so wild,
But rule thee by reason within and without, 90
And take in good heart and mild
The sonde that God sent all about;
Then dare I say withouten doubt,
That in Heaven is made thy stall,
Rich and poor that low will lout,
Alway thank God for all.

Of Lydgate's larger works account will be given in another volume. The thought of his long English poem on the "Falls of Princes," taken from a French metrical version of a Latin prose book by Boccaccio—"De Casibus illustrium Virorum"—Lydgate expressed in this short poem:—

ALL STANDS IN CHANGE.

Let no man boast of cunning nor virtúe,
Of treasure, riches, nor of sapience,
Of worldly support; for all com'th of Jesu
Counsel, comfort, discretion, and prudence.
Provision for sight and Providence,
Like as the Lord of Gracé list dispose;
Some man hath wisdom, some man eloquence;—
All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Wholesome in smelling be the sweté flowres
Full delectable outward to the sight; 10
The thorn is sharp, covered with fresh colours,
All is not gold that outward sheweth bright:
A stockfish bone in darkness giveth light;
Tween fair and foul as God list to dispose;
A differencé betwix day and night:—
All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Flowers open upon everiché green
When the lauerok messenger of day
Salu'th the uprist of the sonnè sheen
Most amorously in April and May. 20
And Aurora again the morrow gray
Causeth the daisy her crown to uncloze,
Worldly gladness is melléd with affray:—
All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Atween cuckowé and the nightingale
There is a manner of strange difference;
On freshé branches singeth the woodwale,
Jays in music have small experience;
Chattering pies when they come in preséncé
Most malapert their verdit to purpose; 30
All thing hath favour, briefly in sentence,
Of soft or sharp, like a midsummer rose.

¹ And, if.

The royal Lion let call a parlement
 All beast about him everychē one;
 The Wolf of malice, being there présent,
 Upon the Lamb complained against reason,—
 Saidē he made his water unwholesōme
 His tender stomach to hinder and indispose,—
 Ravens reign, the innocent is borne down—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose. 40

All worldly thing braideth upon time:
 The sonnē changeth, so doth the pale moon;
 Th' aureate number in calendars set for prime;
 Fortune is double, doth favour for no boon;
 And who that hath with that queen to doon
 Contrariously she will his change dispose,
 Who sitteth highest most like to fall soon,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

The golden chair of Phœbus in the air
 Chaseth mistis black that they dare not appear, 50
 At whose uprist mountains be made so fair
 As they were newly gilt with his beams clear;
 The night doth follow, appalleth all his cheer,
 When Western waves his streamēs overclose.
 Reckon all beauty, all freshness that is here,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Constraint of coldē maketh flowrēs dare,¹
 With winter frosts that they dare not appear;
 All clad in russet the soil of green is bare,
 Tellus and Jove be dullēd of their cheer. 60
 By revolution and turning of the year
 A gery² March his stondis doth disclose:
 Now rain, now storm, now Phœbus bright and clear,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Where is now David the most worthy king
 Of Juda and Israel most famous and notable?
 And where is Salamon most sovereign of cunning,
 Richest of building, of treasure incomparable,
 Face of Absolon, most fairē, most aimable?
 Reckon up each one, of truth makē no glose; 70
 Reckon of Jonathas of friendship immutāble,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Where is Julius, proudest in his empire
 With his triumphēs most imperial?
 Where is Pyrrhus, that was lord and sire
 Of Ind in his estatē royal?
 And where is Alexander that conquered all,
 Failēd laisēr his testament to dispose?
 Nabigodonosor or Sardanapal?—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose. 80

Where is Tullius with his sugared tongue?
 Or Chrysostemus with his golden mouth?
 The aureate ditties that be read and sung,
 Of Omerus in Greece, both north and south,
 The tragediēs divers and uncouth
 Of moral Senec the misteries to uncloze,
 By many an example is full couth—
 All stant on change like a midsummer rose.

Where ben of France all the douze piers³
 Which in Gaule had the governance; 90
 Vowēs of peacock, with all their proud cheer,
 The Worthy Nine with all their high bobbaunce;
 Trojan knightēs greatest of alliānce;
 The Fleece of Gold, conquerēd in Colchós;
 Rome and Carthāge most sovereign of puissance—
 All stant on change like a midsummer rose.

Put in a sum all martial policy!
 Complete in Afric and bounds of Carthage,
 The Theban Legion example of chivalry,
 At Rodomus river was expert their courāge; 100
 Ten thousand knightes born of great parage,
 The martyrdom read in metre and prose;
 The golden crownēs made in the heavenly stage,
 Fresher than lilies or any summer rose.

The remembrance of every famous knight,
 Ground considēred built on righteousness,
 Rase out each quarrel that's not built on right:
 Withoutē truth what vailēth high noblesse?



CHRIST AND THE CROSS.

From R. Pynson's Edition of "Lydgate's Testament" (1515?).

Laurear of martyrs founded on holiness 110
 White was made red their triumphs to disclose;⁴
 The whitē lilye was their chaste cleanness
 Their bloody sufferance was no summer rose.

³ The douze piers. The twelve peers of Charlemagne, set forth in old romance.

⁴ Sir John Mandeville tells us that in the field Floridus, near Beth-lehem, a fair maiden falsely accused was to be burnt. As the fire rose about her she prayed to God, and immediately the burning fagots became red rose-bushes, and the unkindled fagots became white rose-bushes. And thus came the first roses into the world.

¹ Maketh flowrēs dare, makes them unable to stir. Bird-catchers were said to "dare larks" by use of a mirror.

² Gery, changeable. From French "gier," to turn.

It was the rose of the bloody field
 Rose of Jericho that grew in Bethlem,
 The fine roses pourtrayed in the shield
 'Splayed in the banner at Jerusalem.
 The sun wasclipse and dark in every reme
 When Christ Jesu five wellis list unclose,
 Toward Paradisé, calléd the red stream,
 Of whose five wounds print in your heart a rose. 120

The religious verse of John Lydgate includes a translation of the first part of a French poem by Guillaume de Guileville, who was born at Paris about the year 1295, became prior of the Bernardine Abbey of Chalis, and died about the year 1360. Guileville says that the popularity of the "Roman de la Rose" suggested to him the writing of his "Romaunt des Trois Pélerinages" ("Romance of the Three Pilgrimages"), namely, of Man in this Life; of the Soul severed from the Body; and of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, in the form of a Monotessaron. Lydgate translated into English verse the "Pilgrimage of Man in this World" for Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, in the year 1426. Guileville's work was well known in England in the fifteenth century, and its sections of the "Pilgrimage of Man" and "Pilgrimage of the Soul" had more than one translator between 1413, the date of the earliest MS. translation of the "Pilgrimage of Man," and 1483, the date of Caxton's printed English version of the "Pilgrimage of the Soul." Le Pélerinage de l'Homme begins by saying, that in the year 1330 the writer, then a monk at Chalis, dreamed that he saw, as in a mirror, the reflection of the Heavenly Jerusalem. He was stirred to become a pilgrim to it, and to seek to enter by the narrow wicket-gate, of which Lydgate thus translated his description:—

"For such as died for his love
 By wickets entered in above,
 Up the gate high aloft,
 Though there the passage was not soft;
 The porter list them not to let,¹
 And there pencillis² up they set
 On corners where them thoughté good,
 All stained with their owné blood.
 And when that I perceived it,
 I conceived in my wit
 That who should there within
 Enter by force, he must it win
 By manhood only and by virtù:
 For by recórd of Saint Matthew
 The heaven, as by his sentence,
 Wonnen is by violence;
 Chrysostom recordeth eke also,
 Who list taken heed thereto,
 That great violence and might
 It is, who that look aright,
 A man be born in Earth here down
 And ravish like a champioun
 The noble high heavenly place
 By virtue only and by grace.
 For virtue doth to a man assure
 Things denied by nature,

This to seyne who list lere³
 That virtue mak'th a man conquere
 The high heaven in many wise
 To which kind⁴ may not suffice
 To claim there possession
 But she be guided by reasón,
 Which to virtue is maistress
 To lead her also and to dress⁵
 In her Pilgrimagé right
 Above the starrés clear and bright:
 For other way could I not see
 To enter by in that citee."

Guileville then sought staff and scrip, and rushed out of his house, weeping and lamenting, to know where he should find them. Then came to him a lady of great beauty, who seemed to be the daughter of an Emperor, and asked him why he wept. This is Gracedieu, the Grace of God. She learns his desire, and says that she is sent by the Lord of the Way to guide the weak but willing pilgrims, and open the eyes of the blind. She warns him of the dangers of the road, and bids him fix his eyes on the strait gate, which none enter until they have put off their clothing. "Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer;" the soul must put off its garment of the flesh. Gracedieu then takes the pilgrim to her House—the Church—built 1330 years ago, where Scripture is interpreted. But the pilgrim comes to a stream without ferry or bridge, before the entrance of the Church, which represents the water of baptism. Why, he asks, must he bathe in this water? He is told; he is helped out on the other side; enters the House, where Moses represents the Law, and Reason, Prudence, Nature, Sapience, Repentance, Love, are personified. It is here that the scrip and staff for his pilgrimage are given to him: the name of the scrip is Faith; the staff is Hope, on which he is told that he may lean in all slippery places.

And yet he must not go until he has been armed. He is then girt with a girdle of righteousness, a writing is given him, which is the Creed in rhyme. And, as Lydgate translates—

"Come near,' quoth she, 'and ha no dreed,
 Look up on high, and take good heed:
 Upon this perch the harness see
 Wherewith that thou wilt arméd be
 Pertinent to thy viage
 And needful to thy pilgrimage.'
 Then saw I helms and habergeons,⁶
 Plate and mail for champions,
 Gorgets again all violence,
 And jackés stuffés⁷ of defence,
 Targets and shieldés large and long,
 And pavys⁸ also that were strong
 For folk to maké resistéce
 To all that would them don offence."

³ Lere, learn.⁴ Kind, nature.⁵ Dress, direct.⁶ Habergeons, breast plates; from "hals," the neck, and "bergen," to protect.⁷ Jackes stuffes, stuffs for the jack or horseman's upper garment, quilted and covered with strong leather.⁸ Pavys, bucklers. French "pavois."¹ Let, hinder.² Pencillis, pennons.

The coat of mail is Patience, the helmet Temperance, the gorget is Sobriety, the gauntlets are named Contenance; the sword is Justice, and the true name of its scabbard is Humility. The pilgrim finds the arms too heavy for him, and asks to go forth like David. He does finally go forth with a sling only, bearing the pebbles David had in his scrip when he went forth to meet Goliath, and having Memory as armour-bearer, to equip him in the time of need. The pilgrim, when Memory first comes to him, is surprised to find her without eyes, and is told that her eyes are behind. But again he is told that he must wear his armour. Why then, he asks, did I put it off, only to put it on again? He put it off because he was too fat. He carries about and nourishes an enemy. It was his body that rebelled against the armour's weight. After teaching him of the light of the soul seen dimly through the cloud of flesh, Gracedieu says to the pilgrim, in Lydgate's version of the poem—

“ But for thy sake, anon right,
I shall assayen and provide
Thy body for to leyn aside,
Fro thee take it, if I can,
That thou may'st conceiue than
Of him wholly the governance
And what he is as in substance.
But thou mustest in certain
After soon resort again
To thine oldé dwelling place
Till that death a certain space
Shall thee despoil and maké twynne
Fro the body that thou art inne.¹
And Gracedieu anon me took
I n'ot whe'r that I slept or wook,
And made, for short conclusioun,
My body for to fall adoun.
And after that, anon right,
Me sempte that I took my flight,
And was ravished into the air,
A placé delitable and fair,
And methought eke in my sight
I was not heavy but very light,
And my beholding was so clear
That I saw both far and near,
High and low and over all,
And I was right glad withal.
All was well to my pleasaunce
Save a manner displeasaunce
I had of o¹ thing in certain
That I must go dwell again
Within my body which that lay
Like an heavy lump of clay,
Which to me was no furth'ring
But perturbance and great letting,
Thither to resort of new.
Tho² wist I well that all was true
That Gracedieu had said to me;
And thanne I went for to see
Whe'r the body slept or nought,
And whan I haddé longé sought,
Tasted his power in certeyne
And gropéd every nerve and veyne,

I find in him no breath at all,
But dead and cold as a stone wall.
And when I did all this espy,
His governance I gan defy.”

The Pilgrim proceeds on his way till he comes to a place where the road divides into two paths. Industry, making nets, sits by the one, Idleness by the other. He is taught that in the way of Idleness perils are greatest; the way of Industry is safe to those who persevere in it, but many break through the hedge into the other road. Idleness describes her way,—the Idler's way of life,—and her enemy Repentance is said to have set the hedge, so that if any wished to turn from the other road into hers, they could not do so without being pierced with thorns. The Pilgrim takes the way of Industry; has encounters with Gluttony, Wrath, who carries a hawk called Murder; descends a hill, and is met by Tribulation, but he leans upon his staff, Faith, and escapes the danger. He meets afterwards with Heresy, Satan, Dame Fortune, and Gladness-of-the-World, a syren by a wild square tower, whence issued smoke and flame, while the whole tower

“ Turned about as a wheel
Upon the floodés enviroin,
With the wavés up and down.
Somewhile as I coude know
The highest party was most low,
And also eke I saw full oft
The lowest party set aloft;
And thus by transmutacyoun
It turned alway up so down.
And in this while ever among
I heard a melodious song ”—

That was the voice of Worldly-Gladness, by whom, after dialogue, the Pilgrim was seized, and cast into the midst of the great sea. He reached the shore of the perilous island, forsaken by Youth, who had been his companion, and pursued no more by Worldly-Gladness, who had gone off with Youth for her comrade. Then

“ Even amid of all my pain
I saw amidles of the sea
A shippé sail towardés me;
And even above upon the mast—
Wherefore I was the less aghest—
I saw a cross stand and not flit,
And thereupon a dové sit,
White as any milk or snow,
Whereof I had joy enow.
And in this ship, again all showers
There were castles and eke towers
Wonder diverse mansiouns
And sundry habitaciouns
By resemblance and seeming
Like the lodging of a King.
And as I took good heed thereat,
All my sorrows I forgot.”

Gracedieu comes out of the ship to the Pilgrim's aid, and he learns that the name of the ship is Religion. The allegory of the “Pilgrimage of Man's

¹ O, one

² Tho, then.

Life" is continued in this manner till Old Age and Death have laid the Pilgrim gently on his couch, there to await Death's coming. Mercy takes him to her infirmary, which has Fear of God for porter, and where there are two messengers—Prayer and Almsgiving—whom he may send before him to the Heavenly Jerusalem. At last Death mounts upon his bed. Gracedieu reassures him. Death runs him through the body with her scythe.

He started and awoke, dead or alive he knew not till he heard a cock crow and the ringing of the convent bell, and saw that he was awake in the morning in his own bed in the monastery of Chalis.

The popularity of Guileville's "Romaunt of the Three Pilgrimages" in England during the fifteenth century indicates the growth of the tendency to spiritual allegory, which had its source far back in

regular canons of St. Augustine—made a collection of "Sermons for the Greater Festivals of the Church," and in the middle of the fifteenth century put into English verse a Latin book of "Instructions for Parish Priests."² It began by admonishing priests to know their duties and live as they preach. It then explained in detail how a parishioner was to be dealt with from the cradle to the grave. Beginning at earliest, with birth and baptism, by taking the religious duties of the mother when the child is yet unborn, and the baptism of a child that is half-born to a dying mother, it proceeded to general rules that concern christening, confirmation, marriage, teaching of children, confession, how the people were to be taught as to the Communion, and trained to the right manner of receiving it: also how they were to be made to behave in church:—



THE SHIP RELIGION. (From "The Pilgrimage of Man" in Cotton, MS., Tiberius, A. vii.).

the writings of Greek fathers of the Church and the spiritualizing of the love-conceits of troubadours by lettered monks, who shared the accomplishments of their time, but were restrained by their vows from rhyming of love, like the noblemen and gentlemen who were their neighbours. From English translations of Guileville we pass, by natural transition, through an English poem of the same character, to Spenser's "Faërie Queene," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."¹

John Mirk, who was a canon of Lilleshall, in Shropshire—a house associated with the order of the

OF BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

Yet thou moste teach them more
That when they doth to churché fare,
Then bid them leave their many wordes
Their idle speech and nicé bordes,³
And put away all vanitie
And say their Pater noster and their Ave.
N. none in churché stonde shall.
Ne lean to pillar ne to wall,
But faire on knees they shall them set,
Kneeling down upon the flet,⁴
And pray to God with herte meke
To give them grace and mercy eke.
Suffer them to make no bere⁵
But aye to be in their prayere,
And when the Gospel read be shall
Teach them then to stand up all,

¹ Much interesting detail on the subject of Guileville's allegory and its English versions will be found in these two volumes:—"The Ancient Poem of Guillaume de Guileville, entitled 'Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme,' compared with the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, edited from notes collected by the late Mr. Nathaniel Hill, of the Royal Society of Literature, with illustrations and an Appendix." Pickering, 1858.—"The Booke of the Pylgremage of the Sowle, Translated from the French of Guillaume de Guileville, and Printed by William Caxton An. 1483, with Illuminations taken from the MS. Copy in the British Museum; edited by Katherine Isabella Cust." Pickering, 1859.

² "Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myre," was first printed in 1668 for the Early-English Text Society; edited from the Cotton, MS. Claudius, A. ii., by Mr. Edward Peacock, F.S.A.

³ *Bordes*, jests. "'Bord' is abridged," says Jamieson, "from Old French 'behourdir' and 'bohorder,' to joust with lances."

⁴ *The flet*, the flat, the floor.

⁵ *Bere*, noise.

And bless them fairé as they con
 When *Gloria tibi* is begon;
 And when the Gospel is i-done,
 Teach them oft to kneel down some;
 And when they hear the bellé ring
 To that holy saking,¹
 Teach them kneel both young and old
 And both their handés up to hold,
 And say thenné in this manere,
 Fair and softly, without bere,
 "Jesu, Lord, welcome thou be
 In form of bread as I thee see;
 Jesu! for thy holy name,
 Shield me to-day fro sin and shame,
 Shrift and housel, Lord, thou grant me bo,
 Ere that I shall hennes go
 And vray contrition of my sin
 That I, Lord, ne'er die therein;
 And, as thou were of a maid i-bore,
 Suffer me ne'er to be forelore,
 But when that I shall hennes wend
 Grant me the bliss withouten end. Amen."

Whenever and wherever the sacred host was seen the people were to kneel; and a list was given of the evils from which any one was protected for the day on which he should have seen it.

"Also within church and seyntwary
 Do right thus as I thee say;
 Song and cry and suché fare
 For to stint thou shalt not spare;
 Casting of axtree and oke of stone²
 Suffer them there to usé none;
 Ball and bars,³ and suché play,
 Out of churchyard put away;
 Court-holding and such manner chost⁴
 Out of seyntwary put thou most;
 For Christ himself teacheth us
 That Holy Church is His house,
 That is made for nothing elles
 Than for to pray in, as the book tells;
 There the people shall gather within
 To prayen and to weepen for their sin."

Witchcraft was to be forbidden the people; also usury. Husbands and wives were to be taught that both must consent before either could undertake a penance, or a vow of chastity, or a pilgrimage—

"Save the vow to Jerusalem,
 That is lawful to either of them."

Twice or thrice in the year occasion must be taken to teach the whole parish the *Pater noster*, *Ave*, and

¹ *Saking*, consecration of the host.

² Throwing the hatchet and putting the stone. *Axtree* may be ax-tree, which is said to have been used for throwing by the rustics.

³ *Bars*. Casting the bar was another of the athletic sports of the people; and Henry VIII., after he came to the throne, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have retained "casting the bar" among his amusements. In a paper of the *Spectator*, written by Eustace Budgell (No. 161), a country fair of the year 1711 is described; and the describer says: "Upon my asking a farmer's son, of my own parish, what he was gazing at with so much attention, he told me that he was seeing Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his sweetheart, pitch a bar."

⁴ *Chost*, chest, "ceast," strife.

Creed. English rhymed forms of these were given, and then followed instruction as to the teaching and explaining of the Articles of Faith, and the Seven Sacraments of the Church:—1. Baptism; 2. Confirmation; 3. The Eucharist; 4. Penance; 5. Priest's orders; 6. Matrimony; 7. Extreme Unction:—

"Lo! here the seven and no mo;
 Look thou preché ofté tho."

The usage of the Church in the fifteenth century was set forth upon all these heads, and as Penance was associated with Confession, this gave rise to a section upon admonition against, and forms of penance for, the seven deadly sins. The seventh sacrament being extreme unction, the book ended with the last offices of the priest to his parishioner. Then added the author—

"Now, dear priest, I pray thee,
 For Goddés love, thou pray for me,
 More I pray that thou me myng⁵
 In thy mass when thou dost sing;
 And yet, I pray thee, levé⁶ brother,
 Read this oft, and so let other;
 Hide it not in hodymoke,⁷
 Let other mo readé this boke;
 The mo therein doth read and learn
 The mo to meed it shalé turn;
 It is i-madé them to shown
 That have no bookés of their own,
 And other that beth of mean lore
 That woldé fain conné more;
 And thou that herein learnest most
 Thanke zerné⁸ the Holy Ghost,
 That giveth wit to eaché mon
 To do the godé that he con,
 And by his travail and his deed
 Giveth him heaven to his meed.
 The meed and the joy of heaven light
 God us granté for His might." Amen.

At the time when this was written, in the middle of the fifteenth century, for the instruction of the humbler clergy, the battle against neglect of duty by those who should be leaders of the Church was steadily continued. Followers of Wiclif were upholding strenuously the Bible as the only rule of faith; were battling against what they believed to be traditions of men, injurious to discipline and doctrine; were contrasting the pride of the Court of Rome, of cardinals, and of lordly prelates, with the life and teaching of Christ, and with the unworldly zeal of the Apostles; were desiring in the Church pure

⁵ *Myng*, remember.

⁶ *Levé*, dear.

⁷ *Hodymoke*, equivalent to "hugger mugger," in concealment. So in *Satiro-mastix*, "One word, Sir Quintilian, in hugger mugger;" and of Polonius in *Hamlet*, "We have done but greenly in hugger-mugger to inter him." In Icelandic "hugr," the mind, genitive "hugar," enters into such compounds as "hugar-angr" and "hugar-ekki," for grief and distress of mind, "hugar-glöggv," &c. "Mugga" means mistiness, and, formed in the same way, "hugar-mugga" would be mugginess or mistiness of mind, a mind obscured in haze.

⁸ *zerné*, earnestly.

Bible teaching from men who strove religiously themselves to follow it, with frequent instruction of the people, by preaching and explaining to them the Word of God.

Reginald Pecock, who was born not long before the death of Chaucer, was a Welshman, who studied at Oxford, and became Fellow of Oriel in 1417. In 1421 he was admitted to priest's orders; and a few years later was thriving in London, because his learning won him the goodwill of a friend of literature who was then protector of the kingdom, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Pecock was made Rector of Whittington College, founded by the Sir Richard Whittington who was thrice Lord Mayor of London (in 1397, 1406, and 1419). The College, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, was in the Church of St. Michael Royal, rebuilt by him, and finished by his executors in 1424. It consisted of a Master and four Fellows, clerks, choristers, &c., and near it was an almshouse for thirteen poor people. The office of Master of this College was associated with that of Rector of the Church to which it belonged; and Pecock became Master of Whittington College and Rector of St. Michael Royal in 1431. Here he was resident for the next thirteen years, in the midst of the Lollard controversy, still active in study, and writing English tracts upon the religious questions of his time. In 1440 he published a "Donet," or Introduction to the Chief Truths of the Christian Religion. In 1444 his friend Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, gave Pecock the bishopric of St. Asaph. In this office his busy mind was still active, and there were many critics of the opinions he expressed.

When Thomas Arundel was Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1396 to 1413, the action against the Lollards had been quickened, new provision had been made for the burning of heretics, and freedom of preaching had been checked throughout the Church. The reason for this was that, as preaching consisted in interpretation of the Scripture, the much interpreting by many minds would lead to diversities of explanation, encourage laymen to apply their reason to Church matters, spread confusion of opinion, and break up the oneness of the Church. Arundel's battle was for unity in Christendom. He died of a swelling of the tongue; and men said that was a judgment upon him for silencing the preachers. Three or four years after Arundel's death, Sir John Oldecastle (Lord Cobham), who had been a successful general in the French wars, but at home was a friend and supporter of the Lollards, was, on Christmas Day, 1417, suspended over a fire, and roasted alive as a Lollard. Such acts were meant to daunt the spirit of the Lollards, and did silence some, while it confirmed in them the spirit of opposition. But to the braver minds it gave new energy of resistance to the action of the bishops. Then Reginald Pecock began a defence of the bishops, which could not please the Lollards because it was directed against them, and displeased many of those whose champion he made himself, because he brought their case into court before the body of the laity, by writing in English, addressing himself to them, appealing to their judgment with such arguments as then passed for reason among scholastic men; and was led by the deeper sense

of right in his impulsive nature, to make what those whom he defended looked upon as dangerous concessions. About the middle of the fifteenth century, perhaps in 1449, Reginald Pecock produced, on the religious struggle of his day, a long English book, entitled "The Repressor of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy." About the same time, in 1450, he was made Bishop of Chichester. In 1456 he was following up his "Repressor" with another English treatise designed to promote peace by the persuasion of the Lollards. It was called a "Treatise on Faith;" and Pecock, admitting it be vain to attempt to over-rule the Lollards by telling them that "the church of the clergy may not err in matters of faith," trusted to argument, and said: "The clergy shall be condemned at the last day if, by clear wit, they draw not men into consent of true faith otherwise than by fire and sword and hangment; although," he said, "I will not deny these second means to be lawful, provided the former be first used." He upheld the Bible as the only rule of faith, was accused of under-rating the authority of the Fathers, even of the four great fathers and doctors of the Church—Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory—the four stots¹ of the allegory of Piers Plowman, who drew the harrow after the plough of the Gospel. It was urged that when the Fathers had been quoted to rebut an argument of Pecock's he had even been known to say, "Pooh, pooh!" In 1457, when, as Bishop of Chichester, Reginald Pecock took his place in a Council at Westminster, many temporal lords refused to take part in the business unless he were ejected. The divines called on the Archbishop of Canterbury to submit to them Pecock's books for scrutiny. He was required to come with his books to Lambeth on the eleventh of the next month, November. He was then ordered to quit the Council chamber. Twenty-four doctors, to whom Pecock's books were submitted, found heresies in them. John of Bury, an Austin friar, replied to the "Repressor" with a "Gladius Salomonis" ("Sword of Solomon"), attacking him for his appeal to reason, and opposing the conclusions which he held to be heretical. Finally, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Bourchier (Archbishop from A.D. 1454 to A.D. 1486) pronounced a sentence which is thus reported:—

"Dear brother, Master Reginald, since all heretics are blinded by the light of their own understandings, and will not own the perverse obstinacy of their own conclusions, we shall not dispute with you in many words (for we see that you abound more in talk than in reasoning), but briefly show you that you have manifestly presumed to contravene the sayings of the more authentic doctors. For as regards the descent of Christ into hell, the Tarentine doctor, in an inquiry of his into the three creeds, says that it was left out of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, because no heresy had then arisen against it, nor was any great question made about it. As to the authority of the Catholic Church, the doctor Augustine says, *Unless the authority of the Church moved me, I should not believe the Gospel*. As to the power of councils, the doctor Gregory says (and his words are placed in the Canon, *Distinct. xv.*), that the four sacred Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon are not less to be

¹ The four stots. See page 99, col. 2.

honoured and revered than the four holy Gospels. For in them (as he asserts), as on a square corner-stone, the structure of sacred faith is raised; and in them the rule of good life and manners consists. The other doctors also say with one mouth that although the sacred councils may err in matters of fact, yet they may not err in matters of faith, because in every general council, where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, His Holy Spirit is there in the midst of them, who does not suffer them to err in faith or to depart from the way of truth. As regards the sense and understanding of Scripture, the doctor Jerome says, that whoever understands or expounds it otherwise than the meaning of the Holy Spirit requires, is an undoubted heretic. With whom agrees the Lincoln doctor (Grosteste), thus saying: Whoever excogitates any opinion contrary to Scripture, if he publicly teach it and obstinately adhere to it, is to be counted for a heretic." The archbishop having then enlarged on the necessity of removing a sickly sheep from the fold, lest the whole flock should be infected, offered Pecock his choice between making a public abjuration of his errors, and being delivered, after degradation, to the secular arm "as the food of fire and fuel for the burning." "Choose one of these two" (he added), "for the alternative is immediate in the coercion of heretics."

Pecock had admitted the right of the Church to compel submission, though he thought it was the Church's duty to persuade by reason; and it was in absolute accord with his own teaching that he should now submit to the force used against himself. He abjured the condemned opinions; and on the 4th of December, 1457, was brought in his robes as Bishop of Chichester to St. Paul's Cross, where he recanted publicly, in presence of twenty thousand people, and then delivered with his own hand three folios of his writing and eleven quartos to the public executioner, who cast them as publicly into a fire lighted for the purpose.

A fortnight later, the authorities of the University of Oxford went in procession to Carfax, and there burnt every copy of a book of Pecock's that could be found in the town. In March, 1459, Reginald Pecock was deprived of his bishopric, and sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Thorney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, with these instructions for his safe-keeping addressed to William Ryall, who was Abbot of Thorney between the years 1457 and 1464:—

"He shall have a secret closed chamber (having a chimney), and convenience within the abbey, where he may have sight to some altar to hear mass; and that he pass not the said chamber. To have but one person that is sad (grave) and well-disposed to make his bed, and to make him fire, as it shall need. That he have no books to look on, but only a portuous (breviary), a mass-book, a psalter, a legend, and a Bible. That he have nothing to write with; no stuff to write upon. That he have competent fuel according to his age, and as his necessity shall require. That he be served daily of meat and drink as a brother of the abbey is served when he is excused from the freytour (*i.e.*, from dining in hall), and somewhat better after the first quarter, as his disposition and reasonable appetite shall desire, conveniently after the good discretion of the said abbot."

MSS. differ as to the amount paid to the abbey for the maintenance of Reynold (Reginald) Pecock,

—"for his finding;" one account says forty pounds, another eleven. A fuller copy of the instructions, in which the sum named is eleven pounds, adds to the clause about the prisoner's bed-maker, "that no one else shall speak to him without leave, and in the presence of the abbot, unless the King or the Archbishop send to the abbey any man with writing specially in that behalf;" and another copy, which gives forty pounds as the sum paid—and xi. seems to have been only a clerical error for xl.—shows that part of the money was to be considered by the abbey payment to itself for its trouble and responsibility; for concerning "the said Reynold" there was a "Provided in all wise that all the forty pounds above written be not expended about his finding, but a competent part thereof, as his necessity shall require; and that the remanent thereof be disposed to the common weal of the behoof of the said place."



THORNEY ABBEY. From Dugdale's "Monasticon."²

We turn now to Pecock's "Repressor" for some knowledge of that defence of the Church against the Lollards which brought down upon its author the condemnation of the Church. He began with a text from the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Second Epistle

¹ These instructions are quoted in the introduction to the valuable edition of Pecock's "Repressor," by Mr. Churchill Babington, which is included among "The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

² Thorney Abbey, completed in 1108, covered five times as much ground as this part, left standing after the Reformation.

to Timothy: "Undernyme thou, biseche thou, and blame thou, in all pacience and doctrine."—"Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." And thus he opened his case with a comment that, at the outset, granted the right of the laity to question, and made it the duty of the higher clergy to reply to questions, and with patience to set forth the doctrine that would satisfy the doubter's mind.

REGINALD PECOCK'S PROLOGUE TO "THE REPRESSOR."

"Undernyme¹ thou, biseche² thou, and blame thou, in all patience and doctrine."

Though these words were written by Saint Paul to Timothy, being a bishop, and not a lay person of the common people, yet in these words Saint Paul giveth not to Timothy instruction of any higher governance than that which also he might have given to a lay person of the common people, because that in these words Paul giveth instruction, not of correction (or of correcting by threatening and punishing), which longeth only to the overer anentis his netherer, and not to the netherer anentis his overer; but he giveth instruction of correction³ and of correeting, which not only longeth to an overer anentis his netherer, but also to a netherer anentis his overer, as it is open; 2 Thessalonians, ch. iii., and Matthew, ch. xviii., and as reason also it well confirmeth, so that it be do with honesty and reverence and with other thereto by reason due circumstances. Of which correction first opening or doing to wite, then next blaming, and afterward biseching, ben parties: and therefore these same words speaking only of correction, so by St. Paul dressed to Timothy, bishop, to whom longeth both to correet and correct, mowe well enough be taken and dressed farther to each lay person, for to therein give to him instruction how he should rule him whenever he taketh upon him for to, in neighbourly or brotherly manner, correet his Christian neighbour or brother, namelich, being in otherwise to him his overer. In which words (as it is open enough for to see) each man which taketh upon him the deeds of brotherly correction is informed that the parties of thilk correction (which ben undernyming, biseching and blaming) he do "in patience and in doctrine;" that is to say, over this, that for the while of his correeting he have patience, that he have also therewith such doctrine, knowing, or cunning whereby he can show and prove it to be a default for which he undernymeth and blameth, and the person so undernome and blamed to be guilty in the same default and sin.

And forasmuch as after it what is written (Romans, ch. x.) many have zeal of good will, but not after cunning, and have therewith taken upon them for to undernyme and blame openly and sharply, both in speech and in writing, the clergy of God's whole Church in earth, and for to bear an hand upon the said clergy that he is guilty in some governances as in defaults, which governances those blamers cunnen not to show, teach, and prove to be defaults and sins: and have thereby made full much indignation, disturbance, schism, and other evils for to rise and be continued in many persons by long time of many years: therefore, to each such ungrounded, and unready, and overhasty undernymer and blamer I say the before rehearsed words of St. Paul: Under-

nyme thou, biseche thou, and blame thou, in al pacience and doctrine: as though I should say thus: If thou canst teach, shew, and prove that the deed of which thou undernymest and blamest the person or persons is a default and a trespass, and then that he is guilty thereof, undernyme then and blame thou in thilk cunning, or doctrine, and in patience; and if thou canst not so shew, teach, and prove, thou oughtest be still, and not so undernyme and blame.

For else Saint Paul should not have said thus: Undernyme thou, blame thou, in all patience and doctrine; yea, and else thou oughtest undernyme and blame first thyself of this default that thou undernymest and blamest not, having the doctrine which thou oughtest have, ere than thou take upon thee for to undernyme and blame; and so to each such overhasty and unwise blamer might be said what is written, Luke, ch. iv., thus: O leech, heal thyself. Yea, peradventure, to some such blamers, and for somewhiles, might be said what is written, Luke, the vi. ch., thus: Hypocrite, take first the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see for to take the mote out of thin neighbour's eye. And furthermore, sithen it is so, that such unwise, indiscreet, and overhasty undernymers letten⁴ the effect of their wise and discreet and well-avised undernymings which they in other times maken or mowe make to the clergy, and so given occasion that both they themself and their just undernymings ben despised and ben not set by, and so maken thereby themself to be letters of much good and causers of much evil, it is right great need that all those which taken upon them to be undernymers and blamers of the clergy keep well what is said to be the meaning of Saint Paul in the before-rehearsed words: Undernyme thou, biseche thou, blame thou, in all patience and doctrine.

Now that God, for His goodness and charity, cease the sooner in the common people such unwise, untrue, and overhasty undernyming and blaming made upon the clergy, and that for the harm and evils thereby coming now said: I shall do thereto somewhat of my part in this, that I shall justify eleven governances of the clergy, which some of the common people unwisely and untruly judgen and condemn to be evil—of which eleven governances, one is the having and using of images in churches, and another is pilgrimage in going to the memorials or the mind-places of saints, and that pilgrimages and offerings mowe be done well, not only privily, but also openly, and not only so of laymen, but rather of priests and of bishops. And this I shall do by writing of this present book in the common people's language, plainly, and openly, and shortly, and to be cleped *The Repressing of over muche wjtyng⁵ the Clergie*: and he shall have five principal parties. In the first of which parties shall be made in general manner the said repressing, and in general manner proof to the eleven said governances. And in the second, third, fourth, and fifth principal parties shall be made in special manner the said repressing, and in special manner the proofs to the same eleven governances; though all other governances of the clergy, for which the clergy is worthy to be blamed in brotherly or neighbourly correction, I shall not be about to excuse, neither defend; but pray, speak, and write, in all patience and doctrine, that the clergy forsake them, leave, and amend.

After this prologue, Pecock began his first part by finding the ground of much blame of the clergy by the laity in "three trowings," holdings, or opinions, of which the first was: That no governance is to be held

¹ *Undernyme* (First-English "underniman," undertake), take in hand, reprehend.

² *Biseche*, contend against. First-English "bisæce," disputable, litigious.

³ *Correction* (Latin "correptio," a laying hold of), reproof, rebuke.

⁴ *Letten*, hinder. ⁵ *Wjtyng*, blaming. First-English "witau."

by Christian men as part of the service or the law of God, except that which is grounded in Holy Scripture of the New Testament, as some say, or as others say, in the New Testament and in that part of the Old Testament which the New has not revoked. They who hold this trowing, said Pecock, "if any clerk affirmeth to them any governance, being contrary to their wit or plesance, though it lie full open and full surely in doom of reason, and therefore surely in moral law of kind, which is law of God, for to be done, yet they anon asken, 'Where groundest thou it in the New Testament?' or 'Where groundest thou it in Holy Scripture in such place which is not by the New Testament revoked?'"

The second trowing, or opinion, from which Pecock traced much undue blame of the clergy, was this: "That whatever Christian man or woman be meek in spirit and willy for to understand truly and duly Holy Scripture, shall, without fail and default, find the true understanding of Holy Scripture in whatever place he or she shall read and study, though it be in the Apocalypse or oughwhere else, and the more meek he or she be, the sooner he or she shall come into the very true and due understanding of it which in Holy Scripture he or she studieth. This second opinion they weenen to be grounded in Holy Scripture." Here Pecock quoted some of the passages on which it was based, adding that, "in other divers places of Scripture mention is made that God giveth good things to meek men more than if they were not so meek."

The third trowing, Pecock explained to be the opinion that no Christian should let reason of man overthrow the view of Scripture teaching that he or she had arrived at by such meek and faithful study. This trowing was founded upon admonitions of St. Paul, in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, and in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians. As Pecock quoted one of the warnings to the Colossians that was relied upon, the warning relied upon was, "See ye that no man beguile you by philosophy and vain falseness after the traditions of men and after the elements of the world, and not after Christ."

Against the first of these three trowings, Pecock proceeded to argue for thirteen conclusions. The first was that "It longeth not to Holy Scripture, neither it is his office into which God hath him¹ ordained, neither it is his part, for to ground any governance or deed or service of God, or any law of God, or any truth which man's reason by nature may find, learn and know." After setting forth six arguments to prove this conclusion he drew from it as a corollary, "that whenever and wherever in Holy Scripture or out of Holy Scripture be written any point or any governance of the said law of kind, it is more verily written in the book of man's soul than in the outward book of parchment or of vellum; and if any seeming discord be betwixt the words written in the outward book of Holy Scripture and the doom of reason

written in man's soul and heart, the words so written without forth oughten to be expowned and be interpreted and brought for to accord with the doom of reason in thilk matter, and the doom of reason ought not for to be expowned, glosed, interpreted and brought for to accord with the said outward writing in Holy Scripture of the Bible or oughwhere else out of the Bible." Pecock referred to a previous book of his own on "The just apprising of Holy Scripture" in which he had dwelt on that law of nature which it is not the work of Scripture to reveal, and he drew an illustration from the country people who came into London on Midsummer eve with carts full of branches of trees from Bishop's Wood, and flowers from the fields, for decoration of the houses of the citizens in remembrance of John the Baptist and of the prophecy that many should joy in his birth. Did they think that the branches and flowers grew from the hands of the country folk by which they were given, or from the carts in which they were brought? Though Christ himself and his Apostles were the bringers, "yet the men of London, receiving so those branches and flowers, oughten not say and feel that those branches and flowers grewen out of Christ's hands and out of the Apostles' hands. For why² in this deed Christ and the Apostles diden none otherwise than as other men mighten and couthen do. But the said receivers oughten see and hold that the branches grewen out of the boughs upon which they in Bishop's Wood stooden, and those boughs grewen out of stocks or truncheons, and the truncheons or shafts grewen out of the root, and the root out of the next earth thereto upon which and in which the root is buried, so that neither the cart, neither the hands of the bringers, neither those bringers, ben the grounds or fundaments of the branches; and in like manner the field is the fundament of those flowers, and not the hands of the gatherers, neither those bringers. Certes, but if each man wole thus feel in this matter, he is duller than any man ought to be." So it is, said Pecock, with whatever we find of the natural law brought to us by Scripture. It is not the purpose of Scripture to bring us those truths which we should have still though all the Scriptures were burned. These belong to the Law of Nature; "they ben grounded in thilk forest of Law of Kind which God planteth in man's soul when he maketh him to His image and likeness."³

² For why, because.

³ In the first book of Richard Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," published in 1593, is a like argument. "As the actions of men are of sundry distinct kinds, so the laws thereof must accordingly be distinguished. . . . As that first error sheweth wherein our opposites in this cause have grounded themselves. For as they rightly maintain that God must be glorified in all things, and that the actions of men cannot tend unto His glory unless they be framed after His Law; so it is their error to think that the only Law which God hath appointed unto man in that belief is the Sacred Scripture. By that which we work naturally, as when we breathe, sleep, move, we set forth the glory of God as natural agents do, albeit we have no express purpose to make that our end, nor any advised determination therein to follow a law, but do that we do (for the most part) not as much as thinking thereon. In reasonable and moral actions another law taketh place; law by the observation whereof we glorify God in such sort as no creature else under man is able to do; because other creatures have not judgment to examine the quality of that which is done by them, and therefore in that they do they neither can accuse

¹ His and him are not of necessity masculine. They were also neuters in First English and in Pecock's time. "Hit" or "it" was only used in the nominative and accusative, and "its" was a form not yet invented. But Pecock does make "Scripture" masculine.

The second of Pecock's thirteen conclusions against the first trowing of the blamers of the clergy, was that although Holy Scripture be not the ground of moral truths at which man's natural reason must arrive, "yet it may pertain well enough to Holy Scripture that he rehearse such now said governances and truths, and that he witness them as grounded somewhere else in the law of kind or doom of man's reason. And so he doth (as to each reader therein it may be open) that by thilk rehearsing and witnessing so done by Holy Scripture to men, those men shoulde be both remembered, stirred, provoked, and exhorted for to the rather perform and fulfil those same so rehearsed and witnessed governances and truths." The third principal conclusion was that "the whole office and work into which God ordained Holy Scripture, is for to ground articles of faith, and for to rehearse and witness moral truths of law of kind grounded in moral philosophy, that is to say, in doom of reason." Of the articles of faith grounded in Scripture, some—as, that in the beginning God made Heaven and Earth—are not laws; and some—as, that each man ought to be baptized in water—are laws. The next point in the argument—the fourth conclusion—was that, as it is not the part of Scripture to ground laws of nature, so it is no part of the law of nature to ground articles of faith. Nevertheless—fifth conclusion—as Scripture rehearses and enforces the moral law of nature, so treatises on natural religion may rehearse and enforce articles of faith which are not grounded in them. The whole office and work of the books of moral philosophy is to express outwardly, by pen and ink, the truth, grounded on the inward book of law of kind, buried in man's soul and heart, and to rehearse some truths and conclusions of faith, grounded in Holy Scripture, that the readers be the more and often stirred and exhorted by the recital of them. That was the sixth conclusion; and the seventh went on to maintain that the greater part of God's whole law to man on earth is grounded outside Holy Scripture in the inward book of law of kind. Therefore Pecock's next conclusion was—his eighth—that no man can know the whole law of God to which a Christian is bound, without knowledge of moral philosophy; and, ninth, no man without such knowledge could surely and sufficiently understand those parts of Holy Scripture which rehearse moral virtues not being positive law of faith. From these followed the tenth conclusion, that the learning of the said law of nature, and of the said moral philosophy, is necessary to Christian men if they will serve God aright. The articles of

faith themselves rest upon reason as well as Scripture; and the Sacraments of the Church, Pecock urged, would not be grounded on Scripture for our governance without the help of reason, and unless the law of God in nature were joined to the law of God in Holy Writ. Pecock's eleventh conclusion was, therefore, that the laity ought to make much of clerks who had well studied that moral philosophy; and, twelfth conclusion, they should prize and study books based upon such assay and experience, which distinguished between those parts of the law of God which are and are not grounded in Scripture, and between those truths of faith which are and those which are not laws. His thirteenth and last conclusion, against the first of the three throwings of the laity, came then straight to the point that the question—"Where findest thou it grounded in Scripture?"—is only applicable to those governances or truths involving articles of faith. To apply such a question to the statement of governance or truth grounded in law of nature or moral philosophy is, he said, as unreasonable as to ask Scripture authority for a truth in grammar, or to ask of a conclusion in saddlery—"Where findest thou it grounded in tailor-craft?" "And," said Pecock, "if any man be feared lest he trespass to God if he make over little of Holy Scripture, which is the outward writing of the Old Testament and the New, I ask why is he not afearred lest he make over little, and apprise over little, the inward Scripture of the before-spoken law of kind, written by God Himself in man's soul, when he made man's soul to His image and likeness?"

Pecock next proceeded to the discussion of texts usually quoted in relation to his argument. He dwelt, also, on the effect produced upon those of the laity who had been enabled, by Wiclif and his fellow-workers, to read the Bible in their mother tongue. They had found it "miche delectable and sweete, and draweth the reders into a devocion and a love to God, and fro love and deinté of the world; as y have had herof experience upon such reders, and upon her¹ now seid dispocioun." The delight and profit, and the lifting of their souls, led them to find all they needed in their Bibles, and to forget that there are truths of God written elsewhere, and reason given to man wherewith to find them, and apply them to his use. But reason is fallible—Scripture infallible; to those who said, for that cause, Let not reason be our guide, the next part of the argument was addressed. This led to argument on the necessity of an instructed clergy, on the errors introduced by private exposition that destroyed Church unity. Here Pecock, in a passage that I give without change of spelling, spoke thus of

DIVISIONS IN THE CHURCH.

"Certis in this wise and in this now seid maner and bi this now seid cause bifille the rowful and wepeable destruccioun of the worthi citee and vniuersite of Prage,² and of the hool

nor approve themselves. Men do both, as the Apostle teacheth; yea, those men which have no written Law of God to show what is good or evil carry written in their hearts the universal law of mankind, the Law of Reason, whereby they judge as by a rule which God hath given unto all men for that purpose. The Law of Reason doth somewhat direct men how to honour God as their Creator; but how to glorify God in such sort as is required to the end he may be an everlasting Saviour, this we are taught by Diviae Law, which law both ascertaineth the truth and supplieth unto us the want of that other law. So that in moral actions, Divine law helpeth exceedingly the Law of Reason to guide man's life; but in supernatural it alone guideth."

¹ Her, their.

² Reference is to the taking of Prague in 1419 by Ziska, who led the Hussites after the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague in 1415 and 1416. In 1419, John de Troeznow, called Ziska,

rewme of Beeme, as y haue had ther of enformacioun ynou3. And now, aftir the destruccion of the rewme, the peple ben glad for to resorte and turne agen into the catholic and general feith and loore of the chirche, and in her pouerte bildith up agen what was brent and throwun down, and noon of her holdingis can thrive. But for that Crist in his prophecieng muste needis be trewe, *that ech kingdom deuidid in hem self schal be destroyed*, therfore to hem bifille the now seid wrecchid mys chaunce. God for his merci and pitee kepe Ynglond, that he come not into lijk daunce. But forto turne here fro agen vnto oure Bible men, y preie 3e seie 3e to me, whanne among you is rise a strijf in holdingis and opiniouns, (bi cause that ech of you trustith to his owne studie in the Bible aloon, and wole haue alle treuthis of mennys moral conuersacioun there groundid,) what iuge mai therto be assigned in erthe, saue resoun and the bifore seid doom of resoun? For thou3 men schulden be iugis, zit so muste thei be bi vce of the seid resoun and doom of resoun; and if this be trewe, who schulde thanne better or so weel vse, demene, and execute this resoun and the seid doom, as schulde tho men whiche han spende so miche labour aboute thilk craft? And these ben tho now bifore said clerkis. And therfore, 3e Bible men, bi this here now seid which 3e muste needis graunte, for experience which 3e han of the disturblance in Beeme, and also of the disturblance and dyuerse feelingis had among 3ou silf now in Ynglond, so that summe of 3ou ben clepid *Doctour-mongers*, and summe ben clepid *Opinioun-holders*, and summe ben *Neutrais*, that of so presumptuose a cisme abhominacioun to othere men and shame to 3ou it is to heere; rebuke now 3ou silf, for as miche as 3e wolden not bifore this tyme allowe, that resoun and his doom schulde haue such and so greet interesse in the lawe of God and in expownyng of Holi Scripture, as y haue seid and proued hem to haue.

"And also herbi take 3e a sufficient mark, that 3e haue nede forto haue 3oure recours and conseil with suche now biforeseid clerkis, thou3 3e wolden labore, and powre, and dote alle the daies of 3oure lijf in the Bible aloon. And drede 3e of the effect which bifille to Bohemers for lijk cause, and mys gouernaunce in holding the first seid opinioun; and bi so miche the more drede 3e thilk effect, bi how miche bi Crist it is pronouncid forto falle, where euer cysme and dyvisioun is contynued; for he seith [Matth. xij.] ē., *that every kingdom or comounite dyuidid in him self schal be destroyed*. But thanne agenward 3e must be waar her of, that euen as oon sterre is different from an other sterre in cleernes,

or the one-eyed, who after the burning of Huss deeply resented what he called "the bloody affront suffered by Bohemians at Constance," placed himself at the head of an armed people against the aggressions of Rome on the liberty of the Bohemian Church. King Wenzel died, and his brother, the Emperor Sigismund, who acted with the Pope, and had dishonoured his pledge of safe-conduct by which Huss had been decoyed to Constance, claimed succession in Bohemia. This threatened the Bohemians with forfeiture alike of civil and religious liberty. Ziska then raised national war against both Pope and Emperor. He became master of Prague, was victorious over Sigismund on Mount Wittkow, rudely maintained the work of Reformation sword in hand, and, when an arrow from the wall of Rubi pierced his one sound eye and left him wholly blind, talked still of joining battle. "I have yet," he said, "my blood to shed. Let me be gone." He still battled, suffering defeat once, until Sigismund submitted to the claim of the Bohemians for liberty of worship, and gave them Ziska for their governor. But Ziska died of plague while, in 1424, this treaty was in progress, and the war continued for eleven years after his death. The Bohemians buried their hero in the church at Czaslow, and wrote over his grave, "Here lies John Ziska, who having defended his country against the encroachments of Papal tyranny, rests in this hallowed place in despite of the Pope."

so oon clerk is different from an other in kunnyng. And ther fore, brother, take heede to doom of cleer resoun in this mater, which also is remembred to vs bi the wise man, *Ecclesiastici vj. ē.*, thus: *Manie be to thee pesible, but of a thousand oon be thi counseiler*. And in special be waar that thou not accepte, chese, and take a clerk forto be sufficient to thee into the now seid purpos bi this aloon, that he mai were a pilioun¹ on his heed; neither bi this, that he is a famos and a plesaunt precher to peple in a pulpit; neither bi this, that he is a greet and thikke rateler out of textis of Holi Scripture or of Doctouris in feestis or in othere cumpanyingis: for certis experience hath ofte tau3t and mai here teche surely ynou3, that summe werers of piliouns in scole of dyuynyte han scantli be worthi for to be in the same scole a good scoler; and ful manye of the ij^e. and iij^e. soortis appeering ful gloriose to the heering of the lay parti, and also summe of othere maner of clerkis, whanne thei schulden come forto dispute and examyne and trie and iuge in harde doutis of Goddis lawe, were not worthi forto therto vnethis opene her mouth. I detecte here no man in special; who euer can proue him silf to be noon such as y haue here now spoken of, he therbi schewith weel him to be noon of hem."

From what seemed to him the first mistaken trowing of those who for their devotion to the Scripture as a rule of life were called the Bible men, Pecock passed to a brief discussion of the second and third trowing, for which his reply to the first had prepared the ground. Then he went on to the eleven impugned ordinances of the Church which he had undertaken to defend, and the first of these, occupying the second part of his book, was the use of images, the going on pilgrimages, and veneration of relics. Then came, in the third part, his vindication of wealth of the clergy. The fourth part defended the Church government by bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, and popes, and replied to the complaint of the Lollards that ecclesiastical laws, made by the high clergy, were set over divine laws. The fifth part of the "Repressor" replied to the complaints against the religious orders—their existence, their dress, their stately houses, wealth in land—and ended with brief reference to the other five occasions of question: namely, invocation of saints; church ornaments, as bells, banners, and relics; superstitious use of the sacraments; the use of oaths; and the approval of war by the clergy. Pecock here referred also to the places in other works of his in which he had more fully vindicated the Church usage of his time.

The point of view in Pecock's "Repressor" was that of a busy-minded man, essentially religious, who maintained the ecclesiastical forms of his day by looking at what seemed to him to be their foundation in nature and reason. He wrote with Christian charity, desiring to abate the bitterness of strife. He endeavoured to start from first principles, and to show reason for change of opinion by that party in the Church which was intolerant of usages for which there was no direct warrant of Scripture, or which, like the custom of demanding oaths and the sanctifi-

¹ Pilioun, the headdress of a priest or graduate. The Latin "pileus" was a close-fitting felt cap like the half of an egg, worn at festivals, and given to a slave on his enfranchisement as a sign of freedom.

cation of war, were condemned as contrary to the express commands of Christ. Pecock's design was to do for the English Church of his own day what was done by Richard Hooker, at a later stage of the same controversy, for the Church in the time of Elizabeth, with equal charity and greater power. Hooker wrote with more vigour in a time more vigorous, which needed arguments more valid than many which passed current among Churchmen and schoolmen of the fifteenth century. Pecock's reasoning was above the standard of his day, though it could not approach the energy of English thought in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth. He was defending also many usages and institutions against which, already in Elizabeth's day, time had proved the attack to be more powerful than the defence. Pecock's appeal to reason in aid of a right study of the Bible was, in the fifteenth century, when the balance of culture was largely on the side of the clergy, an appeal to the less educated laity to secure unity of the Church by abandoning the right of private interpretation until they were as well qualified for it as the most cultivated Churchmen. The desire for a Church that should be a stronghold of Christian unity, was strong in him and strong also in those for whom the author of *Piers Plowman* spoke. Perhaps the best of the Lollards or Biblemen, those afterwards called Puritans, admitting differences of interpretation that must follow upon the claim of every man to draw from his Bible what he himself felt to be its truths, looked rather to unity of Christian life: while on the opposite side it was felt that a necessary safeguard to the unity of Christian life lay in the unity of doctrine. It is the purpose of this volume not to set forth the arguments produced on either side, but, so far as it touches the great controversy in its successive stages and the sub-divisions of opinion, to show in men of the most opposite opinions the same search for conditions that will help a people to come near to God, the same aspiration of the soul of man toward the source of light and life. In the quotations here given from Reginald Pecock it is noticeable that while he reasoned with the Lollards, he did not look at the worst men of the party he opposed, but at the best; seeking to understand their highest view of duty; and set forth the grounds of difference between himself and them. Nowhere is there a better witness to the powerful effect produced upon the English people by Wiclif's work on the translation of the Bible, than when Pecock traces the enthusiasm against which he reasons, to the sweetness men found in the words of the Gospel coming to them in their mother-tongue, the charm that bound them to it, and that fervent yearning towards the ideal of a Christian life that it had suddenly awakened in their souls.

While men were thus contending in opinion, and the fiery zeal of many was inevitably blended with the passions of the world, two events happened that greatly affected the course of thought in the next generations. About the time when Pecock's mind was occupied with his "Repressor," and he was

falling into utmost peril for the free use of his reason, there occurred—on the 29th of May, 1453—the fall of all that remained of the Eastern Roman Empire, the taking of Constantinople by the Turks; and in 1455 the production of the first printed book, a Bible (called, from its later discovery in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, the Mazarin Bible), was completed. The Fall of Constantinople scattered learned Greeks, who taught their language in Florence and elsewhere, introduced into Europe the study of Plato—in whom the most cultivated Church reformers found a strong ally—and gave impulse to the revival of learning. The Invention of Printing, by quickening and cheapening the reproduction of books, enabled every energetic thinker to touch with his mind many other men where he had before touched only one. True voices that had reached only a few were to be heard thenceforth by thousands; and the force of every strong mind, as leader of opinion in the warfare for a higher life, was to be as the force of an army, in which every copy of his printed book was as a private soldier combatant with all the genius and courage of his chief.

During the rest of the fifteenth century the new powers were coming into play. It was not until about 1474 that William Caxton brought the printing press to England, and set it up in Westminster Abbey. The diffusion of manuscript books had been from the writing-rooms of the monasteries, and when the demand upon a monastery exceeded the powers of supply by the brotherhood, professional copyists came in aid of the work of the scriptorium, and housed themselves conveniently within or near the precincts of the minster. Thus, when Caxton introduced the new method of copying manuscripts by machinery, he sought custom by setting up his business among the copyists at Westminster. It was not until 1508 that Walter Chepman set up the first printing press in Scotland.

The civil wars of York and Lancaster, stirring no high thought in the hearts of combatants, stayed the advance of English literature. In the reign of Henry VII. its old voice began to be heard again, although not yet with its old vigour. But in Scotland—where our northern English still cherished the spirit of independence, held a kingdom of their own, and battled, not in vain, against rulers of England who desired by conquest to make them subject to their crown—men were free to feel the impulse of the time. A few years before the close of the fifteenth century, Robert Henryson¹ had taken his place as one of a new group of our northern poets, and, in accordance with the taste of his time for religious allegory, wrote this poem—founded on a tale in the "*Gesta Romanorum*,"² of

¹ Robert Henryson. See the volume of this Library illustrating "Shorter English Poems," pages 74—81.

² The *Gesta Romanorum* was a collection of tales current in Europe in the Middle Ages, so written that they might be used, by help of an "application" added to each, as spiritual allegories for the enlivenment of sermons or otherwise in aid of the religious life. Some of the tales were old stories ingeniously applied, and others manifestly written for the purposes to which they are addressed. The collection, whose origin is of uncertain origin, was widely used, and of course the MSS. of it differ much in substance and arrangement. The name "*Gesta*"

THE BLUDY SERK.¹

This hindir yeir I hard be tald,
Thair was a worthy King;
Dukis, Erlis, and Barronis bald,
He had at his bidding,
The Lord was aneane,² and ald,
And sixty yeiris cowth ring;³
He had a Dochter, fair to fald,
A lusty lady ying.⁴

Off all fairheid scho bur⁵ the flour;
And eik hir faderis air;⁶ 10
Off lusty laitis,⁷ and he⁸ honour;
Meik, bot and debonair.
Scho wynnit⁹ in a bigly¹⁰ bour,
On fold¹¹ was none so fair;
Princis luvit hir paramour,¹²
In cuntreis our all quhair.¹³

Romanorum" (Acts of the Romans) was given to it, because a real or imaginary Roman Emperor generally figured in each tale, the Emperor representing in the allegory God or Christ. One form of the story given with original variations as "The Bludy Serk" stands thus in a translation of the "Gesta," published in 1824 by the Rev. Charles Swan:—

OF INGRATITUDE.

"A certain noble lady suffered many injuries from a tyrannical king, who laid waste her domains. When the particulars of it were communicated to her, her tears flowed fast, and her heart was oppressed with bitterness. It happened that a pilgrim visited her, and remained there for some time. Observing the poverty to which she had been reduced, and feeling compassion for her distresses, he offered to make war in her defence; on condition that, if he fell in battle, his staff and scrip should be retained in her private chamber, as a memorial of his valour, and of her gratitude. She faithfully promised compliance with his wishes; and the pilgrim, hastening to attack the tyrant, obtained a splendid victory. But in the heat of the contest, he was transfixed by an arrow, which occasioned his death. The lady, aware of this, did as she promised: the staff and scrip were suspended in her chamber. Now, when it was known that she had recovered all her lost possessions, three kings made large preparations to address, and, as they hoped, incline her to become the wife of one of them. The lady, forewarned of the intended honour, adorned herself with great care, and walked forth to meet them. They were received according to their dignity; and whilst they remained with her, she fell into some perplexity, and said to herself, 'If these three kings enter my chamber, it will disgrace me to suffer the pilgrim's staff and scrip to remain there.' She commanded them to be taken away; and thus forgot her vows, and plainly evinced her ingratitude.

APPLICATION.

"My beloved, the lady is the human soul, and the tyrant is the devil, who spoils us of our heavenly inheritance. The pilgrim is Christ, who fights for and redeems us; but, forgetful of his services, we receive the devil, the world, and the flesh, into the chamber of our souls, and put away the memorials of our Saviour's love."

¹ *Serk*, sark or shirt. First-English "syree," and "serce;" Danish "særk;" Icelandic "serkr." The Norse "berserkr" was probably so called from the old days of clothing in skins, as one who had a bear's hide for his covering. In this poem I leave the old spelling unchanged.

² *Anceane* (French "ancien") ancient, old.

³ *Ring*, reign. ⁴ *Ying*, young.

⁵ *Scho bur*, she bore. ⁶ *Air*, heir.

⁷ *Lusty laitis*, pleasant manners. Icelandic "lát" = English "let," as in "outlet," means in the plural manners.

⁸ *He*, high. First-English "heah."

⁹ *Scho wynnit*, she dwelt. First-English "wanian," to dwell.

¹⁰ *Bigly*, commodious, pleasant to dwell in. Icelandic "byggja," to inhabit.

¹¹ *On fold*, on earth.

¹² *Paramour*, French "par amour," by or with love. Paramour represented either man or woman bound by love to another, and was used in a good sense.

¹³ *Our all quhair*, over all where, everywhere. *Quh* in Scottish is equivalent to *wh* in English. See notes in pages 265 and 78 of the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems."

Thair dwelt a lyt¹⁴ besyde the King
A fowl Gyane¹⁵ of ane;
Stollin he hes the Lady ying,
Away with hir is gane; 20
And kest hir in his dungering,¹⁶
Quhair licht scho nicht se nane:
Hungir and cauld, and grit thirsting,
Scho fand in to hir waine.

He wes the laithliest on to luk
That on the grund mycht gang:
His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.
Thair wes nane that he our-tuk,¹⁷
In rycht or yit in wrang, 30
Bot all in schondir¹⁸ he thame schuke;
The Gyane wes so strang.

He held the Lady day and nycht,
Within his deip dungeoun;
He wald nocht gif of hir a sicht
For gold nor yit ransoun,
Bot gife¹⁹ the King mycht get a Knycht,
To fecht with his persoun,
To fecht with him, both day and nycht,
Quhill ane wer dungin doun.²⁰ 40

The King gart seik²¹ baith fer and neir,
Beth be se and land,
Off ony Knycht gife he nicht heir,
Wald fecht with that Gyand.
A worthy Prince, that had no peir,
Hes tane the deid on hand,
For the luv of the Lady cleir;
And held full trew cunnand.²²

That Prince come prowldy to the toun,
Of that Gyane to heir; 50
And fawcht with him, his awin persoun,
And tuke him presoneir;
And kest him in his awin dungeoun,
Allane withouttin feir,
With hungir, cauld, and confusioun,
As full weill worthy weir.

Syne brak the bour, had bame the bricht,²³
Unto hir Fadir deir.
Sa evill wondit²⁴ was the Knycht,
That he behuvit²⁵ to de. 60
Unlusum was his likame dicht,²⁶
His sark was all bludy;
In all the world was thair a wicht
So peteouss for to se!

¹⁴ *Lyt*, little.

¹⁵ *Gyane*, giant.

¹⁶ Cast her in his dungeon, where light she might see none; hunger and cold and great thirsting she found in to her wains, in her abode.

¹⁷ *Our-tuk*, overtook.

¹⁸ *In schondir schuke*, in sunder shook.

¹⁹ *Bot gife*, but if, unless.

²⁰ Till one was beaten down.

²¹ *Gart seik*, caused search to be made.

²² *Cunnand*, engagement, promise.

²³ Then broke open the prison chamber, brought home the fair one.

²⁴ *Wondit*, wounded.

²⁵ *Behuvit to de*, must needs die.

²⁶ Unlovesome was his body dight. First-English "dihtan," to dispose, set forth, arrange.

The Lady murnyt, and maid grit mone,
With all hir mekle micht :
" I luvit nevir lufe bot one,
That dulfully now is dight !
God sen my lyfe wer fra me tone,¹
Or I had sene yone sight : 75
Or ellis in begging evir to gone
Furth with yone curtass Knycht."

He said, " Fair Lady, now mone I
De,² trestly ye me trow :
Tak ye my sark that is bludy,
And hing it forrow yow.³
First think on it, and syne on me,
Quhen men cumis⁴ yow to wow."
The lady said, " Be Mary fre,⁵
Thairto I mak a vow." 80

Quhen that scho lukit to the serk,
Scho thoct on the persoun :
And prayit for him with all hir harte,
That lowsd hir of bandoun :⁶
Quhair scho was wont to sit full merk⁷
In that deip dungeoun :
And evir quhill scho wes in quert,⁸
That wass hir a lesseun.

So weill the Lady luvit the Knycht,
That no man wald scho tak. 90
Sa suld we do our God of micht
That did all for us mak :
Quhilk fullély to deid wes dight,
For sinfull manis saik.
Sa suld we do, both day and nycht,
With prayaris to him mak.

MORALITAS.

This King is lyk the Trinitie
Baith in hevin and heir.⁹
The Manis saule to the Lady :
The Gyane to Lucefeir. 100
The Knycht to Chryst, that deit on tre,
And cost our synnis deir :
The nit to hell, with panis fell ;
The syn to the woweir.

The Lady was wowd, but scho said Nay,
With men that wald hir wed ;
Sa suld we wryth all syn away.
That in our breist is bred.

¹ God send my life had been taken from me ere I had seen you sight.

² *Nour mone* I de, now must I die; *trestly ye me trow*, surely believe me.

³ *Hing it forrow yow*, hang it before you, within sight.

⁴ *Quhen men cumis*, when men come you to woo. The Northern plural in s. See note in this Library on page 166 of " Shorter English Poems."

⁵ By Mary free.

⁶ And prayed with all her heart for him who released her of bandoun, from thralldom.

⁷ Merk, dark. First-English "mirc," dark, murky, troubled.
⁸ "Mirc," darkness, meant also a prison. Compare Lady Macbeth's "Hell is murky," when, in tormented sleep, her mind is carried back into the darkness of the night when Glamis murdered sleep.

⁹ *In quert*, in ray spirits. ⁹ *Heir*, here.

I pray to Jesu Chryst verrey¹⁰
For us his blud that bled, 110
To be our help on Domysday,
Quhair lawis ar straitly led.

The saule is Godis dochtir deir,
And eik his handewerk,
That was betrasit with¹¹ Lucifeir,
Quha sittis in hell, full merk.
Borrowit with¹² Chrystis angell cleir,
Hend men! will ye nocht herk?
For his lufe that bocht us deir,
Think on the Bludy Serk! 120

CHAPTER V.

FISHER, TYNDALE, MORE, LATIMER, AND OTHERS.—
A.D. 1500 to A.D. 1558.

THE stream of allegorical literature flows, broadening upon its way to Spenser, and in the reign of Henry VIII. we have a religious allegory of life from Stephen Hawes, "groom of King Henry the Seventh his chamber." Stephen Hawes was a Suffolk man who studied at the University of Oxford, travelled in France, and became skilled in French and Italian poetry before he was established in favour at the court of Henry VII. A payment to "Mr. Hawse" for a play in the twelfth year of Henry VIII. may indicate that Stephen Hawes was then still living. The most important of his books was an allegorical poem in Troilus verse or Chaucer's measure, entitled "The History of Graund Amoure and La Bel Pucell, called The Pastime of Pleasure, containing the Knowledge of the Seven Sciences, and the Course of Man's Life in this World." To Henry VII. he writes in the opening

DEDICATION OF THE PASTIME OF PLEASURE.

Right mighty Prince and redoubtéd sov'rayne,
Sailingé forth well in the ship of grace,
Over the waves of this life uncertayne
Right towards heaven to have dwelling place,
Grace doth you guide in every doubtful case ;
Your governance doth evermore eschew
The sin of sloth, enemy to virtue.

Grace steereth well, the grace of God is grete
Which you hath broughté to your royal see,¹³
And in your right it hath you surely sette
Above us all to have the sov'rayntie ;
Whose worthy power and regal dignitie
All our ranceour and our debate gan cease,
Hath to us brought both wealthé reste and peace.

¹⁰ *Verrey* ("vrai"), true.

¹¹ *Betrasit with*, betrayed by.

¹² *Borrowit with*, redeemed by. First-English "borh," a surety.

¹³ *See*, seat.

From whom descendeth by the rightful line
Noble Prince Henry to succeed the crown;¹
That in his youth doth so clerely shine,
In² every virtúe casting the vice adown.
He shall of fame attain the high renown;
No doubt but gracé shall him well enclose,
Which by true right sprang of the red rose.

Your noble grace and excellent highness
For to accept I beseech right humbly
This little book, opprest with rudeness
Without rhetoric or colour crafty;
Nothing I am expert in poetry,
As th' Monk of Bury,³ flower of eloquence,
Which was in the time of great excellence

Of your predecessor⁴ the fifth King Henry
Unto whose [sovereign] grace he did present
Right famous books of perfect memory,
Of his high feigning with terms eloquent,
Whose fatal⁵ fictions are yet permanent;
Grounded on reason with cloudy figures
He cloked the truth of all his [wise] scriptures.

The Light of Truth I lack cunning to cloke,
To draw a curtain I dare not presume,
Nor hide my matter with a misty smoke,
My rudeness cunning doth so sore consume;
Yet as I may I shall blow out a fume
To hidé my mind underneath a fable,
By covert colour well and probable.

Beseeching your grace to pardon mine ign'rance
Which this feigned fable t' eschew idleness
Have so compiléd now without doubtance
For to present to your high worthiness:
To follow the trace and all the perfectness
Of my master⁶ Lydgate with due exercise,
Such feigné tales I do find and devise.

For under a colour a truth may rise,
As was the guise in old antiquitie
Of the poétés old a tale to surmise
To cloke the truth of their infirmities
Or yet on joy to have mortalities.
I me excuse if by negligence
That I do offend for lack of sciéce.⁷

The poem then begins by telling how Graundamoure, who speaks in his own person, walked in spring-time into a flowery meadow. He went forth in a fair path that he found, not knowing whither it would

lead, until he saw an image with hands pointing towards two highways; and in the right hand was this description:—

“This is the straight way of contéplacion
Unto the joyful tower perdmable:
Whoso that will unto that mansion
He must forsake all thinges variable,
With the vain glory so much deceivable,
And though the way be hard and dangerous
The last end thereof shall be right précieux.”

“And in the other⁸ hand right fairé written was
‘This is the way of worldly dignitie
Of the active life: who will in it pass
Unto the Tower of fair dame Beautie,
Fame shall him tell the way of certaintie
Unto La Bell Pucell, the fair lady excellent,⁹
Above all other in clear beauty splendent.”

Graundamoure took the way of Active Life, and, noticing the charm of pleasant byways, went straight on, until at evening he came to a figure which had inscribed in its breast,

“This is the way and the situatiôn
Unto the Tower of famous Doctrîne;
Who that will learn must be ruled by Reason,
And with all diligence he must incline
Sloth to eschew, and for to determine
And set his heart to be intelligible;¹⁰
To a willing heart is nought impossible.”

As he rested by this image, Sloth caught his head in a net, and while he yet slept there came a royal blast of a great horn that awoke him. There were the red clouds of daybreak in the sky, and he saw riding from a far valley a goodly lady—Fame—environed with tongues of fire as bright as any star, on a palfrey swift as the wind, with two white greyhounds before her. Espying Graundamoure, the greyhounds ran to him, and leapt and fawned upon him; their names, written in diamond on their gold collars, were Governance and Grace. The lady who followed marvelled that her greyhounds were so friendly with him, and asked his name. He was Graundamoure, who sought her direction to the Tower of Doctrine, and she?—She was Fame, whose horn had blown after the death of many a champion:

“And after this, Famé gan to express
Of jeopardous way to the Tower Perilous,
And of the beauty and the seemliness
Of La Bell Pucell, so gay and glorious
That dwelléd in the tower so marvellous;
To which might come no manner of créature
But by great labour and hard adventure.”

¹ As Henry VIII.

² In seems to be lost as a syllable in the preceding sound of “shine,” as *ed* was commonly left unpronounced when added to verbs ending in *d* or *t*.

³ The Monk of Bury, John Lydgate.

⁴ The short *e* in the second syllable of “predecessor” is not sounded.

⁵ Fatal, dealing with the destinies of men; “The Falls of Princes,” &c.

⁶ My is slurred in pronunciation before master, as in the preceding line the before trace.

⁷ These two lines are evidently corrupt in the 1555 edition, from which “The Pastime of Pleasure” was reprinted, in 1845, for the Percy Society. As negligence and lack of knowledge are separate causes of offence, possibly “that” has slipped out of its place after “if” in the first line, and “or” is omitted before “for” in the second.

⁸ In the other, pronounced “i’ th’ o’r” (see Note 12, page 84, of “Shorter English Poems”).

⁹ The *y* in “lady” blends as one syllable with the *e* in “excellent,” and the verse runs: | ‘hto L’ Bell | Pucell | the fair | lady-ex | cellent | . This running of a final *y* into an initial vowel is natural and common in the poets. So in “Paradise Lost,” I. 141, “Though all our glory extinct and happy state.”

¹⁰ Intelligible, sensible, intellectual.

The poet, dwelling here on his own art, expatiates upon these five parts of fair speaking, Invention, Disposition, Elocution with colouring of sentences, Pronunciation, Memory, and in so doing sets forth how the poets feigned no fable without reason:—

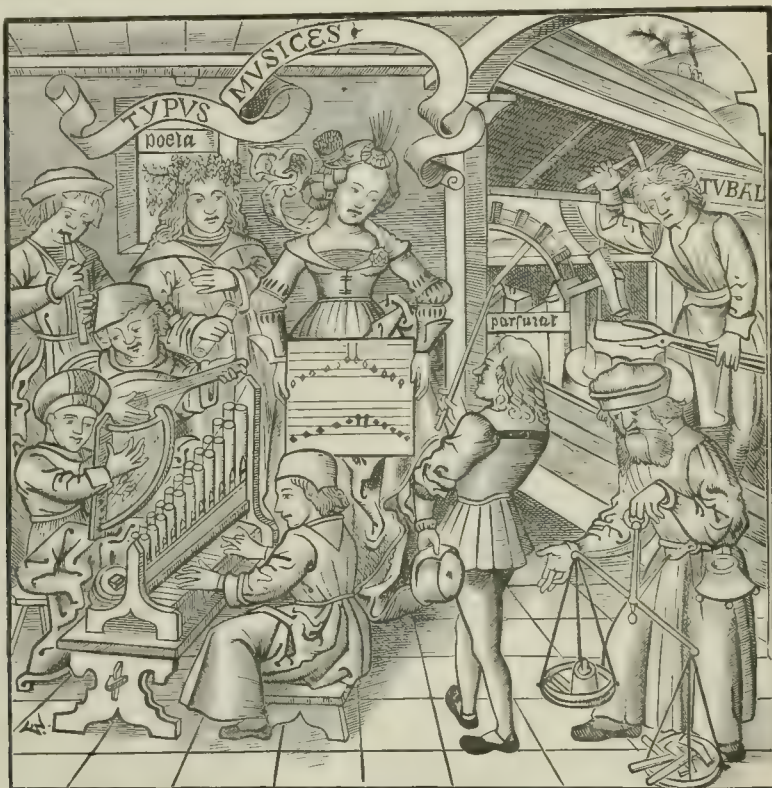
“So famous poets did us endoctrine
Of the right way to be intellectuall;
Their fables they did right so imagine
That by example we may void the strife,
And without mischief for to lead our life,
By the aduertence of their stories old,
The fruit whereof we may full well behold.”

Cymphans, doussemers, with clavi-cimbales glorious.
Rebeckes, clavicordes, each in their degree
Did sit about their lady's majesty.”²

After setting forth the use and need of music to the world,—

“She commanded her minstrels right anon to play
Mamours, the sweet and the gentle dance;
With La Bell Pucell that was fair and gay
She me recommended, with all pleasance,
To dance true measures without variance.”

Then came the throbbings of delight, the turning



THE CHAMBER OF MUSIC. (From Reisch's "Margarita Philosophica," 1512.)

This section of the poem closes with loving lines to the memory of Chaucer and of Lydgate, whom Stephen Hawes honoured more especially as the master upon whose trace he would seek to follow. Graundamoure next passed to the chamber of Arithmetic,

“With gold depainted, every perfect number,
To add, detrāy,¹ and to divide asunder.”

The next stage led Graundamoure to the tower of Music, and in her chamber, advanced by knowledge to a sense of the harmonies of life, he first saw La Bell Pucell.

“There sat Dame Music with all her minstrelsy,
As tabors, trumpets with pipes melodious,
Sackbuts, organs and the recorder sweetly,
Harps, lutes, and crowdés right delicious,

aside to conceal, in a temple, hope, doubt, and despair; the coming again of Graundamoure, led by Good Counsel, to declare his love to the lady in a long

² The Tabor was a small drum usually played with accompaniment of fife. The Sackbut was a bass-trumpet with stops, and as its name “sambuca” was derived from the elder-tree, it was probably formed of wood, a sort of bassoon. The Recorder was a flageolet or bird-pipe, so named from the word “record” once commonly applied to the singing of birds, as in an eclogue by Drayton:—

“Fair Philomel, night music of the spring,
Sweetly records her tuneful harmony.”

The Crowd, “crwth” of the Cymry, was the old British fiddle; “chrota Britannia canat,” wrote Venantius Fortunatus at the end of the sixth century. Invented in Britain, and returned to us with improvements by the Arabs, the fiddle in a simple form, still called a “crowd,” and the fiddler a “crowder,” remained familiar among the people. Cymphans were “symphonies,” or “chyfonies;” named in the “Roman de Brut”—

“Symphomes, salterions,
Monocordes, tymbres, corrons.”

They were large stringed instruments, a sort of harp. Doussemer

¹ Detray (“detrubere”), to draw away, subtract.

dialogue of alternate stanzas which ended in her acceptance of his suit. But he must seek her by a long and dangerous way, for now she is withdrawn from him to a far country :—

“To me to come is hard and dangerous
When I am there, for giants ugly,
Two¹ monsters also, black and tedious,
That by the way await full cruelly
For to destroy you all and utterly,
When you that way do take the passage
To attainé my love by high advantage.”

So Graundamoure was parted from the fair ideal of life which he had touched, and with which he had kept step when his heart was young and he had been trained up to a perception of true harmony. His friend Good Counsel bade him never flinch, but complete his training by the Seven Sciences, and then go forward to the tower of Chivalry, and be armed for the battles of the life before him. Forth he went, therefore, to the tower of Geometry, and from her to the green meadow whence Astronomy looks heavenward, and where he learnt from her that

“God himself is chief astronomer
That made all things according to His will;
The sun, the moon, and every little star,
To a good intent and for no manner of ill.
Withouten vain he did all things fulfil;
As Astronómy doth make appaurance,
By reason he weighed all things in balaunce.”

More is taught by Astronomy of the works of Nature and the wits of man, of the high influence of stars and planets as the instruments to Nature's working in every degree.

Instructed in the seven sciences, the Quadrivium of Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, and the Trivium of Music, Geometry, Astronomy,² Graundamoure with a varlet called Attendance and his greyhounds Grace and Governance, proceeded over a hill and down a dale to the Tower of Chivalry, where a horn hung by a shield and helmet at the entry. The loud blast of the horn brought to the tower door its gentle porter, Steadfastness, who admitted him into the base-court.³ There he saw four images of armed knights on horseback, contrived to meet in shock of arms by craft of Geometry, with wheels, and cogs, and cords. Beside this tower was a temple which Graundamoure entered. It was the temple of Mars, whose image he saw therein on a wheel-top in the embrace

of Lady Fortune, who had two faces under one hood. Of Mars Graundamoure prayed for grace to secure enduring fame. To Mars he said that in the thirty-first year of his young flowering age he thought himself escaped from childish ignorance, and that his wit could withstand and rule Venus and Cupid, but she had wounded him with fervent love, and set before him perilous adventure in which he needed help from Mars. Mars answered that Graundamoure was born under the rule of Venus, and therefore, when he had learned perfectly to govern himself by prudent chivalry, he must go humbly to the temple of Venus and make his oblation, suing to her by the disposition which constrained him to love ladies with a true affection. But here Fortune with the two faces, from behind Sir Mars, laughed at the notion that Mars could have aid to give in the search, where all depended upon Fortune's ordering. Then Fortune declared at large the power of the turning of her wheel; Mars had less might; to her, therefore, Graundamoure must sue. Mars answered that she was nothing substantial, neither spiritual nor terrestrial, and nothing can do nothing. He said to her,

“The Man is Fortune, in the proper deed,
And is not thou that causeth him to speed.”

While yet marvelling at the argument between Mars and Fortune, Graundamoure was approached by Minerva, who led him into her own hall. Knights were there playing at chess, who left their play gently to welcome him; especially was he welcomed by Sir Nurture and his brother Courtesy. They took him up a stair into a chamber gaily glorified. At its door stood a knight named Truth, who told Graundamoure that before entry he should promise to love him. The chamber door was held in custody for King Melezius, that no man might enter wrongfully, and seek without Truth to be chivalrous. King Melezius admitted Graundamoure :—

“‘With all my heart I will,’ quoth he, ‘accept
Him to my service, for he is right worthy;
For unto Doctrine the highway he kept
And so from thence to the Tower of Chivalry.’”

Presented to Melezius, armed and taught by Minerva, he was prepared for knighthood, and when knighthood was thus taught his duty by the King :—

“‘Knighthood,’ he said, ‘was first established
The Commonwealth in right [for] to defend,
That by the wrong it be not minished;
So every knight did truly condescend
For the Commonwealth his power to extend
Against all such rebellés contrariouís
Them to subdue with power victoriouís.

“‘For knighthood is not in the feats of war,
As for to fight, in quarrel right or wrong,
But in a cause which Truth can not defar;⁴
He ought himself for to make sure and strong
Justice to keep mixt with mercý among;

(dulcimer) was a stringed instrument, usually triangular, with about fifty wires, cast over a bridge at each end, struck with little iron rods. The dulcimer was laid on a table and played with a small rod in each hand. The Clavi-cimbal was a kind of spinet, which the French called clavecin, and the Italian cembalo. Some of Bach's concertos were written “a due cembali.” Like the clavichord, it was played with keys, and ranks with the ancestors of the pianoforte. The Rebeck is another form of rustic fiddle, taking a corruption of the name rebab, or rebecbe, by which the British crwth or crowd, played with a bow, was returned to Europe from the East by the Crusaders. Use of the fiddle-bow is said to have had its origin in ancient Britain.

¹ Two. In the original “With two,” the first syllable being dropped in the scanning.

² Trivium and Quadrivium. (See “Shorter English Poems,” Note 2, page 12.)

³ Base-court, outer or lower court.

⁴ Defar, defer, leave Time to right. Or solve, as in Robert of Brunne's version of Langtoft's Chronicle, “defare,” undo.

And no quarrel¹ a knight ought to take
But for a truth, or for the Commons sake.

“For first Good Hope his leg harness should be;
His habergeon of Perfect Righteousness,
Girt fast with the girdle of Chastity;
His rich placard² should be Good Business,
Brandred³ with Almés so full of Largess;
The helmet Meekness, and the shield Good Faith;
His swordé Goddés Word, as Saint Paul saith.⁴

“Also true widows he ought to restore
Unto their right for to attain their dower,
And to uphold and maintain evermore
The wealth of maidens with his mighty power.
And t’ his sov’ráyne at every manner hour
To be ready, true, and eke obeisant,
In stable love fixed and not variaunt.”

So taught, and armed, and mounted on the fair
barbed steed Minerva brought him, Graundamoure
went forward again with his two greyhounds, Grace
and Governance, and his varlet, Good Attendance.
The knight Truth rode out to put him on his way
with a fair company of other knights—Sir Fortitude,
Sir Justice, Sir Misericorde, Sir Sapience, Sir Cour-
tesy, with famous Nurture, and then Sir Concord.
Each took him by the hand when he at last de-
parted:—

“Adieu!” they said, “and Gracé with you stand
You for to aidé when that you do fight!”
And so they turned unto the castle right.

And good dame Minerve unto me then said:
“Be not adread of your high enterprise;
Be bold, and hardy, and no thing afraid,
And rather die in any manner of wise,
To attain honour and the life despise,
Than for to live and to remain in shame;
For to die with honour it is a good name.”

Onward went Graundamoure into the wilderness,
and in the darkness of night slept under a hill-side
till the neigh of his steed Galantise aroused him at
sunrise. Then, as he rode on with his varlet and
his greyhounds, he was joined by one

“—on a little nag,
A foolish dwarfé, no thing for the war,
With a hood, a bell, a fox-tail, and a bag;⁵
In a pyed coat he rodé brygge-a-bragge.”⁶

¹ Quarrel. Pronounced as three syllables, *qu-ar-rel*.

² Placard, a kind of breast-plate, a man's jewelled stomacher.

³ Brandred, supported.

⁴ “The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God” (Ephesians vi. 17). “For the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart” (Hebrews iv. 12).

⁵ The hood with a bell on its point and the fox-tail for playful flapping about were badges of the fool. “A flap with the foxtail” thus became a phrase for a jest. “In a pyed coat,” a coat of motley, like the magpie.

⁶ *Brygge-a-bragge*. French “De brie et de broc”), anyhow, hither and thither. Whence *brygge-a-bragge*.

A repulsive sketch of the dwarf is given, and the poem then breaks for a time from the seven-lined Troilus Verse or Chaucer Stanza, vulgarly called rhyme royal, because James I. of Scotland followed his master Chaucer in the use of it. This verse had been fixed for us by Chaucer's example in the same position that had been given by the genius of Boccaccio to octave rhyme in Italy, as the standard measure for sustained poetic narrative. So it remained until after the accession of Elizabeth, and so, therefore, it was adopted by Stephen Hawes for his “Pastime of Pleasure,” and significantly dropped when this character of empty prating slander, False Report, under the name of Godfrey Gobelive, is set to try Graundamoure's temper by gross slander against woman. The verse chosen for this part of the narrative is Chaucer's Riding Rhyme, so called from its use by Chaucer in description of his pilgrims on the road to Canterbury:—

“‘Welcome,’ I said; ‘I pray thee now tell
Me what thou art, and where thou dost dwell?’
‘Sotheliche,’ quod he, ‘when Icham⁷ in Kent
At home Icham, though I be hither sent;
Icham a gentleman of much noble kin
Though Iche be clad in a knavés skin.’”

With this scorner of women by his side, Graundamoure visited the Temple of Venus, where each applied himself in his own way to Dame Sapience, her secretary. For Graundamoure, Dame Sapience drew up a Supplication, and with the setting forth of this the poem resumes its original measure. Venus bade Graundamoure abide with her awhile, and caused Sapience next to write a letter to La Bell Pucell, with thrice nine “Wo worths” in it, in case she did not redress his pains. Cupid fled with the letter to La Bell Pucell, and Graundamoure offered a turtle to Venus.

Then he went forward upon his way, but Godfrey Gobelive came running

“With ‘s little nag, and cried ‘Tarý! tarý!
For I will come and bear you company.’”

His company upon the road again reduces the verse into riding rhyme, for he resumed his merri-
ment at the expense of women, till he was overtaken by a lady from the Tower of Chastity called Dame Correction, who, with a knotted whip, set Godfrey skipping, and declared him to be False Report, escaped from the prison in which he had been held with Villain-Courage and vile False Conjecture. Graundamoure then went as a guest to the Tower of Chastity, and False Report as a prisoner, with his feet fettered underneath his nag. There he saw the bright hall of jet glazed with crystal, and radiant with light of the carbuncle hung from its golden roof; he saw the goodly company, and saw also the dungeons of the scorner and the wronger. Hung with their heads down in holly bushes and scourged

⁷ Icham, I am, used to represent a rustic speech. First-English “ic eom.”

by ladies with knotted whips were Villain-Courage and his fellows :—

“ These men with sugared mouths so eloquent
A maiden's herté coud right soon relent,
And these young maidens for to take in snare
They feign great woe, and for to suffer care :
The foolish maidens did believe they smarted,
Thus to their willé the men them converted.”

Then Graundamoure rode on over the mountains and the craggy rock till he came to a well, beside which hung a shield and horn, with an inscription setting forth that a giant was there ready to contest the way on to La Bell Pucell. The horn was blown, the giant came, a monster with three heads, called Falseness, Imagination, Perjury. Graundamoure charging him, broke his spear upon this giant's helm, leapt down and drew his sure sword, Clara Prudence, and after a stout battle overcame and cut off the three heads. Then came riding to him three ladies, Verity, Good Operation, and Fidelity, and carried Graundamoure with sweet song to their castle, where his wounds were healed, while he was told of another giant to be met after departing. Temperance prepared their supper, and after rest he travelled on again

“ When th' little birdés swetély did sing
Lauds to their Maker early i' th' morning.”

Soon he met a messenger whom La Bell Pucell had sent, after receiving the letter brought to her by Cupid. Disdain and Strangeness had counselled her in one way, Peace and Mercy in another, and finally she had sent Dame Perseverance to her knight, with a goodly shield to be worn by him for her sweet sake. So Perseverance took Graundamoure with her for a night's rest at the manor place of her cousin Comfort. Comfort gave best of counsel on the power of patience and wise kindness over stormy winds that stood between him and the object of desire, and told him also of a giant with seven heads yet to be vanquished. Over the heath he went next day till this giant was found, where upon every tree hung shields of knights whom he had slain. The names of his seven heads were Dissimulation, Delay, Discomfort, Variance, Envy, Detraction, Doubleness. The battle with him lasted a day, and when Graundamoure had overcome there came from the castle that stood by seven ladies riding on white palfreys. They were Steadfastness, Amorous Purveyance, Joy after Heaviness, Continuance, Pleasaunce, Report Famous, Amity, who hailed him as victor. These seven ladies undertook next day to bring Graundamoure to La Bell Pucell. They rode till they saw from afar a goodly region

“ Where stood a palace high and precious
Beyond an haven full tempestuous.”

But in that goodly region was a fire-breathing dragon, made by the Dame Strangeness and the crafty sorceress Disdain, of the seven metals with a fiend enclosed. In a temple of Pallas strength was

sought for the last conflict, and Pallas gave a box containing ointment of marvellous herbs¹ wherewith to anoint his armour, which would turn aside the fervent fire breathed by the serpent, and give power over magic to his sword. From a large and goodly ship in the haven a boat put out to them whence they were hailed by two ladies whom Dame Patience had sent. Then after due inquiries they were rowed to the ship Perfectness, into which Dame Patience received them gladly. Then they weighed anchor, and on the other shore Graundamoure went forth alone to combat with the dragon, Privy Malice. When the death-blow was given to it, by help of the ointment of Pallas, and the fiend within as “ a foul Ethiop which such smoke did cast that all the island was full tenebrous,” had escaped amidst loud thunderings, it remained only for Perseverance to bring Graundamoure to the presence of La Bell Pucell. So they were joined and wedded. The great aim of his mortal life was won, but afterwards—

“ Thus as I livéd in such pleasure glad
Into the chamber came full privily
A fair old man, and in his hand he had
A crookéd staff; he went full weakly;
Unto me then he came full softély,
And with his staff he took me on the breast,
'Obey!' he said, 'I must you needs arrest.

‘My name is Agé, which have often seen
The lusty youth perish unhappily,’ . . .”

Graundamoure must needs obey the arrest. Then came to him Policy

“ With Avaricé bringing great richés.
My wholé pleasure and delight doubtless
Was set upon treasure insatiate,
It to behold, and for to aggregate.

¹ This gift of Pallas, which represents the power of a well-trained mind to stand against all perils of the world, is a symbol first used by Homer in the tenth book of the “Odyssey,” when he represented Hermes providing Ulysses with moly to enable him to face unhurt the charms of Circe :—

“ Thus I passing turned my feet
On through the glens for the divine retreat
Of Circe; and a youth, in form and mould
Fair as when tender manhood seems most sweet,
Beautiful Hermes, with the wand of gold,
Met me alone, and there my hand in his did fold.

Whither, he said, wouldst thou thy steps incline,
Ah, hapless, all unweeting of thy way?
Thy friends lie huddling in their styes like swine;
And these wouldst thou deliver? I tell thee nay—
Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.
Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,
For I will save thee from thine ills this day,
Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,
Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.

Therewith the root he tore up from the ground,
Black, with a milk-white flower, in heavenly tongue
Called Moly, and its nature did expound—
Hard to be dug by men; in gods all power is found.”

(Philip S. Worsley's Translation.)

² Riches is a word in the singular; the French “richesse,” in which the final s is part of the word itself, and not a plural suffix.

"The fleshly pleasure I had cast aside,
 Little I loved for to play or dance;
 But ever I thought how I might provide
 To spare my treasure, land or substance.
 This was my mind, and all my purveyance.
 As upon death I thought little or ne'er,
 But gathered riches as I should live e'er."

But then came Death with his arrest, and as Graund-
 amour lamented, Confession, Contrition, Satisfaction,
 Conscience came to weigh his treasures in a balance,
 and judge how they might restore to their right owners
 the goods wrongfully gotten. Then Graundamour
 received the last offices of Holy Church, and his soul
 went out of his body

"To Purgat'ry for to be purified
 That after that it might be glorified."

Mercy and Charity buried Graundamour's body in
 an ancient temple—

"There was for me a dirige¹ devoutly
 With many a mass full right solemnly;
 And o'er my grave, to be in memory,
 Remembrance made this little epitaphy:

"O earth! on earth it is a wondrous case
 That thou art blinded, and will not thee know,
 Though upon earth thou hast thy dwelling-place,
 Yet earth at last must needs thee overthrow.
 Thou thinkest thou do be no earth, I trow,
 For if thou diddest, thou wouldst then apply
 To forsake pleasure and to learn to die.

"O earth! of earth why art² thou so proud?
 Now what thou art call to remembrance;
 Open thine ears unto my song aloud,—"

And so forth, man being called through each of his
 seven sins to remember that earth on earth will
 nothing purity, and arise

"Out of your sleep of mortal heaviness,
 Subdue the devil with grace and meekness,
 That after your life frail and transitory
 You may then live in joy perdurably."

Then Fame with the burning tongues entered the
 Temple, promising that memory of Graundamour's
 great acts should be preserved by her, who had pre-
 served the memories of Hector, Joshua, Judas
 Maccabæus, David, Alexander, Julius Caesar, King
 Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boloigne. But
 Time followed, and wondered much that Fame could
 promise everlasting praise, when Time himself lives
 only until Doomsday.

"Then I am past, I may no longer be,
 And after me is Dame Eternity."

Then came Eternity into the temple, in a fair
 white vesture, speaker of the last words of the
 poem:—

"O mortal folk! revolve in your mind
 That worldly joy and frail prosperity
 What is it liké but a blast of wind?
 For you thereof can have no certainty,
 'Tis now so full of mutability.
 Set not your mind upon worldly wealth,
 But evermore regard your souls health.

"When earth in earth has ta'en his corrupt taste,
 Then to repent it is for you too late;
 When you save time, spend it no thing in waste;
 Time past with Virtue must enter the gate
 Of joy and bliss with miné high estate,
 Without Time for to be Everlasting,—
 Which God grant us at our last ending."

Although Stephen Hawes was a poet of moderate
 genius, this work of his marks in an interesting way
 the steady advance of allegorical poetry, from such
 works as the "Romaunt of the Rose" and Guile-
 vile's "Three Pilgrimages," to Spenser's "Faerie
 Queene."



JOHN FISHER. (From the Portrait by Holbein.)

John Fisher was a Yorkshireman, born in 1459,
 son of Robert Fisher, a trader at Beverley, who died
 when his two boys, John the elder and Robert the
 younger, were still children. Their mother married
 again. The boys were first educated by a priest of
 Beverley Church. John showed special ability, and
 was at last, when his age was four or five-and-twenty,
 sent in 1484 to Cambridge. He graduated in 1488
 and 1491, became a Fellow of his College, Michael
 House, and Master of Michael House in 1495. It
 was about this time, at the age of thirty-six, that he
 took holy orders. In 1501 he received the degree
 of Doctor of Divinity, and he served afterwards

¹ A *Dirige*. The first word of the funeral hymn, "*Dirige gressus meos*." Hence the word "*dirige*."

² Art here and in next line becomes a dissyllable by rolling the r.

for two years as Vice-Chancellor of the University. The reputation of Dr. John Fisher caused Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., to draw him into her service. As her chaplain and confessor he obtained her complete confidence, and used it, to the best of his knowledge, for the advancement of religion and learning. He caused her to found two colleges at Cambridge, St. John's and Christ's, and also the chair still known as the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity, which he himself held for a time. His funeral sermon on her death was printed by Wynken de Worde, and has been more than once reprinted. In 1504, Henry VII., who trusted much in Fisher's piety and wisdom, made him Bishop of Rochester. The University of Cambridge made him its Chancellor. Henry VIII., who had been indebted to Fisher for care and instruction in his childhood, honoured him in the earlier part of his reign, and told Cardinal Pole that he could never have met in all his travels a man to compare in knowledge and virtue with the Bishop of Rochester.¹

John Fisher's treatise ("De Necessitate Orandi") on the Need of Prayer was translated into English at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign (in 1560) as "A Godlie treatisse declaryng the benefites, frutes, and great Commodities of Prayer, and also the True Use thereof. Written in Latin fourtie yeres past, by an Englyshe man of great vertue and learnyng. And lately translated into Englyshe." The translation in Elizabeth's reign of a devotional work by one whom her father had sent to the block, printed in St. Paul's

also is the suppression of Fisher's name, while he is described in the preface to the reader as "an Englishman, a Bishop of great learning and marvellous virtue of life." The Pelican is taken here also, as by the writer of the Plowman's Tale, as symbol of devotion. There is a little emblematic woodcut added to the pages introducing Fisher's treatise upon Prayer, with Learn to Die for its uppermost thought; a Latin inscription also around the self-sacrificing Pelican, which means: For Law, King, and Commonwealth; and around that an English motto: "Love kepythe the Lawe, obeyeth the Kyng, and is good to the Commenwelthe."

The treatise has for its text the words in the eighteenth chapter of Luke, "that men ought always to pray;" and thus it begins:—

PRAYER WITHOUT CEASING.

Forasmuch as this saying of Our Saviour Christ, *Oportet semper Orare*, A Man must always Pray, written in the Gospel of Saint Luke, appertaineth generally unto all Christian men: who seeth not how profitable and necessary it is for every man diligently and effectually to apply himself to prayer? And so expedient and beneficial a thing is in no wise to be neglected for vain and hurtful delectations and pleasures. Wherefore to the end that our prayer may wax sweet and pleasant unto us, first of all it shall be very commodious and profitable to have ready at hand and in our remembrance certain reasons with the which as most apt and convenient motions (as oft as we perceive ourselves to wax cold in devotion, and be as it were oppressed with a slothful unaptness to serve God) we may stir up our minds and whet our hearts to prayer. Moreover, it shall marvellously profit and exceedingly further us not to be ignorant of the singular fruits and commodities that very many have obtained by prayer; for by the knowledge thereof, we shall more easily invite and prepare ourselves to pray. And finally it shall be very needful for us thoroughly to understand the very true manner which is specially required in every man to be observed in the time of his prayer; forasmuch as in every work of any difficulty that man taketh in hand, the right way of doing thereof being once known doth very much further the due execution and perfect finishing of the same. I have therefore intended by the help of God to intreat in order of these three things: that is to say, of the Necessity of Prayer, of the Fruit of Prayer, and of the true Use and Manner of Prayer.

But forasmuch as the words of Our Saviour before said do cast some scruple and doubt into many men's minds, it shall not be out of purpose for the better understanding thereof if we do first expound and declare how those words are most rightly to be understood. And to begin withal, this saying of Our Saviour is most assuredly true, *Oportet semper Orare*, for Prayer is necessary to us every day, every hour, and every minute. And yet doth not Almighty God so severely demand an account thereof of us that he bindeth us to incessant prayer with our mouth, which thing never man hath unto this time, or could be able to observe. But forasmuch as there passeth no moment of time in which we have not great need of the help and assistance of Almighty God: there are we of necessity constrained by continual prayer, humbly with all diligence to require and crave His divine help and succour. For who is he that perceiveth not (so as he give his mind diligently to observe the same) that all we are even presently to be returned to dust and ashes, whensoever God should detain and hold His hand of help.



EMBLEMATIC DEVICE.

From the English Version (1560) of Fisher's treatise on the "Need of Prayer."

Churchyard, "by John Cawood, one of the Printers to the Queene's Maiestie," with a preface of "The Translator to the Reader," urging its use for the increase of love to God and man, is suggestive; so

¹ "Se judicare me nunquam invenisse in universa peregrinatione mea, qui literis et virtute cum Roffense esset comparandus." Fisher was commonly known among scholars, from his see of Rochester, as "Roffensis."

from over us, and that there is no man of power without Him to endure the space of one moment of time, as Job sayeth. In His hand is the life of every living creature. Every one of us remaineth in no better estate than as if he did hang in a basket over a great deep pit, borne up and sustained by a cord in the hand of another man. And in that case doubtless the man so placed standeth in great need of the diligent help of him that holdeth the rope, and thereby stayeth him from falling: for if he once let go the rope, the other that hangeth must needs down headlong into the bottom of the pit. And likewise must it needs happen unto every one of us, if God sustain us not incessantly with His mighty hand and power. And He it is that so stayeth the rope that we be not by the grievousness of the fall bruised and crushed in pieces, and so forthwith consumed to nothing. I speak nothing now of many other dangerous perils and headlong falling places wherewith we be continually environed. What is he then so gross witted and so blind in judgment, that understandeth not that there is no time, nor no one moment of time, in the which we have not very great need earnestly to call upon God, to require His aid, defence and succour, and in the which we have not cause incessantly to pray?

But forasmuch as after this understanding and sense there is no man that by actual prayer (as we call it) doth satisfy and fulfil the same words of our Saviour, that is to say, every moment to continue in prayer, therefore we had need to search out some other sense and meaning thereof. And indeed this saying of Our Saviour Christ may rightly be otherwise understood. As thus: A certain monk, one of the old Fathers, being demanded how he fulfilled that saying or commandment of Christ, *Oportet semper Orare*, made this answer: When I have (sayeth he) finished, and said my daily prayers, the time that remaineth I use to bestow in labouring with my hands, as far forth as the ability and strength of my body doth permit, whereby it cometh to pass that daily I gain somewhat, with the which I may relieve not only myself, but also some other poor people. And they (sayeth he) pray for me, as oft as by the unquietness and trouble of my body I can not pray for myself: And by this mean he did believe that he satisfied the commandment. And he had the Holy Scripture agreeable with this opinion which sayeth, *Abconde Elemosinam in sinu pauperis, et ipsa pro te orabit*.¹ Hide thy alms in the bosom of the poor, and that shall pray for thee. See then, how the Holy Scripture confirmeth that our alms shall pray for us: and therefore, if a man apply his mind to shew mercy and pity to his neighbours, if he seek to defend the orphans and fatherless children, if he labour to comfort the widows which be destitute of all consolation, if he be careful to deliver those that be oppressed with violence from injury and wrong, finally, if he shew himself ready to help to his power any that want succour or relief, so that besides all this he neglect not the ordinary appointed times for prayer by the Church of God, he may well be judged to have fulfilled the former words of Our Saviour. For that man doth pray always, either by himself or else by his alms and charitable deeds, which supplieth all the want that appeareth in his own prayer. In this wise, then, may the words of Christ aforesaid be understood, wherein he teacheth us always to continue in prayer, which is as much as to say, always to live and do well, which doth sometime happen to men, yea, when they be sleeping. For as oft as we do sleep or wake, walk or sit still, eat or drink, be vexed or be in quiet, or what else soever we do or suffer, if all these doings be with a true faith referred to the honour and glory of God, no doubt they appertain to the increase of a good and per-

fect life. For if it were not so, Saint Paul would not have willed the Corinthians, that whatsoever they did, they should intend and direct the same to the glory of God, saying unto them, *Sive editis, sive bibitis, sive quod aliud facitis, omnia in gloriam Dei facite*. Whether ye eat or drink, or what thing else soever ye do, do all to the honour of God. And surely if God be moved with our words and speaking to be gracious unto us, He will be much more stirred in the same by our good works and well doing, forasmuch as works do now supply the place of words.

A little later Fisher defines prayer "the continual desire of the heart which is always strong, and hath his continual motion in man's mind." Thus we must always pray, not indeed by utterance of forms of words, "but so that there pass no minute of time in which we do not desire the succour of His grace and the felicity to come."

John Fisher wrote against Lutheran opinions, and held firmly by those in which he had been bred. In 1527, he was the only bishop who refused to gratify Henry VIII.'s wish for a divorce from Catherine of Arragon by declaring the king's marriage with her to be unlawful. Thenceforth he had the king for enemy. In 1534, his loyalty to conscience again caused him to stand alone among the bishops in refusal to assent to a denial of the Pope's supremacy in England. When he refused at peril of his life the oath which was refused also by Sir Thomas More, he was deprived of his bishopric, and cast into the Tower. Books were denied him, all his goods were taken, only some old rags were left to cover him, and he was ill-fed. On the 17th of June, 1535, Fisher was brought to trial, and he was beheaded on the 22nd. During his imprisonment in the Tower he wrote to his sister Elizabeth these admonitions of a fallen statesman and a dying brother:—

A SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.²

Written by John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to his Sister Elizabeth, at such time as he was prisoner in the Tower of London.

2 CORINTHIANS VI.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

MATTHEW XXIV.

Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

Sister Elizabeth, nothing doth more help effectually to get a good and a virtuous life, than if a soul, when it is dull and unlustie without devotion, neither disposed to prayer nor to any other good work, may be stirred or quickened again by fruitful meditation. I have therefore devised unto you this meditation that followeth, praying you, for my sake and for the weal of your own soul, to read it at such times as you shall feel yourself heavy and slothful to do any good work. It is a manner of lamentation and sorrowful complaining made in the person of one that was hastily prevented³ by death, as I assure you every creature may be; none other surety we have, living in this world here. But if you will have any profit by reading of it, three things you must do in any wise.

Firstly: When you shall read this meditation, devise in

² It is here given complete from the English version published in Elizabeth's reign.

³ Prevented, gone before, forestalled.

¹ Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha, xxix.

your mind as high as you can, all the conditions of a man or woman suddenly taken and ravished by death: and think with yourself that ye were in the same condition so hastily taken, and that incontinent you must needs die, and your soul depart hence, and leave your mortal body, never to return again for to make any amends or to do any release to your soul after this hour.

Secondly: That ye never read this meditation but alone by yourself in secret manner, where you may be most attentive thereunto, and when ye have the best leisure without any let of other thoughts or business. For if you otherwise behave yourself in the reading of it, it shall anon lose the virtue and quickness in stirring and moving of your soul when you would ratherest have it stirred.

Thirdly: That when you intend to read it, you must afore lift up your mind to Almighty God, and beseech Him that by the help and succour of His grace the reading thereof may fruitfully work in your soul a good and virtuous life, according to His pleasure, and say: *Deus in adiutorium meum intende, Domine adjuvare me festinus. Gloria patri, &c. Laus tibi Domine rex eternalis glorie. Amen.*¹

Alas, alas, I am unworthily taken, all suddenly death hath assailed me; the pains of his stroke be so sore and grievous that I may not long endure them; my last home I perceive well is come. I must now leave this mortal body, I must now depart hence out of this world never to return again into it. But whither I shall go, or where I shall become, or what lodging I shall have this night, or in what company I shall fall, or in what country I shall be received, or in what manner I shall be entreated, God knoweth, for I know not. What if I shall be damned in the perpetual prison of hell, where be pains endless and without number? Grievous it shall be to them that be damned for ever, for they shall be as men in extreme pains of death, ever wishing and desiring death, and yet never shall they die. It should be now unto me much weary one year continually to lie upon a bed were it never so soft: how weary then shall it be to lie in the most painful fire so many thousands of years without number, and to be in that most horrible company of devils most terrible to behold, full of malice and cruelty? O wretched and miserable creature that I am: I might so have lived and so ordered my life by the help and grace of my Lord Christ Jesu, that this hour might have been unto me much joyous and greatly desired. Many blessed and holy Saints were full joyous and desirous of this hour, for they knew well that by death their souls should be translated into a new life, to the life of all joy and endless pleasure: from the straits and bondage of this corruptible body into a very liberty and true freedom among the company of heaven: from the miseries and grievances of this wretched world, to be above with God in comfort inestimable that cannot be spoken nor thought. They were assured of the promises of Almighty God, which had so promised to all them that be his faithful servants. And sure I am, that if I had truly and faithfully served Him unto this hour, my soul had been partner of these promises. But unhappy and ungracious creature that I am, I have been negligent in His service, and therefore now my heart doth waste in sorrows, seeing the nighness of death, and considering my great sloth and negligence.

I thought full little thus suddenly to have been trapped; but, alas, now death hath prevented me, and hath unwarily

attacked me, and suddenly oppressed me with his mighty power, so that I know not whither I may turn me for succour, nor where I may seek now for help, nor what thing I may do to get any remedy. If I might have leisure and space to repent me and amend my life, not compelled with this sudden stroke, but of my own free will and liberty, and partly for the love of God, putting aside all sloth and negligence, I might then safely die without any dread, I might then be glad to depart hence and leave my manifold miseries and encumbrances of this world. But how may I think that my repentance or mine amendment cometh now of my own free will, sith I was before this struck so cold and dull in the service of my Lord God? or how may I think that I do this more rather for His love than for fear of His punishment, when if I had truly loved Him, I should more quickly and more diligently have served Him heretofore? Me seemeth now that I cast away my sloth and negligence compelled by force. Even as a merchant that is compelled by a great tempest in the sea to cast his merchandise out of the ship, it is not to be supposed that he would cast away his riches of his own free will, not compelled by the storm; and even so likewise do I. If this tempest of death were not now raised upon me, it is full like that I would not have cast from me my sloth and negligence.

O would to God that I might now have some farther respite, and some longer time to amend myself of my free will and liberty! O if I might entreat Death to spare me for a season! but that will not be, Death in no wise will be entreated, delay he will none take, respite he will none give, if I would give him all the riches of this world. No, if all my lovers and friends would fall upon their knees and pray him for me. No, if I and they would weep, if it were so possible, as many tears as there be in the seas drops of water; no pity may restrain him. Alas, when opportunity of time was, I would not use it well, which if I had done, it would now be unto me more precious than all the treasures of a realm. For then my soul as now should have been clothed with good works innumerable, the which should make me not to be ashamed when I should come to the presence of my Lord God, where now I shall appear laden with sin miserably, to my confusion and shame. But, alas, too negligently have I let pass from me my time, not regarding how precious it was, nor yet how much spiritual riches I might have got therein, if I would have put my diligence and study thereunto. For assuredly no deed that is, be it never so little, but it shall be rewarded of Almighty God. One draught of water given for the love of God shall not be unrewarded. And what is more easy to be given than water. But not only deeds, but also the least words and thoughts shall be rewarded in like wise. O how many good thoughts, deeds, and words might one think, speak, and do in one day! But how many more in one whole year! O, alas, my great negligence! O, alas, my foul blindness! O, alas, my sinful madness, that knew this well, and would not put it in effectual execution!

O if now all the people of this world were present here to see and know the perilous condition that I am in, and how I am prevented by the stroke of death, I would exhort them to take me as an example to them all, and while they have leisure and time to order their lives and cast from them sloth and idleness, and to repent them of their misbehaviour towards God, and to bewail their offences, to multiply good works, and to let no time pass by them unfruitfully. For if it shall please my Lord God that I might any longer live, I would otherwise exercise myself than I have done before. Now I wish that I may have time and space, but righteously I am denied. For when I might have had

¹ "O God, be thou my refuge: O Lord, make haste to help me. Glory be to the Father, &c. Praise be unto thee, O Lord, eternal King of glory. Amen."

it, I would not well use it: and therefore now when I would well use it, I shall not have it. O ye therefore that have and may use this precious time in your liberty, employ it well, and be not too wasteful thereof; lest peradventure when you would have it, it shall be denied you likewise, as now it is to me.

But now I repent me full sore of my great negligence, and right much I sorrow that so little I regarded the wealth and profit of my soul, but rather took heed to the vain comforts and pleasures of my wretched body. O corruptible body, O stinking carrion, O rotten earth, to whom I have served, whose appetites I have followed, whose desire I have procured, now dost thou appear what thou art in thy own likeness. That brightness of thy eyes, that quickness in hearing, that liveliness in thy other senses by natural warmth, thy swiftness and nimbleness, thy fairness and beauty, all these thou hast not of thyself, they were but lent unto thee for a season. Even as a wall of earth that is fair painted without for a season with fresh and goodly colours, and also gilted with gold, it appeareth goodly for the time to such as consider no deeper than the outward craft thereof; but when at the last the colour faileth, and the gilding falleth away, then appeareth it in his own likeness. For then the earth plainly sheweth itself. In like wise my wretched body, for the time of youth it appeared fresh and lusty, and I was deceived with the outward beauty thereof, little considering what naughtiness was covered underneath: but now it sheweth itself. Now, my wretched body, thy beauty is faded, thy fairness is gone; thy lust, thy strength, thy liveliness, all is gone, all is failed! Now art thou then returned to thine own earthly colour. Now art thou black, cold, and heavy, like a lump of earth; thy sight is darkened, thy hearing is dulled, thy tongue faltereth in thy mouth, and corruption issueth out of every part of thee. Corruption was thy beginning in the womb of thy mother, and corruption is thy continuance. All thing that ever thou receivest, were it never so precious, thou turnest into corruption, and now to corruption thyself returnest: altogether right vile and loathly art thou become, where in appearance before thou wast goodly; but the good lines were nothing else but as a painting or a gilding upon an earthen wall, under it was covered with stinking and filthy matter. But I looked not so deep, I contented myself with the outward painting, and in that I took great pleasure. For all my study and care was about thee, either to apparel thee with some clothes of divers colours, either to satisfy thy desire in pleasant sights, in delectable hearings, in goodly smells, in sundry manner of tastings and touchings, either else to get thee ease and rest as well in sleep as otherwise; and provided therefore pleasant and delectable lodgings, and to eschew tediousness in all these, not only lodgings but also in apparel, meats and drinks procured many and divers changes, that when thou wast weary of one, then mightest thou content thyself with some other. O, alas, this was my vain and naughty study whereunto my wit was ready applied; in those things I spent the most part of my days. And yet was I never content long, but murmuring or grudging every hour for one thing or other. And what am I now the better for all this? what reward may I look for of all my long service? or what great benefit shall I receive for all my great study, care, and diligence?

Nothing better am I, but much the worse. Much corruption and filth my soul thereby hath gathered, so that now it is made full horrible and loathly to behold. Reward get I none other than punishment, either in Hell everlasting, or at the least in Purgatory, if I may so easily escape. The benefits of my labour are the great cares and sorrows which I

now am wrapped in. May not I think my wit to have been well occupied in this lewd and unfruitful business? have not I well bestowed my labour about this service of my wretched body? hath not my time been well employed in these miserable studies, whereof now no comfort remaineth, but only sorrow and repentance? Alas, I heard full often that such as should be damned should grievously repent themselves, and take more displeasure of their misbehaviour than ever they had pleasure before; and yet that repentance then should stand them in no stead, where a full little repentance taken in time might have eased them of all their pain. This I heard and read full often, but full little heed or regard I gave thereunto. I well perceived it in myself, but all too late I dread me. I would that now by the example of me all other might beware, and avoid by the gracious help of God these dangers that I now am in, and prepare themselves against the hour of death better than I have prepared me. Alas, what availeth me now any delicacy of meats and drinks which my wretched body insatiable did devour? What availeth my vanity or pride that I had in myself, either of apparel or of any other thing belonging unto me? What availeth the filthy and unclean delights and lusts of the stinking flesh, wherein was appearance of much pleasure, but in very deed none other than the sow hath, weltering herself in the miry puddle? Now these pleasures be gone, my body is nothing better, my soul is much the worse, and nothing remaineth but sorrow and displeasure, and that a thousand-fold more than ever I had any pleasure before. O lewd body and naughty, which hast brought me to this utter discomfort! O dirty corruption, O satchel full of dung, how must I go to make answer for thy lewdness; thy lewdness I say, for it all cometh of thee. My soul had nothing need of such things as was thy desire. What need my soul, that is immortal, either clothing, or meat, or drink? What need it any corruptible gold or silver? What need it any houses or beds, or any other things that appertaineth to these? For thee, O corruptible body, which like a rotten wall daily needeth reparations and botching up with meat and drink, and defence of clothing against cold and heat, was all this study and diligence taken, and yet now wilt thou forsake me at my most need, when account and reckoning of all our misdeeds must be given before the throne of the Judge most terrible. Now thou wilt refuse me, and leave me to the jeopardy of all this matter. O, alas, many years of deliberation suffice not before so great a Judge to make answer, which shall examine me of every idle word that ever passed my mouth. O then how many idle words, how many evil thoughts, how many deeds have I to make answer for! and such as we set but at light, full greatly shall be weighed in the presence of His most high Majesty. O, alas, what may I do to get some help at this most dangerous hour? Where may I seek for succour? Where may I resort for any comfort?

My body forsaketh me, my pleasures be vanished away as the smoke; my goods will not go with me. All these worldly things I must leave behind me. If any comfort shall be, either it must be in the prayers of my friends, or in mine own good deeds that I have done before. But as for my good deeds that should be available in the sight of God, alas, they be few or none that I can think to be available; they must be done principally and purely for His love. But my deeds when of their kind they were good, yet did I tinge them by my folly. For either I did them for the pleasure of men, or to avoid the shame of the world, or else for my own affection, or else for dread of punishment. So that seldom I did any good deed in that purity and straightness that it ought of right to have been done. And my misdeeds, my

lewd deeds that be shameful and abominable, be without number. Not one day of all my life, no not one hour, I trow, was so truly expended to the pleasure of God, but many deeds, words, and thoughts miscaped me in my life. Alas, little trust then may I have upon my deeds. And as for the prayers of my friends, such as I shall leave behind me, of them many peradventure be in the same need that I am in. So that where their own prayers might profit themselves, they cannot so profit another. And many of them will be full negligent, and some forgetful of me. And no marvel, for who should have been more friendly unto me than mine own self? Therefore I that was most bounden to have done for myself, forgot my own weal in my life-time; no marvel therefore if others do forget me after my departing hence. Other friends there be by whose prayers souls may be holpen, as by the blessed and holy saints above in heaven, which verily will be mindful of such as in earth here have devoutly honoured them before. But, alas, I had special devotion but to a few, and yet them I have so faintly honoured, and to them so coldly sued for favour, that I am ashamed to ask aid or help of them. At this time indeed, I had more effectually meant to have honoured them, and more diligently to have commended my wretched soul unto their prayers, and so to have made them my special friends; but now death hath prevented me so, that no other hope remaineth but only in the mercy of my Lord God: to whose mercy I do now offer myself, beseeching him not to look upon my deserts, but upon his infinite goodness and abundant pity.

Alas, my duty had been much better to have remembered this terrible hour, I should have had this danger ever before my eyes, I should have provided therefore so that now I might have been in a more readiness against the coming of death, which I knew assuredly would come at the last, albeit I knew not when, where, or by what manner, but well I knew every hour and moment was to him indifferent, and in his liberty. And yet my madness ever to be sorrowed! Notwithstanding this uncertainty of His coming, and the uncertainty of the time thereof, I made no certain nor sure provision against this hour. Full often I took great study and care to provide for little dangers, only because I thought they might happen, and yet happed they never a deal.¹ And but trifles they were in comparison of this. How much rather should I have taken study and care for this so great a danger, which I knew well must necessarily fall unto me once. For this cannot be eschewed in no wise, and upon this I ought to have made good provision, for in this hangeth all our wealth. For if a man die well, he shall after his death nothing want that he would desire, but his appetite shall be satiate in every point at the full; and if he die amiss, no provision shall avail him that ever he made before. This provision therefore is most effectually to be studied, sithens this alone may profit without other, and without this none can avail.

O ye that have time and space to make your provision against the hour of death, defer not from day to day like as I have done. For I often did think and purpose with myself that at some leisure I would have provided; nevertheless for every frivolous business I put it aside, and delayed this provision always to another time, and promised with myself that at such a time I would not fail but do it, but when that came another business arose, and so I deferred it again unto another time. And so, alas, from time to time, that now death in the meantime hath prevented me. My purpose was good, but it lacked execution; my will was

straight, but it was not effectual; my mind well intended, but no fruit came thereof. All for because I delayed so often and never put in effect that that I had purposed. And therefore delay it not as I have done, but before all other business put this first in surety, which ought to be chief and principal business. Neither building of colleges, nor making of sermons, nor giving of alms, neither yet any other manner of business shall help you without this. Therefore first and before all things prepare for this. Delay not in any wise, for if you do, you shall be deceived as I am now. I read of many, I have heard of many, I have known many that were disappointed as I am now. And ever I thought and said, and intended, that I would make sure and not be deceived by the sudden coming of death. Yet nevertheless I am now deceived, and am taken sleeping, unprepared, and that when I least weened of his coming, and even when I reckoned myself to be in most health, and when I was most busy, and in the midst of my matters.

Therefore delay not you any farther, nor put your trust over much in your friends. Trust yourself while ye have space and liberty, and do for yourself now while you may. I would advise you to do that thing that I by the grace of my Lord God would put in execution if His pleasure were to send me longer life. Account yourself as dead, and think that your souls were in prison of Purgatory, and that there they must abide till that the ransom for them be truly paid, either by long sufferance of pain there, or else by suffrages done here in earth by some of your special friends. Be your own friend. Do you these suffrages for your own soul, whether they be prayers or alms-deeds, or any other penitential painfulness. If you will not effectually and heartily do these things for your own soul, look you never that other will do them for you; and in doing them in your own persons, they shall be more available to you a thousand-fold than if they were done by any other. If you follow this counsel, and do thereafter, you shall be gracious and blessed; and if you do not, you shall doubtless repent your follies but too late.

Thus seeking that his latest words might aid a sister's soul upon the heavenward way, John Fisher freely gave his life for that which he believed to be the truth. A few words, spoken against conscience, would have saved him from the scaffold.

While Fisher was founding colleges in Cambridge, impulse had been given to Greek studies by the fall of Constantinople, in the year 1453. Exiled Greeks carried their scholarship abroad. William Grocyn, an English clergyman, learnt Greek at Florence under Demetrius Chalcondylas, and the brilliant Italian poet and scholar, Poliziano; then came home, and in 1491 began, at Exeter College, the teaching of Greek in the University of Oxford. He was aided in this work by Thomas Linacre, who also had learnt his Greek at Florence. One of their comrades was John Colet, who was twenty-four years younger than Grocyn, and six years younger than Linacre.

John Colet, born in 1466, studied in France and Italy after seven years' training at Magdalen College, and was one of many who drew aid from the new study of Plato to their aspiration for the highest spiritual life. In Plato there was not only

¹ Never a deal, never in any part, never a bit.

a philosophical upholding of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, but a belief also that the soul became imbruted, if used only as the servant to the flesh, and was fitted for immortal happiness by lifting itself when upon earth above the sensual delights to a pure search for the highest truth.¹ Greek studies, that thus brought in Plato as the ally of men already combating against fleshly corruptions of the Church, caused many an upholder of the joys of the refectory and outward pomps to raise their cry, "Beware of the Greeks, lest you be made a heretic;" and John Colet had not laboured long in his pure way before he incurred suspicion of heresy. His father was a rich City knight, who had been twice Lord Mayor. Of Dame Christian, his mother, Erasmus, who was among Colet's intimate friends, said in a letter, "I knew in England the mother of John Colet, a matron of singular piety; she had by the same husband eleven sons, and as many daughters, all of which hopeful brood were snatched away from her, except her eldest son; and she lost her husband far advanced in years. She herself being come to her ninetieth year, looked so smooth and was so cheerful that you would think she never shed a tear, nor brought a child into the world; and, if I mistake not, she survived her son, Dean Colet. Now that which supplied a woman with so much fortitude was not learning, but piety to God." Her son had both. In 1504 he became Doctor of Divinity, and in 1505 Dean of St. Paul's.

¹ The following passage from the "Phædo," as given in Professor Jowett's masterly translation of the Dialogues of Plato—an English Plato for all libraries—will partly show what attracted the Reformers. A part of it is paraphrased by the elder brother in Milton's "Comus," and causes the younger brother to exclaim—

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

"Yet once more consider the matter in this light. When the soul and the body are united, their nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve. Now which of these two functions is akin to the divine, and which to the mortal? Does not the divine appear to you to be that which naturally orders and rules, and the mortal that which is subject and servant?"

"True."

"And which does the soul resemble?"

"The soul resembles the divine, and the body the mortal. There can be no doubt of that, Socrates."

"Then reflect, Cebes: is not the conclusion of the whole matter this—that the soul is the very likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intelligible, and uniform, and indissoluble, and unchangeable; and the body is in the very likeness of the human, and mortal, and unintelligible, and multiform, and dissoluble, and changeable. Can this, my dear Cebes, be denied?"

"No, indeed."

"But if this be true, then is not the body liable to speedy dissolution? and is not the soul almost or altogether indissoluble?"

"Certainly."

"And do you further observe, that after a man is dead, the body, which is the visible part of man, and has a visible framework, which is called a corpse, and which would naturally be dissolved, and decomposed, and dissipated, is not dissolved or decomposed at once, but may remain for a good while, if the constitution be sound at the time of death, and the season of the year favourable. For the body when shrunk and embalmed, as is the custom in Egypt, may remain almost entire through infinite ages; and even in decay, still there are some portions, such as the bones and ligaments, which are practically indestructible. You allow that?"

"Yes."

"And are we to suppose that the soul, which is invisible, in passing

The office suited him well, for he had an enthusiastic admiration of St. Paul as the interpreter of Christianity. "Paul," he wrote, in a letter to the Abbot of Winchcomb, "seems to me a vast ocean of wisdom and piety." At Oxford, before he was a dean, Colet had given free lectures on St. Paul's Epistles. As dean, he at once began to reform the cathedral discipline. He gave Divinity lectures to all comers on Sundays and holidays, a contemporary writer tells us, when he was usually found expounding St. Paul's epistles with a grace and earnestness that went to the hearts even of those who did not understand the Latin in which he was teaching. He despised the lives commonly led by monks, set forth the dangers of an unmarried clergy, spoke against image-worship and the confessional, and saw irreverence in thoughtless, hurried repetition of a stated quantity of psalm and prayer.

The Bishop of London thought his Dean a heretic, but Colet was protected by the friendship of Archbishop Warham. "He was in trouble, and should have been burnt," said Latimer, "if God had not turned the king's heart to the contrary." His family interest brought Colet church preferment; his ecclesiastical income he spent on the wants of his family, and in exercise of hospitality; and the whole income from his large fortune—derived as an only surviving child from a rich father—was spent upon works of benevolence. In 1510 he founded St. Paul's School—still vigorous and efficient—a monument to a good

to the true Hades, which, like her, is invisible, and pure, and noble, and on her way to the good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul is also soon to go—that the soul, I repeat, if this be her nature and origin, is blown away and perishes immediately on quitting the body, as the many say? That can never be, my dear Simmias and Cebes. The truth rather is that the soul, which is pure at departing, draws after her no bodily taint, having never voluntarily had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding, herself gathered into herself, for such abstraction has been the study of her life. And what does this mean but that she has been a true disciple of philosophy, and has practised how to die easily? And is not philosophy the practice of death?"

"Certainly."

"That soul, I say, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world—to the divine, and immortal, and rational; thither arriving, she lives in bliss, and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions, and all other human ills, and for ever dwells, as they say of the initiated, in company with the gods? Is not this true, Cebes?"

"Yes," said Cebes, "beyond a doubt."

"But the soul that has been polluted, and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the companion and servant of the body always, and is in love with and fascinated by the body and by the desires and pleasures of the body, until she is led to believe that the truth only exists in a bodily form, which a man may touch, and see, and taste, and use for the purposes of his lusts—the soul, I mean, accustomed to hate, and fear, and avoid the intellectual principle, which to the bodily eye is dark and invisible, and can be attained only by philosophy—do you suppose that such a soul as this will depart pure and unalloyed?"

"That is impossible," he replied.

"She is engrossed by the corporeal, which the continual association and constant care of the body have made natural to her."

"Very true."

"And this, my friend, may be conceived to be that heavy, weighty, earthy element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below—prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighbourhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight, and therefore visible."

"That is very likely, Socrates."

nan, that lives and acts in his own spirit. The Latin Grammar produced for the use of his school was first published in 1513, and was still used in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Its preface was written by Wolsey, who was in that year Dean of York; Colet himself wrote the English rudiments; Erasmus wrote the greater part of the Latin syntax; and Colet's friend and first head-master, William Lily, wrote the Latin rules for genders in the verses beginning "*Propria quæ maribus*," and the rules for past tenses and supines, beginning "*As in præsentî*." From Colet's lectures given at Oxford on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—as translated by Mr. J. H. Lupton,¹ an accomplished master of St. Paul's School, who has paid due honour to its founder by editing several of his works—I take

A SUMMARY OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

In the Epistle written by St. Paul the Apostle to the Romans, he counsels peace and concord to those who in that city bore the name of Christ.

There were among them three disputes. The first was that between the Jews and Gentiles; the second between Christians and Heathens; the third was in the Christian community itself, between those who were strong in the faith and those who were weak.

The Gentiles and the Jews were mutually accusing one another; each party in turn proudly claiming precedence over the other. But the presumption of the Jews was the greater and more overweening of the two. Accordingly, when St. Paul interposes to allay this fierce contention, he uses many arguments to beat down the haughtiness of the Gentiles, but still it is to the Jews that he chiefly turns, and directs against their faction the main force and point of his discourse. For the Jew was stiffnecked, ever struggling against the yoke of humility.

Both parties, Jew and Gentile, St. Paul endeavours to raise to a higher level, to lift them above all distinction of Jew and Gentile, and to lodge them both immovably in Jesus Christ alone. For He alone is sufficient; He is all things; in Him alone is the salvation and justification of mankind.

After declaring the Church to consist of these (namely, Jew and Gentile) alike, the Apostle then describes of what nature the Christian Church is, and what are its duties and actions.

It was hotly disputed by many, in what way the Christians at Rome were to conduct themselves towards the heathen, in whose midst they then were, and under whose authority they were living; that is to say, how far they were to submit to injuries from them, and to what extent they were to pay the tribute exacted.

Under this head, St. Paul prudently inculcates peace and obedience.

The third dissension and strife that was in the Christian Church was between the stronger in the faith and the weaker. In this, scrupulous persons, of weak conscience, were shocked at the boldness of their stronger brethren; while the latter, confiding in the decision of their own con-

science, looked down upon the weak. And the matter in debate was the eating of meats; how far it was lawful to proceed in different kinds of food. By the Jewish ceremonial law many things were forbidden. From the *idolothya*, for example (that is, things offered in sacrifice unto idols), many shrank with abhorrence. But yet there were some who acted boldly in this matter as they considered lawful, and ate on every occasion what they pleased, thoughtlessly and inconsiderately, with no small scandal and offence to the weak.

In this place, therefore, St. Paul enjoins that kindly account must be taken of the weak; that the mind and resolution of the feebler one must not be startled by any venturesomeness of act even in what was lawful; that offence must be avoided, edification sought, and peace maintained by a settlement of their disputes.

In the first of these he counsels humility, in the second patience, in the third charity.

After giving a reason for writing to the Romans, and promising after a time to visit them, he concludes his Epistle with remembrances and salutations.

And from the lectures on that epistle, here is Colet's comment upon a part of the twelfth chapter:—

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

From the presence of God, and the outpouring of his grace, and the varied bestowal of faith and love, there grow up among men various members, so to speak;—various powers, that is, faculties, offices, actions, and services. These are briefly and cursorily recounted by St. Paul; rather to give a specimen and sample of them, than to enumerate all exactly and in their true order. Thus he mentions *prophecy* according to faith, and the foretelling future events; *ministry*, which the Greeks call *diaconate*; *teaching*, and *exhortation*, and *giving*, and *ruling*, and *mercy*, which the Greeks call *alms*;—faculties that are conspicuous in men according to the measure and proportion of grace and faith bestowed. He then adds, what ought to be in the whole Church,—true love of God, *abhorrence of evil, cleaving to the good*, mutual and brotherly affection among the faithful, *preferring one another in honour*, earnestness and diligence, *fervour of life*, observance of the time, *rejoicing in hope*, *patience in adversity*, *perseverance in prayer*, liberality, hospitality. He adds, after these, continual blessing, even towards evil speakers and evil doers; common joy, common grief; community of mind and of every desire; lowliness, condescension, courtesy, love, fellow-feeling, agreement, unity; such as springs from a mutual adaptation and conformity of different parts. But as for haughtiness, pride, disdain, self-conceit, contempt of others, avenging of wrongs;—he shows them to be abominable in men, and resolutely forbids them, as a nursery of mischief and destruction. For St. Paul would have all vengeance and retaliation to be left to God alone; who has said by his prophet: *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay*. Among the members of Christ's body, even the Church, he feels that there ought to be faith in God, and reason subject to faith; humility, toleration, constancy in good at all times and without cessation, a doing good even to those who do us evil and provoke us wrongfully; that every member, so far as it can, may imitate Christ its head, who was perfect lowliness, goodness, patience, kindness; who did good to the evil, that by his goodness he might make them good instead of evil; herein imitating his Father in heaven, who *maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good*.

¹ "An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, delivered as lectures in the University of Oxford about the year 1497, by John Colet, M.A., afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. Now first published, with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes, by J. H. Lupton, M.A., Sub-master of St. Paul's School, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge." (1873.)

For there is nothing that conquers evil, but good; and if you aim at returning evil for evil, and endeavour to crush evil by evil, then you yourself descend to evil, and foolishly shift to a weaker position, and render yourself more powerless to confound the evil. Nay, you even increase the evil, when you make yourself on a level with evil men, seeing that you wish to encounter evil ones while evil yourself. For you cannot render evil for evil, without having done evil in so rendering. In fact, he who begins, and he who returns, evil, are both engaged in evil; and therefore are alike evil. On which account, the good must on all occasions be on their guard not to return evil for evil; lest, by this descent to evil, they cease to be good. But we must constantly persevere in goodness and in reliance upon God; that, as nature demands, we may conquer opposites by opposites, and evil by good; acting with goodness and patience on our part, that evil men may become good.

This must be allowed to be the only means and way of conquering evil. And they who imagine that evil can be dissipated by evil, are certainly fools and madmen; as matter of fact and experience shows. For human laws, and infliction of punishment, and undertaking of wars, and all the other ways in which men labour to do away with evil, aim in vain at that object, and in no respects attain their purpose. Since it is plainly evident, that, whatever efforts men may have made, in reliance on their own powers, the world is none the less on that account full of evils; and that these are growing up day by day, and multiplying with all the more vigour, though foolish men see it not, the more men are attempting to uproot them by their own efforts.

Let this be a settled and established maxim, that evil cannot be removed except by means of good. For as it is light that scatters darkness, and heat that banishes cold, so undoubtedly in like manner is it virtue and goodness only that overcomes evil and exterminates vice. And moreover, just as the sun, were he to overshadow himself, in order to drive away the darkness, would be less efficient, and would by no means accomplish his end; so beyond doubt will those who depart from good, and as it were obscure themselves, and return like for like in the case of evils, never obtain what they are striving for. For whatever seeks to conquer, must needs make itself as unlike as possible to that which it seeks to conquer; since victory is gained in every instance, not by what is like, but by what is unlike. Hence we ought to aim as much as possible at goodness, in order to conquer evil; and at peace and forbearance, to overcome war and unjust actions. For it is not by war that war is conquered, but by peace and forbearance, and reliance on God. And in truth by this virtue we see that the apostles overcame the whole world, and by suffering were the greatest doers, and by being vanquished were the greatest victors; and, in short, by their death, more than by aught else, left life upon the earth. Sooth to say, the Christian warrior's prowess is his patience, his action is suffering, and his victory a sure trust in God; a confidence that He is either justly suffering, or patiently enduring, the evil. Which thing He does, not in evil, but in His all-powerful goodness and mercy: since by His bountiful grace He would make good those that are evil. Him, even God the Father, every good man is bound to imitate, and to endeavour by ceaseless goodness to overcome the badness of others; and as Jesus Christ, who is perfect goodness, teaches, we ought to *love our enemies, and do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that persecute us, that we may be the children of our Father which is in heaven; for he sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*

Agreeable to this is what the Apostle, the expounder of the Gospel, and possessor of the *mind of Christ*, here writes and enjoins, saying: *Be not wise in your own conceits, nor haughty and self-relying; recompense not evil for evil; a thing which does not conquer, but increases, the evil.* But be ye good, and practise goodness constantly, both before God and before men; that through your manifest goodness wicked men may at length submit, and desire to become like you. Be not angry with the angry, nor repel force by force; but be at peace with all men; and bring it to pass, as much as in you lieth, that others harm you not: that is, offend no one, but be careful at all times, however men may rage against you, not to be yourselves provoked, nor strive against them in self-defence. But keep patience unbroken, and maintain peace undisturbed, at least in yourselves, and *give place unto wrath.* Suffer God to avenge your wrongs, you who know not wherefore and to what end He suffers evils. Interfere not, by your pride and reliance on your own strength, with the great and excellent providence of God; for this is to *mind high things*, and to be *wise in your own conceits.* But be lowly-minded, and rely on God alone: persevere in goodness, and suffer evils. For if these cannot be conquered by your goodness, then believe that God for some better end suffers for a time, and, as it were, endures the evil. Wherefore leave the removal of it, in strong faith, to God; and do ye, in the meanwhile, not cease to do good unto all, that ye may conquer them by goodness. Feed your enemies; and if an adversary thirst, give him drink; and whatever service you can confer, render it cheerfully and willingly to all. For assuredly by this alone will you conquer evil, and win over even the ill-disposed to yourselves as friends. By your love and kindness you will warm those that are in the chill of malice and wickedness; and by your tenderness you will soften the hard and unbending. For just as men grow sweet by goodness and gentleness, so on the other hand do they grow bitter and harsh by unkindness and ill-treatment. But soft, sweet, powerful goodness and kindness at length fuses all things, and by its beneficent heat causes the hard to soften, and the bitter to grow sweet; so that the rugged become smooth, the savage tame, the proud humble, the evil good; in a word, the human become divine. This is what St. Paul means by *heap[ing] coals of fire upon his head*; heating a man, namely, and fusing his cross-like badness, and soothing his implacable mood: which you will either do by goodness and sweetness, or you will never do; seeing that it is only by its opposite that anything is overcome. But if evil provoke you to return evil, then are you being conquered by the evil, and beginning to be yourself evil. Whereas if, on the contrary, your goodness, clemency, kindness, and beneficence attract those that are evil, and draw them gently to a better state, then have you vanquished the evil by your goodness.

This kind of contending with evil men was alone used by those first soldiers in the Church, who fought under the banner of Christ and conquered gloriously. And St. Paul, in his wisdom perceiving the force and power of goodness, to be such, sent this golden maxim to the Romans; namely, *Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*

Erasmus, born in 1467, came as a poor scholar about thirty years old to learn Greek at Oxford, when he established friendship with John Colet and Thomas More. In 1506, aged thirty-nine, he visited Italy, and obtained from Julius II. a release from the

monastic vows which had been forced upon him in his youth. In 1510 he returned to England, and was for a time at Cambridge, where Fisher had invited him to take the office of Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He lodged then in Queen's College. In 1514 he went to Brabant, invited by Charles V., as councillor, with a salary of two hundred florins. He was there in 1516, the year before Martin Luther—who was sixteen years younger than Erasmus—began his effectual work as a reformer by affixing his ninety-five theses against indulgences to the church door at Wittenberg.

A new activity of thought had already been directed to the Bible text. In 1502 the movement had begun in Spain with the Archbishop of Toledo, the pious Ximenez, not then cardinal. When Ximenez, a devout Franciscan, became confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, the secretary of King Ferdinand wrote to his friend Peter Martyr, "A man of great sanctity has come from the depths of a lonesome solitude; he is wasted away by his austerities, and resembles the ancient anchorites, St. Paul¹ and St. Hilarion." He became Provincial of the Franciscans in Old and New Castile, and zealously set about a reformation of the corruptions that had spread among them in Spain as elsewhere. In 1495 Ximenez was made Archbishop of Toledo. In that office he kept to his Franciscan vows, avoided pompous robes, and wore only the Franciscan habit. He turned his palace into a quiet monastery, allowed no silver on his table, no luxury in his rooms, ate simplest fare, and went on foot from place to place, except upon long journeys, when he used a mule and rode without retinue as a simple priest. The Pope was scandalised at what he heard of this, and bade the archbishop conform himself to the dignity of his state of life. He obeyed, but wore under rich clothes his old Franciscan habit, which he mended himself with a needle and thread kept for the purpose. One use made by Ximenez of his archiepiscopal revenues, was in the founding of a university at Alcalá, the ancient Complutum. The plans were ready in 1498, the foundation-stone of its chief college was laid in 1500, and in 1508 the university was opened with a full staff of professors, many of whom were employed in carrying out the design of Ximenez to secure the best attainable text of the Scriptures. He said on this subject, "No translation can fully and exactly represent the sense of the original, at least in that language in which our Saviour himself spoke. The manuscripts of the Latin Vulgate² differ so much one from another that one cannot help suspecting some alteration must

have been made, principally though the ignorance and the negligence of the copyists. It is necessary, therefore (as St. Jerome and St. Augustine desired), that we should go back to the origin of the sacred writings, and correct the books of the Old Testament by the Hebrew text, and those of the New Testament by the Greek text. Every theologian should also be able to drink of that water which springeth up to eternal life at the fountain-head itself. This is the reason, therefore, why we have ordered the Bible to be printed in the original language with different translations. . . . To accomplish this task, we have been obliged to have recourse to the knowledge of the most able philologists, and to make researches in every direction for the best and most ancient Hebrew and Greek manuscripts. Our object is, to revive the hitherto dormant study of the sacred Scriptures." The plan was conceived in 1502; the first part of the work—known, from Complutum, the Latin name of Alcalá, as the Complutensian Polyglot—appeared in 1514. It contained the New Testament in the Greek text and the Vulgate. The following volumes contained the Pentateuch in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and three Latin translations, and so forth. After the Pentateuch there was no Chaldee text to give, and the number of versions given varied necessarily in different parts of the work. The printing of the whole in six folios was completed in 1517, four months before the death of Ximenez in November of that year.

While this was in progress, Erasmus also was at work on a revision of the Greek text of the New Testament, which he published in 1516, with a new Latin version correcting errors of the Vulgate. In



SIR THOMAS MORE. (From the Portrait by Holbein.)

the introduction to this, Erasmus said that the Scriptures addressed all, adapted themselves even to the understanding of children, and that it were well if they could be read by all people in all languages;

¹ Paul, the first hermit, was the son of rich parents in the Lower Thebaid; he became an orphan at fifteen, and at twenty-two fled from persecution to the desert, where he lived in a cave to the age of 113; dying A.D. 341. He is said to have lived on dates to the age of fifty-three, and for the rest of his life to have had his daily bread miraculously brought him by a raven. It was said also that two lions dug his grave. Hilarion, born near Gaza about A.D. 291, became a Christian at Alexandria; went into the desert to seek St. Anthony (who buried Paul in the grave dug for him by the lions); then Hilarion returned to Palestine, and established monasticism in the deserts there.

² The Latin version of the Scriptures used by the Church of Rome was called (from the Latin *vulgata*, for public use) the Vulgate. It was chiefly the work of St. Jerome.

that none could reasonably be cut off from a blessing as much meant for all as baptism or the sacraments. The common mechanic is a true theologian when his hopes look heavenward; he blesses those who curse him, loves the good, is patient with the evil, comforts the mourner, and sees death only as the passage to immortal life. If princes practised this religion, if priests taught it instead of their stock erudition out of Aristotle and Averroes, there would be fewer wars among the nations of Christendom, less private wrath and litigation, less worship of wealth. "Christ," added Erasmus, "says, 'He who loves me keeps my commandments.' If we be true Christians, and really believe that Christ can give us more than the philosophers and kings can give, we cannot become too familiar with the New Testament."

When Erasmus was thus working and thinking, he had Thomas More by his side, for More was sent in 1516, with Cuthbert Tunstal, on an embassy to Brussels, and then lodged under the same roof with his friend. It was in this year that he wrote his "Utopia," which dealt in a spirit closely akin to that of Erasmus with the ambition of princes and the false notes in man's life as it was then. More, born in 1478, the son of a judge, and himself trained to the law, had showed a rare vivacity of mind as a boy placed in the household of Cardinal Morton; he had been, at twenty, one of the Greek scholars at Oxford, with an aspiration for the highest purity of life. He incurred afterwards the displeasure of Henry VII., but was in high favour for his wit with Henry VIII., though he had no sympathy with the king's appetite for foreign war. Of his Latin "Utopia" some account will be given in another volume. Here we take a few sentences translated from the chapter on the

RELIGION OF THE UTOPIANS.

Those among them who have not received our religion, do not fright any from it, and use no one ill that goes over to it; so that all the while I was there, one man only was punished on this occasion. He being newly baptized, did, notwithstanding all that we could say to the contrary, dispute publicly concerning the Christian religion, with more zeal than discretion; and with so much heat, that he not only preferred our worship to theirs, but condemned all their rites as profane; and cried out against all that adhered to them, as impious and sacrilegious persons, who were to be damned to everlasting burnings. Upon his having frequently preached in this manner, he was seized, and after trial, he was condemned to banishment, not for having disparaged their religion, but for his inflaming the people to sedition: for this is one of their most ancient laws, that no man ought to be punished for his religion. At the first constitution of their Government, Utopus having understood, that before his coming among them, the old inhabitants had been engaged in great quarrels concerning religion, by which they were so divided among themselves, that he found it an easy thing to conquer them, since instead of uniting their forces against him, every different party in religion fought by themselves: after he had subdued them, he made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavour to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other opinions; that he ought to use no other force but that

of persuasion, and was neither to mix with it reproaches nor violence: and such as did otherwise were to be condemned to banishment or slavery.

In 1517, on the 31st of October, Martin Luther, then an Augustinian monk, and a Professor at the University of Wittenberg, affixed to a church door his ninety-five Theses against Indulgences. John Tetzel had been trading actively in his town with the Pope's Indulgences, to raise money for the building of St. Peter's and a crusade against the Turks. He had said that when one of his customers dropped a penny into the box for a soul in purgatory, as soon as the money chinked in the chest the soul flew up to heaven. John Huss (whose name meant "goose") had said, a hundred years before, when condemned for his faith, "To-day you burn a goose; a hundred years hence a swan shall arise whom you will not be able to burn." That prophesied the advance of irrepressible thought. Luther was reasoned with in vain by his spiritual superiors. The papal legate, Cajetan, foiled by a firm placing of Scripture above the Pope when he sought to bring Luther to reason, said, "I will not speak with the beast again; he has deep eyes, and his head is full of speculation." It is said by a Romanist biographer, Audin, that when Luther, in 1521, was on his way to the Diet of Worms, where he maintained his cause before the assembled cardinals, bishops, and princes of Germany, as the towers of Worms came in sight he stood up in his carriage and first chanted his famous hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott" ("A mighty stronghold is our God"), which Audin calls the "Marseillaise" of the Reformation. Luther, while combating against the Pope, who had forced him into an antagonism made violent by fervour of his zeal, busied himself actively with the work of giving the Bible in their own tongue to the German people. Luther's translation of the New Testament in German appeared in 1522.

In England, William Tyndale, who was of about Luther's age, stirred by Luther's example, was then impelled to work on his translation of the New Testament into English. He was an Oxford graduate living as tutor in the house of a Gloucestershire gentleman, when he translated the "Enchiridion" of Erasmus, which argued that the Christian warrior is best armed by the Christian life. Tyndale had also taken interest in all he heard of Luther, and when arguing with a Worcestershire clergyman, who showed himself ill-read in his Latin Bible, said, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause that a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost." He went to London in 1523; failed to obtain a place in the household of Cuthbert Tunstal, then newly made Bishop of London, but was received by Humphrey Monmouth, a rich draper, in whose house part of his translation of the New Testament was made. Then Tyndale left England for Hamburg, where he was aided by the English merchants, and in 1525 secretly printed 3,000 copies of his translation of the New Testament into English. A second edition was soon afterwards printed at Worms, and the first copies of it

were smuggled into England in March, 1526. As an example of the English of Tyndale's translation, for convenience of comparison, I give the same chapter that has been quoted from Wiclif's version:—

MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, CHAP. VI.

Take hede to youre almes, that ye geve it not in the syght of men to the intent that ye wolde be sene off them, or els ye gett no rewarde off youre father in heven. Whensoever therefore thou gevest thine almes, thou shalt not make a trompet to be blowne before the, as the ypocrites do in the synagoges and in the stretes, for to be preyed off men; verily I say vnto you, they have there rewarde. But when thou doest thine almes, let not thy lyfte hond knowe what thy righte hand doth, That thine almes may be secret, and thy father which seith in secret, shall rewarde the openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the ypocrites are, for they love to stond and praye in the synagogges and in corners of the stretes, because they wolde be sene of men; verely I saye vnto you, they have there rewarde. But when thou prayest, entre into thy chamber, and shutt thy dore to the, and praye to thy father which ys in secreete, and thy father which seith in secret, shal rewarde the openly. But when ye praye bable not moche, as the gentyls do, for they thincke that they shalbe herde for there moche bablynges sake. Be ye not lyke them there fore, for youre father knoweth wherof ye have neade, before ye ax off him. After thys maner there fore praye ye, O oure father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name; Let thy kingdom come; thy will be fulfilled as well in erth as hit ys in heven; Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade; And forgeve vs oure trespasses, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs; Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs ffrom yvell. Amen. For and yff ye shall forgeve other men there trespasses, youre father in heven shal also forgeve you. But and ye will not forgeve men there trespasses, no more shall youre father forgeve youre trespasses. Moreovre when ye faste, be not sad as the ypocrites are, for they disfigure there faces, that hit myght apere vnto men that they faste; verely I say vnto you, they have there rewarde. But thou when thou fastest, annoynte thyne heed, and washe thy face, that it appere not vnto men howe that thou fastest, but vnto thy father which is in secret, and thy father which seith in secret, shall rewarde the openly. Gaddre not treasure together on erth, where rust and mothes corrupte, and where theves breake through and steale; But gaddre ye treasure togedder in heven, where nether rust nor mothes corrupte, and wher theves nether break vp, not yet steale. For whearesoever youre treasure ys, there are youre hertes also. The light off thy body is thyne eye; wherfore if thyne eye be single, all thy body ys full of light; But and if thyne eye be wycked, then is all thy body full of derckness. Wherfore yf the light that is in the be derckness, howe greate ys that derckness? No man can serve two masters, for other he shall hate the one, and love the other; or els he shall lene² the one, and despise the other. Ye can nott serve God and mammon. Therefore I saye vnto you, be not carefull for youre lyfe, what ye shall eate, or what ye shall dryncke; nor yet for youre boddie, what rayment ye shall weare. Ys not the lyfe more worth then meate, and the boddie more off value then rayment? Beholde the foules of the aier, for they sowe not, neder reepe, nor yet cary into the barnes; and yett youre heavenly father fedeth them. Are ye not better then they? Whiche off you though he toke tought therefore coulde put

one cubit vnto his stature? And why care ye then for rayment? Beholde the lyles off the felde, howe thy growe. They labour not, nether spynn; And yet for all that I saie vnto you, that even Solomon in all his royalte was nott arrayed lyke vnto one of these. Wherfore yf God so clothe the grasse, which ys to daye in the felde, and to morowe shalbe cast into the founnace, shall he not moche more do the same vnto you, o ye off lytle fayth? Therefore take no thought, saynge, What shall we eate? or, What shall we dryncke? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed? Afre all these thynges seke the gentyls; for youre heavenly father knoweth that ye have neade off all these thynges. But rather seke ye fyrst the kyngdom of heven and the rightewesnes ther of, and all these thynges shalbe ministred vnto you. Care not therefore for the daye foloyng, for the daye foloyng shall care for yt sylfe; eche dayes trouble ys sufficient for the same silfe day.

Tyndale in this translation was a follower of Luther. He incorporated in the Prologue to it part of Luther's preface to his translation of the New Testament, and gave marginal notes that were sometimes Luther's and sometimes his own. There was also a consideration of the controversies of the day in Tyndale's method of translation. Because the Pope and the higher clergy were regarded as the Church, and the church in the New Testament meant the whole body of worshippers, Tyndale avoided in his translation the word "church," and substituted "congregation." In like manner he used the word "knowledge" instead of "confession," and "repentance" instead of "penance." The consequence was that some in the Church declared that there were 3,000 errors in Tyndale's translation. Controversy arose. Tyndale maintained his cause with tracts, and More, the ablest man who held by the old forms of the Church, was licensed by Tunstal to read the tracts written by Tyndale and others, and endeavour to refute their arguments. In 1529 a Dialogue in four books, by Sir Thomas More, dealt with the questions in dispute, and in 1530 Tyndale answered it. A short passage from each of these works will suffice to show the tenor of the argument.

More wrote in one of his chapters:—

"Then are ye," quod I, "also fully answered in this, that where ye said ye should not believe the church telling you a tale of their own, but only telling you Scripture, ye now perceive that in such things as we speak of, that is to wit, necessary points of our faith, if they tell you a tale, which if it were false were damnable, ye must believe and may be sure that, sith the church cannot in such things err, it is very true all that the church in such things telleth you; and that it is not their own word, but the word of God, though it be not in Scripture." "That appeareth well," quod he. "Then are ye," quod I, "as fully satisfied that where ye lately said that it were a disobedience to God, preferring of the church before himself, if he shall believe the church in such things as God in His Holy Scripture sayeth himself the contrary, ye now perceive it can in no wise be so. But sith His church, in such things as we speak of, cannot err, it is impossible that the Scripture of God can be contrary to the faith of the church." "That is very true," quod he. "Then it is as true," quod I, "that ye be further fully answered in the principal point, that the Scriptures laid against images, and pilgrimages and worship of saints, make nothing against them. And also

¹ See page 75. ² *Lene* (First-English "leánu"), recompense.

that those things, images I mean and pilgrimages, and praying to saints, are things good, and to be had in honour in Christ's church, sith the church believeth so; which as ye grant, and see cause why ye should grant, can in such points not be suffered, for the special assistance and instruction of the Holy Ghost, to fall into error. And so be we, for this matter, at last, with much work, come to an end."

Tyndale answered:—

And upon that M. More concludeth his first book, that whatsoever the church, that is to wit, the Pope and his brood, say, it is God's word, though it be not written, nor confirmed with miracle, nor yet good living; yea, and though they say to-day this, and to-morrow the contrary, all is good enough and God's word; yea, and though one pope condemn another (nine or ten popes a row) with all their works for heretics, as it is to see in the stories, yet all is right, and none error. And thus good night and good rest! Christ is brought asleep, and laid in his grave; and the door sealed to; and the men of arms about the grave to keep him down with pole-axes. For that is the surest argument to help at need, and to be rid of these babbling heretics that so bark at the holy spirituality with the Scripture; being thereto wretches of no reputation, neither cardinals, nor bishops, nor yet great benefited men, yea, and without tot quots and pluralities, having no hold but the very Scripture, whereunto they cleave as burs, so fast that they cannot be pulled away save with very singeing them off.

And even Thomas More came to believe in burning.

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was publicly burnt in the autumn of 1526, and in December of that year appeared in Latin Henry VIII.'s answer to Luther, who was said, in a preface to the English version of this answer, which appeared early in 1527, to have fallen "into device with one or two lewd persons born in this our realm for the translating of the New Testament into English, as well with many corruptions of that holy text, as certain prefaces and pestilent glosses in the margins, for the advancement and setting forth of his abominable heresies." In 1530 Tyndale finished printing at Marburg his translation of the Pentateuch. In this work he had been helped by Miles Coverdale, a Yorkshireman, who had been an Austin friar at Cambridge, but there was drawn to the opinions of the Church Reformers, and brought into danger that obliged him to escape to the Continent. At the close of 1534, the English clergy in convocation, aided by Thomas Cromwell, carried a petition to the king for an authorised Bible in English. On the 22nd of June, 1535, John Fisher, then eighty years of age, was beheaded on Tower Hill; a fortnight afterwards, on the 6th of July, Sir Thomas More was executed. In the following year, 1536, on the 6th of October, William Tyndale, condemned by the Privy Council of Brussels, was strangled and burnt at Vilvorde, his last words being, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" In the same year Tyndale's New Testament was first printed in England, and the completed translation of the whole Bible by Miles Coverdale was admitted into England. In the next year, 1537, it was printed in England. In July of that year appeared a complete English Bible in folio, formed by revision of the translations of Tyndale and Coverdale,

and addition of the Apocrypha, by John Rogers, a Birmingham man, who had been their ally when they were at Antwerp and Rogers was chaplain to the English merchants there. John Rogers's was known as Matthew's Bible, because Thomas Matthew was the name upon its title page. Thomas Cromwell, who was then in search of a version that could be authorised, sent Coverdale to Paris, where he was to superintend the finishing of the Bible known as Cromwell's; and, at the same time, Cromwell employed Richard Taverner, an Oxford Reformer, then at court, on the printing of a revision of Rogers's (or Matthew's) Bible. In 1539 there appeared the results of both these endeavours in Taverner's Bible, and that known as Cromwell's (or the Great) Bible. These were followed in 1540 by the revision planned by Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and based on direct collation with the Hebrew and Greek texts. This Bible, to which Cranmer wrote a Prologue, at last satisfied the requirements of the time, was authorised, and continued for twenty-eight years to be read in churches.

In the same year, 1540, Clement Marot had presented to Charles V., then a visitor to Francis I., in Paris, the thirty Psalms which he had by that time translated into French verse, and dedicated to King Francis. The dedication was followed by a metrical address to the ladies of France, in which Marot asked, "When will the Golden Time come wherein God alone is adored, praised, sung as He ordains, and His glory shall not be given to another?" He exhorted the ladies of France to banish unclean songs from their lips. "Here," he said, "is matter without offence to sing. But no songs please you that are not of Love. Certes, they are of nothing else but Love; Love itself, by Supreme Wisdom, was their composer, and vain man was the transcriber only. That Love gave you language and voices for your notes of praise. It is a Love that will not torment your hearts, but fill your whole souls with the pleasure angels share. For His Spirit will come into your hearts, and stir your lips, and guide your fingers on the spinet towards holy strains. O happy he who shall see the blossoming of that time when the rustic at his plough, the driver in the street, the workman in his shop, solaces labour with the praise of God! Shall that time come sooner to them than to you? Begin, Ladies, begin! Help on the Golden Age, and singing with gentle hearts these sacred strains, exchange the everchanging God of Foolish Love, for the God of a Love that will not change." Marot's wish was in part fulfilled, for it became a fashion at the French court to sing psalms of his translating set to lively tunes. Ten thousand copies of Marot's thirty Psalms in French were sold soon after they were printed. Music, written for them by Guillaume Franc, was afterwards printed with them. Marot's thirty Psalms, to which twenty were added, even Calvin adopted and published, with a preface of his own, for use at Geneva. They became the basis of the Psalter of the French Protestant Church, which was completed by Theodore Beza. At the English court the Earl of Surrey then wrote paraphrases in verse of the 8th, 55th, 73rd, and 88th Psalms, as well as of the first five chapters of Ecclesiastes; Sir

Thomas Wyat versified the Penitential Psalms, the 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and 143rd, with a Prologue and connecting stanzas of his own. Of the Psalms put into music by Surrey only the 8th was in Marot's collection: but of those chosen by Wyat, all except the 102nd are among the fifty that were chosen by Marot. Another English versifier of the Psalms at Henry VIII.'s court was Thomas Sternhold, groom of the Robes to his Majesty. It was Sternhold's expressed desire to do in England with the Psalms what had been done by Marot in France, "thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets; but did not, some few excepted." Sternhold, who died in 1549, published in 1548, "Certayne Psalms," nineteen in number. After his death next year there appeared immediately "All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternhold, late grome of the King's Majestyes Robes, did in his lyfe time drawe into Englysshe metre." This contained thirty-seven Psalms by Sternhold, with seven by John Hopkins, a Suffolk clergyman and schoolmaster. Hopkins, with help of others, laboured on until there was produced a complete metrical setting of the Psalms in English for congregational singing. It appeared in 1562, was in the same year adopted for use in the Church of England, and appended to the Book of Common Prayer. One of the "apt tunes," provided for the 100th Psalm, and known to us now as the Old Hundredth, was a tune that had been provided by Goudimel and Lejeune for the French version of the Psalms by Clement Marot.

This is one of the Psalms paraphrased by the Earl of Surrey:—

PROEM.

Where reckless youth in an unquiet breast,
Set on by wrath, revenge and cruelty,
After long war patience had oppressed,
And justice, wrought by princely equity:
My Denny then, mine error deep imprest,
Began to work despair of liberty;
Had not David, the perfect warrior taught,
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O Lord! upon whose will dependeth my welfare,
To call upon thy holy name, since day nor night I spare,
Grant that the just request of this repentant mind
So pierce thine ears, that in thy sight some favour it may find.

My soul is fraughted full with grief of follies past;
My restless body doth consume, and death approacheth fast;
Like them whose fatal thread, thy hand hath cut in twain:
Of whom there is no further bruit, which in their graves remain.

O Lord! thou hast me cast headlong, to please my foe,
Into a pit all bottomless, whereas I plain my woe.
The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppress:
And sundry storms thou hast me sent of terror and distress.

The faithful friends are fled and banished from my sight:
And such as I have held full dear, have set my friendship light.

My durance doth persuade of freedom such despair,
That by the tears that bain¹ my breast mine eyesight doth appair.²

Yet do I never cease thine aid for to desire,
With humble heart and stretched hands, for to appease thine ire.

Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thine,
To show such tokens of thy power in sight of Adam's line

Whereby each feeble heart with faith might so be fed,
That in the mouth of thy elect thy mercies might be spread?

The flesh that feedeth worms cannot thy love declare;
Nor such set forth thy praise as dwell in the land of despair.

In blind induréd³ hearts light of thy lively name
Cannot appear, nor cannot judge the brightness of the same.

Nor blazéd may thy name be by the mouths of those
Whom death hath shut in silence, so as they may not disclose.

The lively voice of them that in thy Word delight,
Must be the trump that must resound the glory of thy might;

Wherefore I shall not cease, in chief of my distress
To call on Thee, till that the sleep my wearied limbs oppress,

And in the morning eke when that the sleep is fled,
With floods of salt repentant tears to wash my restless bed.

Within this careful mind, burdened with care and grief,
Why dost thou not appear, O Lord! that shouldst be his relief?

My wretched state behold, whom death shall straight assail:

Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did but wail.
The dread, lo! of thine ire hath trod me under feet:
The scourges of thine angry hand hath made death seem full sweet.

Like as the roaring waves the sunken ship surround,
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no succour found:

For they whom no mischance could from my love divide,
Are forcéd, for my greater grief, from me their face to hide.

This is, with its Introduction, one of the Psalms paraphrased by Sir Thomas Wyat: the Introduction is in the Italian octave rhyme, established by Boccaccio, the Psalm itself is in terza rima, the measure of Dante's Divine Comedy:—

THE AUTHOR.

When David had perceivéd in his breast
The Spirit of God return, that was exil'd;
Because he knew he hath alone express'd
These great things that the greater Spirit compil'd;

¹ Bain, bathe.² Appair, impair.³ Induréd, hardened.

As shawm or pipe lets out the sound impress'd
By music's art forgéd tofore, and fill'd ;
I say, when David had perceiv'd this.
The sp'rit of comfort in him reviv'd is.

For thereupon he maketh argument
Of reconciling, unto the Lord's grace ;
Although sometime to prophecy have lent
Both brute beasts, and wicked hearts a place.
But our David judgeth in his intent
Himself by penance clean out of this case ;
Whereby he hath remission of offence,
And ginn'th t' allow his pain and penitence.

But when he weight'h the fault and recompense,
He dammeth his deed ; and findeth plain
Atween them two no whit equivalence,
Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain,
To bear the name of rightful penitence :
Which is alone the heart returned again
And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan ;
And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.

With this he doth defend the sly assault
Of vain allowance of his void desert,
And all the glory of his forgiven fault,
To God alone he doth it whole convert ;
His own merit he findeth in default :
And whilst he ponder'd these things in his heart,
His knee his arm, his hand sustained his chin,
When he his song again thus did begin.

PSALM CXXX.

From depth of sin, and from a deep despair,
From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,
From this deep cave of darkness deep repair,

Thee have I called, O Lord ! to be my borrow.
Thou in my voice, O Lord ! perceive and hear
My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,

My will to rise ; and let, by grant, appear
That to my voice thine ears do well extend.
No place so far that to Thee is not near,

No depth so deep that thou ne may'st extend
Thine ear thereto ; hear then my woeful plaint,
For, Lord, if thou do observe what men offend,

And put thy native mercy in restraint ;
If just exaction demand recompence,
Who may endure, O Lord ! who shall not faint

At such account ? dread, and not reverence
Should so reign large : but thou seeks rather love ;
For in thy hand is Mercy's residence.

By hope whereof Thou dost our heart's move.
I in the Lord have set my confidence :
My soul such trust doth evermore approve.

Thy Holy Word of eterne excellence,
Thy mercy's promise that is always just,
Have been my stay, my pillar, and pretence.

My soul in God hath more desirous trust,
Than hath the watchman looking for the day,
By the relief to quench of sleep the thrust.

Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway ;
For grace and favour are his property :
Plenteous ransom shall come with him I say,

And shall redeem all our iniquity.



HUGH LATIMER. (From a Portrait prefixed to his Sermons. 1635.)

In the year of the executions of John Fisher and Sir Thomas More (1535), Hugh Latimer, then about forty-five years old, was made Bishop of Worcester in place of a non-resident Italian who was deprived of the office. Hugh Latimer, son of a small farmer at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, had graduated at Cambridge, and attacked opinions of the Reformers in his oration made on taking his B.D. degree. Thomas Bilney, who was burnt for his Reformed opinions in 1531, heard Latimer speak, went afterwards to his room, and talked over with him privately the matter of his oration. The result was that Latimer's opinions greatly changed. As he opposed the Pope at a time when Henry VIII. had broken with Rome, Latimer was introduced to the king in 1530 by his physician, Dr. Butts, preached before him, and became his chaplain. In 1531 the king gave him a rectory in Wiltshire, at West Kingston. Here his plain speaking as a preacher brought Latimer into difficulty. He was accused of heresy, excommunicated, and imprisoned, but the king protected him, and next year also his friend Cranmer became archbishop ; so that in 1535 Latimer became, as has been said, Bishop of Worcester. He held that office only until 1539, when the king dictated to Parliament, and imposed as domestic Pope upon the English people, an "Act Abolishing Diversity of Opinions." It required all men, under severe penalties, to adopt the king's opinions—which were those of the Church of Rome—upon six questions then in dispute: transubstantiation, the confessional, vows of chastity, private masses, denial of the cup to the people at communion, and celibacy of priests. Hugh Latimer, who

could not retain his bishopric by a compliance with this act, resigned, and was silenced for the rest of Henry's reign. When the king died, Latimer was still a prisoner in the Tower, and in danger of his life. Then came, at the end of January, 1547, Edward VI. to the throne. He was but ten years old, and was to come of age at eighteen. During those eight years—which he did not live to complete, for he died in his sixteenth year—Cranmer was among the sixteen executors to whom regal power was entrusted, and his maternal uncle, the Earl of Hertford, created Duke of Somerset—hitherto a secret friend, and now an open friend of the Reformers—became Lord Protector.



EDWARD VI. (From the Portrait by Holbein.)

There was thus a sudden change of the force of authority in the direction to which the Reformers pointed. Latimer, released from the Tower, preached at Paul's Cross on the 1st of January, 1548. The Parliament proposed to reinstate him in his bishopric, but he preferred to remain free, and speak his heart on all that concerned the religious life of England and of Englishmen, with his own homely directness that went straight to its mark. In January, 1549, he preached in the Shrouds,¹ at St. Paul's, his sermon on the Ploughers, by which he meant the clergy bound to labour in the field of God. He insisted much on faithful preaching, and in this characteristic passage warned his hearers who was

THE BUSIEST PRELATE IN ENGLAND.

Well, I would all men would look to their duty, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian Commonweal. And now I would ask a strange question. Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in

¹ The Shrouds were covered places by the side of old St. Paul's which might be used by the preacher and audiences at Paul's Cross in case of bad weather. The name was given also to the old church of St. Faith, in the crypt under the cathedral, when that was chosen as the place of shelter.

all England, and passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who he is; I know him well. But now methinks I see you listening and hearkening, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other. He is never out of his diocese, he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied, he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times, ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when ye will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm, he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering may hinder him, he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is as ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea at noon days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with Purgatory pickpurse—up with Popish Purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's will and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due unto God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin. There must be nothing but Latin, not so much as *Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*—"Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return." What be the words that the minister speaketh to the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday, but they must be spoken in Latin? And in no wise they must be translated into English. Oh, that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel. And this is the devilish ploughing, the which worketh to have things in Latin, and hindereth the fruitful edification. But here some man will say to me, "What, sir, are ye so privy to the devil's council, that ye know all this to be true?" Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much, in condescending to some follies; and I know him, as other men do, that he is ever occupied, and ever busied in following the plough. I know him by St. Peter's words, which saith of him, *Sicut leo rugiens circuit querens quem devoret*—"He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." I would have this text well viewed, and examined every word of it. *Circuit*, he goeth about every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, and leaveth no place of his cure unvisited; he walketh round about from place to place, and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*, as a lion—that is, strongly, boldly, fiercely, and proudly, with haughty looks, with a proud countenance, and stately braggings. *Rugiens*, roaring, for he letteth not slip any occasion to speak or to roar out when he seeth his time. *Querens*, he goeth about seeking, and not sleeping, as our bishops do, but he seeketh diligently—he searcheth diligently all corners, where as he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in every place of his diocese—he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough that it may go forward.

Latimer was a Lent preacher before the king in 1548 and 1549, preaching from a pulpit built in the king's private garden at Westminster, with many statesmen, courtiers, and people gathered about him. The king listened at an open window near the preacher, and the princess Elizabeth, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was among his hearers.¹

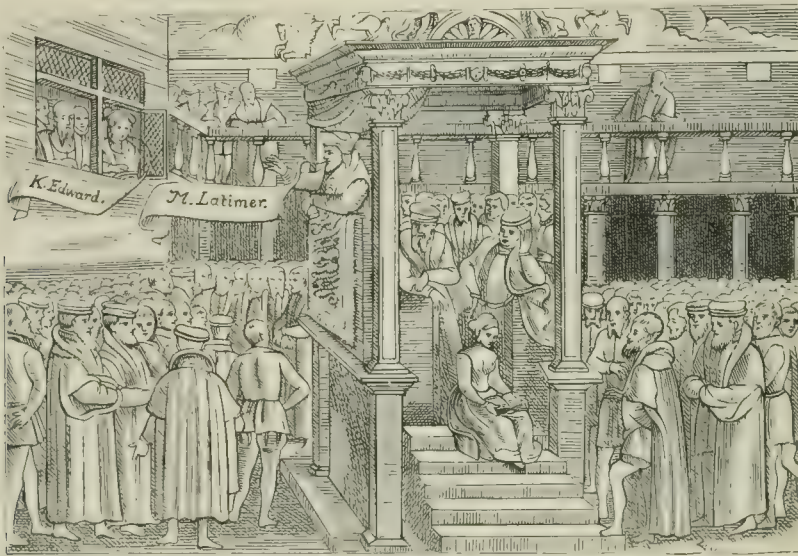
As the next passages will serve to show, Latimer went straight to his point in plain idiomatic English :

A REQUEST TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

"When all Israel heard of this judgment [the judgment of Solomon] they feared the king." It is wisdom and godly knowledge that causeth a king to be feared. One word note here, for God's sake, and I will trouble you no longer. Would Salomon, being so noble a king, hear two poor

to satisfy this place. I am no sooner in the garden and have read awhile, but by-and-by cometh there some or other knocking at the gate. Anon cometh my man and saith, "Sir, there is one at the gate would speak with you." When I come there, then it is some one or other that desireth me that I will speak that his matter might be heard, and that he hath lain thus long at great cost and charges, and cannot once have his matter come to the hearing. But among all other, one specially moved me at this time to speak. This it is, sir :—

A gentlewoman came to me and told me, that a great man keepeth certain lands of hers from her, and will be her tenant in the spite of her teeth. And that in a whole twelvemonth she could get but one day for the hearing of her matter, and the same day when the matter should be heard, the great man brought on his side a great sight of lawyers for his counsel: the gentlewoman had but one man of law; and the



LATIMER PREACHING BEFORE EDWARD VI. (From a Woodcut in Fox's "Martius") (1563).

women? They were poor, for, as the Scripture saith, they were together alone in a house, they had not so much as one servant between them both. Would King Salomon, I say, hear them in his own person? Yea, forsooth. And yet I hear of many matters before my Lord Protector, and my Lord Chancellor, that cannot be heard. I must desire my Lord Protector's grace to hear me in this matter, that your Grace would hear poor men's suits yourself. Put them to none other to hear, let them not be delayed. The saying is now, that Money is heard everywhere; if he be rich, he shall soon have an end of his matter.

Other are fain to go home with weeping tears, for any help they can obtain at any judge's hand. Hear men's suits yourself, I require you in God's behalf, and put it not to the hearing of these velvet coats, these upskips. Now a man can scarce know them from an ancient knight of the country. I cannot go to my book, for poor folks come unto me, desiring me that I will speak that their matters may be heard. I trouble my Lord of Canterbury, and being at his house, now and then I walk in the garden looking in my book, as I can do but little good at it; but something I must needs do

great man shakes him so, that he cannot tell what to do. So that when the matter came to the point, the judge was a mean to the gentlewoman that she would let the great man have a quietness in her land. I beseech your Grace that ye will look to these matters; hear them yourself. View your judges, and hear poor men's causes.

CORRUPT PATRONAGE OF LIVINGS.

If the great men in Turkey should use in their religion of Mahomet to sell, as our patrons commonly sell benefices here (the office of preaching, the office of salvation), it would be taken as an intolerable thing, the Turk would not suffer it in his commonwealth. Patrons, be charged to see the office done, and not to seek a lucre and a gain by their patronship. There was a patron in England (when it was) that had a benefice fallen into his hand, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master; it is like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one. This man cometh to his master and presenteth him with a dish of apples, saying, "Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice." "Tush, tush!"

¹ Fox, in the picture here copied, places her on the front steps of the pulpit.

quoth he, "this is no apple matter, I will none of his apples. I have as good as these (or as he hath any) in mine own orchard." The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. "Then," quoth the priest, "desire him yet to prove one of them for my sake, he shall find them much better than they look for." He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. "Marry!" quoth he, "this is a good apple." The priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out and answered, "They are all one fruit, I warrant you, sir; they grew all on one tree, and have all one taste." "Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it," said the patron, &c. "Get you a graft of this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning."

NEGLECT OF PREACHING.

I would our preachers would preach, sitting or standing, one way or other. It was a goodly pulpit that our Saviour Christ had gotten Him here. An old rotten boat, and yet He preached His Father's will, His Father's message out of this pulpit. He cared not for the pulpit, so He might do the people good. Indeed, it is to be commended for the preacher to stand or sit, as the place is; but I would not have it so superstitiously esteemed, but that a good preacher may declare the Word of God sitting on a horse, or preaching in a tree. And yet, if this should be done, the unpreaching prelates would laugh it to scorn. And though it be good to have the pulpit set up in churches, that the people might resort thither, yet I would not have it so superstitiously used, but that in a profane place the Word of God might be preached sometimes; and I would not have the people offended withal, no more than they be with our Saviour Christ's preaching out of a boat. And yet to have pulpits in churches it is very well done to have them; but they would be occupied, for it is a vain thing to have them as they stand in many churches.

I heard of a bishop of England that went on visitation, and (as it was the custom) when the bishop should come and be rung into the town, the great bell's clapper was fallen down, the tyall was broken, so that the bishop could not be rung into the town. There was a great matter made of this, and the chief of the parish was much blamed for it in the visitation. The bishop was somewhat quick with them, and signified that he was much offended. They made their answers and excused themselves as well as they could. "It was a chance," said they, "that the clapper brake, and we could not get it mended by-and-by; we must tarry till we can have it done. It shall be mended as shortly as may be." Among the other, there was one wiser than the rest, and he comes to the bishop, "Why, my lord," saith he, "doth your lordship make so great a matter of the bell that lacketh his clapper? Here is a bell," saith he, and pointed to the pulpit, "that hath lacked a clapper this twenty years. We have a parson that fetcheth out of his benefice fifty pounds every year, but we never see him." I warrant you the bishop was an unpreaching prelate. He could find fault with the bell that wanted a clapper to ring him into the town, but he could not find any fault with the parson that preached not at his benefice. Ever this office of preaching hath been least regarded, it hath scant had the name of God's service. They must sing *Salve festa dies* about the church, that no man was the better for it, but to show their gay coats and garments.

I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holiday, and methought it was an holiday's work. The

church stood in my way, and I took my horse and my company, and went thither (I thought I should have found a great company in the church), and when I came there, the church door was fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more. At last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me, and said, "Sir, this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood, I pray you let¹ them not." I was fain there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded though I were not; but it would not serve, it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men.

It is no laughing matter, my friends; it is a weeping matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's Word; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates. This realm hath been ill provided for, that it hath had such corrupt judgments in it, to prefer Robin Hood to God's Word. If the bishops had been preachers, there should never have been any such thing, but we have a good hope of better. We have had a good beginning: I beseech God to continue it. But I tell you, it is far wide, that the people have such judgments. The bishops they could laugh at it. What was that to them? They would have them to continue in their ignorance still, and themselves in unpreaching prelacy.

The last of the sermons so preached, which Latimer called his *Ultimum Vale* (Last Farewell) to the Court, was more than three hours long, vigorous, discursive, and rich in illustration of the directness of speech that made his preaching effectual, and at the same time laid it open, in its own day, to much critical exception from his adversaries. The substance of the sermon is here given, without the digressions:—

COVETOUSNESS.

From Latimer's "*Ultimum Vale*," the last Sermon before King Edward. Preached in 1550.

Videte et cavete ab avaritia. Take heed and beware of covetousness: take heed and beware of covetousness: take heed and beware of covetousness: Take heed and beware of covetousness.

And what and if I should say nothing else, these three or four hours (for I know it will be so long, in case I be not commanded to the contrary) but these words: "Take heed and beware of Covetousness." It would be thought a strange sermon before a king, to say nothing else but *Cavete ab Avaritia*—"Beware of Covetousness." And yet as strange as it is, it would be like the sermon of Jonas that he preached to the Ninivites, as touching the shortness, and as touching the paucity or fewness of the words. For his sermon was, *Adhuc quadraginta dies, et Nineve subvertetur*—"There is yet forty days to come, and Ninivy shall be destroyed." Thus he walked from street to street, and from place to place round about the city, and said nothing else but, "There is yet forty days," quoth he, "and Ninivy shall be destroyed." There is no great odds nor difference, at least wise, in the number of words, no nor yet in the sense or meaning between these two sermons. This is, "Yet forty days, and Ninivy shall be destroyed;" and these words that I have taken to speak of this day, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." For Ninivy should be destroyed for sin, and of their sins covetousness

¹ Let, hinder.

was one, and one of the greatest, so that it is all one in effect. And as they be like concerning the shortness, the paucity of the words, the brevity of words, and also the meaning and purpose, so I would they might be like in fruit and profit. For what came of Jonas' sermon? What was the fruit of it? *Ad predicatorem Jonas crediderunt Deo*—"At the preaching of Jonas they believed in God." Here was a great fruit, a great effect wrought. What is the same? They believed in God. They believed God's preacher, God's officer, God's minister Jonas, and were converted from their sin. They believed that (as the preacher said) if they did not repent and amend their life, the city should be destroyed within forty days. This was a great fruit: for Jonas was but one man, and he preached but one sermon; and it was but a short sermon neither, as touching the number of words; and yet he turned all the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all. We be many preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, yet the people will not repent nor convert. This was the fruit, the effect, and the good that his sermon did, that all the whole city at his preaching converted, and amended their evil loose living, and did penance in sackcloth.

And yet here in this sermon of Jonas is no great curiousness, no great clerkliness, no great affectation of words, nor painted eloquence; it was none other but, *Adhuc quadraginta dies, et Niveus subvertetur*—"Yet forty days," *Niveus subvertetur*, "and Ninivy shall be destroyed;" it was no more. This was no great curious sermon; but this was a nipping sermon, a pinching sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite, it was a nipping sermon, a rough sermon, and a sharp biting sermon. Do you not here marvel that these Ninivites cast not Jonas in prison, that they did not revile him, nor rebuke him? They did not revile him nor rebuke him, but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon. Now England cannot abide this gear, they cannot be content to hear God's minister, and his threatening for their sins, though the sermon be never so good, though it be never so true. It is a naughty fellow, a seditious fellow, he maketh trouble and rebellion in the realm, he lacketh discretion. But the Ninivites rebuked not Jonas that he lacked discretion, or that he spake out of time, that his sermon was out of season made; but in England, if God's preacher, God's minister be any thing quick, or do speak sharply, then he is a foolish fellow, he is rash, he lacketh discretion. Now-a-days if they cannot reprove the doctrine that is preached, then they will reprove the preacher, that "he lacketh due consideration of the times," and that "he is of learning sufficient but he wanteth discretion. What a time is this picked out to preach such things? he should have a respect and a regard to the time, and to the state of things, and of the common weal." It rejoiceth me sometimes, when my friend cometh and telleth me that they find fault with my indiscretion, for by likelihood, think I, the doctrine is true; for if they could find fault with the doctrine, they would not charge me with the lack of discretion, but they would charge me with my doctrine, and not with the lack of discretion, or with the inconvenience of the time.

I will now ask you a question, I pray you when should Jonas have preached against the covetousness of Ninivy, if the covetous men should have appointed him his time? I know that preachers ought to have a discretion in their preaching, and that they ought to have a consideration and respect to the place and to the time that he preaches in, as I myself will say here that I would not say in the country for no good. But what then? sin must be rebuked, sin must be plainly spoken against. And when should Jonas have preached

against Ninivy, if he should have forborne for the respects of the times, or the place, or the state of things there? For what was Ninivy? A noble, a rich, and a wealthy city. What is London to Ninivy? Like a village, as Islington, or such another, in comparison of London. Such a city was Ninivy; it was three days' journey to go through every street of it, and to go but from street to street. There was noblemen, rich men, wealthy men; there was vicious men and covetous men, and men that gave themselves to all voluptuous living, and to worldliness of getting riches. Was this a time well chosen and discreetly taken of Jonas to come and reprove them of their sin, to declare unto them the threatenings of God, and to tell them of their covetousness, and to say plainly unto them, that except they repented and amended their evil living, they and their city should be destroyed at God's hand within forty days? And yet they heard Jonas, and gave place to his preaching. They heard the threatenings of God, and feared His stroke and vengeance, and believed God—that is, they believed God's preachers and minister; they believed that God would be true of His word that he spake by the mouth of his prophet, and thereupon did penance to turn away the wrath of God from them. Well, what shall we say? I shall say this, and not spare Christ's faith, Ninivy shall arise against the Jews at the last day, and bear witness against them, because that they, hearing God's threatenings for sin, *Ad predicatorem Jonas in cinere et fuce egerunt penitentiam*, "they did penance at the preaching of Jonas in ashes and sackcloth" (as the text saith there); and I say Ninivy shall arise against England—thou, England—Ninivy shall arise against England, because it will not believe God, nor hear his preachers that cry daily unto them, nor amend their lives, and especially their covetousness. Covetousness is as great a sin now as it was then, and it is the same sin now as it was then. And He will as sure strike for sin now as He did then. But ah, good God, that would give thee a time of repentance after His threatening! . . .

. . . But how long time hast thou, England—thou, England? I cannot tell, for God hath not revealed it unto me; if He had, so God help me, I would tell you of it. I would not be afraid, nor spare to tell it you, for the good will I bear you; but I cannot tell how long time ye have, for God hath not opened it unto me. But I can tell you that this lenity, this long-forbearing and holding of His hand, provoketh us to repent and amend. And I can tell that whosoever contemneth this riches and treasure of God's goodness, of His mercy, His patience and long-suffering, shall have the more grievous condemnation. This I can tell well enough. Paul telleth me this. And I can tell that ye have time to repent as long as you live here in this world, but after this life I can make no warrant of any further time to repent. Therefore, repent and amend while ye be here; for when ye are gone hence ye are past that. But how long that shall be, whether to-morrow, or next day, or twenty years, or how long I cannot tell. But, in the meantime, ye have many Jonases to tell you of your faults, and to declare unto you God's threatenings, except you repent and amend; therefore, to return to my matter, I say as I said at the beginning. *Videte et caveate ab avaritia. Videte*; see it. First see it, and then amend it. For I promise you, great complaints there is of it, and much crying out, and much preaching, but no amendment that I see. But *caveate ab avaritia*—"Beware of covetousness." And why of covetousness? *Quia radix est omnium malorum avaritia et cupiditas*—"For covetousness is the root of all evil and mischief."

This saying of Paul took me away from the gospel that is read in the church this day; it took me from the epistle, that I would preach upon neither of them both at

this time. I cannot tell what ailed me. But to tell you my imperfection. When I was appointed to preach here, I was new come out of a sickness whereof I looked to have died, and weak I was. Yet, nevertheless, when I was appointed unto it, I took it upon me, albeit I repented afterwards that I had done. I was displeased with myself; I was testy, as Jonas was when he should go preach to the Ninivites. Well, I looked on the gospel that is read this day, but it liked me not; I looked on the epistle: tush! I could not away with that neither. And yet, I remember I had preached upon this epistle once before King Henry the Eighth; but now I could not frame with it, nor it liked me not in no sauce. Well, this saying of Paul came in my mind, and at last I considered and weighed the matter deeply, and then thought I thus with myself: "Is covetousness the root of all mischief and of all evil? Then have at the root, and down with all covetousness."

So this place of Paul brought me to this text of Luke: "See, and beware of covetousness." Therefore, you preachers, out with your swords and strike at the root; speak against covetousness, and cry out upon it. Stand not ticking and toying at the branches, nor at the boughs (for then there will new boughs and branches spring again of them), but strike at the root, and fear not these giants of England, these great men, and men of power, these men that are oppressors of the poor. Fear them not, but strike at the root of all evil, which is mischievous covetousness. . . .

See and beware of covetousness, for covetousness is the cause of rebellion. Well, now, if covetousness be the cause of rebellion, then preaching against covetousness is not the cause of rebellion. Some say that the preaching now-a-days is the cause of all sedition and rebellion, for since this new preaching has come in, there hath been much sedition; and therefore, it must needs be that the preaching is the cause of rebellion here in England. Forsooth, our preaching is the cause of rebellion much like as Christ was the cause of the destruction of Jerusalem. For, saith Christ, *Si non venissem et locutus fuissim eis, peccatum non haberent, etc.*—If I had not come," saith Christ, "and spoken to them, they should have no sin." So we preachers have come and spoken unto you; we have drawn our swords of God's Word, and stricken at the roots of all evil to have them cut down; and if ye will not amend, what can we do more? And preaching is cause of sedition here in England much like as Elias was the cause of trouble in Israel; for he was a preacher there, and told the people of all degrees their faults, and so they winced and kicked at him, and accused him to Achab the king that he was a seditious fellow, and a troublous preacher, and made such uproar in the realm. So the king sent for him, and he was brought to Achab the king, who said to him, "Art thou he that troubleth all Israel?" And Elias answered and said, "Nay, thou and thy father's house are they that trouble all Israel." Elias had preached God's Word, he had plainly told the people of their evil doings, he had showed them God's threatenings. In God's behalf I speak; there is neither king nor emperor, be they never in so great estate, but they are subject to God's Word; and therefore, he was not afraid to say to Achab, "It is thou and thy father's house that causeth all the trouble in Israel." Was not this presumptuously spoken to a king? Was not this a seditious fellow? Was not this fellow's preaching a cause of all the trouble in Israel? Was he not worthy to be cast in bocardo or little ease?¹ No, but he had used God's sword, which is His Word, and done nothing else that was evil; but they could not abide it. He never dis-

obeyed Achab's sword, which was the regal power; but Achab disobeyed his sword, which was the Word of God. And therefore, by the punishment of God, much trouble arose in the realm for the sins of Achab and the people. But God's preacher, God's prophet, was not the cause of the trouble. Then it is not we preachers that trouble England.

But here is now an argument to prove the matter against the preachers. Here was preaching against covetousness all the last year in Lent, and the next summer followed rebellion. Ergo, preaching against covetousness was the cause of the rebellion. A goodly argument. Here, now, I remember an argument of Master Moore's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney;² and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master Moore was once sent in commission into Kent to help to try out (if it might be) what was the cause of Goodwin sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither came Master Moore, and calleth the country afore him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man, with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Master Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter (for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company). So Master Moore called this old aged man unto him, and said, "Father," said he, "tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the oldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most to it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled." "Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am well nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto mine age." "Well, then," quoth Master Moore, "how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands. For I am an old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and, therefore, I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven." And so, to my purpose, is preaching of God's Word the cause of rebellion as Tenterden steeple was cause that Sandwich haven is decayed. . . .

. . . . Elizeus' servant, Giezi, a bribing brother, he came colourably to Naaman the Syrian; he framed a tale of his master, Elizeus, as all bribers will do, and told him that his master had need of this and that, and took of Naaman certain things, and bribed it away to his own behoof secretly, and thought that it should never have come out; but Elizeus knew it well enough. The servant had his bribes that he sought; yet was he stricken with the leprosy, and so openly shamed. Think on this, ye that are bribers, when ye go so secretly about such things; have this in your minds when ye devise your secret fetches and conveyances, how Elizeus' servant was served and was openly known. For God's proverb

² More tells the story in the "Dialogue" written against opinions of the reformers, and Tyndale refers to it in his reply: "Neither intend I to prove unto you that Paul's steeple is the cause why Thames is broke in about Erith, or that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the decay of Sandwich haven, as Master More jesteth."

¹ Bocardo, the old North Gate of Oxford, used as a prison. Latimer himself was confined in it before his martyrdom.

will be true: "There is nothing hidden that will not be revealed." He that took the silver basin and ewer for a bribe thinketh that it would never come out: but he may now know that I know it, and I know it not alone: there are more besides me that know it. Oh, briber and bribery! he was never a good man that will so take bribes. Nor I can never believe that he that is a briber shall be a good justice. It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such. For what needeth bribing where men do their things uprightly? But now I will play St. Paul, and translate the thing on myself. I will become the king's officer for awhile. I have to lay out for the king two thousand pounds, or a great sum, whatsoever it be. Well, when I have laid it out, and to bring in mine account, I must give three hundred marks to have my bills warranted. If I have done truly and uprightly, what should need me to give a penny to have my bills warranted? If I have done my office truly, and do bring in a true account, wherefore should one groat be given? Yea, one groat for warranting of my bills? Smell ye nothing in this? What needeth any bribes-giving, except the bills be false? No man giveth bribes for warranting of his bills except they be false bills.

Well, such practice hath been in England, but beware, it will out one day. Beware of God's proverb, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be opened." Yea, even in this world, if ye be not the children of damnation. And here, now, I speak to you my masters, minters, augmentationers, receivers, surveyors, and auditors, I make a petition unto you. I beseech you all be good to the king, be good to the king; he hath been good to you, therefore be good to him, yea, be good to your own souls. Ye are known well enough what you were afore ye came to your offices, and what lands ye had then, and what ye have purchased since, and what buildings ye make daily. Well, I pray you so build, that the King's workmen may be paid. They make their moan, but they can get no money. The poor labourers, gunmakers, powdermen, bow-makers, arrow-makers, smiths, carpenters, soldiers, and other crafts cry out for their duties. They be unpaid, some of them, three or four months; yea, some of them, half a year; yea, some of them put up bills this time twelve months for their money, and cannot be paid yet. They cry out for their money; and, as the prophet saith, *Clamor operatorum ascendit ad aures meas*—"The cry of the workmen is come up to mine ears." Oh, for God's love, let the workmen be paid if there be money enough, or else there will whole showers of God's vengeance rain down upon your heads. Therefore, ye minters and ye augmentationers serve the King truly. So build and purchase that the King may have money to pay his workmen. It seemeth evil-favouredly that ye should have enough wherewith to build superfluously, and the King lack to pay his poor labourers. Well, yet I doubt not but that there be some good officers. But I will not swear for all.

I have now preached three Lents. The first time I preached restitution. "Restitution," quoth some, "what should he preach of restitution? Let him preach of contrition," quoth they, "and let restitution alone. We can never make restitution." "Then," say I, "if thou wilt not make restitution, thou shalt go to the devil for it. Now, choose thee, either restitution or else endless damnation." But now, there be two manner of restitutions, secret restitution and open restitution; whether of both it be, so that restitution be made, it is all good enough. At my first preaching restitution, one man took remorse of conscience, and acknowledged himself to me that he had deceived the King, and willing he was to make restitution. And so the first Lent came to my hands twenty pounds, to be restored

to the King's use. I was promised twenty pounds more the same Lent, but it could not be made, so that it came not. Well, the next Lent came three hundred and twenty pounds more. I received it myself, and paid it to the King's Council. So I was asked what was he that made this restitution. But should I have named him? Nay; they should as soon have this we saw of mine. Well, now, this Lent came one hundred and eighty pounds ten shillings, which I have paid and delivered this present day to the King's Council. And so this man hath made a godly restitution. "And so," quoth I to a certain nobleman that is one of the King's Council, "if every man that hath beguiled the King should make restitution after this sort, it would cough the King twenty thousand pounds, I think," quoth I. "Yea, that it would," quoth the other, "a whole one hundred thousand pounds." Alack! alack! make restitution, for God's sake, make restitution; ye will cough in hell else, that all the devils there will laugh at your coughing. There is no remedy but restitution, open or secret, or else hell. This that I have now told you of was a secret restitution.

Some examples have been of open restitution, and glad may he be that God was so friendly unto him to bring him unto it in this world. I am not afraid to name him. It was Master Sherrington, an honest gentleman, and one that God loveth. He openly confessed that he had deceived the King, and he made open restitution. Oh, what an argument may he have against the devil when he shall move him to desperation. God brought this out to his amendment. It is a token that he is a chosen man of God, and one of His elected. If he be of God, he shall be brought to it; therefore, for God's sake make restitution, or else remember God's proverb, "There is nothing so secret," &c. If you do either of these two in this world, then are ye of God; if not, then, for lack of restitution, ye shall have eternal damnation. Ye may do it by means, if you dare not do it yourselves. Bring it to another, and so make restitution. If ye be not of God's flock, it shall be brought out to your shame and damnation at the last day, when all evil men's sins shall be laid open before us. Yet there is one way how all our sins may be hidden, which is repent and amend. *Resipiscencia, resipiscencia*; repenting and amending is a sure remedy and a sure way to hide all that it shall not come out to our shame and confusion. Yet there is another seed that Christ was sowing in that sermon of His, and this was the seed: "I say to you, my friends, fear not him that killeth the body, but fear Him that, after He hath killed, hath power also to cast into hell fire," &c. And there, to put His disciples in comfort and sure hope of His help, and out of all doubt and mistrust of His assistance, He bringeth in unto them the example of the sparrows—how they are fed by God's mere providence and goodness; and also of the hairs of our heads—how that not so much as one hair falleth from our heads without Him. "Fear Him," saith He, "that, when He hath killed the body, may also cast into hell fire." Matter for all kinds of people here, but especially for kings.

And, therefore, here is another suit to your highness. Fear not him that killeth the body. Fear not these foreign princes and foreign powers. God shall make you strong enough. Stick to God, fear God; fear not them. God hath sent you many storms in your youth, but forsake not God, and He will not forsake you. Peradventure ye shall have that which shall move you, and say unto you, "Oh, sir, oh, such a one is a great man, he is a mighty prince, a king of great power; ye cannot be without his friendship; agree with him in religion, or else ye shall have him your enemy," &c. Well, fear them not, but cleave to God, and He shall defend you. Do not as King Abaz did, that was afraid of the Assyrian king, and, for fear lest he should have

him to his enemy, was content to forsake God, and to agree with him in religion and worshipping of God; and anon sent to Uryas, the high-priest, who was ready at once to set up idolatry of the Assyrian king. Do not your highness so; fear not the best of them all, but fear God. The same Urias was *Copellanus ad manum*—a chaplain at hand, an elbow chaplain. If ye will turn, ye shall have that will turn with you, yea, even in their white rochets. But follow not Ahaz. Remember the hair—how it falls not without God's providence. Remember the sparrows—how they build in every house, and God provideth for them. "And ye are much more precious to me," saith Christ, "than sparrows or other birds." God will defend you, so that before your time cometh ye shall not die nor miscarry.

On a time when Christ was going to Jerusalem, His disciples said to Him, "They there would have stoned Thee, and wilt Thou now go thither again?" "What!" saith He again to them, "*Nonne duodecim sunt horre in du.*" &c.—"Be there not twelve hours in the day?" saith He. God hath appointed His times as pleaseth Him, and before the time cometh that God hath appointed, they shall have no power against you. Therefore, stick to God and forsake Him not, but fear Him, and fear not men. And beware chiefly of two affections, fear and love. Fear, as Ahaz, of whom I have told you, that for fear of the Assyrian king he changed his religion, and thereby purchased God His indignation to him and his realm. And love, as Dina, Jacob's daughter, who caused a change of religion by Sicheu and Hemor, who were contented, for lust of a wife, to the destruction and spoiling of all the whole city. Read the chronicles of England and France, and ye shall see what changes of religion hath come by marriages and for marriages. "Marry my daughter and be baptized, and so forth, or else," &c. Fear them not. Remember the sparrows. And this rule should all estates and degrees follow, whereas now they fear men, and not God. If there be a judgment between a great man and a poor man, then must there be a corruption of justice for fear. "Oh, he is a great man; I dare not displease him," &c. Fie upon thee! Art thou a judge, and wilt be afraid to give right judgment? Fear him not, be he never so great a man, I say, but uprightly do true justice. Likewise, some pastors go from their cure; they are afraid of the plague; they dare not come nigh any sick body, but hire others, and they go away themselves. Out upon thee! The wolf cometh upon your flock to devour them, and when they have most need of thee, thou runnest away from them. The soldier, also, that should go on warfare, he will draw back as much as he can. "Oh, I shall be slain. Oh, such and such went, and never came again. Such men went the last year into Norfolk and were slain there."¹ Thus they are afraid to go. They will labour to tarry at home. If the King command thee to go, thou art bound to go, and, serving the King, thou servest God. If thou serve God, He will not shorten thy days to thine hurt. "Well," saith some, "if they

had not gone they had lived to this day." How knowest thou that? Who made thee so privy of God's counsel? Follow thou thy vocation, and serve the King when he calleth thee. In serving him thou shalt serve God; and, till thy time comes, thou shalt not die. It was marvel that Jonas escaped in such a city. What then? Yet God preserved him so that he could not perish. Take, therefore, example by Jonas, and every man follow his vocation, not fearing men, but fearing God. . . . "There was," said Christ, "a man that went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, and they wound him and left him for dead. And a priest came by that was his own countryman, and let him lie. A Levite came by, and would show no compassion upon him. At last a Samaritan came by, and set him on his horse, and conveyed him to a city, and provided surgery for him," &c. "Now, who was neighbour to this wounded man?" said Christ. *Qui fecit illi misericordiam*, quoth the lawyer. "He that showed mercy unto him." He that did the office of a neighbour, he was a neighbour. As ye may perceive by a more familiar example of the Bishop of Exeter, at Sutton, in Staffordshire. Who is a Bishop of Exeter? Forsooth, Master Coverdale. What? Do not all men know who is Bishop of Exeter? What! he hath been bishop many years. Well, say I, Master Coverdale is Bishop of Exeter; Master Coverdale putteth in execution the bishop's office, and he that doth the office of the bishop, he is the bishop indeed.² Therefore, say I, Master Coverdale is Bishop of Exeter. But to the purpose of Christ's question. Who made me a judge between you? Here an Anabaptist will say, "Ah, Christ refused the office of a judge. Ergo! there ought to be no judges nor magistrates among Christian men. If it had been a thing lawful, Christ would not have refused to do the office of a judge, and to have determined the variance between these two brethren." But Christ did thereby signify that He was not sent for that office. But if thou wilt have a trial and sentence of the matter according to the laws, thou must go to the temporal judge that is deputed therefore. But Christ's meaning was that he was come for another purpose; He had another office deputed unto Him than to be a judge in temporal matters. *Ego veni vocare peccatores ad penitentiam*—"I am come," said He, "to call sinners to repentance." He was come to preach the Gospel, the remission of sins, and the kingdom of God, and meant not thereby to disallow the office of temporal magistrates. Nay, if Christ had meant that there should be no magistrates, He would have bid Him take all, but Christ meant nothing so. But the matter is, that this covetous man, this brother, took his mark amiss; for he came to a wrong man to seek redress of his matter; nor Christ did not forbid him to seek his remedy at the magistrate's hand, but Christ refused to take upon Him the office that was not His calling.

For Christ had another vocation than to be a judge between such as contended about matters of land. If our rebels had had this in their minds, they would not have been their own judges, but they would have sought the redress of their grief at the hands of the King and his magistrates under him appointed. But no marvel of their blindness and ignorance, for the bishops are out of their diocese that should teach them this gear. But this man, perchance, had heard and did think that Christ was Messiah, whose reign in words foundeth a corporeal and a temporal reign, which should do justice and see a redress in all matters of worldly controversy; which is a necessary office in a Christian realm, and must needs be put in execution for ministering of justice. And therefore I require you (as a suitor rather than a preacher) look to your

¹ Reference is to the insurrections of 1549. In Devonshire the rioters, as an army of ten thousand men, under Humphrey Arundel, claimed restoration of the mass, the law of the Six Articles, and resumption of half the abbey lands. In Norfolk the insurrection, headed by Ket, a tanner, required the diversion from Scotch wars of six thousand men under the Earl of Warwick for attack upon the rebels. Two thousand of the Norfolk men were killed in the battle and pursuit; and Ket was hanged. The leaders of the rising in Devonshire and prisoners taken were also very severely dealt with. In the same year, 1549, Somerset was deposed from the Protectorate, after much abuse of power, including the erection, begun in that year, of Somerset House in the Strand, upon the site of buildings belonging to the bishoprics of Worcester, Lichfield, and Llandaff, and to the Temple, which were seized and appropriated without compensation.

² In the following year, 1551, Miles Coverdale was made actual Bishop of Exeter upon the resignation of Bishop Veysey.

office yourself, and lay not all on your officers' backs. Receive the bills of supplication yourself. I do not see you do so now-a-days as you were wont to do the last year.

For God's sake look unto it, and see to the ministering of justice your own self, and let poor suitors have answer. There is a king in Christendom, and it is the King of Denmark, that sitteth openly in justice thrice in the week, and hath doors kept open for the nonce. I have heard it reported of one that hath been there and seen the proof of it many a time and oft. And the last justice that ever he saw done there was of a priest's cause, that had had his glebe land taken from him. And now, here in England, some go about to take away all. But this priest had had his glebe land taken from him by a great man. Well, first went out letters for this man to appear at a day; process went out for him, according to the order of the law, and charged by virtue of those letters to appear before the king at such a day. The day came. The king sat in his hall ready to minister justice. The priest was there present. The gentleman, this lord, this great man, was called, and commanded to make his appearance according to the writ that had been directed out for him. And the lord came and was there, but he appeared not. "No?" quoth the king. "Was he summoned as he should be? Had he any warning to be here?" It was answered yea, and that he was there walking up and down in the hall; and that he knew well enough that that was his day, and also that he hath already been called; but he said he would not come before the king at that time, alleging that he needeth not as yet to make an answer, because he had had but one summoning. "No?" quoth the king. "Is he here present?" "Yea, forsooth, sir," said the priest. The king commanded him to be called, and to come before him. And the end was this, he made this lord, this great man, to restore unto the priest, not only the glebe land which he had taken from the priest, but also the rent and profit thereof for so long time as he had withholden it from the priest, which was eight years or thereabouts. Saith he, "When you can show better evidence than the priest has done why it ought to be your land, then he shall restore it to you again, and the profits thereof that he shall receive in the meantime. But till that day comes I charge ye that ye suffer him peaceably to enjoy that is his." This is a noble king, and this I tell for your example, that ye may do the like. Look upon the matter your own self. Poor men put up bills every day, and never the near. Confirm your kingdom in judgment, and begin doing of your office yourself, even now while you are young, and sit once or twice in the week in council among your lords. It shall cause things to have good success, and that matters shall not be lingered forth from day to day. It is good for every man do his own office, and to see that well executed and discharged.

But the root of all evil is covetousness. "What shall I do?" saith this rich man. He asked his own brainless head what he should do; he did not ask of the Scripture. For if he had asked of the Scripture, it would have told him; it would have said unto him, *Frangere esurienti panem tuum*, &c.—"Break thy bread unto the hungry." All the affection of men now-a-days is in building gay and sumptuous houses; it is in setting up and pulling down, and never have they done building. But the end of all such great riches and covetousness is this—"This night, thou fool, thy soul shall be taken from thee. It is to be understood of all that rise up from little to much, as this rich man that the Gospel spake of. I do not despise riches, but I wish that men should have riches as Abraham had and as Joseph had. A man to have riches to help his neighbour is goodly riches. The worldly riches is to put all his trust and confidence in his worldly riches, that he may by them live

here gallantly, pleasantly, and voluptuously. Is this godly riches? No, no, this is not godly riches. It is a common saying now-a-days among many, "Oh, he is a rich man!" He is well worth five hundred pounds that hath given five hundred pounds to the poor, otherwise it is none of his. Yea, but who shall have this five hundred pounds? For whom hast thou got that five hundred pounds? What says Salomon? (Eccles. v.)—*Est alia infirmitas pessima, quam vidi sub sole, divitie conservate in malum Domini sui*—"Another evil," saith he, "and another very naughty imperfection—riches hoarded up and kept together to the owner's harm; for many times such riches do perish and consume away miserably." "Such a one shall sometimes have a son," said he, "that shall be a very beggar, and live in all extreme penury." Oh, goodly riches, that one man shall get it and another come to devour it! Therefore, *Videte et cavete ab avaritia*—"See and beware of covetousness." Believe God's words, for they will not deceive you nor lie. Heaven and earth shall perish, but, *Verbum Domini manet in aeternum*—"The Word of the Lord abideth and endureth for ever." Oh, this leavened faith, this unseasoned faith! Beware of this unseasoned faith. A certain man asked me this question, "Diddest thou ever see a man live long that had great riches?" Therefore, saith the wise man, if God send thee riches, use them. If God send thee abundance, use it according to the rule of God's Word, and study to be rich in our Saviour Jesus Christ. To whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honour, glory, and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

After taking leave of the court, Hugh Latimer seems to have been in Lincolnshire during the rest of Edward VI.'s reign. In 1552 he preached at Grimsthorpe Castle seven sermons on the Lord's Prayer, and notes have been left us of twenty-one other sermons of his preached in Lincolnshire. Upon the accession of Mary he was sent for, and taken to the Tower, saying, as he passed through Smithfield, that this place had long groaned for him. But it was at Oxford, on the 16th of October, 1555, that Hugh Latimer was burnt with Nicholas Ridley, saying, when the lighted fagot was placed under his friend's martyr-pile, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

The martyrdom of Thomas Cranmer followed that of Hugh Latimer, on the 21st of March, 1556. A part of his labour as Archbishop of Canterbury had been to assist in producing the first Prayer Book of the Reformed Church of England, which came into use on Whit Sunday, the 9th of June, 1549. A revision of this was entrusted to Cranmer, who invited criticisms from the most competent advisers, and produced what is known as King Edward's Second Prayer Book. This was authorised by Parliament in 1552. Many of the Collects in the Prayer Book of 1549 were first written in that year, and among them this:—

"Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of Thy Holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

In the summer of 1551 Archbishop Cranmer sketched the faith of the Reformed Church of England in a series of forty-two Articles of Religion. Of these, a draught was sent to the bishops for revision and suggestion. They were then submitted to William Cecil and John Cheke, then to the royal chaplains, including Edmund Grindal and John Knox. In November, 1552, they were returned to the Archbishop for final corrections, and in 1553 they were published by Richard Grafton, the king's printer, as "Articles agreed on by the Bishops and other learned men in the Synod at London in the year of our Lord God 1552, for the avoiding of controversy in opinions and the establishment of a godly concord in certain matters of Religion." By a royal mandate of June 19th, 1553, actual incumbents of Church livings were required to subscribe to these forty-two articles, on pain of deprivation; future incumbents were to subscribe to them before admission. But the death of Edward VI. in July arrested the movement.

There was also an authorised book of Homilies to which Cranmer contributed three sermons. In 1540 a book of Postilles or Homilies upon the Epistles and Gospels with sermons on other subjects "by dyverse learned men" had been issued by royal allowance, and in 1542 the Convocation of the Clergy resolved to prepare a Book of Homilies "to stay such errors as were then by ignorant men sparkled¹ among the people." In 1547 Archbishop Cranmer applied his energy to the carrying out of this design, and he published in that year a volume of twelve Homilies. The three written by himself were on "The Salvation of Mankind," "The True and Lively Christian Faith," and "Good Works annexed unto Faith." Two were by Thomas Becon, who lived until 1570.

Of Cranmer's preaching I take as an example the First Part of his "Short Declaration of the True, Lively, and Christian Faith" in the first Book of Homilies. The Homily was in three parts, which were to be read at successive meetings of the congregation, and the First Part, a complete sermon for one service, was this upon

FAITH, DEAD AND LIVING.

The first entry unto God, good Christian people, is through faith, whereby (as it is declared in the last sermon) we be justified before God. And lest any man should be deceived for lack of right understanding thereof, it is diligently to be noted, that faith is taken in the Scripture two manner of ways. There is one faith, which in Scripture is called a dead faith, which bringeth forth no good works, but is idle, barren, and unfruitful. And this faith by the holy Apostle St. James is compared to the faith of devils, which believe God to be true and just, and tremble for fear; yet they do nothing well, but all evil. And such a manner of faith have the wicked and naughty Christian people, "which confess God," as St. Paul saith, "in their mouth, but deny him in their deeds, being abominable, and without the right faith, and in all good works reprobable." And this faith is a persuasion and belief in man's heart, whereby he knoweth that there is

a God, and assenteth unto all truth of God's most holy Word, contained in holy Scripture: so that it consisteth only in believing of the Word of God, that it is true. And this is not properly called faith. But as he that readeth Caesar's Commentaries, believing the same to be true, hath thereby a knowledge of Caesar's life and noble acts, because he believeth the history of Caesar; yet it is not properly said, that he believeth in Caesar, of whom he looketh for no help nor benefit: even so, he that believeth that all that is spoken of God in the Bible is true, and yet liveth so ungodly, that he cannot look to enjoy the promises and benefits of God; although it may be said that such a man hath a faith and belief to the Word of God, yet it is not properly said that he believeth in God, or hath such a faith and trust in God, whereby he may surely look for grace, mercy, and eternal life at God's hand, but rather for indignation and punishment, according to the merits of his wicked life. For, as it is written in a book intituled to be of Didymus Alexandrinus: "Forasmuch as faith without works is dead, it is not now faith, as a dead man is not a man." The dead faith therefore is not that sure and substantial faith, which saveth sinners.

Another faith there is in Scripture, which is not, as the foresaid faith, idle, unfruitful, and dead, but "worketh by charity," as St. Paul declareth (Gal. v.); which, as the other vain faith is called a dead faith, so may this be called a quick or lively faith. And this is not only the common belief of the articles of our faith, but it is also a sure trust and confidence of the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and a steadfast hope of all good things to be received at God's hand; and that, although we through infirmity, or temptation of our ghostly enemy, do fall from him by sin, yet if we return again unto him by true repentance, that he will forgive and forget our offences for his Son's sake, our Saviour Jesus Christ, and will make us inheritors with him of his everlasting kingdom; and that in the mean time, until that kingdom come, he will be our protector and defender in all perils and dangers, whatsoever do chance: and that, though sometime he doth send us sharp adversity, yet that evermore he will be a loving father unto us, correcting us for our sin, but not withdrawing his mercy finally from us, if we trust in him, and commit ourselves wholly to him, hang only upon him, and call upon him, ready to obey and serve him. This is the true, lively, and unfeigned Christian faith, and is not in the mouth and outward profession only, but it liveth and stirreth inwardly in the heart. And this faith is not without hope and trust in God, nor without the love of God and of our neighbours, nor without the fear of God, nor without the desire to hear God's Word, and to follow the same, in eschewing evil and doing gladly all good works.

This faith, as St. Paul describeth it, is the "sure ground and foundation of the benefits which we ought to look for, and trust to receive of God; a certificate and sure expectation of them, although they yet sensibly appear not unto us." And after he saith: "He that cometh to God must believe both that he is, and that he is a merciful rewarder of well-doers." And nothing commendeth good men unto God so much as this assured faith and trust in him.

Of this faith three things are specially to be noted. First, that this faith doth not lie dead in the heart, but is lively and fruitful in bringing forth good works. Second, that without it can no good works be done, that shall be acceptable and pleasant to God. Third, what manner of good works they be that this faith doth bring forth.

For the first, as the light cannot be hid, but will show forth itself at one place or other; so a true faith cannot be kept secret, but, when occasion is offered, it will break out

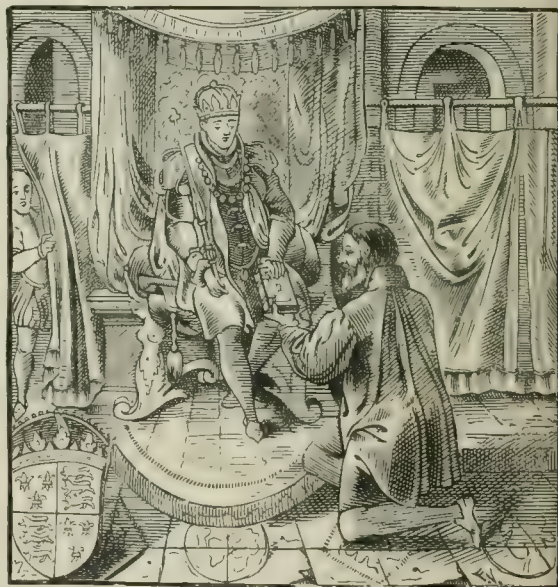
¹ Sparkled, scattered, sprinkled. From Latin "spargere."

and show itself by good works. And as the living body of a man ever exerciseth such things as belongeth to a natural and living body, for nourishment and preservation of the same, as it hath need, opportunity, and occasion; even so the soul, that hath a lively faith in it, will be doing always some good work, which shall declare that it is living, and will not be unoccupied. Therefore, when men hear in the Scriptures so high commendations of faith, that it maketh us to please God, to live with God, and to be the children of God; if then they phantasy that they be set at liberty from doing all good works, and may live as they list, they trifle with God, and deceive themselves. And it is a manifest token that they be far from having the true and lively faith, and also far from knowledge what true faith meaneth. For the very sure and lively Christian faith is, not only to believe all things of God which are contained in holy Scripture; but also is an earnest trust and confidence in God, that he doth regard us, and hath cure of us, as the father of the child whom he doth love, and that he will be merciful unto us for his only Son's sake, and that we have our Saviour Christ our perpetual advocate and priest, in whose only merits, oblation, and suffering, we do trust that our offences be continually washed and purged, whensoever we, repenting truly, do return to him with our whole heart, steadfastly determining with ourselves, through his grace, to obey and serve him in keeping his commandments, and never to turn back again to sin. Such is the true faith that the Scripture doth so much commend; the which, when it seeth and considereth what God hath done for us, is also moved, through continual assistance of the Spirit of God, to serve and please him, to keep his favour, to fear his displeasure, to continue his obedient children, showing thankfulness again by observing his commandments, and that freely, for true love chiefly, and not for dread of punishment or love of temporal reward; considering how clearly, without our deservings, we have received his mercy and pardon freely.

This true faith will show forth itself, and cannot long be idle: for, as it is written, "The just man doth live by his faith." He neither sleepeth, nor is idle, when he should wake and be well occupied. And God by his prophet Jeremy saith, that "he is a happy and blessed man which hath faith and confidence in God. For he is like a tree set by the water-side, that spreadeth his roots abroad toward the moisture, and feareth not heat when it cometh; his leaf will be green, and will not cease to bring forth his fruit:" even so faithful men, putting away all fear of adversity, will show forth the fruit of their good works, as occasion is offered to do them.

John Bale, born at Hove, in Suffolk, in the year 1495, began life as a Carmelite monk at Norwich, was afterwards a priest in the Suffolk parish of Thorndon, then studied at Cambridge, and at the age of thirty became Doctor of Civil Law. Lord Wentworth, of Nettlestead, Suffolk, in days of much controversy about reformation in religion, transformed John Bale the Carmelite into John Bale the Reformer. As he wrote himself, in the last chapter of his eighth Century of British Writers, "I was involved in the utmost ignorance and darkness of mind, both at Norwich and Cambridge, without tutor or patron, till the Word of God shining forth, the Churches began to return to the true foundation of Divinity. Moved not by any monk or priest, but by the noble Lord Wentworth, of Nettlestead, in Suffolk, I saw and acknowledged my former defor-

mity, and by the goodness of God I was transported from the barren Mount (Carmel) into the fair and fruitful valley of the Gospel, where I found all things built, not on a sandy shore, but on a solid foundation of stone." Then John Bale put off his habit as a Carmelite, married a wife Dorothy, and became a zealous convert. For marrying and preaching heresy he was cited before Dr. Lee, Archbishop of York, and Dr. Stokesly, Bishop of London. Thomas Cromwell rescued him, but after Cromwell had been executed in 1540 for introducing Henry VIII. to his fourth wife, who proved fatter than he expected, and who did not please him, John Bale had lost his friend. He then went into Germany, where he remained during the last six years of Henry VIII.'s reign, writing some sharp attacks upon the Roman Catholics, and preparing in Latin an account of the Illustrious Writers of Great Britain ("*Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum Summarium*"), printed at Ipswich by John Overton, in 1548. Edward VI. had then come to the throne, and his advisers had just recalled John Bale and given him the rectory of Bishopstoke, near Southampton. Therefore his account of British Writers, divided into Centuries, had in this first edition a picture of its author presenting his book to the young king in formal state.



JOHN BALE PRESENTING A BOOK TO EDWARD VI.
From his "*Centuries of British Writers*" (1548).

It is this volume which contains the portrait of Wiclif already given.¹ It has one other illustration as tailpiece to prefatory matter, which again represents Bale's presentation of his book to the young king, and contrasts amusingly with the other sketch of the same incident. The more solemn picture may be supposed to represent such a presentation as it was fancied beforehand. The other shows, perhaps, the fact as it was afterwards remembered; and, since

¹ On page 76.

Bale did not want liveliness, it seems to have been suggested as the subject of another little woodcut.



SECOND VIEW OF JOHN BALE PRESENTING A BOOK TO EDWARD VI.
From his "Centuries of British Writers" (1548).

In August, 1552, Bale was made Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland, and endeavoured to convert his people to the Reformed Church. King Edward died before the bishopric had been held quite a year; Mary came to the throne, and the relations of the Roman Catholics to the Reformers were again suddenly reversed. Some of Bale's servants were killed, and his own life was in danger; he escaped to Dublin, sailed thence, was taken by pirates, but at last made his way to Basle, where he published a new edition of his "Centuries of British Writers." He came back after Elizabeth's accession, declined to return to Ireland, and was made a prebend of Canterbury, where he lived content until he died in 1563, leaving, said Thomas Fuller, "a scholar's inventory, more books (many of his own writing) than money behind him."

Among John Bale's works are religious Interludes, one on "the Promises of God" which is comparatively well known;¹ another, made in 1538, which remains only in a single copy of the original edition, and has been reproduced by the Rev. A. B. Grosart in the Miscellany of his "Fuller Worthies' Library."² This is on "The Temptation of our Lord," which thus opens:

BALEUS PROLOCUTOR.

After his baptism Christ was God's Son declared
By the Father's voice, as ye before have heard,
Which signifieth to us that we, once baptized,
Are the sons of God by His gift and reward,
And because that we should have Christ in regard
He gave unto him the mighty authority
Of His Heavenly Word, our only Teacher to be.

Now is he gone forth into the desert place
With the Holy Ghost his office to begin,
Where Satan, the Devil, with his assaults apace,
With colours of craft and many a subtle gin
Will undermine him, yet nothing shall he win
But shame and rebuke in the conclusion final,
This tokeneth our rise, and his unrecurable fall.

Learn first in this act that we whom Christ doth call
Ought not to follow the fantasies of man
But the Holy Ghost as our guide special,
Which to defend us is he that will and can;
To persecution let us prepare us than,³
For that will follow in them that seek the Truth:
Mark in this process what troubles to Christ ensu'th.

Satan assaulteth him with many a subtle drift,
So will he do us, if we take Christ's part.
And when that helpeth not he seeketh another shift:
The rulers among to put Christ unto smart,
With so many else that bear him their good heart:
Be ye sure of this, as ye are of daily meat,
If ye follow Christ, with him ye must be beat.

For assaults of Satan, learn here the remedie,
Take the Word of God, let that be your defence.
So will Christ teach you in our next comedie,
Earnestly print it in your quick intelligence.
Resist not the World but with meek patience
If ye be of Christ. Of this hereafter ye shall
Perceive more at large, by the story as it fall.

The Interlude begins with Christ in the Wilderness, who will encounter Satan to teach men ways his mischiefs to prevent

By the Word of God, which must be your defence,
Rather than Fastings, to withstand his violence.

Then comes Satan, seeking everywhere the hurt of man, to try Christ, of whom he has heard as the Redeemer. He puts on a semblance of religion, approaches Christ and says:

It is a great joy, by my halidom, to see
So virtuous a life in a young man as you be.
As here thus to wander in godly contemplation,
And to live alone in the desert solitary.

Iesus Christus.

Your pleasure is it to utter your fantasie.

Satan Tentator.

A brother am I of this desert wilderness,
And full glad would be to talk with you of goodness,
If ye would accept my simple companie.

Iesus Christus.

I disdain nothing which is of God truly.

Satan Tentator.

Then will I be bold a little with you to walk.

Iesus Christus.

Do so if ye list, and your mind freely talk.

¹ It is in the first volume of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

² This Miscellany, now completed, forms four substantial volumes, each containing five or six scarce and valuable works, privately printed.

³ Then, then.

The temptations then begin in dialogue of argument. To the suggestion that the stones should be made bread it is answered :

Man liveth not by bread or corporal feeding only,
But by God's Promise, and by His Scriptures heavenly.
Here ye persuade me to recreate my body
And neglect God's Word, which is great blasphemy.
This causéd Adam from innocency to fall,
And all his offspring made miserable and mortall.
Whereas in God's Word there is both sprete¹ and life,
And where that is not, death and damnation is rife.
The strength of God's Word mightily sustained Mosés
For forty days' space, thereof such is the goodness.
It fortified Eliás, it preservéd Daniél
And help in the desert the children of Israël.
Sore plagues do follow where God's Word is reject,
For no persuasion will I therefore neglect
That office to do which God hath me commandéd,
But in all meekness it shall be accomplishéd.

Satan Tentator.

I had rather nay, considering your feebleness,
For ye are but tuly,² ye are no strong person doubtless.

Jesus Christus.

Well, it is not the bread that doth a man uphold,
But the Lord of Heaven with His graces manifold;
He that man creates is able him to nourish
And after weakness cause him again to flourish.
God's Word is a rule for all that man should do,
And out of that rule no creature ought to go.

There spoke the Reformer who desired a Church based upon Bible rule, and Christian lives obedient to the teaching of Christ and his Apostles. When Scripture is still insisted on, Satan is made to answer :

Scriptures I know none, for I am but an hermit I;
I may say to you, it is no part of our study.
We religious men live all in contemplation;
Scriptures to study is not our occupation.
It longeth to Doctors. Howbeit I may say to yow,
As blind as we are they in the understanding now.

Then Satan suggests to Christ to wander to Jerusalem, there tempts him to throw himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, saying :

Tush, Scripture is with it, ye cannot fare amiss.
For it is written how God hath given a charge
Unto his Angels that if ye leap at large
They shall receive ye, in their hands tenderly
Lest ye dash your foot against a stone thereby.
If ye do take scathe, believe God is not true
Nor just of His word, and then bid Him Adieu.

Jesus Christus.

In no wise ye ought the Scriptures to deprave,
But as they lie whole, so ought ye them to have.

No more take ye here than serve for your vain purpose,
Leaving out the best, as ye should trifle or glose.
Ye mind not by this towards God to edify,
But of sincere faith to corrupt the innocency.

Satan is shown that he has wrested Scripture from its sense for his own purpose, and Christ says :

To walk in God's ways it becometh mortal man,
And therefore I will obey them if I can.
For it is written, in the sixth of Deuteronomy,
Thou shalt in no wise tempt God presumptuously.

Satan Tentator.

What is it to tempt God, after your judgement?

Jesus Christus.

To take of His Word an outward experiment
Of an idle brain, which God neither taught ne meant.

Satan Tentator.

What persons do so? Make that more evident.

Jesus Christus.

All such as forsake any grace or remedy
Appointed of God for their own policy.
As they that do think God shall fill their belly
Without their labours, when His laws are contrary.
And they that will say, the Scripture of God doth slee,³
They never searching thereof the veritie.
Those also tempt God that vow presumptuously,
Not having His gift, to keep their continence.
With so many else as follow their good intents
Not grounded on God nor yet on His commandments.
These throw themselves down into most deep damnation.

Satan Tentator.

Little good get I by this communication.
Will ye walk farther and let this prattling be?
A Mountain here is, which I wold you to see.

Still by reference to God's Word all the temptations are resisted. Then says Satan :

Well, then it helpeth not to tarry here any longer,
Advantage to have I see I must go farther;
So long as thou livest I am like to have no profit.
If all come to pass, I may sit as much in your light
If ye preach God's Word, as methinks ye do intend:
Ere four years be past I shall you to your Father send,
If pharisees and scribes can do anything thereto,
False priests and bishops with my other servants mo.
Though I have hinderance it will be but for a season;
I doubt not thine own will hereafter work some treason.
My Vicar at Rome I think will be my frynde,
I defy thee therefore; and take thy words as wynde.
He shall Me worship and have the World to reward;
That Thou here forsakest, he will most highly regard.
God's Word will he tread underneath his foot for ever
And the hearts of men from the Truth thereof dis sever.
Thy faith will he hate, and slay thy flock in conclusion.
All this will I work, to do thee utter confusion.

¹ Sprete, spirit.

² Tuly. In Halliwell's "Dictionary of Provincial and Archaic Words," tully is given as Yorkshire for "a little wretch." Cyronic "tuli" is a shroud; "tul" an outer covering only. In that sense "tully" would be equivalent to "skinny."

³ S'ee, slay.

Jesus Christus.

Thy cruel assaults shall hurt neither me nor mine,
 Though we suffer both, by the Providence Divine.
 Such strength is ours, that we will have victorý
 Of Sin, Death, and Hell, and Thee in thy most furý.
 For God hath promised that His shall tread the Dragon
 Underneath their feet with the fierce roaring lion.

Then Angels come with heavenly food and minister to Christ; at the close of the Interlude both Christ and the Angels turn to the people, urging them to follow Christ; and the piece ends with a sweet singing of the Angels before Christ.

John Bale adds then an Epilogue in his own person, bidding all men resist the devil, and lay fast hold on the Scriptures:

Resist, saith Peter, resist that roaring lion—
 Not with your fastings, Christ never taught ye so.
 But with a strong faith withstand his false suggestion
 And with the Scriptures upon him ever go.

It is interesting to observe how Bale draws from the Temptation in the Wilderness a lesson for the days of Henry VIII., when the battle was for a Bible in the hands of every Englishman. He makes it his whole object to insist on the fact that Christ prevailed because he rested on the Word of God. In a later day we shall find Milton in his "Paradise Regained" applying the same narrative with equal precision and far higher power to the maintenance of faith during another critical stage of the life of England.

John Knox was born in 1505, at Gifford, in Lothian. He was taught first at the Haddington Grammar School, and then at the University of St. Andrews. He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-five, in 1530. This was two years after the burning of Patrick Hamilton, a young Scottish gentleman, who had visited Luther, and had then taught Lutheran opinions in Scotland. The martyrdom of Hamilton gave impulse to the movement for Reform, and other burnings, between 1530 and 1540, helped it much. Knox, teaching philosophy at St. Andrews, advanced in the boldness of his opinions, and attacked corruptions of the Church. Cardinal Beatoun being then supreme at St. Andrews, Knox went to the south of Scotland, and in 1542 declared himself a Protestant. He was then sentenced by Beatoun as a heretic, and expelled from the priesthood of the Roman Church. In 1544 George Wishart returned to Scotland with the commissioners who had been sent to negotiate a treaty with Henry VIII. George Wishart, a brother of the Laird of Pittarow, in Mearns, had been banished by the Bishop of Brechin for teaching the Greek Testament in Montrose, and he had been living for some years at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. One of his pupils there sent to John Fox, who published it in the "Book of Martyrs," the following

CHARACTER OF GEORGE WISHART.

About the yeare of our Lord, a thousand, five hundreth, fortie and three, there was, in the universitie of Cambridge, one Maister George Wischart, commonly called Maister George of Bennet's Colledge, who was a man of tall stature, polde headed,¹ and on the same a round French cap of the best. Judged of melancholye complexion by his phisiognomie, blacke haired, long bearded, comely of personage, well spoken after his country of Scotland, courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach, desirous to learne, and was well trauelled; hauing on him for his habit or clothing, neuer but a mantell frise gowne to the shoes, a blacke Millian fustain dublet, and plaine blacke hosen, coarse new canuasse for his shirtes, and white falling bandes and cufes at the hands. All the which apparell he gaue to the poore, some weekly, some monethly, some quarterly, as hee liked, sauing his Frenche cappe, which hee kept the whole yeare of my beeing with him. Hee was a man modest, temperate, fearing God, hating couetousnesse: for his charitie had neuer ende, night, noone, nor daye. Hee forbare one meale in three, one day in foure for the most part, except something to comfort nature. Hee lay hard upon a pouffe of straw: coarse new canuasse sheetes, which, when he changed, he gaue away. Hee had commonly by his bedside a tubbe of water, in the which (his people being in bed, the candle put out, and all quiet) hee used to bathe himselfe, as I being very yong, being assured often heard him, and in one light night discerned him. Hee loved me tenderly, and I him, for my age, as effectually. Hee taught with great modestie and grauitie, so that some of his people thought him seuer, and would haue slain him, but the Lord was his defence. And hee, after due correction for their malice, by good exhortation amended them, and hee went his way. O that the Lord had left him to mee his poore boy, that hee might haue finished that hee had begunne! For in his Religion hee was as you see heere in the rest of his life when he went into Scotland with diuers of the Nobilitie, that came for a treaty to King Henry the eight. His learning was no less sufficient than his desire, alwayes prest and readie to do good in that hee was able, both in the house priuately, and in the schoole publicly, professing and reading diuers authours.

If I should declare his loue to mee and all men, his charitie to the poore, in giuing, relieuing, caring, helping, providing, yea infinitely studying how to do good unto all, and hurt to none, I should sooner want words than just cause to commend him.

All this I testifie with my whole heart and trueth of this godly man. Hee that made all, gouerneth all, and shall judge all, knoweth I speake the troth, that the simple may be satisfied, the arrogant confounded, the hypocrite disclosed.

τέλος²

EMERY TYLNEY.

George Wishart preached Church Reform in Scotland, and had many adherents, none more devoted than John Knox, who was then a tutor in the family of Hugh Douglas of Langniddrie, in East Lothian, who had become a Protestant. The son of a neighbouring gentleman, John Cockburn of Ormiston, was also taught by him. When Wishart visited Lothian, Knox stood by him at his preaching with the sword that was carried to defend the preacher

¹ Polde-headed, with shaven head.² τέλος, the end.

after an attempt had been made to assassinate him at Dundee. When Wishart was arrested, Knox desired to go with him, but his friend said, "Nay, return to your bairnis" (his pupils); "ane is sufficient for a sacrifice." Wishart was burnt on the 28th of March, 1546, Cardinal Beatoun looking on. Of Cardinal Beatoun's use of extreme penalties against heresy it was said that he caused the Governor of Perth to hang four honest men for eating a goose on Friday. Beatoun's own life was conspired against, not without privity of the English court; his Castle of St. Andrews was seized by surprise; and he was put to death on the 29th of May, two months after the burning of George Wishart. It was at Easter, in 1547, that John Knox with his pupils, the sons of the Lairds of Langniddrie and Ormiston, went into the Castle, which was held, after Beatoun's assassination, by those who had seized it. They were besieged by the Regent and helped by England. Scottish Reformers joined them. John Knox taught his boys, and catechised them publicly in the Castle as he had done at Langniddrie in a chapel of which the ruin is still called John Knox's Kirk. But the regular preacher to the St. Andrews garrison was John Rough, a reformer about five years younger than Knox.¹ Knox was urged to share his work, and refused to intrude on the regular ministrations. But on a fixed day Rough preached a sermon on the right of a congregation, however small, to elect a minister, and the responsibility incurred by one who had fit gifts if he refused the call. Then in the name of the congregation he publicly turned to Knox and said, "Brother, you shall not be offended, although I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all those that are here present, which is this: In the name of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of all that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation; but as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours, that you take the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that He shall multiply his graces unto you." Then the preacher, turning to the congregation, said, "Was not this your charge unto me? and do ye not approve this vocation?" They all answered, "It was; and we approve it." Knox, overwhelmed with emotion, burst into tears and left the assembly. He shut himself in his chamber, and records in his own History that "his countenance and behaviour from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth from him, neither had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days together."

Among those reformers besieged in the Castle of St. Andrews who called upon Knox to preach was one

who has been called the Poet of the Scottish Reformation, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount;² and Lindsay's latest and longest poem, "The Monarchie," finished in 1553, may have been suggested by a sermon that Knox preached in this year 1547, against the Church of Rome. Dean John Annand having in public controversy sheltered himself behind authority of the Church, Knox replied that authority of the Church depended on acceptance of her as the lawful spouse of Christ. "For your Roman Church," he said, "as it is now corrupted, wherein stands the hope of your victory, I no more doubt that it is the synagogue of Satan, and the head thereof, called the Pope, to be that Man of Sin of whom the Apostle speaks, than I doubt that Jesus Christ suffered by the procurement of the visible church of Jerusalem. Yea, I offer myself, by word or writing, to prove the Roman Church this day farther degenerate from the purity which was in days of the Apostles than was the church of the Jews from the ordinances given by Moses when they consented to the innocent death of Jesus Christ." Called upon to make good his challenge, Knox preached next Sunday in the parish church, and interpreting Daniel's Vision of Four Beasts as a vision of the Four Empires of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, he took for his text³ "The Fourth Beast shall be the Fourth Kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down and break it in pieces. And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise; and another shall rise after them, and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." This king John Knox identified with him who is elsewhere called the Man of Sin, the Antichrist, describing not a single person, but a body of people under a wicked headship held by a succession of persons. He argued that the Papal rule was Antichristian by describing it under the three heads of life, doctrine, and law. Of the effect of this sermon Knox wrote himself in his History, "Some said, 'Others hewed the branches of Papistry, but he striketh at the root to destroy the whole.' Others said, 'If the doctors and magistri nostri defend not now the Pope and his authority, which in their own presence is so manifestly impugned, the Devil have my part of him and his laws both.' Others said, 'Mr. George Wishart spake never so plainly, and yet he was burnt; even so will he be in the end.' Others said, 'The tyranny of the Cardinal made not his cause the better, neither yet the suffering of God's servant made his cause the worse. And therefore we would counsel you and them to provide better defences than fire and sword, for it may be that always ye shall be disappointed. Men now

¹ John Rough was burnt, by sentence of Bishop Bonner, on the 22nd of December, 1557.

² See the volume of this Library illustrating "Shorter English Poems," pages 145—151.

³ Daniel vii. 23—25.

have other eyes than they had then.' This answer gave the Laird of Niddrie."

Lindsay's poem of "The Monarchie, a Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier of the Miserable Estate of the World," began with a religious prologue, and was then divided into four books, which went through the four great Monarchies, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, to dwell especially upon that which grew out of the last, namely, the Fifth, spiritual and Papal, which, after the triumph over Antichrist, was to be followed by the true Monarchy of Christ. These lines from the section of Lindsay's "Monarchie" which treats of the Fifth or Papal Monarchy, touch the self-seeking of

THE SPIRITUALTIE.

The seilge¹ Nun wyll thynk gret schame,
Without scho callit be Madame;
The pure Preist thynkis he gettis no rycht,
Be he nocht stylit lyke ane Knycht,
And callit "schir" affore his name,
As "schir Thomás" and "schir Wilzame."
All Monkrye, 3e may heir and se,
Ar callit Denis,² for dignite:
Quhowbeit his mother mylk the kow,
He man³ be callit Dene Andrew,
Dene Peter, dene Paull, and dene Robart.
With Christ thay tak ane painfull part.
With dowbyll clethyng frome the cald,
Eitand and drynkand quhen thay wald:
With curious cuntryng in the quier:⁴
God wait gyf thay by⁵ heuin full deir.
My lorde Abbot, rycht venerabyll,
Ay marschellit vpmoste at the tabyll;
My lord Byschope, moste reuerent,
Sett abufe Erlis, in Parliament;
And Cardinalis, duryng thare ryngis,⁶
Fallowis to Princis and to Kyngis;
The Pope exaltit, in honour,
Abufe the potent Empiour.

The proude Persone,⁷ I thynk trewlye,
He leidis his lyfe rycht lustelye;
For quhy he hes none vther pyne,
Bot tak his teind, and spend it syne.⁸
Bot he is oblyste, be resoun,
To preche ontyll perrochioun:⁹
Thought thay want precheing sewintene 3eir,
He wyll nocht want ane boll of beir.¹⁰

[14 lines omitted.]

And, als, the Vicar, as I trow,
He wyll nocht fail to tak ane kow,
And vmaist claith, thought babis thame ban,
Frome ane pure selye housbandman.
Quhen that he lyis for tyll de,
Haiffeing small bairnis two or thre,
And hes thre ky, withouttin mo,
The Vicare moist haue one of tho.

With the gay cloke that happis the bed,
Howbeit that he be purelye cled,
And gyf the wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the babis suld be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleikis awaye,
With hir pure coit of reploche graye.
And gyf, within tway dayis or thre,
The eldest chyild hapnis to de,
Off the thrid kow he wylbe sure.
Cuhen he hes all, than, vnder his cure,
And Father and Mother boith ar dede,
Beg mon the babis, without remede:
Thay hauld the Corps at the kirk style;
And thare it moste remane ane quhylye,
Tyll thay gett sufficient souerte
For thare kirk rycht and dewite.¹¹
Than cumis the Landis Lord, perfors,
And cleikis tyll hym ane herield hors.
Pure laubourars wald that law wer down,
Quhilk neuer was fundit be resoun.
I hard thame say, onder confessioun,
That law is brother tyll Oppressioun.

At the end of June, 1547, the Reformers in St. Andrews Castle were, with the help of a French fleet and French soldiers, beset by land and sea. At the end of July they capitulated, and Knox became a chained prisoner in a French galley, under conditions that brought on dangerous fever. After nineteen months of imprisonment he was set free, in February, 1549. Edward VI. was then King of England, and John Knox, welcomed by the Privy Council, was at once sent to preach in Berwick.

In April, 1550, John Knox, cited to appear at Newcastle, justified himself for preaching that the mass, at its best, was an idolatrous substitute for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In 1551 he preached chiefly at Newcastle, and in December of that year he was made one of King Edward's six chaplains in ordinary, each paid with a salary of forty pounds. Two of them were to be always present with the king, and four to preach elsewhere in appointed districts. Knox's influence produced modifications of the form of administering the Communion as set forth in King Edward's first service-book, modifications planned to shut out the Roman doctrine of real presence.

At Berwick, John Knox engaged himself to Miss Marjorie Bowes, whom he married in 1553, after the death of Edward VI., under whom his scruples as to the constitution of the English Church caused him to refuse first the living of All Hallows, and afterwards a bishopric. After the change of reign Knox at first hoped to live quietly in the north of England, but it was soon made evident to him

¹ Seilge, simple.

² Denis. Dene or Dan, the shortened form of Dominus, Master; so Dan Chaucer and Dan John Lydgate. "Sir" (schir) was for a long time a common prefix to a clerical name, as with "Sir Topas the curate" in "Twelfth Night."

³ Man, must.

⁵ God knows if they buy.

⁷ Persone, parson.

⁹ Perrochioun, parishioners.

⁴ Account-keeping in the choir.

⁶ Ryngis, reirus.

⁸ Take his tithe and then spend it.

¹⁰ Beir, barley.

¹¹ Lindsay here repeats what he had expressed between the two parts of his "Satire of the Three Estates" in a tragi-comic episode of a poor man ruined by church claim on his scanty goods after each death in his household. Here the poor husbandman dies, leaving widow and children. The church claims his counterpane (upmost cloth) and one of his three cows. If next the widow dies, another cow is taken. If then the eldest of the orphans dies, the church takes the last cow, the little ones must beg, and the corpse go unburied until they can find surety for burial fees.

that he must leave the country, and he crossed to Dieppe at the end of January, 1554. Returning to Dieppe from time to time for news from his wife and friends in England, John Knox presently found a friend in John Calvin—a man of his own age—in Geneva. In August, 1555, he used opportunity of paying a visit to his wife at Berwick, and went quietly to Edinburgh, where he preached to a small gathering of Protestants, who then showed a growing desire to be taught by him. He stirred some to enthusiasm, persuaded them against outward conformity to Roman forms, and established formal separation. In a hall at Calder House in West Lothian hangs a picture of John Knox, with an inscription on the back, saying that “the first sacrament of the supper given in Scotland after the Reformation was dispensed in this hall.” The reference is to this visit to Scotland at the close of 1555. Knox was invited by Erskine of Dun to his home in Angus, and there for a month preached daily to the chief people of the neighbourhood. Then he went to Calder House, where his host was Sir James Sandilands, Chief of the Knights Hospitallers in Scotland. Among those who attended Knox’s preachings at Calder House were Archibald, Lord Lorne, afterwards Earl of



JOHN KNOX. (From a Portrait at Calder House. Engraved for McCrie's "Life of Knox," 1811.)

Argyle; John Lord Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar; and Lord James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Murray. At the beginning of 1556 Lockhart of Bar and Campbell of Kineancleuch took Knox to Kyle, where there were many advanced Reformers. Next he was with the family of the Earl of Glencairn at Finlayston. Then he was at Calder House again, and then again at Dun, where many gentlemen received the Sacrament sitting at the Lord's Table, and entered into a Covenant binding themselves to renounce the Popish communion, and maintain the pure preaching of the Gospel as they had opportunity. Knox's preaching had by this time stirred so many that he was summoned before a convention of the

clergy that was to meet in the church of the Black Friars (Dominicans) of Edinburgh on the 15th of May, 1556. He went boldly and unexpectedly with Erskine of Dun and other gentlemen, but, as the Queen Regent discouraged action against him, the citation was set aside on ground of informality, and Knox, master of the situation, spent that 15th of May and the ten following days, forenoon and afternoon, in preaching to large audiences. In the midst of the enthusiasm of this work, on the third day of it, he wrote to his wife's mother at Berwick—

JOHN KNOX TO MRS. BOWES.

Belovit mother, with my maist hartlie commendation in the Lord Jesus, albeit I was fullie purpoisit to have visitit yow before this tyme, yet hath God laid impedimentis, whilk I culd not avoyd. They are suche as I dout not ar to his glorie, and to the comfort of many heir. The trumpet blew the ald sound thrie dayis together, till privat houssis of in-different largenes culd not conteane the voce of it. God, for Chryst his Sonis sake, grant me to be myndful, that the sobbis of my hart hath not been in vane, nor neglectit, in the presence of his Majestie. O! sweet war the death that suld follow sic fourtie dayis in Edinburgh, as heir I have had thrie. Rejoise, mother; the tyme of our deliverance approacheth: for, as Sathan rageth, sa dois the grace of the Halie Spreit abound, and daylie geveth new testimonys of the everlasting love of oure mercifull Father. I can wryt na mair to you at this present. The grace of the Lord Jesus rest with you. In haste—this Monunday—your sone, JOHN KNOX.

While thus busy in Scotland, Knox was made one of its pastors by the English congregation at Geneva. He accepted the call, and in the summer of 1556 went to Geneva with his wife and his wife's mother. He left behind him an organised body of Scottish Church Reformers, and he gave to them, for the encouragement and support of their faith, this Pastoral Letter—

JOHN KNOX TO HIS BRETHREN IN SCOTLAND.

After hie had bene quyet among thame.

"The comfort of the halie Gaist for salutatioun."

Not sa mekill to instruct you as to leave with you, dearlie belovit brethren, sum testimony of my love, I have thought gud to communicate with you, in theis few lynis, my weak consall, how I wald ye suld behave yourselves in the middis of this wickit generatioun, tuiching the exercis of Godis maist halie and sacred Word, without the whilk, nether sall knowlege increas, godlines apeir, nor fervencie continew amang yow. For as the Word of God is the begyning of lyfe spirituall, without whilk all flesche is deid in Godis presence, and the lanterne to our feit, without the bryghtnes whairof all the posteritie of Adame doith walk in darknes; and as it is the fundament of faith, without the whilk na man understandeth tha gud will of God; sa is it also the onlie organe and instrument whilk God useth to strenthin the weak, to comfort the afflictit, to reduce to mercie be repentance sic as have sliddin, and finallie to preserve and keip the verie lyfe of the saule in all assaltis and temptationis. And thairfor yf that ye desyr your knowlege to be incressit, your faith to be confirmit, your consciencis to be quyetit and comfortit, or finallie your saule to be preservit in lyfe, lat your exercis be

frequent in the law of your Lord God. Despys not that precept whilk Moses (who, be his awn experience had learnt what comfort lyeth hid within the Word of God) gave to the Israelitis in this wordis: "Theis Wordis whilk I command the this day sal be in thi hart, and thou sal exercis thi children in thame, thou sal talk of thame when thou art at home in thi hous, and as thou walkest be the way, and when thou lyes doun, and when thou rysis up, and thou sall bind thame for a signe upon thi hand, and they salbe paperis of remembrance betwene thi eis, and thou sall wryt thame upon the postis of thi hous and upon thi gatis." And Moses in another place commandis thame to "remember the law of the Lord God, to do it, that it may be weill unto thame, and with their children in the land whilk the Lord sall gif thame;" meaning that, lyke as frequent memorie and repetitioun of Godis preceptis is the middis whairby the feir of God, whilk is the begynning of all wisdom and filicitie, is keipit recent in mynd, sa is negligence and obliuion of Godis benefitis ressavit the first grie of defectioun fra God.¹ Now yf the Law, whilk be reasone of our weaknes can wirk nothing but wraith and anger, was sa effectuell that, rememberit and rehersit of purpois to do, it brought to the pepill a corporall benedictioun, what sall we say that the glorious Gospell of Chryst Jesus doith wirk, so that it be with reverence intreatit? St. Paule calleth [it] the suet odour of lyfe unto thois that suld ressaif lyfe, borrowing his similitude fra odoriferous herbis or precious unguementis, whais nature is, the mair thay be touchit or moveit, to send furth their odour mair pleasing and delectabill. Even sic, deir brethren, is the blissit evangell of oure Lorde Jesus; for the mair that it be intreatit, the mair comfortable and mair plissant is it to sic as do heir, read, and exercis the sam. I am not ignorant that, as the Israelitis lothit manna becaus that everie day they saw and eat but ane thing, sa sum thay be now a dayis (wha will not be haldin of the worst sort) that efter anis reiding sum parcellis of the Scriptures do convert thame selves altogether to prophane autors and humane letteris, becaus that the varietie of matteris thairin conteynit doith bring with it a daylie delectatioun, whair contrairwys within the simpill Scriptures of God the perpetuall repetitioun of a thing is fascheous and werisome. This temptatioun I confes may enter in Godis verie elect for a tyme, and impossibill is it that thairin they continew to the end: for Godis electioun, besydis othir evident signis, hath this ever joynit with it that Godis elect ar callit from ignorance (I speik of thois that ar cumin to the yeiris of knowledge) to sum taist and feilling of Godis mercie; of whilk thay ar never satisfieit in this lyfe, but fray tyme to tyme thay hunger and thay thirst to eat the breid that descendit fra the heavin, and to drink the watter that springeth into lyfe everlasting—whilk they can not do but be the meanis of faith, and faith luketh ever to the will of God revealit be His Word, sa that faith hath baith her begynning and continewance be the Word of God: and sa I say that impossibill it is that Godis chosin children can despys or reiect the word of their salvatioun be any lang continewance, nether yit loth of it to the end. Often it is that Godis elect ar haldin in sic bondage and thraldome that they can not have the breid of lyfe brokin unto thame, neither yit libertie to exercis thame selves in Godis halie Word: but then doith not Godis deir children loth, but maist gredilie do thay covet the fude of thair saulis; then do thay accuse thair former negligence; then lament and bewaill thay the miserable afflictioun of thair brethren; and than cry and call thay in thair hartis (and opinlie whair thay dar) for frie passage to

the Gospell. This hungir and thirst doith argue and prufe the lyfe of thair saulis. But gif sic men as having libertie to reid and exercis thame selves in Godis Halie Scripture, and yet do begin to wearie becaus fra tyme to tyme they reid but a² thing, I ask why wearie thay not also everie day to drink wyne, to eat bread, everie day to behald the bryghtnes of the sone, and sa to use the rest of Godis creatures whilk everie day do keip thair awn substance, cours, and nature? thay sall anser, I trust, becaus sic creatures have a strenth, as oft as thay ar usit, to expell hunger, and quenche thirst, to restoir strenth, and to preserve the lyfe. O miserabill wreichis, wha dar attribut mair power and strenth to the corruptible creatures in nurisching and preserving the mortall karcas, than to the eternall Word of God in nurishment of the saule whilk is immortal! To reasone with thair abominable unthankfulness at this present it is not my purpois. But to yow, deir brethrene, I wryt my knowlege and do speik my conscience, that sa necessarie as meit and drink is to the preservatioun of lyfe corporall, and so necessarie as the heit and bryghtnes of the sone is to the quicknyng of the herbis and to expell darknes, sa necessarie is also to lyfe everlasting, and to the illuminatioun and lyght of the saule, the perpetuall meditatioun, exercis, and use of Godis Halie Word.

And thairfor, deir brethrene, yf that ye luke for a lyfe to cum, of necessitie it is that ye exercise yourselves in the Buke of the Lord your God. Lat na day slip over without sum comfort ressavit fra the mouth of God. Opin your earis, and Hie will speik evin pleasing thingis to your hart. Clois not your eis, but diligentie lat thame behald what portioun of substance is left to yow within your Fatheris testament. Let your toungis learne to prais the gracious gudness of him wha of his meir mercie hath callit you fra darknes to lyght and fra deth to lyfe. Nether yit may ye do this sa quyetlie that ye will admit na witnessis; nay, brethren, ye are ordeynit of God to reule and governe your awn houssis in his tref feir and according to his halie word. Within your awn houssis, I say. In sum cassis ye ar bishopis and kingis, your wyffis, children and familie ar your bishoprik and charge; of you it sal be requyrit how cairfullie and diligentie ye have instructit thame in Godis tref knowledge, how that ye have studeit in thame to plant vewet and to repress vyce. And thairfor, I say, ye must mak thame partakeris in reading, exhortation, and in making commoun prayeris, whilk I wald in everie hous wer usit anis a day at leist. But above all thingis, deir brethren, studie to practis in lyfe that whilk the Lord commandis, and than be ye assurit that ye sall never heir nor reid the same without frute: and this mekill for the exercises within your houssis.

Considerding that St. Paul callis the Congregatioun the bodie of Chryst, whairof everie ane of us is a member, teaching ws thairby that na member is of sufficiency to susteane and feide the self without the help and support of any uther, I think it necessarie that for the conference of Scriptures, assemblies of brether be had. The order thairin to be observit is expressit be sanct Paule, and thairfor I neid not to use many wordis in that behalf: onlie willing that when ye convene (whilk I wald wer anis a weik), that your begynning suld be fra confessing of your offences, and invocatioun of the spreit of the Lord Jesus to assist yow in all your godlie interprysis; and than lat sum place of Scripture be planelie and distinctlie red, sa mekill as sal be thoct sufficient for a day or tyme, whilk endit, gif any brother have exhortatioun, interpretatioun, or dout, lat him not feir to speik and move the same, sa that he do it with moderatioun, either to edifie or be edifeit. And heirof I dout not but great

¹ Oblivion of God's benefits received the first step of defection from God.

² A, one.

profit sall schortlie ensue: for first be heiring, reiding, and conferring the Scriptures in the assemblie, the hail bodie of the Scriptures of God sal becom familiar, the judgement and spreitis of men sal be tryit, thair pience and modestie salbe knawin, and finallie thair giftis and utterance sall appeir. Multiplicatioun of wordis, perplex interpretatioun, and wilfulness in reasounyng is to be avoydit at all tymes and in all places, but chieflie in the Congregatioun, whair nathing aucht to be respectit except the glorie of God, and comfort or edificatioun of our brethrene. Yf any thing occur within the text, or yit arys in reasounyng, whilk your judgements can not resolve, or capacities aprehend, let the same be notit and put in wryt befor ye depart the congregatioun, that when God sall offir unto yow any interpreter your doutis being notit and knawin may have the mair expedit resolutioun, or els that when ye sall have occasion to wryt to sic as with whome ye wald communicat your judgementis, your letteris may signifie and declair your unfeaned desyre that ye haue of God and of his trew knowlege, and thay, I dout not, according to thair talentis, will indeuour and bestow thair faithfull labors, [to] satisfie your godlie petitionis. Of myself I will speak as I think, I will moir gladlie spend xv houris in communicatting my judgment with yow, in explainyng as God pleassis to oppin to me any place of Scripture, then half ane hour in any other matter besyd.

Farther, in reading the Scripture I wald ye suld joyne sum bukis of the ald, and sum of the new Testament together, as Genesis and ane of the evangelistis, Exodus with another, and sa furth, euer ending sic bukis as ye begyn, (as the tyme will suffer) for it sall greitly comfort yow to heir that harmony, and weilunit sang of the halie Spreit speiking in oure fateris frome the begynnyng. It sal confirme yow in theis dangerous and perrellous dayis, to behald the face of Christ Jesus his loving spous and kirk, from Abell to him self, and frome him self to this day, in all ageis to be ane. Be frequent in the prophetis and in the epistillis of St. Paul, for the multitude of matteris maist comfortable thairin conteanit requyreth exercis and gud memorie. Lyke as your assemblis aucht to begyn with confessioun and invocatioun of Godis halie Spreit, sa wald I that thay wer never finissit without thanksgiving and commoun prayeris for princes, ruleris, and maiestratis, for the libertie and frie passage of Chrystis evangell, for the comfort and delyverance of our afflictit brethrene in all places now persecutit, but maist cruellie now within the realme of France and England, and for sic uther thingis, as the Spreit of the Lord Jesus sal teache unto yow to be profitable ether to your selues, or yit to your brethren whairsoeuer thay be. If this, or better, deir brethrene, I sall heir that ye exercis your selues, than will I prais God for your great obedience, as for thame that not onlie haue ressavit the Word of Grace with gladnes, but that also with cair and diligence do keip the same as a treasure and jewell maist precious. And becaus that I can not expect that ye will do the contrarie, at this present I will vse na threatenynge, for my gud hoip is, that ye sall walk as the sonis of lyght in the middis of this wickit generatioun, that ye salbe as starris in the nyght ceassone, wha yit ar not changeit into darknes, that ye salbe as wheit amangis the kokill, and yit that ye sall not change your nature whilk ye haue ressavit be grace, through the fellowschip and participatioun whilk we haue with the Lord Jesus in his bodie and blud. And finallie, that ye salbe of the novmber of the prvdent virginis, daylie renewing your lampis with oyle, as ye that pacientlie abyed the glorious aparitioun and cuming of the Lord Jesus, whais omnipotent Spreit rule and instruct, illuminat and comfort your hartis and myndis in all assaltis, now euer. Amen. The grace of

the Lord Jesus rest with yow. Remember my weaknes in your daylie prayeris, the 7 of July, 1557.

Your brother vnfeaned, JOHNE KNOX.

During the next two years Knox was quietly at home in Geneva, with Calvin for a friend. Calvin's spiritual rule in Geneva made John Knox speak of the place as "the most perfect school of Christ that ever was in the earth since the days of the Apostles. In other places," he said, "I confess Christ to be truly preached; but manners and religion to be so sincerely reformed, I have not yet seen in any other place beside." In April, 1557, two friends from Edinburgh brought to John Knox at Geneva letters from the Earl of Glencairn, and from Lords Lorne, Erskine, and James Stewart, inviting him, in the name of the brethren, to return to Scotland and aid them in maintaining and advancing the Reformation there. Calvin advised him that he could not refuse the call. He obeyed it; resigned his pastoral care at Geneva; and in October was at Dieppe upon his way to Scotland, when he was met by letters, telling him that the greater number of the Scottish reformers were become faint-hearted, and seemed to have repented of their invitation. He then sent off the most earnest exhortations that his letters could convey, and awaited in France the answers to them, preaching at Dieppe for a time as colleague to the pastor of the newly-formed Protestant congregation there. The expected answers from Scotland did not come. He himself felt that his appearance there would at that time stir up tumult and lead to bloodshed, and he asked himself, "What comfort canst thou have to see the one half of the people rise up against the other, yea, to jeopard the one to murder and destroy the other?" Knox wrote from Dieppe on the 1st of December, 1557, a letter to the Scottish Protestants in general, and on the 17th, another to the Scottish Protestant nobility, and in the beginning of the year 1558 he returned to Geneva. There he was among the persons engaged in preparing that English version of the Bible produced in Geneva at the expense of John Bodley, and known afterwards as the Geneva Bible, and he published his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment¹ of Women." He meant, he said, that the trumpet should be blown three times, and at the third time he would declare his name, which was not upon the title-page of the "First Blast," though manifest in every page. There was no doubt as to the authorship. Knox saw the part of Christendom he cared for subject to three Marys, who maintained the cause of Rome in their religion—Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland; Mary Queen of Scots; and Mary Queen of England. This led him to argue that "to promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance, and finally it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice." Then Mary of England died, Elizabeth came to the throne, and she too was a woman.

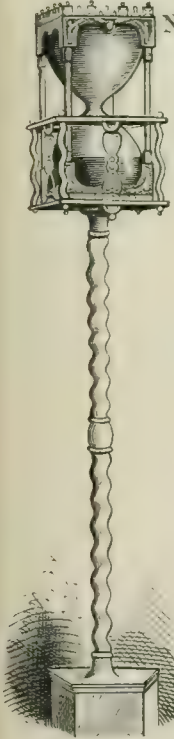
¹ Regiment, rule, government.



MARY TUDOR. (When Princess. From the Portrait by Holbein.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—JOHN KNOX, JOHN FOX, JOHN JEWEL, MATTHEW PARKER, EDMUND GRINDAL, JOHN AYLMER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1558 TO A.D. 1579.

PREACHER'S HOUR-GLASS AND STAND¹

IN April, 1558, Mary Queen of Scots, aged sixteen, was married to Francis, the French Dauphin. On the 17th of November, Elizabeth, aged twenty-five, became Queen of England, and the Estates of Scotland, meeting in that month, gave to the French Dauphin the title of King Consort. The Dauphin in 1559 became King of France as Francis II., and the young queen's uncles, the two brothers, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, and Francis, Duke of Guise, became rulers in France—one of financial and civil affairs, the other of the army. Their principles of civil and religious liberty were, as set forth by the Duke of Guise, that "all Truth must proceed from Tradition, all Justice and all Authority from the Crown." Francis and Mary styled themselves King and Queen of England, and Scotland, and Ireland; and it was determined to join Scotland to France if Mary died childless in her husband's lifetime. In August of the same year, 1559, Philip II. of Spain ordered the enforce-

ment in the Netherlands of a severe edict for the extirpation of all sects and heresies. Elizabeth had dangerous neighbours, and a people divided against itself. She meant to uphold the Reformation. She desired to establish harmony within the English Church by taking a middle way between extreme opinions, and forcing all within the Church to follow that course. In the first year of her reign appeared an Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer, which restored, with some slight modification, the forms of church service established in the fifth and sixth years of the reign of Edward VI., required the use of them in all churches, and made it punishable to "preach, declare, or speak anything in the derogation or depraving" of the Book of Common Prayer. For one such offence a minister was to forfeit his clerical income for a year, and be imprisoned for six months without bail; for the second offence he was to be deprived of his church offices and imprisoned for a year, or for life upon a third conviction. An offender not beneficed was to suffer a year's imprisonment for the first offence, and for the second offence imprisonment for life. Of 9,400 clergy there were not quite two hundred who refused to hold their livings upon these conditions.

Meanwhile John Knox—whose Trumpet Blast against the Government of Women closed England against him, when he would gladly have sought the goodwill of Elizabeth—landed at Leith and preached in Perth against idolatry. A fervent zeal opposed the force of the Queen Regent. The Reforming Lords, who had been withdrawing from the churches to form congregations of their own, and were called Lords of the Congregation, entered into a second covenant for mutual support and defence. The Queen Regent was defied. Monasteries were destroyed, the Abbey of Scone was burnt, Edinburgh came into the keeping of the Reformers, and at Stirling the Lords of the Congregation signed a third covenant binding themselves not to treat with the Queen Regent separately. When the Dauphin became Francis II. of France, French soldiers landed at Leith, with a legate from the Pope and doctors from the Sorbonne. Elizabeth aided the Scots quietly with English money. In October, 1559, the Queen Regent in Scotland, Mary of Guise, was deprived of her authority by "us the Nobility and Commons of the Protestants of the Church of Scotland." Elizabeth, for security against a French conquest of Scotland, gave more active aid, and in April, 1560, the English were besieging Leith. The Lords of the Congregation then signed a fourth covenant, binding themselves to pursue their object to the last extremity. Then the Queen Regent died. Peace was made between England and France in the affairs of Scotland, and proclaimed at the Edinburgh market-cross in July, 1560. The Estates of Scotland met on the 1st of August, and embodied on the 17th the opinions of John Knox in a Confession of Faith for

the due length of the sermon by the running of its sand. An over-fervent preacher might sometimes turn it when the sand was run, and invite his hearers to "take another glass." The hour-glass above figured was in the church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, London, and the sketch of it is taken from Allen's "History of Lambeth."

¹ The hour-glass, once familiar neighbour to the pulpit, measured

the Scottish Church. On the 24th they annulled former acts for the maintenance of the Roman Church, abolished the Pope's jurisdiction, and made it criminal to say a mass or hear a mass.¹ And so the Scottish Reformation was accomplished.

The short reign of Francis II. of France, husband of young Mary Queen of Scots, was ended by his death in December, 1560, and he was succeeded by a boy of eleven, Charles IX. The queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis, made friendly advances to Elizabeth, who said to the young king's ambassador, "Tell your master that war is only fit for poor devils of princes who have their fortunes to make, and not for the sovereigns of two great countries like France and England."

The change of rule in England brought home from Switzerland and Germany many Reformers who had been in exile under Mary. John Fox did not return immediately. His age was forty-one in the year of Elizabeth's accession, and he was then living with a wife and two children at Basle, earning his bread as a corrector of the press. He was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, educated at Oxford, and expelled in 1545 on accusation of heresy. He was then tutor, first to the children of Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlcoate, near Stratford-on-Avon, and next to the children of the Earl of Surrey after their father's execution. Their grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk,



JOHN FOX. (From his "Acts and Monuments," ed. 1641.)

who had shared his son's peril, and narrowly escaped sharing his fate, became John Fox's friend, and protected him at the beginning of the reign of Mary. But soon Fox escaped to Basle, and introduced him-

self to the printer Oporinus by showing him the first sketch of his "History of the Church." This, written in Latin, was published in 1554. After the death of Mary, his friends, Edmund Grindal and others, returned to England, whence they supplied Fox with ample material from the records of the bishops' courts. An enlarged version of his History, still in Latin, came from the press of Oporinus in August, 1559. Then Fox came home, and lived at first near Aldgate, at the manor place of the Duke of Norfolk, constantly busied over the production of the first English edition of his famous book, which appeared in folio in 1563 as "Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous Days touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, especially in this realm of England and Scotland, from the Year of Our Lord a Thousand, unto the Time now Present. Gathered and collected according to the true copies and writings certificatory, as well, of the parties themselves that suffered, as also out of the Bishops' Registers which were the doers thereof." It is the book of a devout and zealous partisan, adorned with pictures designed to impress more vividly on readers' minds the reasons for repudiation of the Church of Rome. Fox condemned the Roman Church for persecution to the death, and honestly endeavoured to prevent, as far as he could, infliction of the penalty of death by the Reformed Church upon those whom he accounted heretics. He busied himself much to save the lives of two Anabaptists, and sought without success to do away with punishment by death in matters of religion. But in the conflict of opinion he was an eager combatant, not an impartial judge, deeply convinced of the truth of his own cause, and showing what is to be found also sometimes in a writer of more genius, the inability to know how men as honest and as earnest as himself could hold the opposite opinion.

A few records of the suffering of Englishmen in Spain were added by Fox to his narrative of English persecutions, the chief of them being this account of the burning of an English merchant, at an *auto da f *, at Seville, on the 20th of December, 1560.

THE CRUELL HANDLYNG AND BURNYNG OF NICHOLAS BURTON, ENGLISHMAN AND MERCHANT IN SPAYNE.

Forasmuch as in our former booke of Actes and Monuments mention was made of the martyrdome of Nicholas Burton, I thought here also not to omit y^e same, the story beyng such as is not unworthy to be known, as well for the profitable example of his singular constancie, as also for the notyng of the extreme bearing and cruell rauenyng of those Catholicke Inquisitours of Spayne, who under the pretensed visour of religion, do nothing but seeke their owne private gayne and commoditie, with crafty defendyng and spoylyng of other men's goodes, as by the notyng of this story may appeare.

The fift day of the moneth of Nouember, about the yeare of our Lord God 1560, this Nicholas Burton, citizen sometime of London, and marchaunt, dwelling in the parish of

¹ Mass. The name that had come to be used in the Church of Rome for the Communion Service was not rejected in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., where that service is headed "The Supper of the Lord, and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass." But the name was soon restricted to the communion service of the Church of Rome. The Latin "Missa" first referred only to the close of service and the dismissal of the congregation, then it was applied to the church service generally, then to a special part of it.

little Saint Bartlemewe, peaceably and quietly following his traffike in the trade of marchandise, and beyng in the citie of Cadiz, in the partes of Andolazia in Spayne, there came into his lodgyng a Judas (or, as they terme them) a Familiar of the Fathers of the Inquisition, who, in askyng for the sayd Nicholas Burton, fayned that hee had a letter to deliuer to his owne handes: by whiche meanes he spake with him immediatly. And hauing no letter to deliuer to him, then the sayd Promoter or Familiar, at the motion of the Deuill his master, whose messenger he was, inuented another lye, and sayd that he would take ladyng for London in such shyppes as the sayd Nicholas Burton had frayed to lade, if he would let any: whiche was partly to knowe where hee laded his goodes, that they might attache them, and chiefly to detract the tyme untill the Alguisiel, or Sergeant of the sayd Inqui-

Triana,¹ where the sayd fathers of the Inquisition proceeded agaynst him secretly accordyng to their accustomed cruell tyranny, that neuer after he could be suffered to write or speake to any of his nation: so that to this day it is unknownen who was his accuser.

Afterward the xx. day of December, in the foresayd yeare, they brought the sayd Nicholas Burton, with a great number of other prisoners, for professyng the true Christian religion, into the citie of Siuill, to a place where the sayd Inquisition sat in iudgement, which they call the Awto,² with a canuas coate, whereon in diuers partes was paynted the figure of an hough deuill tormentyng a soule in a flame of fire, and on his head a copyng tanke of the same worke.

His toung was forced out of his mouth, with a clouen stick fastened vpon it, that hee shoulde not vtter his conscience



BURNING OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT IN SEVILLE. (From Fox's "Acts and Monuments," ed. 1576.)

sition, might come and apprehend the body of the sayd Nicholas Burton: whiche they did incontinently.

Who then well perceauyng that they were not able to burden nor charge him that he had written, spoken, or done any thyng there in that countrey agaynst the ecclesiasticall or temporall lawes of the same realme, boldly asked them what they had to lay to his charge, that they did so arrest hym, and bad them to declare the cause, and hee would aunswere them. Notwithstanding, they aunswered nothyng, but commaunded him with cruell and threatnyng woordes to hold his peace, and not to speake one word to them.

And so they caryed him to the cruell and filthy common prison of the same towne of Cadiz, where he remained in yrons xuij. dayes amongst theeues.

All whiche tyme he so instructed the poore prisoners in the Worde of God, accordyng to the good talent whiche God had geuen him in that behalfe, and also in the Spanish toung to vtter the same, that in short space he had well reclaymed sundry of these superstitious and ignorant Spanyardes to embrace the Worde of God, and to reiect their popish traditions.

Whiche beyng knowen vnto the officers of the Inquisition, they conueyed him, laden with yrons, from thence to a citie called Siuill, into a more cruell and straighter prison called

and fayth to the people, and so hee was set with an other Englishe man of Southampton, and diuers others condemned men for religion, as well Frenchmen, as Spanyardes, vpon a scaffold ouer agaynst the sayd Inquisition, where their sentences and iudgements were read and pronounced against them.

And immediatly after the sayd sentences geuen, they were all caryed from thence to the place of execution without the

¹ In the low suburb of Seville called Triana, on the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir.

² Judgement which they call the *Auto*. *Auto* (Latin "actus") was originally a Spanish forensic term, and meant a decree or judgment of a court. The *Auto da Fé* Act of Faith was a public gaol delivery by the Court of the Inquisition, when acquittals and convictions of those accused of crimes against religion were read, and those adjudged to death were delivered to the secular power by which sentence was immediately executed. The "*Auto*" ended with the delivery of the judgments: but as, in days of extreme persecution, burning of heretics immediately followed, and they were carried to the place of execution with much public ceremony, in yellow dresses painted over with suggestions of the pains of hell, to arrest attention and strike doubters dumb with fear, the term *Auto da Fé* was commonly associated with these public executions. Besides the general *Auto da Fé*, there was the private *Auto*, the *Autillo*, or little Act, and the delivery of judgment in a single case, the *Auto singular*.

citie, where they most cruelly burned him, for whose constant fayth God be praysed.

This Nicholas Burton, by the way, and in the flames of fire, made so chearefull a countenance, embracyng death with all pacience and gladnesse, that the tormentours and enemyes which stode by sayd that the deuill had his soule before he came to the fire, and therefore they sayd his senses of feelyng were past him.

It happened that after the arrest of this Nicholas Burton aforesayd, immediatly all the goodes and marchaundise whiche hee brought with him into Spayne by way of trafficke, were, accordyng to their common vsage, seised and taken into the Sequester; among the which they also rolled by much that appertained to an other Englishe marchaunt, wherewith he was credited as factour; wherof, so soone as newes was brought to the marchaunt, as well of the imprisonment of his factour as of the arrest made vpon his goodes, he sent his attorney into Spayne, with authoritie from him to make clayme to his goodes, & to demaunde them, whose name was John Fronton, citizen of Bristow.

When his attorney was landed at Siuill, and had showed all his letters and writynges to the holy house, requyryng them that such goodes might bee redeliuered into his possession, aunswere was made him that he must sue by bill, and retayne an aduocate (but all was doubtlesse to delay him), and they, forsooth, of curtesie assigned hym one to frame his supplication for him, and other such billes of petition as he had to exhibite into their holy court, demandyng for eche bill viij. rials, albeit they stodee hym in no more stead than if he had put vp none at all. And for the space of three or iiij. monethes this fellow missed not twice a day, attendyng euery mornyng and afternoone at the Inquisitours Palace, prayng vnto them vpon his knees for his dispatch, but specially to the Byshop of Tarracon, who was at that very time chief in the Inquisition at Siuill, that he of his absolute authoritie would commaunde restitution to be made thereof; but the booty was so good and so great that it was very hard to come by it agayne.

At the length, after he had spent whole iiij. monethes in suites and requestes, and also to no purpose, he receaued this aunswere from them, that he must shew better euidence and bryng more sufficient certificates out of England for prooffe of his matter then those whiche he had already presented to the Court; whereupon the partie forthwith posted to London, and with all speede returned to Siuill agayne with more ample and large letters, testimonials, and certificates, accordyng to their request, and exhibited them to the Court. Notwithstandyng, the Inquisitours still shifted him off, excusing themselves by lacke of leasure, and for that they were occupied in greater and more weighty affaires, and with such aunsweres delayed him other foure monethes after.

At the last, when the partie had wellnigh spent all his money, and therefore sued the more earnestly for his dispatch, they referred the matter wholly to the Byshoppe; of whom, when he repayed unto him, he had this aunswere: that for him selfe hee knew what hee had to do; howbeit hee was but one man, and the determination of the matter appertained vnto the other Commissioners as well as vnto him: and thus, by postyng and passyng it from one to another, the partie could obtaine no ende of his sute. Yet for his importunitie sake, they were resolu'd to dispatche him, but it was on this sorte: one of the Inquisitours called Gasco, a man very well experienced in these practices, willed the partie to resorte vnto him after dinner.

The fellow being glad to heare these newes, and supposing that his goodes should be restored vnto him, and that he was called in for that purpose, to talke with the other that was in

prison, to conferre with him about their accomptes;—the rather thorough a litle misunderstanding, hearyng the Inquisitor cast out a word, that it should be needefull for hym to talke with the prisoner;—and beyng therevpon more then halfe perswaded that at the length they ment good fayth, did so, and repayred thether about the euening. Immediatly vpon his comyng, the jayler was forthwith charged with hym, to shut hym vp close in such a certain prison, where they appointed him.

The partie hoppyng at the first that hee had bene called for about some other matter, and seying him selfe, contrary to his expectation, cast into a darke dungeon, perceaued at the length that the world went with him farre otherwise then he supposed it would haue done.

But within two or three dayes after, he was brought forth into the Court, where he began to demaunde his goodes; and because it was a deuise that well serued their turne, without any more circumstance they had hym say his *Aue Maria*. The partie began & sayd it after this maner: *Aue Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Iesus. Amen.*

The same was writen worde by worde as he spake it; and without any more talke of claymyng his goodes because it was booteles, they commaunde hym to prison agayne, and enter an action agaynst hym as an hereticke, forasmuch as he did not say his *Aue Maria* after the Romish fashion, but ended it very suspiciously, for he should haue added, moreouer, *Santa Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus*, by abbreviatyng whereof it was euident enough (sayd they) that he did not allow the mediation of saintes.

Thus they picked a quarell to detaine him in prison a longer season, and afterwarde brought hym forth into their stage, disguised after their maner, where sentence was geuen that he should lose all the goodes whiche he sued for, though they were not his owne, and besides this, suffer a yeares imprisonment.

In August, 1561, Mary Queen of Scots, aged nineteen, widow of Francis II. of France, returned to Scotland, and heard mass on the first Sunday after her arrival. In the same year John Bodley obtained in England a seven years' patent for the version of the Bible which had been prepared and printed at his cost in Geneva, and was known as the Geneva Bible. Few men of any creed were at that time free from faith in the use of force and violence for the advancement of the highest truth they knew. In its preface and short annotations the Geneva Bible was not without trace of desire to hew Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. Some shadow of this form of zeal was even upon that society established by the influence of Calvin at Geneva, which Knox held to be more truly Christian than anything that had been seen elsewhere since the days of the Apostles.

Jean Cauvin, or John Calvin, was born at Noyon in 1509. At the age of twenty-three, after a liberal education at Paris, Orleans, and Bourges, he had completely adopted such reformed opinions as prevented him from entering the ministry within the Church of Rome, for which he was to have been trained. He found a friend in Margaret of Navarre, and while still young produced in Latin, at Basle, a first outline, developed afterwards more fully, of the principles of his faith, and of the faith

of many whom his genius made afterwards his followers, the Institutes of the Christian Religion. It was in 1536, when twenty-seven years old, that Calvin first settled at Geneva, but all his reforms had not acceptance then, and in 1538 he was compelled to leave. In 1541 he was recalled, and then established at Geneva that "yoke of Christ" by which he sought to enforce Christian life, as well as Christian doctrine. A girl was whipped for singing a song to a psalm-tune; three children were punished for waiting outside the church to eat cakes in sermon-time; a child was beheaded for having struck her parents; and a lad of sixteen was condemned to death for only threatening to strike his mother. The unreformed Church had its ecclesiastical courts, which took cognisance of offences against minor morals, and their summoners made them occasion of much petty oppression and cruelty. Calvin also was following traditional customs when he sought unity of faith by burning the learned Spaniard, Michael Servetus, in October, 1553, for blasphemy and heresy, because he was a Christian who could not accept the doctrine of the Trinity. Calvin died in 1564, leaving his mind strongly impressed on the Reformed Church of England, and yet more strongly, through John Knox, on the Reformed Church of Scotland. In Elizabeth's reign, Calvin's interpretation of the doctrines of the Christian Faith was that commonly accepted by the English clergy. In 1561, while Calvin was still living, his body of Church Doctrine, the "*Institutio Christianæ Religionis*," was published in a translation by Thomas Norton, who was about the same time joint author with Thomas Sackville of "*Gorboduc*," the first English tragedy. "*The Institution of Christian Religion*, written in Latine by M. John Calvine, translated into English according to the author's last edition," by Thomas Norton, appeared as a solid folio in 1561; a new edition of it was required in 1562, and other editions in 1572, 1574, 1580, and 1582. Calvin's "*Institutes*," in its first edition, was a short book, but it grew with his life. Every point of doctrine newly treated by him, in sermons or otherwise, had its treatment presently incorporated with the "*Institutes*," so that the whole body of Calvin's religious opinions had come at last to be therein contained.

In 1562, under the regency in France of Catherine of Medicis, the Huguenots rose in civil war after the massacre of Vassy. In March, 1563, there was peace between Catherine and the Huguenots by the edict of Amboise. In that year Queen Elizabeth authorised the issue of a second "*Book of Homilies*," to secure uniformity of teaching in the English Church. She had already adopted, in 1559, the "*Book of Homilies*" first issued in 1547. In the year 1564—year of the birth of Shakespeare—the queen's Archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Parker, began the preparation of a Bible which was to secure the utmost accuracy of text by direct reference to the Hebrew and Greek. So many bishops were among the scholars engaged in producing it, that it was called the Bishops' Bible. This was published

in 1568, the year in which the seven years' patent for the printing of the Geneva Bible expired, and it became from that date the authorised version for use of the Church of England, until 1611, the date of the first edition of the version authorised by James I.

Matthew Parker, born at Norwich in 1504, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of which he became master in 1544. He was chaplain to Anne Boleyn, to Henry VIII. and to Edward VI., and took such part in the early education of Elizabeth as won her heartiest goodwill, and gave him great influence over her in after life. Mary deprived him of his preferments, but Elizabeth made him, somewhat against his will, her first Archbishop of Canterbury, called him for his lightness of body, "her little archbishop," and gladly took counsel with him for his weight of mind. Matthew Parker was very learned, and partly out of reverence for the past, partly out of desire to take a middle way of peace, he was unwilling to make those great changes in the outward form of worship which were sought by the most uncompromising of those who had put away the Church of Rome. In country places the great majority of the people were still Roman Catholic, and everywhere the less educated would associate familiar forms of worship with their religious life. Archbishop Parker and the Queen desired to change only what they accounted evil in itself, because associated with false doctrines or practices that had crept into the Church; and the Archbishop sought to show that the Reformed Church of England was not, as to essentials, a new Church, but the old restored. He encouraged research into Church Antiquities; himself published in 1572 a Latin book on the Antiquities of the British Church and Privileges of the Church of Canterbury; and desired to promote a study of First English, that in Ælfric's sermons Englishmen might find record of opinions held by the first Church of England, which were not those of the Church of Rome, but those to which the Church of England in Elizabeth's day had reverted.

Bishop Jewel worked with Parker in the same direction. John Jewel, born in Devonshire in 1522, was educated at Merton and Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford. While a student he was lamed for life by an illness. When he had taken his B.A. degree he lived by teaching, and was for seven years reader of Latin and Rhetoric in his college. In 1544 he commenced M.A. In 1548 Peter Martyr was called from Germany to teach divinity at Oxford, and Jewel became one of his foremost friends and followers. In 1551 John Jewel became Bachelor of Divinity, and took a poor living at Sunningwell, near Oxford, to which, lame as he was, he walked to preach once a fortnight. At Mary's accession Jewel was expelled from his college as a follower of Peter Martyr, and a Lutheran. The last words of his last lecture, given in Latin, to his college were these:—

In my last Lectures I have (said he) imitated the custom of famished men, who when they see their meat likely to be suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from them, devour it with the greater haste and greediness. For whereas I intended thus to put an end to my Lectures, and perceived

that I was like forthwith to be silenced, I made no scruple to entertain you (contrary to my former usage) with much unpleasant and ill dressed discourse, because I see I have incurred the displeasure and hatred of some; but whether deservedly or no, I shall leave to their consideration, for I am persuaded that those who have driven me hence would not suffer me to live anywhere if it were in their power. But as for me, I willingly yield to the times, and if they can derive to themselves any satisfaction from my calamity, I would not hinder them from it. But as Aristides, when he went into exile and forsook his country, prayed that they might never more think of him; so I beseech God to grant the same to my fellow-collegians, and what can they wish for more? Pardon me, my hearers, if grief has seized me, being to be torn against my will from that place where I have passed the first part of my life, where I have lived pleasantly, and been in some honour and employment. But why do I thus delay to put an end to my misery by one word? Woe is me, that (as with my extreme sorrow and deep feeling I at last speak it) I must say farewell my studies, farewell to these beloved houses, farewell thou pleasant seat of learning, farewell to the most delightful intercourse with you, farewell young men, farewell lads, farewell fellows, farewell brethren, farewell ye beloved as my eyes, farewell all, farewell."

But he did not yet leave Oxford. Another college sheltered Jewel, and the University, making him public orator, required him to write its congratulations to the queen upon her proposed change of the established religion. He was driven also, by threat of death, to sign doctrines in which he did not believe, whereby he lost his friends and did not satisfy his enemies. Then he fled on foot, and was



JOHN JEWEL. (From the Portrait before Strype's "Life of Jewel.")

found lying exhausted on the road by a friend, who took him to London; and thence, in 1554, he crossed to Frankfort. There he from the pulpit, with extreme emotion, publicly repudiated his subscription to the doctrines he denied. "It was my abject and cowardly mind," he said, "and faint heart that made my weak hand to commit this wickedness." His old friend Peter Martyr presently drew Jewel from

Frankfort to Strasburg, where he took him into his house as constant companion and helper. Jewel transcribed for the printer his friend's Commentary on the Book of Judges, and read the Fathers with him, especially St. Augustine. Edmund Grindal was among the English refugees with whom Jewel formed closer friendship at Strasburg. In 1556 Peter Martyr was called to the professorship of Hebrew at Zurich, and went thither, taking Jewel with him as a part of his own household. After the death of Mary, John Jewel returned to England, where Elizabeth soon made him Bishop of Salisbury. In 1562 Bishop Jewel published in Latin, for readers throughout Europe, his "Apology of the Church of England." It was issued by the queen's authority as a Confession of the Faith of the Reformed Church of England, showing where and why it had parted from those Roman doctrines which it accounted to be heresies, and how they had arisen in the early Church. Thus Bishop Jewel wrote in his "Apology" upon

THE CHARGE OF HERESY.

Though St. Jerome will allow no man to be patient under the suspicion of heresy, yet we will not behave ourselves neither sourly nor irreverently, nor angrily, though he ought not to be esteemed either sharp or abusive who speaks nothing but the truth; no, we will leave that sort of oratory to our adversaries, who think whatsoever they speak, although it be never so sharp and reproachful, modest and apposite when it is applied to us, and they are as little concerned whether it be true or false; but we, who defend nothing but the truth, have no need of such base arts.

Now if we make it appear, and that not obscurely and craftily, but *bona fide*, before God, truly, ingeniously, clearly, and perspicuously, that we teach the most holy Gospel of God, and that the ancient Fathers and the whole primitive Church are on our side, and that we have not without just cause left them, and returned to the Apostles and the ancient Catholic Fathers; and if they, who so much detest our doctrine, and pride themselves in the name of Catholics, shall apparently see, that all those pretences of antiquity, of which they so immoderately glory, belong not to them, and that there is more strength in our cause than they thought there was; then we hope that none of them will be so careless of his salvation, but he will at some time or other bethink himself which side he ought to join with. Certainly, if a man be not of a hard and obdurate heart, and resolved not to hear, he can never repent the having once considered our defence, and the attending what is said by us, and whether it be agreeable or no to the Christian Religion.

For whereas they call us heretics, that is so dreadful a crime, that except it be apparently seen, except it be palpable, and as it were to be felt with our hands and fingers, it ought not to be easily believed that a Christian is or can be guilty of it; for heresy is a renunciation of our salvation, a rejection of the grace of God, and a departure from the body and spirit of Christ. But this was ever the custom and usage of them and of their forefathers, that if any presumed to complain of their errors, and desired the reformation of religion, they condemned them forthwith for heretics, as innovators and factious men. Christ himself was called a Samaritan, for no other cause, but for that they thought He had made a defection to a new religion or heresy. And St. Paul the Apostle being called in question, was accused of heresy, to which he replied: *After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the*

God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the Law, and in the Prophets.

In short, all that religion which we Christians now profess, in the beginning of Christianity, was by the pagans called a sect or heresy; with these words they filled the ears of princes, that when out of prejudice they had once possessed their minds with an aversion for us, and that they were persuaded that whatever we said was factious and heretical, they might be diverted from reflecting upon the thing itself, or ever hearing or considering the cause. But by how much the greater and more grievous this crime is, so much the rather ought it to be proved by clear and strong arguments, especially at this time, because men begin now-a-days a little to distrust the fidelity of their oracles, and to inquire into their doctrine with much greater industry than has heretofore been employed; for the people of God in this age are quite of another disposition than they were heretofore, when all the responses and dictates of the Popes of Rome were taken for Gospel, and all religion depended upon their authority; the Holy Scriptures and the writings of the Apostles and Prophets are everywhere now to be had, out of which all the true and catholic doctrine may be proved, and all heresies may be refuted.

But seeing they can produce nothing out of the Scriptures against us, it is very injurious and cruel to call us heretics, who have not revolted from Christ, nor from the Apostles, nor from the Prophets. By the sword of Scripture Christ overcame the devil when He was tempted by him; with these weapons everything that exalteth itself against God is to be brought down and dispersed, for *all Scripture* (saith St. Paul) *is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, that the man of God may be perfect and thoroughly furnished unto all good works*; and accordingly, the holy fathers have never fought against heretics with any other arms than what the Scriptures have afforded them. St. Augustine, when he disputed against Petilianus, a Donatist heretic, useth these words, *Let not* (saith he) *these words be heard, "I say," or "Thou sayest," but rather let us say, "Thus saith the Lord."* *Let us seek the church there, let us judge of our cause by that.* And St. Jerome saith, *Let whatever is pretended to be delivered by the Apostles, and cannot be proved by the testimony of the written Word, be struck with the sword of God.* And St. Ambrose to the Emperor Gratian, *Let the Scriptures* (saith he), *let the Apostles, let the Prophets, let Christ be interrogated.* The Catholic Fathers and bishops of those times did not doubt but our religion might be sufficiently proved by Scripture; nor durst they esteem any man an heretic, whose error they could not perspicuously and clearly prove such by Scripture. And as to us, we may truly reply with St. Paul, *After the way which they call Heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the Law and the Prophets, or the writings of the Apostles.*

John Aylmer, who was born in 1521, and educated at Cambridge, was that tutor to Lady Jane Grey who is named in a passage often quoted from Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster:"—

One example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report: which maie be hard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Lecetershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and the Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge Phædon Platonis in

Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som jentleman wold read a merie tale in Bocace. After salutation, and dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure, that I find in Plato: Alas, good folke, they never felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you unto it: seinge, not many women, but verie fewe men have attained thereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites, that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so jentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowyng, playyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so jentlie, so pleasantlie, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soever I do els, but learning, is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto me: And thus my booke, hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that ever I had, and the last tyme, that ever I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

In 1553 Aylmer was Archdeacon of Stowe, and he was one of the Protestant exiles at Zurich in the reign of Mary. It was he who after the accession of Elizabeth published at Strasburg a loyal reply to John Knox's "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." His age then was thirty-eight.

The title of Aylmer's book is "An Harborowe for Faithfull and Trewe Subiectes, agaynst the late blowne Blaste, concerninge the Gouverment of Wemen, wherin be confuted all such reasons as a straunger of late made in that behalfe, with a breife Exhortation to obedience. Anno M.D.lx. Proverbes 32. Many daughters there be, that gather riches together: but thou goest above them all. As for favour it is deceitfull, and bewtie is a vaine thing: but a woman that feareth the Lord: she is worthie to be prayسد. Geve her of the fruit of her handes, and let her owne workes prayse her in the gate.—At Strasborowe the 26 of April."

Aylmer begins with reasoning upon the power of God, who by weak instruments has declared his glory; who had enabled one poor friar, Luther, without armies at his back, to cast out of the temple of God Antichrist, armed and guarded with the power of Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Laws.

And as we began with the matter of women, so to return thither again with the example of a woman. Was not Queen Anne, the mother of this blessed woman, the chief, first, and

only cause of banishing this beast of Rome, with all his beggarly baggage? Was there ever in England a greater feat wrought by any man than this was by a woman? I take not from King Henry the due praise of broaching it, nor from that lamb of God, King Edward, the finishing and perfecting of that was begun, though I give her her due commendation. I know that that blessed martyr of God, Thomas Cranmer, Bishop of Canterbury, did much travail in it, and furthered it: but if God had not given Queen Anne favour in the sight of the king, as he gave to Esther in the sight of Nebuchadnezzar, Haman and his company, the Cardinal,¹ Winchester,² More, Rochester³ and others, would soon have triced up Mordecai, with all the rest that leaned to that side. Wherefore, though many deserved much praise for the helping forward of it, yet the crop and root was the queen, which God had endued with wisdom that she could, and given her the mind that she would, do it. Seeing then that in all ages God hath wrought his most wonderful works by most base means, and showed his strength by weakness, his wisdom by foolishness, and his exceeding greatness by man's exceeding feebleness, what doubt we of this power when we lack policy, or mistrust his help which hath wrought such wonders? Who is placed above Him, saith Job, to teach Him what He should do? Or who can say to Him, Thou hast not done justly? He sendeth a woman by birth; we may not refuse her by violence. He stablisheth her by law; we may not remove her by wrong.

Of the arguments of the "First Blast" Aylmer says presently—

The arguments, as I remember, be these, not many in number, but handsomely amplified.

First, that whatsoever is against nature, the same in a Commonwealth is not tolerable. But the government of a woman is against nature. Ergo, it is not tolerable.

The second, Whatsoever is forbidden by Scripture is not lawful. But a woman to rule is forbidden by Scripture. Ergo, it is not lawful.

The third, If a woman may not speak in the Congregation, much less may she rule. But she may not speak in the Congregation. Ergo, she may not rule.

The fourth, What the Civil Law forbiddeth, that is not lawful. But the rule of a woman the Civil Law forbiddeth. Ergo, it is not lawful.

The fifth, Seeing there followeth more inconvenience of the rule of women than of men's government, therefore it is not to be borne in a Commonwealth.

The last, The Doctors and Canonists forbid it. Ergo, it cannot be good.

These (as I remember) be the props that hold up this matter, or rather the pickaxes to undermine the State.

John Aylmer takes each of these syllogisms in turn, and shows logically where it fails. Then having knocked down all the props, and blunted all the pickaxes, he calls upon each loyal Englishman to support and establish their queen, and cheerfully to pay their taxes.

If thou mistrust the misspending of that thou givest and she taketh, thou art too foolish. For could she that in all her life hath lived upon her own so humbly without pride, so moderately without prodigality, so maidenly without pomp, now find in her heart in unnecessary charges to lash out

thine? Wilt thou have a taste, how prodigal or pompous she is? I pray thee, then, mark these two points which I know to be true, although in that sex they be strange. Seven years after her father's death she had so proud a stomach, and so much delighted in glistening gases of the world, in gay apparel, rich attire, and precious jewels, that in all that time she never looked upon those that her father left her but once, and that against her will. And after so gloried in them, that there came never gold nor stone upon her head till her sister enforced her to lay off her former soberness and bear her company in her glistening gains. Yea, and then she so ware it as every man might see, that her body carried that which her heart misliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noblemen's daughters and wives to be ashamed to be drest and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example than with all that ever Paul and Peter wrote touching that matter. Yea, this I know, that a great man's daughter, receiving from Lady Mary before she was Queen, goodly apparel of tinsel, cloth of gold and velvet, laid on with parchment lace of gold, when she saw it said, "What shall I do with it?" "Marry," said a gentlewoman, "wear it." "Nay," quoth she, "that were a shame, to follow my lady Mary against God's Word, and leave my lady Elizabeth which followeth God's Word." See that good example is oft times much better than a great deal of preaching. And this all men know, that when all the ladies bent up the attire of the Scottish skits at the coming in of the Scottish Queen, to go unbridled, and with their hair frounced, curled, and double curled, she altered nothing, but to the shame of them all kept her old maidenly shamefastness. Another thing to declare how little she setteth by this worldly pomp, is this, that in all her time she never meddled with money but against her will, but seemed to set so little by it, that she thought to touch it was to defile her pure hands consecrated to turn over good books, to lift unto God in prayer, and to deal alms to the poor. Are not these arguments sufficient to make thee think of her that she will neither call to thee before she hath need, nor misspend it vainly after she hath it?⁴

⁴ This passage recalls the account given of Elizabeth as a young princess by her tutor, Roger Ascham, in a private letter, written in April, 1550, to his German friend, John Sturm, which certainly expressed the writer's private mind:—

"There are many honourable ladies now who surpass Thomas More's daughters in all kinds of learning; but among all of them the brightest star is my illustrious Lady Elizabeth, the king's sister; so that I have no difficulty in finding subject for writing in her praise, but only in setting bounds to what I write. I will write nothing however which I have not myself witnessed. She had me for her tutor in Greek and Latin two years; but now I am released from the Court and restored to my old literary leisure here, where by her beneficence I hold an honest place in this University. It is difficult to say whether the gifts of nature or of fortune are most to be admired in that illustrious lady. The praise which Aristotle gives wholly centres in her—beauty, stature, prudence, and industry. She has just passed her sixteenth birthday, and shows such dignity and gentleness as are wonderful at her age and in her rank. Her study of true religion and learning is most energetic. Her mind has no womanly weakness, her perseverance is equal to that of a man, and her memory long keeps what it quickly picks up. She talks French and Italian as well as English: she has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, and moderately so in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her hand-writing. She is as much delighted with music as she is skilful in the art. In adornment she is elegant rather than showy, and by her contempt of gold and head-dresses, she reminds one of Hippolyte rather than of Phædra. She read with me almost all Cicero, and great part of Titus Livius; for she drew all her knowledge of Latin from those two authors. She used to give the morning of the day to the Greek Testament, and afterwards read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles. For I thought that from those sources she might gain purity of style, and her mind derive instruction that would be of value to her to meet

¹ The Cardinal, Wolsey.

² Winchester, Gardiner.

³ Rochester, John Fisher.

In 1562 John Aylmer was made Archdeacon of Lincoln, and in 1576 Bishop of London, on the translation of Sandys to the see of York.



JOHN AYLMER.

From the Portrait prefixed to his Life by Strype.

Here let us recall a few more of those events which occupied the minds of Englishmen, and quickened energies of thought and feeling during the first twenty-one years of Elizabeth's reign. In 1564—year of the birth of Shakespeare—Catherine de' Medici was visited by her daughter Elizabeth, who in 1560 had been married, aged fifteen, to Philip of Spain, aged thirty-four. The Duke of Alva came with the Spanish Queen Elizabeth, and was heard exhorting Catherine to strike down some leaders of the Huguenots, saying to her, "One head of salmon is worth ten thousand heads of frogs." In March of this year 1564, Cardinal Granvella was obliged by a league of nobles of the Netherlands, headed by William of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn, to retire from the Government. In July, 1565, Mary

Queen of Scots married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. In October, 1565, Philip of Spain wrote to require enforcement in the Netherlands of edicts against heresy. The nobles required Margaret of Parma, who was then Regent, to publish the letter. A storm of feeling was aroused. Thousands began to emigrate to England, and set up their looms among us. In 1566 Philip conceded to the Netherlands moderation of the law against heretics by substitution of hanging for burning. In March of that year occurred Darnley's murder of Rizzio, and on the 19th of June the birth of Mary Stuart's son James, afterwards James I. of England.

On the 22nd of August, 1567, the Duke of Alva entered Brussels. He then occupied other towns of the Netherlands, established the Council of Tumults—otherwise known as the Council of Blood. Margaret of Parma retired from the Regency, and Alva became Governor-General of the Netherlands. At the same time the second Huguenot civil war broke out in France. In this year, on the night of Sunday, the 9th of February, Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was destroyed by a gunpowder plot. In May, the Earl of Bothwell was divorced from a wife to whom he had been married only fourteen months, and married to Queen Mary. Before the end of July, Mary had been compelled by her own subjects to sign her abdication in favour of her son James, and appoint the Earl of Murray—friend of Knox and the foremost Reformers—Regent during his minority. Mary escaped from Lochleven, raised her friends, was defeated at Langside, and turned to England: thus she became in 1568, and remained for eighteen years, a state prisoner to England, regarded by the Roman Catholics abroad as future Queen of England if their cause should triumph. In February, 1568, a sentence of the Inquisition condemned to death all the inhabitants of the Netherlands except some who were named, and Alva estimated at eight hundred the executions after Passion week. In June this year, also, Counts Egmont and Horn were executed. There was pause of civil war in France between Roman Catholics and Huguenots, but in 1569 it was resumed, and in that year young Walter Raleigh went to France, and joined the Huguenots as volunteer. It was in 1569 that Edmund Spenser went to Cambridge, entering Pembroke College as a sizar, and in that year also he first appeared in print, as contributor of verse to a religious miscellany by one of the refugees from persecution in the Netherlands, John Van der Noodt. Contribution to such a book shows clearly what was the bent of young Spenser's mind, and how he looked at the course of events. The book was called—"A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities which follow the Voluptuous Worldling, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God."

In August, 1570, a treaty was made in France which conceded much to the Huguenots. In the spring of 1571 a Synod of the French Reformed Church was held, by the King's permission, at Rochelle. On the 24th of August, 1572, the French

every contingency of life. To these I added Saint Cyprian and Melancthon's Common Places, &c., as best suited, after the Holy Scriptures, to teach her the foundations of religion, together with elegant language and sound doctrine. Whatever she reads she at once perceives any word that has a doubtful or curious meaning. She cannot endure those foolish imitators of Erasmus, who have tied up the Latin tongue in those wretched fetters of proverbs. She likes a style that grows out of the subject; chaste because it is suitable, and beautiful because it is clear. She very much admires modest metaphors, and comparisons of contraries well put together and contrasting felicitously with one another. Her ears are so well practised in discriminating all these things, and her judgment is so good, that in all Greek, Latin, and English composition, there is nothing so loose on the one hand or so concise on the other, which she does not immediately attend to, and either reject with disgust or receive with pleasure, as the case may be. I am not inventing anything, my dear Sturm; it is all true: but I only seek to give you an outline of her excellence, and whilst doing so, I have been pleased to recall to my mind the dear memory of my most illustrious lady.

St. John's College, Cambridge, April 4, 1550."

Huguenots were struck down by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In the Netherlands, in 1573, there was the siege of Protestant Haarlem, when three hundred women were among the defenders of the town. It ended with a treacherous slaughter of two or three thousand. Three hundred were drowned in the lake, tied back to back. In December of that year (1573), the Duke of Alva was recalled by his own wish, and boasted on his way home that he had caused 16,000 Netherlands to be executed. Hearing of such events was part of the education of Edmund Spenser while at Cambridge. He graduated as B.A. in 1573, then being about twenty years old. In 1575 Edmund Grindal—then aged fifty-six—became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Edmund Grindal was born in 1519, at St. Bees, in Cumberland, was educated at Cambridge, and was in 1550 chaplain to Bishop Ridley. In 1553 he was among those Reformers who fled from persecutions in England, and he went to Strasburg. At the accession of Elizabeth he returned, and he assisted in the drawing up of the new liturgy. In 1559 he was made Master of Pembroke Hall, and in the



EDMUND GRINDAL.

From the Portrait before his Life by Strype.

same year Bishop of London. In 1570 he became Archbishop of York, and in 1575 Archbishop of Canterbury. While maintaining generally the discipline established in the Reformed Church of England, Edmund Grindal agreed in some respects with those whom Matthew Parker is said to have first called Puritans and Precisians for what he regarded as their over-precise reference of everything—whether fit subject of revelation or not—to Bible warrant. Edmund Grindal laid great stress on the importance of a faithful study and interpretation of God's Word. As Bishop of London, as Archbishop of York, and now as head of the Church of England,

he used what authority he might to encourage a form of meeting called "prophesying," from the schools of the prophets spoken of in the Old Testament, for the interpretation of the Word of God. The clergy in a district met to discuss difficulties with one another, that they might not be taken by surprise when these were propounded to them by parishioners, and that they might be trained to bring knowledge and thought to their preaching. Queen Elizabeth objected to the prophesyings as examples of division of opinion among the clergy, encouragements to a bold questioning among the laity, and destructive of a Unity of Doctrine, by which she hoped to secure peace in the Church. The Books of Homilies provided sermons enough, she thought, and the use of them caused a uniformity of preaching that would give small scope for heresies of private judgment. She therefore bade the new Archbishop issue letters to the clergy to forbid the "prophesyings," and restrain excess of zeal for original preaching. Grindal replied that his conscience would not suffer him to do this, and he was therefore, in 1577, sequestered from the exercise of his office. This is the letter that caused his disgrace:—

LETTER TO THE QUEEN,

Concerning suppressing the Prophesies, and abridging the Number of Preachers.

With most humble remembrance of my bounden duty to your Majesty: It may please the same to be advertised, that the speeches which it hath pleased you to deliver unto me, when I last attended on your Highness, concerning abridging the number of preachers, and the utter suppression of all learned exercises and conferences among the ministers of the Church, allowed by their bishops and ordinaries, have exceedingly dismayed and discomforted me. Not so much for that the said speeches sounded very hardly against mine own person, being but one particular man, and not much to be accounted of; but most of all for that the same might both tend to the public harm of God's Church, whereof your Highness ought to be *nutricia*,¹ and also to the heavy burdening of your own conscience before God, if they should be put in strict execution. It was not your Majesty's pleasure then, the time not serving thereto, to hear me at any length concerning the said two matters then propounded: I thought it therefore my duty by writing to declare some part of my mind unto your Highness: beseeching the same with patience to read over this that I now send, written with mine own rude scribbling hand; which seemeth to be of more length than it is indeed: for I say with Ambrose, *Scribo manu mea, quod sola legas*.²

MADAM,

First of all, I must and will, during my life, confess, that there is no earthly creature to whom I am so much bounden as to your Majesty; who, notwithstanding mine insufficiency (which commendeth your grace the more), hath bestowed upon me so many and so great benefits as I could never hope for, much less deserve. I do therefore, according to my most bounden duty, with all thanksgiving, bear towards your Majesty a most humble, faithful, and thankful heart: and that knoweth He which knoweth all things. Neither do I ever intend to offend your Majesty in any thing, unless, in

¹ Nurse.

² "I write with mine own hand, what you alone may read."

the cause of God or of His Church, by necessity of office, and burden of conscience, I shall thereunto be enforced: and in those cases (which I trust in God shall never be urged upon me), if I should use dissembling or flattering silence, I should very evil requite your Majesty's so many and so great benefits; for in so doing, both you might fall into peril towards God, and I myself into endless damnation.

The prophet Ezekiel termeth us, ministers of the Church, *speculatores*,¹ and not *adulatores*.² If we see the sword coming by reason of any offence towards God, we must of necessity give warning, or else the blood of those that perish will be required at our hands. I beseech your Majesty thus to think of me, that I do not conceive any evil opinion of you, although I cannot assent to those two articles then propounded. I do with the rest of all your good subjects acknowledge, that we have received by your government many and most excellent benefits, as, among others, freedom of conscience, suppressing of idolatry, sincere preaching of the Gospel, with public peace and tranquillity. I am also persuaded, that even in these matters, which you seem now to urge, your zeal and meaning is to the best. The like hath happened to many of the best princes that ever were: yet have they not refused afterwards to be better informed out of God's Word. King David, so much commended in the Scriptures, had no evil meaning when he commanded the people to be numbered: he thought it good policy, in so doing, to understand what forces he had in store to employ against God's enemies, if occasion so required. Yet afterward (saith the Scripture) his own heart stroke him; and God, by the prophet Gad, reprehended him for his offence, and gave him, for the same, choice of three very hard penances, that is to say, famine, war, and pestilence. Good king Ecchias, of courtesy and good affection, showed to the ambassadors of the king of Babylon the treasures of the house of God and of his own house; and yet the prophet Esay told him that God was therewith displeased. The godly king Jehoshaphat, for making league with his neighbour king Achab (of like good meaning, no doubt), was likewise reprehended by Jehu the prophet in this form of words: *Impio probes auxilium, et his qui oderunt Dominum amicitia jungis, &c.*³ Ambrose, writing to Theodosius the emperor, useth these words: *Novi pietatem tuam erga Deum, lenitatem in homines; obligatus sum beneficis tuis.*⁴ And yet, for all that, the same Ambrose doth not forbear in the same epistle earnestly to persuade the said emperor to revoke an ungodly edict, wherein he had commanded a godly bishop to re-edify a Jewish synagogue, pulled down by the Christian people.

And so, to come to the present case: I may very well use unto your Highness the words of Ambrose above written, *Novi pietatem tuam, &c.* But surely I cannot marvel enough, how this strange opinion should once enter into your mind, that it should be good for the Church to have few preachers.

Alas, Madam! is the Scripture more plain in any one thing, than that the Gospel of Christ should be plentifully preached; and that plenty of labourers should be sent into the Lord's harvest; which, being great and large, standeth in need, not of a few, but many workmen?

There was appointed to the building of Salomon's material temple an hundred and fifty thousand artificers and labourers, besides three thousand three hundred overseers; and shall

we think that a few preachers may suffice to build and edify the spiritual temple of Christ, which is his Church?

Christ, when he sendeth forth his apostles, saith unto them, *Ite, predicat evangelium omni creaturæ.*⁵ But all God's creatures cannot be instructed in the Gospel, unless all possible means be used to have multitude of preachers and teachers to preach unto them.

*Sermo Christi inhabitet in vobis opulente,*⁶ saith St. Paul to the Colossians; and to Timothy, *Prædica sermonem, instatempore, intempore, argue, increpa, exhortare.*⁷ Which things cannot be done without often and much preaching.

To this agreeth the practice of Christ's apostles, *Qui constituebant per singulas ecclesias presbyteros.*⁸ St. Paul likewise, writing to Titus, writeth thus, *Hujus rei gratia relinquit in Creta, ut quæ desunt pergas corrigere, et constituas oppidatim presbyteros.*⁹ And afterwards describeth, how the said *presbyteri* were to be qualified; not such as we are sometimes compelled to admit by mere necessity (unless we should leave a great number of churches utterly desolate), but such indeed as were able to exhort *per sanam doctrinam, et contradicentes convincere.*¹⁰ And in this place I beseech your Majesty to note one thing necessary to be noted; which is this, If the Holy Ghost prescribe expressly that preachers should be placed *oppidatim*,¹¹ how can it well be thought that three or four preachers may suffice for a shire?

Public and continual preaching of God's Word is the ordinary mean and instrument of the salvation of mankind. St. Paul calleth it the *ministry of reconciliation* of man unto God. By preaching of God's Word the glory of God is enlarged, faith is nourished, and charity increased. By it the ignorant is instructed, the negligent exhorted and incited, the stubborn rebuked, the weak conscience comforted, and to all those that sin of malicious wickedness the wrath of God is threatened. By preaching also due obedience to Christian princes and magistrates is planted in the hearts of subjects: for obedience proceedeth of conscience; conscience is grounded upon the Word of God; the Word of God worketh his effect by preaching. So as generally, where preaching wanteth, obedience faileth.

No prince ever had more lively experience hereof than your Majesty hath had in your time, and may have daily. If your Majesty come to the city of London never so often, what gratulation, what joy, what concourse of people is there to be seen! Yea, what acclamations and prayers to God for your long life, and other manifest significations of inward and unfeigned love, joined with most humble and hearty obedience, are there to be heard! Wherefore cometh this, Madam, but of the continual preaching of God's Word in that city, whereby that people hath been plentifully instructed in their duty towards God and your Majesty? On the contrary, what bred the rebellion in the north? Was it not Papistry, and ignorance of God's Word, through want of often preaching. And in the time of that rebellion, were not all men, of all states, that made profession of the Gospel, most ready to offer their lives for your defence? insomuch that one poor parish in Yorkshire, which by continual preaching had been better instructed than the rest (Halifax

⁵ "Go ye, preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi. 15.)

⁶ "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." (Colossians iii. 16.)

⁷ "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort." (2 Timothy iv. 2.)

⁸ Who "ordained them elders in every church." (Acts xiv. 23.)

⁹ "For this cause left I thee in Creta, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city." (Titus i. 5.)

¹⁰ "By sound doctrine, and to convince gainsayers."

¹¹ In every city.

¹ Watchmen. (See Ezekiel iii. 17-19.)

² Flatterers.

³ "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?" (2 Chronicles xix. 2.)

⁴ "I know thy piety towards God, thy kindness towards men; I am bounden by thy benefits," &c. (S. Ambros. Epist. xxix.)

I mean), was ready to bring three or four thousand able men into the field to serve you against the said rebels. How can your Majesty have a more lively trial and experience of the contrary effects of much preaching and of little or no preaching? The one working most faithful obedience, and the other most unnatural disobedience and rebellion.

But it is thought of some, that many are admitted to preach, and few be able to do it well. That unable preachers be removed is very requisite, if ability and sufficiency may be rightly weighed and judged: and therein I trust as much is, and shall be, done as can be; for both I, for mine own part (let it be spoken without any ostentation), am very careful in allowing such preachers only as be able and sufficient to be preachers, both for their knowledge in the Scriptures, and also for testimony of their good life and conversation. And besides that, I have given very great charge to the rest of my brethren, the bishops of this province, to do the like. We admit no man to the office that either profeseth Papistry or Puritanism. Generally, the graduates of the university are only admitted to be preachers, unless it be some few which have excellent gifts of knowledge in the Scriptures, joined with good utterance and godly persuasion. I myself procured above forty learned preachers and graduates, within less than six years, to be placed within the diocese of York, besides those I found there; and there I have left them: the fruits of whose travail in preaching, your Majesty is like to reap daily, by most assured, dutiful obedience of your subjects in those parts.

But, indeed, this age judgeth very hardly, and nothing indifferently¹ of the ability of preachers of our time; judging few or none in their opinion to be able. Which hard judgment groweth upon divers evil dispositions of men. St. Paul doth commend the preaching of Christ crucified, *absque eminentia sermonis*.² But in our time many have so delicate ears, that no preaching can satisfy them, unless it be sauced with much fineness³ and exornation of speech: which the same apostle utterly condemneth, and giveth this reason, *Ne eracuerit crux Christi*.⁴

Some there be also, that are mislikers of the godly reformation in religion now established; wishing indeed that there were no preachers at all; and so by depraving the ministers impugn religion, *non aperto Marte, sed cuniculis*:⁵ much like to the Popish bishops in your father's time, who would have had the English translation of the Bible called in, as evil translated; and the new translating thereof to have been committed to themselves; which they never intended to perform.

A number there is (and that is exceedingly great), whereof some are altogether worldly-minded, and only bent covetously to gather worldly goods and possessions: serving Mammon, and not God. And another great sum have given over themselves to all carnal, vain, dissolute, and lascivious life, *voluptatis amatores, magis quam Dei: et qui semetipsos dederunt ad patrandum omnem immunditiam cum ariditate*.⁶ And

¹ Indifferently. Impartially, without applying different measures to different persons. So in the Homily on Reading of the Scriptures, "God receiveth the learned and unlearned, and casteth away none, but is indifferent unto all." And part of the Prayer for Magistrates in the English Church Liturgy is "that they may truly and indifferently minister justice."

² Without excellency of speech.

³ Enthusiasm; artificial ingenuity.

⁴ "Lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." (1 Corinthians i. 17.)

⁵ Not by open war, but by burrowings.

⁶ Lovers of pleasure more than of God, "who have given themselves over to work all uncleanness with greediness." (Ephesians iv. 19).

because the preaching of God's Word, which to all Christian consciences is sweet and delectable, is to them, having *cauteriatas conscientias*,⁷ bitter and grievous (for, as St. Ambrose saith, *Quomodo possunt verba Dei dulcia esse in faucibus tuis, in quibus est amaritudo nequitiae?*⁸), therefore they wish also that there were no preachers at all. But because they dare not directly condemn the office of preaching, so expressly commanded by God's Word (for that were open blasphemy), they turn themselves altogether, and with the same meaning as the other do, to take exceptions against the persons of them that be admitted to preach.

But God forbid, Madam, that you should open your ears to any of these wicked persuasions, or any way go about to diminish the preaching of Christ's Gospel: for that would ruinate altogether at the length. *Quum defecerit prophetia, dissipabitur populus*.⁹ saith Salomon.

Now, where it is thought, that the reading of the godly Homilies, set forth by public authority, may suffice, I continue of the same mind I was when I attended last upon your Majesty. The reading of Homilies hath his commodity; but is nothing comparable to the office of preaching. The godly preacher is termed in the Gospel *fidelis servus et prudens, qui novit famulatio Domini cibum demensum dare in tempore*; ¹⁰ who can apply his speech according to the diversity of times, places, and hearers, which cannot be done in Homilies: exhortations, reprehensions, and persuasions, are uttered with more affection, to the moving of the hearers, in Sermons than in Homilies.¹¹ Besides, Homilies were devised by the godly bishops in your brother's time, only to supply necessity, for want of preachers; and are by the statute not to be preferred, but to give place to Sermons, whensoever they may be had; and were never thought in themselves alone to contain sufficient instruction for the Church of England. For it was then found, as it is found now, that this Church of England hath been by appropriations, and that not without sacrilege, spoiled of the livings, which at the first were appointed to the office of preaching and teaching. Which appropriations were first annexed to abbeys; and after came to the crown; and now are dispersed to private men's possessions, without hope to reduce the same to the original institution. So as at this day, in mine opinion, where one church is able to yield sufficient living for a learned preacher, there are at the least seven churches unable to do the same: and in many parishes of your realm, where there be seven or eight hundred souls (the more is the pity), there are not eight pounds a year reserved for a minister. In such parishes it is not possible to place able preachers, for want of convenient stipend. If every flock might have a preaching pastor, which is rather to be wished than hoped for, then were reading of Homilies

⁷ Consciences seared.

⁸ "How can the word of God be sweet in thy mouth, in which is the bitterness of sin?" (Serm. 13 in Psal. cxviii.)

⁹ "When prophecy shall fail, the people shall be scattered."

¹⁰ "A faithful and wise servant, who knoweth how to give his Lord's household their meat in due season." (Matthew xxiv. 45.)

¹¹ More in Sermons than in Homilies. A Homily is so called from the Greek *ὁμολογία*, which has for its first sense a being together, thence intercourse and instruction, and meant such setting forth of doctrine as could be understood in an assembly of the people. The word was applied in the Church of England to the two books of Homilies issued in 1547 and 1563, and appointed to be read on "any Sunday or holy day when there is no Sermon." The Sermon, from Latin "*sermo*," a speaking or discourse, was direct from the mind of the minister, and could be suited to the audience and occasion. Such a sermon was in the ancient Church called also a Homily, sometimes a tractate, and the preachers "*tractatores*." The restricted use of the word Homily in the English Reformed Church was only for the convenience of distinction between the sermons of the minister and those provided by the state.

altogether unnecessary. But to supply that want of preaching of God's Word, which is the food of the soul, growing upon the necessities afore-mentioned, both in your brother's time, and in your time, certain godly Homilies have been devised, that the people should not be altogether destitute of instruction: for it is an old and a true proverb, "better half a loaf than no bread."

Now for the second point, which is concerning the learned exercise and conference amongst the ministers of the Church: I have consulted with divers of my brethren, the bishops, by letters; who think it the same as I do, viz., a thing profitable to the Church, and therefore expedient to be continued. And I trust your Majesty will think the like, when your Highness shall have been informed of the manner and order thereof; what authority it hath of the Scriptures; what commodity it bringeth with it; and what incommunities will follow, if it be clean taken away.

The authors of this exercise are the bishops of the diocese where the same is used; who both by the law of God, and by the canons and constitutions of the Church now in force, have authority to appoint exercises to their inferior ministers, for increase of learning and knowledge in the Scriptures, as to them seemeth most expedient: for that pertaineth *ad disciplinam clericalem*.¹ The times appointed for the assembly is once a month, or once in twelve or fifteen days, at the discretion of the ordinary. The time of the exercise is two hours: the place, the church of the town appointed for the assembly. The matter entreated of is as followeth. Some text of Scripture, before appointed to be spoken of, is interpreted in this order: First, the occasion of the place is shewed. Secondly, the end. Thirdly, the proper sense of the place. Fourthly, the propriety of the words: and those that be learned in the tongues shewing the diversities of interpretations. Fifthly, where the like phrases are used in the Scriptures. Sixthly, places in the Scriptures, seeming to repugn, are reconciled. Seventhly, the arguments of the text are opened. Eighthly, it is also declared what virtues and what vices are there touched; and to which of the commandments they pertain. Ninthly, how the text hath been wrested by the adversaries, if occasion so require. Tenthly, and last of all, what doctrine of faith or manners the text doth contain. The conclusion is, with the prayer for your Majesty and all estates, as is appointed by the Book of Common Prayer, and a psalm.

These orders following are also observed in the said exercise. First, two or three of the gravest and best learned pastors are appointed of the bishop to moderate in every assembly. No man may speak, unless he be first allowed by the bishop, with this proviso, that no layman be suffered to speak at any time. No controversy of this present time and state shall be moved or dealt withal. If any attempt the contrary, he is put to silence by the moderator. None is suffered to glance openly or covertly at persons public or private; neither yet any one to confute another. If any man utter a wrong sense of the Scripture, he is privately admonished thereof, and better instructed by the moderators, and other his fellow-ministers. If any man use immodest speech, or irreverent gesture or behaviour, or otherwise be suspected in life, he is likewise admonished, as before. If any wilfully do break these orders, he is presented to the bishop, to be by him corrected.

The ground of this, or like exercise, is of great and ancient authority. For Samuel did practise such like exercises in his time, both at Naioth in Ramatha, and at Bethel. So did Elizeus the prophet, at Jericho. Which studious persons in

those days were called *fili prophetarum*,² that is to say, the disciples of the prophets, that being exercised in the study and knowledge of the Scriptures, they might be able men to serve in God's Church, as that time required. St. Paul also doth make express mention, that the like in effect was used in the primitive Church; and giveth rules for the order of the same; as namely, that two or three should speak, and the rest should keep silence.

That exercise of the Church in those days St. Paul calleth *prophetiam*, and the speakers *prophetas*: terms very odious in our days to some, because they are not rightly understood. For indeed *prophetia*, in that and like places of St. Paul, doth not, as it doth sometimes, signify prediction of things to come, which gift is not now ordinary in the Church of God; but signifieth there, by the consent of the best ancient writers, the interpretation and exposition of the Scriptures. And therefore doth St. Paul attribute unto those that be called *prophetae* in that chapter, *doctrinam ad edificationem, exhortationem, et consolationem*.³

This gift of expounding and interpreting the Scriptures was, in St. Paul's time, given to many by special miracle, without study: so was also, by like miracle, the gift to speak with strange tongues, which they had never learned. But now, miracles ceasing, men must attain to the knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, &c., by travail and study, God giving the increase. So must men also attain by like means to the gift of expounding and interpreting the Scriptures. And amongst other helps, nothing is so necessary as these above-named exercises and conferences amongst the ministers of the Church: which in effect are all one with the exercises of students in divinity in the universities; saving that the first is done in a tongue understood, to the more edifying of the unlearned hearers.

Howsoever report hath been made to your Majesty concerning these exercises, yet I and others of your bishops, whose names are noted in the margin hereof, as they have testified unto me by their letters, have found by experience, that these profits and commodities following have ensued of them:—1. The ministers of the Church are more skilful and ready in the Scriptures, and apter to teach their flocks. 2. It withdraweth them from idleness, wandering, gaming, &c. 3. Some, afore suspected in doctrine, are brought hereby to open confession of the truth. 4. Ignorant ministers are driven to study, if not for conscience, yet for shame and fear of discipline. 5. The opinion of laymen, touching the idleness of the clergy, is hereby removed. 6. Nothing by experience beateth down Popery more than that ministers (as some of my brethren do certify) grow to such good knowledge, by means of these exercises, that where afore were not three able preachers, now are thirty, meet to preach at St. Paul's Cross; and forty or fifty besides, able to instruct their own cures. So as it is found by experience the best means to increase knowledge in the simple, and to continue it in the learned. Only backward men in religion, and contemners of learning in the countries abroad, do fret against it; which in truth doth the more commend it. The dissolution of it would breed triumph to the adversaries, and great sorrow and grief unto the favourers of religion; contrary to the counsel of Ezekiel, who saith, *Cor justi non est contristandum*.⁴ And although some few have abused this good and necessary exercise, there is no reason that the malice of a few should prejudice all. Abuses may be

² The sons of the prophets.

³ "Speaking unto edification, and exhortation, and comfort." (1 Corinthians xiv. 3.)

⁴ "The heart of the righteous must not be made sad." (Ezekiel xiii. 22.)

¹ To the discipline of the clergy.

reformed, and that which is good may remain. Neither is there any just cause of offence to be taken, if divers men make divers senses of one sentence of Scripture; so that all the senses be good and agreeable to the analogy and proportion of faith: for otherwise we must needs condemn all the ancient fathers and doctors of the Church, who most commonly expound one and the same text of the Scripture diversely, and yet all to the good of the Church. Therefore doth St. Basil compare the Scriptures to a well; out of the which the more a man draweth, the better and sweeter is the water.

I trust, when your Majesty hath considered and well weighed the premises, you will rest satisfied, and judge that no such inconveniences can grow of these exercises, as you have been informed, but rather the clean contrary. And for my own part, because I am very well assured, both by reasons and arguments taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and by experience (the most certain seal of sure knowledge), that the said exercises, for the interpretation and exposition of the Scriptures and for exhortation and comfort drawn out of the same, are both profitable to increase knowledge among the ministers, and tendeth to the edifying of the hearers,—I am forced, with all humility, and yet plainly, to profess, that I cannot with safe conscience, and without the offence of the Majesty of God, give my assent to the suppressing of the said exercises: much less can I send out any injunction for the utter and universal subversion of the same. I say with St. Paul, "I have no power to destroy, but to only edify;" and with the same apostle, "I can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

If it be your Majesty's pleasure, for this or any other cause, to remove me out of this place, I will with all humility yield thereunto, and render again to your Majesty that I received of the same. I consider with myself, *Quod horrendum est incidere in manus Dei viventis*.¹ I consider also, *Quod qui facit contra conscientiam (divinis iuribus nixam) edificat ad gehennam*.² "And what should I win, if I gained?" (I will not say a bishoprick, but) "the whole world, and lose mine own soul?"

Bear with me, I beseech you, Madam, if I choose rather to offend your earthly Majesty than to offend the heavenly Majesty of God. And now being sorry that I have been so long and tedious to your Majesty, I will draw to an end, most humbly praying the same well to consider these two short petitions following.

The first is, that you would refer all these ecclesiastical matters which touch religion, or the doctrine and discipline of the Church, unto the bishops and divines of your realm; according to the example of all godly Christian emperors and princes of all ages. For indeed they are things to be judged (as an ancient father writeth) *in ecclesia, seu synodo, non in palatio*.³ When your Majesty hath questions of the laws of your realm, you do not decide the same in your court, but send them to your judges to be determined. Likewise for doubts in matters of doctrine or discipline of the Church, the ordinary way is to refer the decision of the same to the bishops, and other head ministers of the Church.

Ambrose to Theodosius useth these words: *Si de causis pecuniariis comites tuos consulis, quanto magis in causa religionis sacerdotes Domini æquum est consulas?*⁴ And like-

wise the same father to the good emperor Valentinianus: *Si conferendum de fide, sacerdotum debet esse ista collatio; sicut factum est sub Constantino augustæ memoriæ principe, qui nullas leges ante præmisit, sed liberum dedit iudicium sacerdotibus*.⁵ And the same father saith, that Constantius the emperor, son to the said Constantine the Great, began well, by reason he followed his father's steps at the first; but ended ill, because he took upon him *de fide intra palatium iudicare*⁶ (for so be the words of Ambrose), and thereby fell into Arianism; a terrible example!

The said Ambrose, so much commended in all histories for a godly bishop, goeth yet farther, and writeth to the same emperor in this form: *Si docendus est episcopus a laico, quid sequetur? Laicus ergo disputet, et episcopus audiat; episcopus discat a laico. At certe, si vel scripturarum sermum divinarum vel vetera tempora retractemus, quis est qui abnuat, in causa fidei, in causa, inquam, fidei, episcopos solere de imperatoribus Christianis, non imperatores de episcopis iudicare?*⁷ Would God your Majesty would follow this ordinary course! You should procure to yourself much more quietness of mind, better please God, avoid many offences, and the Church should be more quietly and peaceably governed, much to your comfort and commodity of your realm.

The second petition I have to make to your Majesty is this: that when you deal in matters of faith and religion, or matters that touch the Church of Christ, which is His spouse, bought with so dear a price, you would not use to pronounce so resolutely and peremptorily, *quasi ex auctoritate*,⁸ as ye may do in civil and extern matters; but always remember, that in God's causes the will of God, and not the will of any earthly creature, is to take place. It is the antichristian voice of the Pope, *Sic volo, sic jubeo; set pro ratione voluntas*.⁹ In God's matters all princes ought to bow their sceptres to the Son of God, and to ask counsel at His mouth what they ought to do. David exhorteth all kings and rulers to *serve God with fear and trembling*.

Remember, Madam, that you are a mortal creature. "Look not only (as was said to Theodosius) upon the purple and princely array, wherewith ye are apparelled; but consider withal, what is that that is covered therewith. Is it not flesh and blood? Is it not dust and ashes? Is it not a corruptible body, which must return to his earth again, God knoweth how soon?" Must not you also one day appear *ante tremendum tribunal Crucifixi, ut recipias ibi, prout gesseris in corpore, sive bonum sive malum?*¹⁰

And although ye are a mighty prince, yet remember that He which dwelleth in heaven is mightier. He is, as the Psalmist sayeth, *terribilis, et is qui aufert spiritum principum, terribilis super omnes reges terre*.¹¹

⁵ "If we confer about faith, the conference ought to be left to the priests; as it was done under the prince Constantine, of august memory, who set forth no laws, before he had submitted them to the free judgment of the priests."

⁶ To judge of faith within the palace.

⁷ "If a bishop be to be taught by a layman, what will follow? Let the layman then dispute, and the bishop hear: let the bishop learn of the layman. But certainly, if we have recourse either to the order of the Holy Scriptures or to ancient times, who is there that can deny, that in the cause of faith, I say, in the cause of faith, bishops were wont to judge concerning Christian emperors, not emperors concerning bishops?"

⁸ As if by authority.

⁹ So I will have it; so I command: let my will stand for a reason.

¹⁰ "Before the fearful judgment-seat of the Crucified, to receive there according as you have done in the body, whether it be good or evil?"

¹¹ "Terrible, and he who taketh away the spirit of princes, and is terrible above all the kings of the earth."

¹ "That it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Hebrews x. 31.)

² That he who acts against his conscience (resting upon the laws of God) builds for hell.

³ In the church, or a synod, not in a palace.

⁴ "If on affairs of money you consult with your counts, how much more is it fit that you consult with the Lord's priests on affairs of religion?"

Wherefore I do beseech you, Madam, *in visceribus Christi*,¹ when you deal in these religious causes, set the majesty of God before your eyes, laying all earthly majesty aside: determine with yourself to obey His voice, and with all humility say unto Him, *Non mea, sed tua voluntas fiat*.² God hath blessed you with great felicity in your reign, now many years; beware you do not impute the same to your own deserts or policy, but give God the glory. And as to instruments and means, impute your said felicity, first; to the goodness of the cause which ye have set forth (I mean Christ's true religion); and, secondly, to the sighs and groanings of the godly in their fervent prayer to God for you; which have hitherto, as it were, tied and bound the hands of God, that He could not pour His plagues upon you and your people, most justly deserved.

Take heed, that ye never once think of declining from God, lest that be verified of you, which is written of Ozeas [Joash], who continued a prince of good and godly government for many years together; and afterwards *cum roboratus esset* (saith the text), *elevatum est cor ejus in interitum suum, et neglexit Dominum*.³ Ye have done many things well; but except ye persevere to the end, ye cannot be blessed. For if ye turn from God, then God will turn away his merciful countenance from you. And what remaineth then to be looked for, but only a terrible expectation of God's judgments, and an heaping up of wrath against the day of wrath?

But I trust in God, your Majesty will always humble yourself under His mighty hand, and go forward in the zealous setting forth of God's true religion, always yielding due obedience and reverence to the Word of God, the only rule of faith and religion. And if ye so do, although God hath just cause many ways to be angry with you and us for our unfaithfulness, yet I doubt nothing, but that for His own name's sake, and for His own glory's sake, He will still hold His merciful hand over us, shield and protect us under the shadow of His wings, as He hath done hitherto.

I beseech God, our heavenly Father, plentifully to pour His principal Spirit upon you, and always to direct your heart in His holy fear. Amen.

Queen Elizabeth met this letter by causing others to issue her command that "prophesyings" should be discontinued. Grindal was confined to his house, and, by order of the Star Chamber, sequestered for six months, during which he might retain the name of Archbishop, but all duties of the office were discharged by others, of whom Aylmer, Bishop of London, was the chief. As Grindal, at the end of the six months, remained of the same mind, this state of things continued, and such was Archbishop Grindal's position in 1579, when young Edmund Spenser published his "Shepherd's Calendar," and, honouring the disgraced primate by the name of the wise Algrind, openly declared sympathy with him, and want of sympathy with Aylmer, who figured in the calendar as Morrel: "a goat-herd proud."⁴ Bishop

Aylmer, carrying out the Queen's policy and his own, repressed extremes on either side of the Established Church. He dealt severely with Roman Catholics, and on the opposite side was described as "a man of most intemperate heat, who persecuted Puritans with the utmost rage, and treated ministers with such virulent and abusive language as a man of sense and indifferent⁵ temper would scorn to use towards porters and cobblers." During these days of his trouble, Edmund Grindal became blind. He died in 1583.

CHAPTER VII.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—FRANCIS BACON, EDMUND SPENSER, RICHARD HOOKER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1577 TO A.D. 1603.



(From the First Edition of Spenser's "Complaints," 1591.)

MARTIN MARPRELATE is a name hardly suggestive of Religion, for it recalls chiefly the bitterness of a zeal that cast out charity. It was the assumed name under which many earnest Puritans, who endangered their lives by plain speaking, published unlicensed pamphlets against those signs of an imperfect Re-

formation which they thought they found in prelacy. Martin Marprelate "pistled the Bishops" in earnest and violent tracts, printed by a secret press, which the Government fiercely hunted out of one hiding-place into another. One of the Marprelate writers, John Penry, was caught and hanged. He wrote before his execution, "I never did anything in this cause for contention, vainglory, or to draw disciples after me. Great things in this life I never sought for: sufficiency I had with great outward trouble; but most content I was with my lot, and content with my untimely death, though I leave behind me a friendless widow and four infants." John Udall, another of the Marprelate writers, was left to die in prison. When he was tried for the authorship of a book, and offered witnesses in his defence, they were refused a hearing on the plea that witnesses for the prisoner would be against the Queen. But he said, and said in vain, "It is for the Queen to hear all things when the life of any of her subjects is in question." The pamphlets written against the Puritans in this quarrel, not clandestinely, because authority was with them, were chiefly by wits and playwrights, as violent as those which they opposed, and not so earnest. The most temperate of all these writers was one of the impugned bishops, Thomas Cooper, Bishop of Winchester. This controversy was at its height in 1589, and Francis Bacon, then twenty-nine years old, wrote of it wisely thus:—

¹ In the bowels of Christ.

² "Not mine, but thine be done." (Luke xxii. 42.)

³ "When he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction, for he transgressed against the Lord." (2 Chronicles xxvi. 16.)

⁴ The volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 205—209, contains the eclogue of the "Shepherd's Calendar" which especially illustrates Edmund Spenser's sympathy with Edmund Grindal.

⁵ Indifferent, unprejudiced. (See Note 1, p. 180.)

AN ADVERTISEMENT TOUCHING THE CONTROVERSIES OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

It is but ignorance if any man find it strange that the state of Religion (especially in the days of peace) should be exercised and troubled with controversies. For as it is the condition of the Church Militant to be ever under trials, so it cometh to pass that when the fiery trial of persecution ceaseth there succeedeth another trial, which as it were by contrary blasts of doctrine doth sift and winnow men's faith, and proveth them whether they know God aright, even as that other of afflictions discovereth whether they love Him better than the World. Accordingly was it foretold by Christ, saying, That in the latter times it should be said, Lo here, lo there is Christ: which is to be understood, not as if the very person of Christ should be assumed and counterfeited, but his authority and pre-eminence (which is to be Truth itself) that should be challenged and pretended. Thus have we read and seen to be fulfilled that which followeth, *Ecce in deserto, ecce in penetralibus*; ¹ while some have sought the truth in the conventicles and conciliables of heretics and sectaries, and others in the extern face and representation of the Church, and both sorts been seduced. Were it then that the controversies of the Church of England were such as did divide the unity of the spirit, and not such as only do unsuath her of her bonds (the bonds of peace), yet could it be no occasion for any pretended Catholic to judge us, or for any irreligious person to despise us. Or if it be, it shall but happen to us all as it hath used to do; to them to be hardened, and to us to endure the good pleasure of God. But now that our contentions are such, as we need not so much that general canon and sentence of Christ pronounced against heretics, *Erratis, nescientes Scripturas, nec potestatem Dei*,² as we need the admonition of St. James, "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath," and that the wound is no way dangerous, except we poison it with our remedies; as the former sort of men have less reason to make themselves music in our discord, so I have good hope that nothing shall displease ourselves which shall be sincerely and modestly propounded for the appeasing of these dissensions. For if any shall be offended at this voice, *Vos estis fratres* (ye are brethren, why strive ye?), he shall give a great presumption against himself, that he is the party that doth his brother wrong.

The controversies themselves I will not enter into, as judging that the disease requireth rather rest than any other cure. Thus much we all know and confess, that they be not of the highest nature; for they are not touching the high mysteries of faith, such as detained the churches after their first peace for many years; what time the heretics moved curious questions, and made strange anatomies of the natures and person of Christ; and the Catholic fathers were compelled to follow them with all subtilty of decisions and determinations, to exclude them from their evasions and to take them in their labyrinths; so as it is rightly said, *illis temporibus ingeniosa res fuit esse Christianum* (in those days it was an ingenious and subtle matter to be a Christian). Neither are they concerning the great parts of the worship of God, of which it is true that *non servatur unitas in credendo, nisi eadem adsit in calendo* (there will be kept no unity in believing, except it be entertained in worshipping); such as were the controversies of the east and west churches touching

images; and such as are many of those between the Church of Rome and us; as about the adoration of the Sacrament, and the like. But we contend about ceremonies and things indifferent; about the extern policy and government of the Church. In which kind, if we would but remember that the ancient and true bonds of unity are one faith, one baptism, and not one ceremony, one policy; if we would observe the league amongst Christians that is penned by our Saviour, "He that is not against us is with us:" if we could but comprehend that saying, *differentia rituum commendat unitatem doctrinae* (the diversity of ceremonies doth set forth the unity of doctrine); and that *habet religio quae sunt aeternitatis, habet quae sunt temporis* (Religion hath parts which belong to eternity, and parts which pertain to time): and if we did but know the virtue of silence and slowness to speak, commended by St. James; our controversies of themselves would close up and grow together. But most especially, if we would leave the over-weening and turbulent humours of these times, and revive the blessed proceeding of the Apostles and Fathers of the primitive Church, which was, in the like and greater cases, not to enter into assertions and positions, but to deliver counsels and advices, we should need no other remedy at all. *Si eadem consulis, frater, quae affirmas, debetur consulenti reverentia, cum non debeatur fides affirmanti* (Brother, if that which you set down as an assertion, you would deliver by way of advice, there were reverence due to your counsel, whereas faith is not due to your affirmation). St. Paul was content to speak thus, *Ego, non Dominus* (I, and not the Lord): *Et, secundum consilium meum* (according to my counsel). But now men do too lightly say, *Non ego, sed Dominus* (not I, but the Lord): yea, and bind it with heavy denunciations of His judgments, to terrify the simple, which have not sufficiently understood out of Salomon, that the causeless curse shall not come.

Therefore seeing the accidents are they which breed the peril, and not the things themselves in their own nature, it is meet the remedies be applied unto them, by opening what it is on either part that keepeth the wound green, and formalizeth both sides to a further opposition, and worketh an indisposition in men's minds to be reunited. Wherein no accusation is pretended; but I find in reason, that peace is best built upon a repetition of wrongs: and in example, that the speeches which have been made by the wisest men *de concordia ordinum*³ have not abstained from reducing to memory the extremities used on both parts. So as it is true which is said, *Qui pacem tractat non repetitis conditionibus dissidii, is magis animos hominum dulcedine pacis fallit, quam aequitate componit*.⁴

And first of all, it is more than time that there were an end and surseance made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matters of Religion are handled in the style of the stage. Indeed, bitter and earnest writing may not hastily be condemned; for men cannot contend coldly and without affection about things which they hold dear and precious. A politic man may write from his brain, without touch and sense of his heart, as in a speculation that pertaineth not unto him; but a feeling Christian will express in his words a character either of zeal or love. The latter of which as I could wish rather embraced, being more fit for these times, yet is the former warranted also by great examples. But to leave all reverent and religious compassion towards evils, or indignation

¹ "Behold, he is in the desert . . . behold, he is in the secret chambers." (Matthew xxiv. 26.)

² "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." (Matthew xxi. 29.)

³ On concord of arrangements.

⁴ Whoever seeks treaty of peace without re-stating the causes of dissension, rather beguiles men's minds with the sweetness of peace than brings them into accord by equity.

towards faults, and to turn religion into a comedy or satire; to search and rip up wounds with a laughing countenance: to intermix Scripture and scurrility sometime in one sentence; is a thing far from the devout reverence of a Christian, and scant beseming the honest regard of a sober man. *Non est major confusio, quam serii et joci* (there is no greater confusion, than the confounding of jest and earnest). The majesty of religion, and the contempt and deformity of things ridiculous, are things as distant as things may be. Two principal causes have I ever known of Atheism: curious controversies, and profane scoffing. Now that these two are joined in one, no doubt that sect will make no small progression.

And here I do much esteem the wisdom and religion of that bishop¹ which replied to the first pamphlet of this kind, who remembered that "a fool was to be answered, but not by becoming like unto him;" and considered the matter that he handled, and not the person with whom he dealt. Job, speaking of the majesty and gravity of a judge in himself, saith, "If I did smile, they believed it not:" as if he should have said, If I diverted, or glanced unto conceit of mirth, yet men's minds were so possessed with a reverence of the action in hand, as they could not receive it. Much more ought this to be amongst bishops and divines disputing about holy things. And therefore as much do I dislike the invention of him who (as it seemeth) pleased himself in it as in no mean policy, that these men are to be dealt withal at their own weapons, and pledged in their own cup. This seemed to him as profound a device, as when the Cardinal Sansovino counselled Julius II. to encounter the Council of Pisa with the Council Lateran; or as lawful a challenge as Mr. Jewel made to confute the pretended Catholics by the Fathers. But these things will not excuse the imitation of evil in another. It should be contrariwise with us, as Cæsar said, *Nil malo, quam eos similes esse sui, et me mei*.² But now, *Dum de bonis contendimus, in malis consentimus* (while we differ about good things, we resemble in evil). Surely, if I were asked of these men who were the more to be blamed, I should perchance remember the proverb, "that the second blow maketh the fray," and the saying of an obscure fellow, *Qui replicat, multiplicat* (he that replieth, multiplieth). But I would determine the question with this sentence: *Alter principium malo dedit, alter modum abstulit* (by the one's means we have a beginning, and by the other's we shall have none end). And truly, as I do marvel that some of those preachers which call for reformation (whom I am far from wronging so far as to join them with these scoffers) do not publish some declaration whereby they may satisfy the world that they dislike their cause should be thus solicited; so I hope assuredly that my lords of the clergy have none intelligence with this other libeller, but do altogether disallow that their credit should be thus defended. For though I observe in him many glosses, whereby the man would insinuate himself into their favours, yet I find it to be ordinary, that many pressing and fawning persons do misconjecture of the humours of men in authority, and many times *Veneri inmolant suam* (they seek to gratify them with that which they most dislike). For I have great reason to satisfy myself touching the judgments of my lords

the bishops in this matter, by that which was written by one of them, which I mentioned before with honour. Nevertheless I note, there is not an indifferent³ hand carried towards these pamphlets as they deserve. For the one sort flieth in the dark, and the other is uttered openly; wherein I might advise that side out of a wise writer, who hath set it down that *punitis ingenis gliscit auctoritas*.⁴ And indeed we see it ever falleth out that the forbidden writing is thought to be certain sparks of a truth that fly up in the faces of those that seek to choke it and tread it out; whereas a book authorised is thought to be but *temporis voces* (the language of the time). But in plain truth I do find (to my understanding) these pamphlets as meet to be suppressed as the other. First, because as the former sort doth deface the government of the Church in the persons of the bishops and prelates, so the other doth lead into contempt the exercises of religion in the persons of sundry preachers; so as it disgraceth an higher matter, though in the meaner person. Next, I find certain indiscreet and dangerous amplifications, as if the civil government itself of this estate had near lost the force of her sinews, and were ready to enter into some convulsion, all things being full of faction and disorder; which is as unwisely acknowledged as untruly affirmed. I know his meaning is to enforce this unreverent and violent impugning of the government of bishops to be a suspected forerunner of a more general contempt. And I grant there is sympathy between the states, but no such matter in the civil policy as deserveth so dishonourable a taxation. To conclude this point: As it were to be wished that these writings had been abortive, and never seen the sun; so the next is, since they be comen abroad, that they be censured⁵ (by all that have understanding and conscience) as the intemperate extravagancies of some light persons. Yea further, the⁴ men beware (except they mean to adventure to deprive themselves of all sense of religion, and to pave their own hearts, and make them as the highway) how they be conversant in them, and much more how they delight in that vein; but rather to turn their laughing into blushing, and to be ashamed, as of a short madness, that they have in matters of religion taken their disport and solace. But this perchance is of those faults which will be soonest acknowledged; though I perceive nevertheless that there want not some who seek to blanch and excuse it.

But to descend to a sincere view and consideration of the accidents and circumstances of these controversies, wherein either part deserveth blame or imputation; I find generally, in causes of church controversies, that men do offend in some or all of these five points.

1. The first is, the giving of occasion unto the controversies: and also the inconsiderate and ungrounded taking of occasion.

³ Indifferent, impartial. (See Note 1, page 180.)

⁴ "When wits are punished, their authority increases." Part of a passage in the "Annals of Tacitus" (iv. 35), which says, "Vain and senseless is the attempt by an arbitrary act to extinguish the light of truth and defraud posterity of due information. Genius thrives under oppression; persecute the author, and you enhance the value of his work."

⁵ Censured, thought of. "Censure" meant originally one's opinion upon a subject, good or bad. The slow advance of culture has caused the majority of such opinions to be in accord with what Chaucer describes as the judgment of the ignorant, in his "Squire's Tale," when magic gifts are under scrutiny; they judge

"As lewde people demen commonly
Of thinges that ben made more subtilly
Than they can in their lewdness comprehend,
They demen gladly to the badder end."

¹ Thomas Cooper, whose pamphlet here referred to was entitled "An Admonition to the People of England," and gave rise to a rejoinder entitled "Hay ye any work for a Cooper?" Thomas Cooper, born at Oxford in 1527, left a fellowship at Magdalen to study physic in the reign of Mary, but after her death he became successively Dean of Christchurch, Dean of Gloucester, Bishop of Lincoln (1570), and Bishop of Winchester (1584). He died in 1594. Besides his "Admonition," he published sermons, and a Latin dictionary.

² "I wish nothing but that they shall be like themselves, I like myself." (Cæsar in Cicero's letters to Atticus.)

2. The next is, the extending and multiplying the controversies to a more general opposition or contradiction than appeareth at the first propounding of them, when men's judgments are less partial.

3. The third is, the passionate and unbrotherly practices and proceedings of both parts towards the persons each of others, for their discredit and suppression.

4. The fourth is, the courses holden and entertained on either side, for the drawing of their partisans to a more strait union within themselves, which ever importeth a further distraction of the entire body.

5. The last is, the undue and inconvenient propounding, publishing, and debating of the controversies. In which point the most palpable error hath been already spoken of; as that which, through the strangeness and freshness of the abuse, first offereth itself to the conceits of all men.

1. Now concerning the occasion of controversies, it cannot be denied but that the imperfections in the conversation¹ and government of those which have chief place in the Church have ever been principal causes and motives of schisms and divisions. For whilst the bishops and governors of the Church continue full of knowledge and good works; whilst they feed the flock indeed; whilst they deal with the secular states in all liberty and resolution, according to the majesty of their calling, and the precious care of souls imposed upon them: so long the Church is situate as it were upon an hill; no man maketh question of it, or seeketh to depart from it. But when these virtues in the fathers and leaders of the Church have lost their light, and that they wax worldly, "lovers of themselves, and pleasers of men," then men begin to grope for the Church as in the dark; they are in doubt whether they be the successors of the Apostles, or of the Pharisees; yea, howsoever they sit in Moses' chair, yet they can never speak *tantum auctoritatem habentes* (as having authority), because they have lost their reputation in the consciences of men, by declining their steps from the way which they trace out to others. So as men had need continually have sounding in their ears this saying, *Nolite exire* (go not out); so ready are they to depart from the Church upon every voice. And therefore it is truly noted by one that writeth as a natural man, "that the hypocrisy of freres did for a great time maintain and bear out the irreligion of bishops and prelates." For this is the double policy of the spiritual enemy, either by counterfeit holiness of life to establish and authorise errors; or by corruption of manners to discredit and draw in question truth and things lawful. This concerneth my lords the bishops, unto whom I am witness to myself that I stand affected as I ought. No contradiction hath supplanted in me the reverence I owe to their calling; neither hath any detraction or calumny embased mine opinion of their persons. I know some of them, whose names are most pierced with these accusations, to be men of great virtues; although the indisposition of the time, and the want of correspondence many ways, is enough to frustrate the best endeavours in the edifying of the Church. And for the rest generally, I can condemn none. I am no judge of them that belong to so high a master; neither have I two witnesses. And I know it is truly said of fame, *Pariter facta, atque infecta canebat*.² Their taxations arise not all from one coast; they have many and different enemies, ready to invent slander, more ready to amplify it, and most ready to believe

it. And *Magnes mendacii credulitas* (credulity is the adamant of lies). But if any be, against whom the supreme bishop hath not a few things but many things; if any have "lost his first love;" if any "be neither hot nor cold;" if any have stumbled too foully at the threshold, in sort that he cannot sit well which entered ill; it is time "they return whence they are fallen, and confirm the things that remain." Great is the weight of this fault; *et eorum causa abhorrebant homines à sacrificio Domini* (and for their cause did men abhor the adoration of God). But howsoever it be, those which have sought to deface them, and cast contempt upon them, are not to be excused.

It is the precept of Salomon, "that the rulers be not reproached; no, not in thought," but that we draw our very conceit into a modest interpretation of their doings. The holy angel would give no sentence of blasphemy against the common slanderer, but said, *Incepit te Dominus* (the Lord rebuke thee). The Apostle St. Paul, though against him that did pollute sacred justice with tyrannous violence he did justly denounce the judgment of God, in saying *Percutiet te Dominus*³ (the Lord will strike thee); yet in saying *paries dealbate*, he thought he had gone too far, and retracted it: whereupon a learned father said, *Ipsum quamvis inane nomen et umbram sacerdotis cogitans expavit*.⁴ The ancient councils and synods (as is noted by the ecclesiastical story), when they deprived any bishop, never recorded the offence, but buried it in perpetual silence. Only Cham purchased his curse with revealing his father's disgrace. And yet a much greater fault is it to ascend from their person to their calling, and draw that in question. Many good fathers spake rigorously and severely of the unworthiness of bishops, as if presently it did forfeit and cease their office. One saith, *Sacerdotes nominamur et non sumus* (we are called priests, but priests we are not). Another saith, *Nisi bonum opus amplectaris, episcopus esse non potes* (except thou undertake the good work, thou canst not be a bishop). Yet they meant nothing less than to make doubt of their calling or ordination.

The second occasion of controversies, is the nature and humour of some men. The Church never wanteth a kind of persons which love "the salutation of Rabbi, master;" not in ceremony or compliment, but in an inward authority which they seek over men's minds, in drawing them to depend upon their opinion, and "to seek knowledge at their lips." These men are the true successors of Diotrophes, the lover of pre-eminence, and not lords bishops. Such spirits do light upon another sort of natures, which do adhere to them; men *quorum gloria in obsequio* (stiff followers, and such as zeal marvellously for those whom they have chosen for their masters). This latter sort, for the most part, are men of young years and superficial understanding, carried away with partial respect of persons, or with the enticing appearance of goodly names and pretences. *Pauci res ipsas sequuntur, plures nomina rerum, plurimi nomina magistrorum* (few follow the things themselves, more the names of the things, and most the names of their masters). About these general affections are wreathed accidental and private emulations and contentments, all which together break forth into contentions; such as either violate truth, sobriety, or peace. These generalities apply themselves. The universities are the seat and continent of this disease, whence it hath been and is derived into the rest of the realm. There some will no longer be *è numero* (of the number). There some others side them-

¹ Conversation, intercourse, way of association with others. "Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation." ("Antony and Cleopatra," ii. 6.) "Our conversation is in heaven." (Philippians iii. 20.)

² She sang equally things done and not done. (Statius, "Thebaid," iii. 430.)

³ "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall . . . And they that stood by said, Revilest thou God's high priest? Then said Paul, I wish not, brethren, that he was the high priest." (Acts xxiii. 3-5.)

⁴ Upon reflection he had dread even for the empty name and shadow of a priest.

selves before "they know their right hand from their left." So it is true which is said, *transcunt ab ignorantia ad præjudicium* (they leap from ignorance to a prejudicate opinion), and never take a sound judgment in their way. But as it is well noted, *inter juvenile judicium et senile præjudicium, omnis veritas corrumpitur* (when men are indifferent, and not partial, then their judgment is weak and unripe through want of years; and when it groweth to strength and ripeness, by that time it is forestalled with such a number of prejudicate opinions, as it is made unprofitable: so as between these two all truth is corrupted). In the meanwhile, the honourable names of sincerity, reformation, and discipline are put in the foreward: so as contentions and evil zeals cannot be touched, except these holy things be thought first to be violated. But howsoever they shall infer the solicitation for the peace of the Church to proceed from carnal sense, yet I will conclude ever with the Apostle Paul, *Cum sit inter vos zelus et contentio, nonne carnalis estis?* (Whilst there is amongst you zeal and contention, are ye not carnal?) And howsoever they esteem the compounding of controversies to savour of man's wisdom and human policy, and think themselves led by the wisdom which is from above, yet I say with St. James, *Non est ista sapientia de sursum descendens, sed terrena, animalis, diabolica: ubi enim zelus et contentio, ibi inconstantia et omne opus pravum.*¹ Of this inconstancy, it is said by a learned father, *Procedere volunt non ad perfectionem, sed ad permutationem* (they seek to go forward still, not to perfection, but to change).

The third occasion of controversies I observe to be, an extreme and unlimited detestation of some former heresy or corruption of the Church already acknowledged and convicted. This was the cause that produced the heresy of Arius,² grounded chiefly upon detestation of Gentilism, lest the Christians should seem, by the assertion of the co-equal divinity of our Saviour Christ, to approach unto the acknowledgment of more gods than one. The detestation of the heresy of Arius produced that of Sabellius;³ who, holding for execrable the dissimilitude which Arius pretended in the Trinity, fled so far from him, as he fell upon that other extremity, to deny the distinction of persons; and to say they were but only names of several offices and dispensations. Yea, most of the heresies and schisms of the Church have sprung up of this root; while men have made it as it were their scale, by which to measure the bounds of the most perfect religion; taking it by the furthest distance from the error last condemned. These be *posthumi hæresium filii* (heresies that arise out of the ashes of other heresies that are extinct and amortized). This manner of apprehension doth in some degree possess many in our times. They think it the true touchstone to try what is good and holy, by measuring what is more or less opposite to the institutions of the Church of Rome; be it ceremony, be it policy or government, yea, be it other institution of greater weight, that is ever most perfect which is removed most degrees from that Church; and that is ever polluted and blemished which participateth in any appearance with it. This is a subtle and dangerous conceit

for men to entertain, apt to delude themselves, more apt to seduce the people, and most apt of all to calumniate their adversaries. This surely (but that a notorious condemnation of that position was before our eyes) had long since brought us to the re-baptising of children baptised according to the pretended catholic religion. For I see that which is a matter of much like reason, which is the re-ordaining of priests, is a matter already resolutely maintained. It is very meet that men beware how they be abused by this opinion; and that they know that it is a consideration of much greater wisdom and sobriety to be well advised, whether in the general demolition of the institutions of the Church of Rome there were not (as men's actions are imperfect) some good purged with the bad, rather than to purge the Church, as they pretend, every day anew; which is the way to make a wound in her bowels, as is already begun.

The fourth and last occasion of these controversies (a matter which did also trouble the Church in former times) is the partial affectation and imitation of foreign churches. For many of our men, during the time of persecution and since, having been conversant in churches abroad, and received a great impression of the form of government there ordained, have violently sought to intrude the same upon our Church. But I answer, *Consentiamus in eo quod convenit, non in eo quod receptum est* (let us agree in this, that every church do that which is convenient for the estate of itself, and not in particular customs). Although their churches had received the better form, yet many times it is to be sought, *non quid optimum, sed è bonis quid proximum* (not what is best, but of good things what is next and readiest to be had). Our church is not now to plant; it is settled and established. It may be, in civil states, a republic is a better policy than a kingdom: yet God forbid that lawful kingdoms should be tied to innovate and make alteration. *Qui mala introducit, voluntatem Dei oppugnat revelatam in verbo; qui nova introducit, voluntatem Dei oppugnat revelatam in rebus* (he that bringeth in evil customs, resisteth the will of God revealed in His Word; he that bringeth in new things, resisteth the will of God revealed in the things themselves). *Consule providentiam Dei, cum verbo Dei* (take counsel of the providence of God, as well as of His Word). Neither yet do I admit that their form (though it were possible and convenient) is better than ours, if some abuses were taken away. The parity and equality of ministers is a thing of wonderful great confusion; and so is an ordinary government by synods, which doth necessarily ensue upon the other. It is hard in all causes, but especially in matters of religion, when voices shall be "numbered and not weighed." *Equidem* (saith a wise father) *ut vere quod res est scribam, prorsus decrevi fugere omnem conventum episcoporum; nullius enim concilii bonum exitum unquam vidi; concilia enim non minuunt mala, sed augent potius* (To say the truth, I am utterly determined never to come to any council of bishops: for I never yet saw good end of any council; for councils abate not ill things, but rather increase them): which is to be understood not so much of general councils, as of synods gathered for the ordinary government of the Church; as for deprivation of bishops, and such-like causes; which mischief hath taught the use of archbishops, patriarchs, and primates; as the abuse of them since hath taught men to dislike them. But it will be said, Look to the fruits of the churches abroad and ours. To which I say, that I beseech the Lord to multiply his blessings and graces upon those churches an hundredfold. But yet it is not good, that we fall on numbering of them. It may be our peace hath made us more wanton: it may be also (though I would be loath to derogate from the honour of those churches, were it not to remove scandals) that their fruits are as torches in

¹ "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." (James iii 15, 16.)

² Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria in the fourth century, maintained that the Son and the Father were distinct, and that the Son was created by the will of the Father out of nothing. His doctrine was condemned at a synod A.D. 321, and again at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, when Athanasius took part against him. He died A.D. 336.

³ Sabellius lived before Arius. He was an African Christian of the third century, one of the Monarchians who held the Oneness of the Three Persons by treating them as names for the different relations of the one God to His people.

the dark, which appear greatest afar off. I know they may have some more strict orders for the repressing of sundry excesses. But when I consider of the censures of some persons, as well upon particular men as upon churches, I think of the saying of a Platonist, who saith, *Certe vitia irascibilis partis anime sunt gradu praviora quam concupiscibilis, tametsi occultiora*; ¹ a matter that appeared well by the ancient contentions of bishops. God grant that we may contend with other churches, as the vine with the olive, which of us beareth best fruit; and not as the brier with the thistle, which of us is most unprofitable. And thus much touching the occasion of these controversies.

2. Now, briefly to set down the growth and progression of these controversies; whereby will be verified the wise counsel of Salomon, that the course of contentions is to be stopped at the first; being else "as the waters," which if they gain a breach, it will hardly be ever recovered. It may be remembered, that on their part which call for reformation, was first propounded some dislike of certain ceremonies supposed to be superstitious; some complaint of dumb ministers who possessed rich benefices; and some invectives against the idle and monastical continuance within the universities, by those who had livings to be resident upon; and such-like abuses. Thence they went on to condemn the government of bishops as an hierarchy remaining to us of the corruptions of the Roman Church, and to except to sundry institutions as not sufficiently delivered from the pollutions of the former times. And lastly, they are advanced to define of an only and perpetual form of policy in the Church; which (without consideration of possibility, or foresight of peril and perturbation of the church and state) must be erected and planted by the magistrate. Here they stay. Others (not able to keep footing in so steep a ground) descend further; That the same must be entered into and accepted of the people, at their peril, without the attending of the establishment of authority; and so in the meantime they refuse to communicate with us, reputed us to have no church. This hath been the progression of that side: I mean of the generality. For I know, some persons (being of the nature, not only to love extremities, but also to fall to them without degrees) were at the highest strain at the first. The other part, which maintaineth the present government of the Church, hath not kept one tenor neither. First, those ceremonies which were pretended to be corrupt they maintained to be things indifferent, and opposed the examples of the good times of the Church to that challenge which was made unto them, because they were used in the later superstitious times. Then were they also content mildly to acknowledge many imperfections in the Church: as tares come up amongst the corn; which yet (according to the wisdom taught by our Saviour) were not with strife to be pulled up, lest it might spoil and supplant the good corn, but to grow on together until the harvest. After, they grew to a more absolute defence and maintenance of all the orders of the Church, and stiffly to hold that nothing was to be innovated; partly because it needed not, partly because it would make a breach upon the rest. Thence (exasperate through contentions) they are fallen to a direct condemnation of the contrary part, as of a sect. Yea, and some indiscreet persons have been bold in open preaching to use dishonourable and derogative speech and censure of the churches abroad; and that so far, as some of our men (as I have heard) ordained in foreign parts have been pronounced to be no lawful ministers. Thus we see the

beginnings were modest, but the extremes are violent; so as there is almost as great a distance now of either side from itself, as was at the first of one from the other. And surely, though my meaning and scope be not (as I said before) to enter into the controversies themselves, yet I do admonish the maintainers of the alone discipline to weigh and consider seriously and attentively, how near they are unto those with whom I know they will not join. It is very hard to affirm that the discipline which they say we want is one of the essential parts of the worship of God, and not to affirm withal that the people themselves upon peril of salvation, without staying for the magistrate, are to gather themselves into it. I demand, if a civil state should receive the preaching of the word and baptism, and interdict and exclude the sacrament of the supper, were not men bound upon danger of their souls to draw themselves to congregations, wherein they might celebrate that mystery, and not to content themselves with that part of the worship of God which the magistrate hath authorised? This I speak, not to draw them into the dislike of others, but into a more deep consideration of themselves: *Fortasse non redeunt, quia suum progressum non intelligunt*.² Again, to my lords the bishops I say, that it is hard for them to avoid blame (in the opinion of an indifferent person) in standing so precisely upon altering nothing. *Leges, novis legibus non recreatæ, acescunt* (laws, not refreshed with new laws, wax sour). *Qui mala non permutat, in bonis non perseverat* (without change of the ill, a man cannot continue the good). To take away abuses supplanteth not good orders, but establisheth them. *Morosa moris retentio res turbulenta est, æque ac novitas* (a contentious retaining of custom is a turbulent thing, as well as innovation). A good husbandman is ever proyning and stirring in his vineyard or field; not unseasonably, indeed, nor unskillfully. But lightly he findeth ever somewhat to do. We have heard of no offers of the bishops of bills in parliament; which (no doubt) proceeding from them to whom it properly pertaineth, would have everywhere received acceptance. Their own constitutions and orders have reformed little. Is nothing amiss? Can any man defend the use of excommunication as a base process to lackey up and down for duties and fees; it being the greatest judgment next the general judgment of the latter day? Is there no means to train up and nurse ministers (for the yield of the universities will not serve, though they were never so well governed)—to train them, I say, not to preach (for that every man confidently adventureth to do), but to preach soundly, and handle the Scriptures with wisdom and judgment? I know prophesying was subject to great abuse, and would be more abused now; because heat of contentions is increased. But I say the only reason of the abuse was, because there was admitted to it a popular auditory, and it was not contained within a private conference of ministers. Other things might be spoken of. I pray God to inspire the bishops with a fervent love and care of the people; and that they may not so much urge things in controversy as things out of controversy which all men confess to be gracious and good. And thus much for the second point.

3. Now, as to the third point, of unbrotherly proceeding on either part, it is directly contrary to my purpose to amplify wrongs: it is enough to note and number them; which I do also to move compassion and remorse on the offending side, and not to animate challenges and complaints on the other. And this point (as reason is) doth chiefly touch that side

¹ Surely the vices of the irascible part of the soul are a degree worse than those of the concupiscible, though more occult.

² Perhaps they do not return because they do not understand how they went forward.

which can do most. *Injuriae potentiorum sunt* (injuries come from them that have the upper hand).

The wrongs of them which are possessed of the government of the Church towards the other, may hardly be dissembled or excused. They have charged them as though "they denied tribute to Cæsar," and withdrew from the civil magistrate their obedience which they have ever performed and taught. They have ever sorted and coupled them with the family of those whose heresies they have laboured to descry and confute. They have been swift of credit to receive accusations against them from those that have quarrelled with them but for speaking against sin and vice. Their examinations and inquisitions have been strait. Swearing men to blanks and generalities (not included within a compass of matter certain, which the party that is to take the oath may comprehend) is a thing captious and strainable. Their urging of subscription to their own articles is but *læssere et irritare morbos ecclesiæ*, which otherwise would spend and exercise themselves. *Non consensum querit sed dissidium, qui quod factis præstatur in verbis exigit* (he seeketh not unity, but division, which exacteth in words that which men are content to yield in action). And it is true, there are some which (as I am persuaded) will not easily offend by inconformity, who notwithstanding make some conscience to subscribe. For they know this note of inconstancy and defection from that which they have long held shall disable them to do that good which otherwise they would do: for such is the weakness of many that their ministry should be thereby discredited. As for their easy silencing of them, in such great scarcity of preachers, it is to punish the people, and not them. Ought they not (I mean the bishops) to keep one eye open to look upon the good that these men do, but to fix them both upon the hurt that they suppose cometh by them? Indeed, such as are intemperate and incorrigible, God forbid they should be permitted to teach. But shall every inconsiderate word, sometimes captiously watched, and for the most part hardly enforced, be a forfeiture of their voice and gift of teaching? As for sundry particular molestations, I take no pleasure to recite them. If a minister shall be troubled for saying in baptism, "Do you believe?" for, "Dost thou believe?" If another shall be called in question for praying for her Majesty without the addition of her style; whereas the very form of prayer in the Book of Common Prayer hath "Thy servant Elizabeth," and no more: if a third shall be accused, upon these words uttered touching the controversies, *tollatur lex et fiat certamen* (whereby was meant that the prejudice of the law removed, either's reasons should be equally compared) of calling the people to sedition and mutiny, as if he had said, "Away with the law, and try it out by force:" if these and sundry other like particulars be true, which I have but by rumour, and cannot affirm; it is to be lamented that they should labour amongst us with so little comfort. I know "restrained governments are better than remiss;" and I am of his mind that said, "Better is it to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful." I dislike that laws be contemned, or disturbers be unpunished. But laws are likened to the grape, that being too much pressed yields an hard and unwholesome wine. Of these things I must say, *Ira viri non operatur justitiam Dei* (the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God).

As for the injuries of the other part, they be *ictus inermium*; as they are headless arrows; they are fiery and eager invectives, and in some fond men uncivil and unreverent behaviour towards their persons. This last invention also, which exposeth them to derision and obloquy by libels, chargeth not (as I am persuaded) the whole side: neither doth that other, which is yet more odious, practised by the

worst sort of them, which is, to call in as it were to their aids certain mercenary bands, which impugn bishops and other ecclesiastical dignities, to have the spoil of their endowments and livings. Of this I cannot speak too hardly. It is an intelligence between incendiaries and robbers—the one to fire the house, the other to rifle it. And thus much touching the third point.

4. The fourth point wholly pertaineth to them which impugn the present ecclesiastical government; who, although they have not cut themselves off from the body and communion of the Church, yet do they affect certain cognizances and differences, wherein they seek to correspond amongst themselves, and to be separated from others. And it is truly said, *tam sunt mores quidam schismatici, quam dogmata schismatica* (there be as well schismatical fashions as opinions). First, they have improperly to themselves the names of zealous, sincere, and reformed; as if all others were cold, minglers of holy things and profane, and friends of abuses. Yea, be a man endued with great virtues and fruitful in good works, yet if he concur not with them, they term him in derogation a civil and moral man, and compare him to Socrates or some heathen philosopher: whereas the wisdom of the Scriptures teacheth us contrariwise to judge and denominate men religious according to their works of the second table; because they of the first are often counterfeited and practised in hypocrisy. So St. John saith, that "a man doth vainly boast of loving God whom he hath not seen, if he love not his brother whom he hath seen." And St. James saith, "This is true religion, to visit the fatherless and the widow," &c. So as that which is with them but philosophical and moral, is, in the phrase of the Apostle, true religion and Christianity. As in affection they challenge the said virtues of zeal and the rest, so in knowledge they attribute unto themselves light and perfection. They say, the Church of England in King Edward's time, and in the beginning of her Majesty's reign, was but in the cradle; and the bishops in those times did somewhat for daybreak, but that maturity and fulness of light proceeded from themselves. So Sabinus, Bishop of Heraclea, a Macedonian, said that the fathers in the Council of Nice were but infants and ignorant men; and that the Church was not so to persist in their decrees as to refuse that further ripeness of knowledge which the time had revealed. And as they censure virtuous men by the names of civil and moral, so do they censure men truly and godly wise who see into the vanity of their assertions by the name of politiques; saying that their wisdom is but carnal and savouring of man's brain. So likewise if a preacher preach with care and meditation (I speak not of the vain scholastical manner of preaching, but soundly indeed, ordering the matter he handleth distinctly for memory, deducing and drawing it down for direction, and authorising it with strong proofs and warrants), they censure it as a form of speaking not becoming the simplicity of the Gospel, and refer it to the reprehension of St. Paul, speaking of the enticing speech of man's wisdom.

Now for their own manner of teaching, what is it? Surely they exhort well, and work compunction of mind, and bring men well to the question, *Viri, fratres, quid agemus*?¹ But that is not enough, except they resolve that question. They handle matters of controversy weakly and obiter, and as before a people that will accept of anything. In doctrine of manners there is little but generality and repetition. The Word (the "bread of life") they toss up and down, they break it not. They draw not their directions down *ad casus*

¹ "Men, brethren, what shall we do?"

conscientie; that a man may be warranted in his particular actions whether they be lawful or not. Neither indeed are many of them able to do it, what through want of grounded knowledge, what through want of study and time. It is an easy and compendious thing to call for the observation of the Sabbath-day, or to speak against unlawful gain; but what actions and works may be done upon the Sabbath, and in what cases; and what courses of gain are lawful, and what not; to set this down, and to clear the whole matter with good distinctions and decisions, is a matter of great knowledge and labour, and asketh much meditation and conversation in the Scriptures, and other helps which God hath provided and preserved for instruction. Again, they carry not an equal hand in teaching the people their lawful liberty, as well as their restraints and prohibitions: but they think a man cannot go too far in that that hath a show of a commandment. They forget that there are "sins on the right hand, as well as on the left;" and that "the word is double-edged," and cutteth on both sides, as well the superstitious observances as the profane transgressions. Who doubteth but it is as unlawful to shut where God hath opened, as to open where God hath shut? to bind where God hath loosed, as to loose where God hath bound? Amongst men it is commonly as ill taken to turn back favours as to disobey commandments. In this kind of zeal (for example), they have pronounced generally, and without difference, all untruths unlawful; notwithstanding that the midwives are directly reported to have been blessed for their excuse; and Rahab is said "by faith" to have concealed the spies; and Salomon's selected judgment proceeded upon a simulation; and our Saviour, the more to touch the hearts of the two disciples with a holy dalliance, made as if he would have passed Emmaus. Further, I have heard some sermons of mortification, which I think (with very good meaning) they have preached out of their own experience and exercise, and things in private counsels not unmeet; but surely no sound conceits; much like to Person's "Resolution," or not so good; apt to breed in men rather weak opinions and perplexed despairs, than filial and true repentance which is sought. Another point of great inconvenience and peril, is to entitle the people to hear controversies and all points of doctrine. They say no part of the counsel of God must be suppressed, nor the people defrauded: so as the difference which the Apostle maketh between "milk and strong meat" is confounded; and his precept "that the weak be not admitted unto questions and controversies" taketh no place. But most of all is to be suspected, as a seed of further inconvenience, their manner of handling the Scriptures; for whilst they seek express Scripture for everything; and that they have (in manner) deprived themselves and the Church of a special help and support by embasing the authority of the fathers; they resort to naked examples, conceited inferences, and forced allusions, such as do mine into all certainty of Religion. Another extremity is the excessive magnifying of that which, though it be a principal and most holy institution, yet hath it limits as all things else have. We see wheresoever (in manner) they find in the Scriptures the Word spoken of, they expound it of preaching. They have made it almost of the essence of the sacrament of the supper, to have a sermon precedent. They have (in sort) annihilated the use of liturgies, and forms of divine service, although the house of God be denominated of the principal, *domus orationis* (a house of prayer), and not a house of preaching. As for the life of the good monks and the hermits in the primitive Church, I know they will condemn a man as half a Papist, if he should maintain them as other than profane, because they heard no sermons. In the meantime, what preaching is, and who may be said to

preach, they make no question. But as far as I see, every man that presumeth to speak in chair is accounted a preacher. But I am assured that not a few that call hotly for a preaching ministry deserve to be of the first themselves that should be expelled. These and some other errors and misproceedings they do fortify and entrench by being so greatly addicted to their opinions, and impatient to hear contradiction or argument. Yea, I know some of them that would think it a tempting of God to hear or read what might be said against them; as if there could be a *quod bonum est tenete*,¹ without an *omnia probate*² going before.

This may suffice to offer unto themselves a view and consideration, whether in these things they do well or no, and to correct and assuage the partiality of their followers and dependants. For as for any man that shall hereby enter into a contempt of their ministry, it is but his own hardness of heart. I know the work of exhortation doth chiefly rest upon these men, and they have zeal and hate of sin. But again, let them take heed that it be not true which one of their adversaries said, "that they have but two small wants, knowledge and love." And so I conclude this fourth point.

5. The last point, touching the due publishing and debating of these controversies, needeth no long speech. This strange abuse of antics and pasquils hath been touched before. So likewise I repeat that which I said before, that a character of love is more proper for debates of this nature than that of zeal. As for all indirect or direct glances or levels at men's persons, they were ever in these cases disallowed. Lastly, whatsoever be pretended, the people is no meet judge nor arbitrator, but rather the quiet, moderate, and private assemblies and conferences of the learned. *Qui apud incapacem loquitur, non disceptat, sed calumniatur*.³ The press and pulpit would be freed and discharged of these contentions. Neither promotion on the one side, nor glory and heat on the other, ought to continue those challenges and cartels at the Cross and other places. But rather all preachers, especially all such as be of good temper, and have wisdom with conscience, ought to inculcate and beat upon a peace, silence, and surseance. Neither let them fear Solon's law, which compelled in factions every particular person to range himself on the one side; nor yet the fond calumny of neutrality; but let them know that is true which is said by a wise man, that "neuters in contentions are either better or worse than either side."

These things have I in all sincerity and simplicity set down, touching the controversies which now trouble the Church of England; and that without all art and insinuation, and therefore not like to be grateful to either part. Notwithstanding, I trust what hath been said shall find a correspondence in their minds which are not embarked in partiality, and which love the whole better than a part. Whereby I am not out of hope that it may do good. At the least I shall not repent myself of the meditation.

The highest expression of the Puritan view of English Religion in the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth is to be found in the First Book of Spenser's "Faërie Queene." The highest expression of the opposite view is in the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of Richard Hooker. But in verse and prose the

¹ "Hold fast that which is good."

² "Prove all things."

³ "He who speaks with the incapable resolves nothing, but worries only."

religious spirit of the time found utterance in many forms. In 1580, when a passing cloud was between Sir Philip Sidney and the Queen, and he was staying at Wilton with his sister Mary¹ (lately married to the Earl of Pembroke, and then mother to an infant heir of the house), brother and sister worked together at a translation of the Psalms of David into English verse, and the following is one of the versions contributed by the Countess of Pembroke—the same of whom Ben Jonson wrote after her death—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse.
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

PSALM LXIX.

Troublous seas my soul surround:
Save, O God! my sinking soul,—
Sinking where it feels no ground,
In this gulf, this whirling hole:
Waiting aid with earnest eying,
Calling God with bootless crying;
Dim and dry in me are found
Eye to see and throat to sound.

Wrongly set to work my woe,
Haters have I more than hairs:
Force in my afflicting foe
Bettering still, in me impairs.
Thus to pay and leese² constrained
What I never ought³ or gained,
Yet say I, Thou God dost know
How my faults and follies go.

Mighty Lord! let not my case
Blank the rest that hope in Thee!
Let not Jacob's God deface
All His friends in blush of me!
Thine it is, Thine only quarrel
Dights me thus in shame's apparel:
Mote nor spot, nor least disgrace,
But for Thee could taint my face.

To my kin a stranger quite,
Quite an alien am I grown;
In my very brethren's sight
Most uncared for, most unknown.
With thy temple's zeal out-eaten,
With thy slander's scourges beaten,
While the shot of piercing spite,
Bent at Thee, on me doth light.

* * * * *

Unto thee what needs be told
My reproach, my blot, my blame?
Sith⁴ both these Thou didst behold,
And canst all my haters name.

Whiles afflicted, whiles heartbroken,
Waiting yet some friendship's token,
Some I looked would me uphold,—
Looked,—but found all comfort cold.

Comfort? nay, not seen before,
Needing food they sent me gall;
Vinegar they filled me store,
When for drink my thirst did call.
Oh, then snare them in their pleasures!
Make them trapt even in their treasures!
Gladly sad, and richly poor,
Sightless most, yet mightless more!

Down upon them fury rain!
Lighten indignation down!
Turn to waste and desert plain
House and palace, field and town!
Let not one be left abiding
Where such rancour had residing!
Whom Thou painest, more they pain;
Hurt by Thee, by them is slain.

* * * * *

The next note of the love of God is from the devout Roman Catholic poet, Robert Southwell,⁵ who in 1595 was hanged for his religion at the age of thirty-three. We have, whatever our opinions, to look back with equal eye upon a time when zeal touched human life as it now does not. It has been calculated that in Elizabeth's reign two hundred and sixty persons were put to death for saying and hearing mass, of whom seventy-three were laymen and three women. In 1579 Matthew Hamont, a wheelwright at Hetherset in Norfolk, was burnt alive at Norwich as an Arian. He and his followers were described by an opponent as men whose "knees were even hardened in prayer, and their mouths full of praises to God." Also at Norwich were burnt for like heresies, John Lewes, in 1583; Peter Cole, of Ipswich, in 1587; and Francis Ket, M.A., of Wymondham, in 1589. An eye-witness of the execution of Francis Ket (the Rev. William Burton), wrote that he had "the sacred Bible almost never out of his hands, himself always in prayer, his tongue never ceased praising of God. When he went to the fire he was clothed in sackcloth; he went leaping and dancing. Being in the fire, above twenty times together, clapping his hands, he cried nothing but 'Blessed be God! blessed be God!' and so continued until the fire had consumed all his nether parts, and until he was stifed with the smoke and could speak no longer; all which I was witness of myself. But shall we think that the Lord took any delight in the prayers or praises of such a devil incarnate? Far be it from us. A strange and fearful example of a desperate, hardened, and a cursed creature." From such memories of a past phase of civilisation there is but one lesson to be drawn, and that is one of charity. We are of one flesh, with like frailties, and even in the heats of persecution that arise from zeal towards the spiritual life there is blended with human passions a deep sense—like

¹ See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 212, 213.

² Leese, lose. First-English "leosan."

³ Ought, owned. First-English "agan," to own, past "áhte."

⁴ Sith, since.

⁵ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 258, 259.

Southwell's in this poem—that man's body is but a covering to the essential soul:—

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

Fair soul! how long shall veils thy graces shroud?
How long shall this exile withhold thy right?
When will thy sun disperse his mortal cloud,
And give thy glories scope to blaze their light?
Oh that a star, more fit for angels' eyes,
Should pine in earth, not shine above the skies!

Thy ghostly beauty offer'd force to God;
It chain'd Him in links of tender love;
It won His will with man to make abode;
It stay'd His sword, and did His wrath remove:
It made the vigour of His justice yield,
And crown'd Mercy empress of the field.

This lull'd our heavenly Samson fast asleep,
And laid Him in our feeble nature's lap;
This made Him under mortal lead to creep,
And in our flesh His Godhead to enwrap;
This made Him sojourn with us in exile,
And not disdain our titles in His style.

This brought Him from the ranks of heavenly quires
Into this vale of tears and curséd soil;
From flowers of grace into a world of briars,
From life to death, from bliss to baleful toil.
This made Him wander in our pilgrim weed,
And taste our torments to relieve our need.

O soul! do not thy noble thoughts abase,
To lose thy loves in any mortal wight;
Content thy eye at home with native grace,
Sith God Himself is ravish'd with thy sight;
If on thy beauty God enamour'd be,
Base is thy love of any less than He.

Give not assent to muddy-minded skill,
That deems the feature of a pleasing face
To be the sweetest bait to lure the will;
Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace;
Let God's and angels' censure win belief,
That of all beauties judge our souls the chief.

Queen Hester was of rare and peerless hue,
And Judith once for beauty bare the vaunt;
But he that could our souls' endowments view,
Would soon to souls the crown of beauty grant.
O soul! out of thyself seek God alone:
Grace more than thine, but God's, the world hath none.

Edmund Spenser, in the year 1580, went to Ireland as Secretary to Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, who had just succeeded Philip Sidney's father in the office of Lord Deputy. Spenser had published his "Shepherds' Calendar" in the preceding year, was in London attached by service of the Earl of Leicester, and by friendship to Philip Sidney, and, no doubt, owed to these friends his introduction to the new Lord Deputy, when he was looking for a private secretary. Once introduced, his fitness would be manifest. Lord Grey of Wilton was a friend to

poets,¹ and in his views upon Church questions he was, like Spenser, a Puritan, bitterly hostile to the Church of Rome. The Pope, in 1576, had issued a bull depriving Elizabeth of her title to Ireland, and releasing all her Irish subjects from allegiance to her. Lord Grey reached Dublin on the 12th of August, and received the sword of office on the queen's birthday, the 7th of September. On the 14th of September a force of six or seven hundred Spaniards and Italians landed in Kerry, and took possession of a fort called Del Oro in Smerwick Bay. The fort, then repaired and re-occupied, had been constructed two years before by James Fitzmaurice, with the help of Spanish and Italian adventurers against the English government of Ireland. Upon this military settlement, that was to be an inlet to foreign support of Irish rebellion, the Lord Deputy himself (accompanied, of course, by his secretary Spenser) marched with a land force of not more than eight hundred men, young Walter Raleigh being among his captains; while Sir William Winter and Vice-Admiral Bingham brought provisions and guns by sea. The foreigners defended themselves bravely, and replied, when summoned to surrender, that being there by command of the Pope, who had taken Ireland from Elizabeth, they would keep what they held and win what more they could. When overpowered, they offered to give up the fort and depart as they came; but the Lord Deputy required an unconditional surrender. To the plea of one of their chiefs, that he was sent by the Pope for the defence of the Catholic faith, Lord Grey of Wilton wrote home, "My answer was, that I would not greatly have marvelled if men commanded by natural and absolute princes did sometimes take in hand wrong actions; but that men of account, as some of them made show of being, should be carried into unjust, wicked, and desperate actions by one that neither from God nor man could claim any princely power or empire, but indeed a detestable shaveling of the Antichrist and general ambitious tyrant over all principalities, and patron of the diabolical faith, I could not but greatly wonder." If Edmund Spenser, as private secretary, stood by his chief when he said this, the secretary's mind assented to every word of the Lord Deputy's. For "The Faërie Queene" shows that Spenser could see in the Pope only a "detestable shaveling of the Antichrist," and that the religion of the Roman Catholics was also in his eyes "the diabolical faith." The bitterness of the great conflict of the time is shown by the issue of this enterprise against the fort Del Oro. Lord Grey ended by telling the pleaders for the garrison that, "their fault, therefore, appeared to be aggravated by the vileness of their commander, and that at my hands no conditions of composition they were to expect other than that they should simply render me the fort, and yield themselves to my will for life or death." They yielded for death. Lord Grey wrote, "I sent straightway certain gentlemen to see their weapons and armour laid down, and to guard the munitions and victual that were left from spoil.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," page 209.

Then put I in certain bands who straightway fell to execution. There were six hundred slain." Another who was present¹ reported "the colonel, captains, secretary, camp-master, and others of the best sort saved, to the number of twenty prisoners, and Dr. Sanders' chief man, an Englishman, Plunkett, a friar, and others kept in store to be executed after examination to be had of them. It is confessed that five hundred more were daily looked for to be sent from the Pope and the King of Spain to land here."

Such was Edmund Spenser's first notable experience of the public service in Ireland. His age was then about twenty-seven, and he had already begun to write the "*Faerie Queene*;" for his friend Gabriel Harvey's ill opinion of what he had seen of it is in a letter that was published in June, 1580.

In 1581 Spenser was made Clerk of Degrees and Recognisances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and obtained also a grant of the lease of the lands and abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford, which he transferred, no doubt profitably, at the end of the year to a Richard Synot. In 1582 Lord Grey was recalled, but Spenser remained in Ireland. He was still a Clerk in Chancery till 1588, when he was made Clerk of the Council of Munster. By this time he had received also a grant of land with Kilcolman Castle, in the county of Cork; part of the six hundred thousand acres confiscated from the Earl of Desmond and his followers. Twelve thousand acres in the counties of Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary had been granted to Walter Raleigh, who thus became for a time Spenser's neighbour in Ireland. Raleigh took Spenser to London with him in 1589, when he was ready to present to Queen Elizabeth the first three books of the "*Faerie Queene*." They were published in London in the year 1590, the next three books not appearing until 1596.

In the year after the publication of the first three books of the "*Faerie Queene*" Spenser received from Elizabeth a grant of £50 a year. This being equivalent to a pension of £300 under Victoria, was substantial reward for a poem containing much that must have pleased her Majesty, Puritan though it was. She could appreciate in the first three books a profound earnestness in the treatment of their several themes—Religion, Temperance, and Chastity—and she would be ready as any half reader of after times to see only herself in Gloriana. She does also pervade the poem; for the "*Faerie Queene*" is a great spiritual allegory, moulding what Spenser held to be the simple essence of eternal truth for man, in forms that reproduced the life of his own time. His World of Faerie is the Spiritual world. The Faerie Queene Gloriana is the Glory of God, for which and towards which man strives through all his faculties for good. Every such faculty, presented to the mind's eye in one of the shapes then dear to lovers of romance, achieves that triumph over its opposite for which it ever labours by contending with the trials and temptations to which it is most exposed, these also being typified in romance forms as giants,

dragons, and so forth. But England—the England of his own day—with its actual aspirations and perils, is never absent from the poet's thought, and his fantastic imagery shapes to our minds constantly the substantial struggle of his time, as seen by the light of his own spiritual life. The Glory of God in England was one with the maintenance of the Reformation by Elizabeth. For her, for it, the souls of the best Englishmen were combating with trial and temptation. As Sir Thomas More's "*Utopia*," has given to our language a word equivalent to unpractical, and yet in its playfulness of fancy deals most earnestly with hard realities in every line; so Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," with all exquisite music of its sage and solemn tunes,

"Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,"

shows in that "more" always a combatant Elizabethan Englishman who deals most earnestly with all the vital public questions of his day. Spenser is the Elizabethan Milton. Langland had not the condition of England, and what he felt to be the needs of England, more in mind when he wrote the "*Vision of Piers Plowman*" than had Spenser when in his allegory of the "*Faerie Queene*" he uttered his "truths severe by fairy fiction drest." The whole plan of the poem, as far as it was written, will be illustrated in the section of this Library reserved for the illustration of our Longer English Poems. But we shall then need to say no more of the first book than is required to explain its relation to the rest of the poem, for its theme is the religion of England, and we have now to dwell on its contents.



From a Monument in Whaddon Church, Northamptonshire.

WITH the Red Cross Knight, whom he calls also St. George, Spenser associates his allegory of the heavenward struggle of his country, the adventure of the Reformation, undertaken for the glory of God, incomplete in his own day and in ours. The faerie knight is the spiritual quality in any man or any nation by which we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. He first appears clad in the armour described by St. Paul in the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians, when he says, "Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked: and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" and again in the fifth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians. "Let us, who are of the day, be

¹ From an unnamed writer to Walsingham, dated Smerwick, November 12th, 1580, among the Irish State Papers.

sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation."

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mightie arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloodie field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainig to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

"But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.



THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

From the first Edition of the "*Faerie Queene*" (Books I., II., III.), 1550.

"Upon a great adventure he was bond
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And even as he rode, his heart did earn¹
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearn."

¹ Earn, yearn.

The steed ridden by the knight represents the human passions and desires which carry us well on our way when under due restraint; and in this sense skill in horsemanship ranks high among the attainments of a faerie knight. The dragon against which the Red Cross Knight has undertaken that chief enterprise in pursuit of which he meets with all the others, is called in the twentieth chapter of Revelation "the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil." In this enterprise the faerie knight is champion of Truth, lowly and pure, patient of desire, dispassionate and slow of pace, wherefore she has a snow-white ass for "palfrey slow." She is the guide and companion of Innocence, typified by a milk-white lamb, herself as guileless, and descended from the angels who knew man in Paradise. She is not named until a counterfeit image is made to supplant her, and then (in the 45th stanza) she is first called, because truth is simple and single, Una:—

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow.
Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.

"So pure an innocent as that same lamb
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lynage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uprore
Forwasted² all their land, and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-
pelled."

The dwarf that follows, lagging far behind the spiritual part, represents the flesh and its needs: when the allegory is read as personal, the dwarf represents simply the flesh of man; when it is read as national, the dwarf stands for the body of the people:—

"Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove³ an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were
fain."

The day being thus troubled, they seek shelter in a wood;—the wood of the world, as the wood is at the opening of Dante's "*Divine Comedy*," as the

² Forwasted, utterly wasted.

³ Jove, Jupiter, god of the upper air, here represents the sky, as when in Shakespeare's "*Coriolanus*" Menenius Agrippa, throwing his cap into the air, says, "Take my cap, Jupiter!" (act ii., scene 1).

wood is in Milton's "Comus." There is a catalogue of trees, typical of the uses of life by sea and land, "the sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall," at all stages of life: infancy that needs support, "the vine-prop elm;" youth full of the fresh sap of life, "the poplar never dry;" man in mature strength at home as master in the world, "the builder-oak, sole king of forests all;" age needing a staff until the grave is ready, "the aspen good for staves, the cypress funeral." These lines open the thought, and the trees in the next stanza proceed to suggest glory and tears, arts of war, and arts of peace, healing of wounds, and war again, all uses of life, and that which is for us to mould, and that which we may seek in vain to mould, for it is often rotten at the core. Losing themselves among the pleasant ways of the world, they take the most beaten path, which brings them to the cave of Error. Truth warns the knight of his peril; the dwarf (the flesh) flinches, the knight (the spirit) is eager, and by the light of his spiritual helps (a light the brood of Error cannot bear, nor Error herself, for light she hated as the deadly bale) the knight can see the monster as she is:—

"This is the wandering wood, this Error's den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I rede,¹ beware. 'Fly, fly,' quoth then
The fearful dwarf, 'this is no place for living men.'

"But full of fire and greedy harliment,
The youthful knight could not for aught be stayed,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistening armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
Half like a serpent horribly displayed,
But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

"And as she lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughts² upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favoured:
Soon as that uncouth³ light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone."

The battle with this monster is the typical adventure that in each book opens its subject. In his combat with the monster, and encircled by her huge train—"God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless train!"—Truth cries to the knight, "Add faith upon your force, and be not faint," and this represents what is a main feature in the larger allegory, need of the help of God through which alone the strength of man can finally prevail. Prince Arthur represents this in the plan of the whole poem. It is he who bears the irresistible shield of the grace of God.

Every knight in his labour for the glory of God reaches a point at which his human endeavours would fall short, but for the intervention of the grace of God, typified by the intervention of Prince Arthur. To all the aid comes, preluded by words distinctly showing its significance; to all but one, and that is "Britomart or Chastity," of whom Spenser held, as Milton after him, "She that has that is clad in complete steel," and that over it

"—no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faerie of the mine,
Hath hurtful power."

Of Error, when sorely wounded, we are told that "her vomit full of books and papers was;" and when the foulness of this caused the Red Cross Knight to shrink, she cast forth her spawn of serpents small, "deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink:" which view of distasteful publications was shared by Elizabeth, when she endeavoured to hunt down their writers and printers.

Successful in his first adventure, and praised as worthy of

"—that armoury
Wherein ye have great glory won this day,"

the knight retraces the way with his companions, and presently enters upon the sequence of adventures which typify the course of Christianity in England. They begin with the Church in its primitive days, entered already by Archimago, father of wiles, the devil, of whom, in his dealings with men, Hypocrisy is the first attribute. It is Spenser's allegory of the rise of what he, in those days of fierce conflict, undoubtedly represented as the "diabolical faith:"—

"At length they chanced to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayéd, as he went,
And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent."

The travellers, courteously saluted, accepted a night's lodging in the hermitage. When there, Spenser represents through them a church in the first stage of its decline to superstition:—

"A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro; a little wide
There was an holy chapel edify'd,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welléd forth alway.

¹ Rede, counsel.

² Boughts, bends, folds, from "bugan," to bend; whence also the geographical term "bight."

³ Uncouth, unknown, unaccustomed.

"Arrived there, the little house they fill,
 No look for entertainment where none was:
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With fair discourse the evening so they pass;
 For that old man of pleasing words had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;
 He told of saints and popes, and evermore
 He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before."

During the night, Archimago sent a lying spirit to bring from Morpheus god of the unsubstantial life of dreams—"a fit false dream, that can delude the sleeper's sent."¹ Another lying spirit Archimago fashioned in the shape of Una, to be a deceiving semblance of pure truth. Both appealed coarsely to the senses; and the Devil, Archimago, is thus made the author of a false and sensuous show of religion. The Red Cross Knight was dismayed, misdoubted the corrupt lady that yet feigned to be his, and missed the firm voice of his guide and comforter:

"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath thee thus dismayed?
 What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me afraid?"

Still showing, from his own point of view, the state to which the Church was brought before the Reformation, Spenser proceeds in the second canto to represent simple Truth as maligned by evil arts, and the Red Cross Knight stirred to forsake her. "The Dwarf him brought his steed, so both away do fly," and at her slow pace deserted Truth (Una) follows man carried away by his swift passions.

"And after him she rode with so much speed,
 As her slow beast could make, but all in vain,
 For him so far had borne his lightfoot steed,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitless pain."

Yet patiently she sought, and now that we have the Red Cross Knight (the Church of England or the Englishman) parted from Una (Truth), the Devil, typified by Archimago himself, takes the image of the Red Cross Knight:—

"But now seemed best, the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield; upon his coward breast
 A bloody cross, and on his craven crest
 A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly:
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and well address'd,
 And when he sat upon his courser free,
 Saint George himself ye would have deem'd him to be."

There we have what Spenser regarded as the diabolical faith personified to Spenser's mind. Besides, the Knight, who represents the heavenward conflict, has taken Falsehood for Truth—Falsehood, the paramour of Unbelief. His first conflict after he had deserted

Truth was with Sansfoy, who "cared not for God or man a point;" he was in danger of being overpowered by want of faith: and in that day of trial it was only through the death of Christ that Christianity was able to outlive the peril:—

"Curse on that cross," quoth then the Sarazin,
 "That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;²
 Dead long ago I wote thou haddest been
 Had not that charm from thee forwarned³ it."

Infidelity was, indeed, overthrown, but the Christian Knight put Infidelity's companion in the place of Una. Of Sansfoy it was said:—

"He had a fair companion of his way,
 A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
 Purfled with gold and pearl of rich assay,
 And like a Persian, mitre on her head
 She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
 With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave."

In the "wanton palfrey" and other touches of this description there is still Puritan reference to what Spenser regarded as the sensuous pomp of the Church of Rome. Yielding herself to the Red Cross Knight, this lady derives herself clearly from Rome, as

"Born the sole daughter of an Emperor,
 He that the wide west under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pass."

St. George, parted from Una (Truth), thus puts into her place Duessa (Doublet), calling herself Fidessa (the Faith); a Fidessa who appeals to his senses rather than to his mind, as type of a church in which there was more pomp than preaching:—

"He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More busying his quick eyes her face to view
 Than his dull ears to hear what she did tell."

It was not for her to bear in the Lord's vineyard the burden and heat of the day. As the Red Cross Knight went onward, the sun

"Hurl'd his beams so scorching cruel hot
 That living creature mote it not abide;
 And his new lady it endured not."

They dismount for rest in the shade of trees,

"And in his falséd fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight that livéd yet."

² *Fit*, thrust, from the Italian "*fitta*," a thrust or stab; probably formed from "*finzere*," to pierce. A *fit* in disease is from another root, Old French "*fiede*," intermittent; a *fit* or *fytte*, meaning song, is from First-English "*fyttian*," to sing. *Fit* in the sense of fit of clothes, fit and proper, is from the Latin "*factus*."

³ *Forwarned*, completely defended ("for," intensive prefix, as in "forlorn"); "warn," to defend.

¹ *Sent*, now spelt "scent"; "sense, from "sentio," "sensus."

He plucks a bough to make her a garland. Blood then flows from the broken branch, and the tree speaks. It is transformed Fradubio, who is bidden tell how he became thus misshapen :

"He oft finds medicine who his grief imparts,
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts."

Fradubio (whose name means, between doubt) was happy in love of Fralissa till Duessa came into his keeping. Both seemed fair; but when he would decide which was the fairer, Duessa, herself really foul but seeming fair, by her witchcraft caused Fralissa, really fair, to appear foul. Fradubio then turned wholly to Duessa, and Fralissa was transformed into the tree now by his side. Fradubio was happy, till on a day he chanced to see Duessa in her proper shape. He loathed her then, and was by her joined to the fate of Fralissa :—

"Where now inclosed in wooden walls full fast,
Banished from living wights our weary days we waste.
'But how long time,' said then the elfin knight,
'Are you in this misformed house to dwell?'
'We may not change,' quoth he, 'this evil plight
Till we be bathed in a living well.'"

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse—a well of living waters," says the Song of Solomon; then applied as a song to the true Church of God. "The Lord Jehovah," says Isaiah, "is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people." Fradubio was not in doubt between the true faith and the false. The true faith could not have been called Fralissa (frail), and could not have been doomed to vegetative life until it had been bathed in itself. But there was a faith of the old world—a Fralissa true as Una, though in her own weaker way: the faith of Socrates and Plato; faith in immortality, devotion to high effort towards spiritual life; in Spenser's eyes more truly beautiful than that with which the Pope supplanted it. Fradubio is Platonist turned Roman Catholic, detecting the imposture of the faith that had supplanted his philosophy, and driven back upon himself to live beside his loved philosophy a vegetative life that cannot become again a moving working energy for man until it be imbued with Christian truth. Platonism, as ally of the Church reformers of the sixteenth century, was Fralissa, and each Christian Platonist was a Fradubio bathed in the living well :—

"The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vain Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad fear and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with fear her found.

"Her seeming dead he found with feigned fear,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And pain'd himself with busy care to rear
Her out of careless swoon. Her eyelids blue
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hue,
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheer
Her up he took, too simple and too true,
And oft her kiss'd. At length, all passéd fear,
He set her on her steed, and forward forth did bear."

Meanwhile Una (forsaken Truth) is left to the waste places of the earth. In the next canto, the third, "far from all people's press, as in exile," she seeks her knight. Truth is not swift of travel, but wherever she may be, her face will make a sunshine in the shady place :—

"One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight,
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight:
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

"It fortunéd out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

"Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue.
As he her wrong'd innocence did weet,
Oh! how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple Truth subdue avenging Wrong!
Whose yielded pride, and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection."

It was a romance doctrine that the lion would not hurt a pure maiden, and in the "Seven Champions of Christendom," a romance of Spenser's time, St. George recognised the virginity of Sabra by two lions fawning on her. But the lion that now comes into the allegory and attaches himself to Una with "yielded pride and proud submission," represents Reason before the Reformation become the ally of religious Truth. The quickening of intellectual energies by those new conditions that produced the revival of learning, not only added to the strength and courage of man's intellect, but brought it in aid of the reaction, by doing what the lion in the allegory does—forcing the closed door of Ignorance and Superstition, and so opening the way to Truth :—

"The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:

Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward :
And when she wak'd he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd :
From her fair eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceiv'd her intent.

"Long she thus travell'd through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,
Yet never show of living wight espy'd ;
Till that at length she found the trodden grass,
In which the track of people's footing was,
Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar :
The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spy'd, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

"To whom approaching, she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling-place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand ;
Till seeing by her side the lion stand,
With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw,
And fled away : for never in that land
Face of fair lady she before did view,
And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue."

The rude wench was Abessa,¹ daughter of the blind Corceca,² Ignorance, daughter of Superstition, who had never before seen the face of Truth, and paled before the force of Reason. The allegory proceeds to represent in Una and the Lion, Truth, aided by Reason, at the outset of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, forcing the way into the den of Ignorance and Superstition :—

"Full fast she fled, ne ever look'd behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay ;
And home she came whereas³ her mother blind
Sate in eternal night : nought could she say ;
But sudden catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear :
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the door. By this arriv'd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did require.

"Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent ;
Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves she was wont to say.

"And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit :

But now for fear her beads she did forget.
Whose needless dread for to remove away,
Fair Una fram'd words and count'nance fit :
Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cottage small, that night she rest her may.

"The day is spent, and cometh drowsy night,
When every creature shrouded is in sleep ;
Sad Una down her lays in weary plight,
And at her feet the lion watch doth keep :
Instead of rest, she does lament, and weep
For the late loss of her dear lov'd knight,
And sighs and groans, and evermore does steep
Her tender breast in bitter tears all night ;
All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light."

At night comes Kirkrapine, who is in unholy league with "Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow," and shares with her his plunder of the churches :—

"Now when Aldebaran was mounted high
Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,⁴
And all in deadly sleep did drown'd lie,
One knock'd at the door, and in would fare ;
He knock'd fast, and often curs'd, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call :
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

"He was to weet a stout and sturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor men's boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents :
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept,
And spoil'd the priests of their habiliments ;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept."

This plunderer is not the mere thief from the outer world who steals church plate ; he is what Milton called afterwards the "hireling," the priest, whatever his rank, who has entered the Church only for the worldly wealth he can take from it. The land and treasures gathered about abbeys, and used for the sensual enjoyment of the monks ; the parish dues paid for the poor and taken by the rector ; with such plunder as this Kirkrapine fed Ignorance fat

"—with feast of offerings
And plenty which in all the land did grow."

The Lion with his paw on Kirkrapine represents still the revolt and triumph of reason, but perhaps with a glance of thought at Henry VIII. as the lion of England with his paw on Kirkrapine by the suppression of the monasteries. The re-distribution

¹ Abessa as a name for ignorance was taken, I think, from the Italian "bessa," meaning foolish, doltish, silly, in fact expressing what is meant ; a being prefixed for the sake of a resemblance to the word "abbess."

² Corceca, the name for superstition ; Italian "cuore ecco," or Latin "cor cœcum," blind heart ; the heart in ancient times being taken to represent the mind or understanding.

³ Whereas, to where.

⁴ Aldebaran, a Tauri, is the eye of the Bull, one of the twelve constellations in the region of the ecliptic ; and Cassiopeia, or the Chair or the Throne, is one of the constellations placed by Ptolemy in the Northern Hemisphere. Aldebaran is one of four bright stars that divide the heavens into four almost equal parts, have been called royal stars, and were the four guardians of heaven according to the ancient Persians. Aldebaran was then in the vernal equinox, and guardian of the east.

of the wide lands, and of the large share of wealth gathered to itself by the unreformed Church, with the benefit therefrom to the country, may be an underthought when it is said of Kirkrapine that "the thirsty land drank up his life." The outcries that followed require no interpretation:—

"Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise.
The lion frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And entering is; when that disdainful beast
Encountering fierce, him sudden doth surprise,
And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

"Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand,
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismembered hath: the thirsty land
Drunk up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap which on them is alight,
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

"Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke,
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wandering knight to seek,
With pains far passing that long wandering Greek,
That for his love refuséd deity;¹
Such were the labours of this lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nigh.

"Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slain,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear.
And when they both had wept and wail'd their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deer,
Half mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

¹ Ulysses (Odysseus), who left Calypso for Penelope when he began his weary wanderings. The reference is to a passage in the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, thus translated by Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley:—

"Child of Laertes, would'st thou fain depart
Hence to thine own dear fatherland! Farewell!
Yet could'st thou read the sorrow and the smart,
With me in immortality to dwell
Thou would'st rejoice, and love my mansion well.
Deeply and long thou yearnest for thy wife;
Yet her in beauty I perchance excel,
Beseeems not one who hath but mortal life
With forms of deathless mould to challenge a vain strife.

"To whom the wise Odysseus answering spake:
'O nymph Calypso, much revered, cease now
From anger, nor be wroth for my wife's sake.
All this I know and do myself avow.
Well may Penelope in form and brow
And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
My long-desired return and ancient home to see.' "

"Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flower of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her railing, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

"But when she saw her prayers nought prevail,
She back returnéd with some labour lost;
And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A knight her met in mighty arms emboss'd;
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast,
But subtle Archimag, that Una sought
By trains into new troubles to have toss'd:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tellen ought."

Archimago (the Devil), in the arms of the Red Cross Knight, deceives Una for a time by his like-seeming shield. In 1536, the year of the suppression of the lesser monasteries, 376 in number, Tyndale was burnt in October at Vilvorde, praying, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." It was the year also of the execution of Anne Boleyn. Though Henry had put himself in the Pope's place, it was to maintain the Pope's Church upon the six points most oppugned by the Reformers, and presently the Act of the Six Articles compelled Hugh Latimer to resign his bishopric. It is still what Spenser represents as "the diabolical faith," though disguised as the Red Cross Knight, that deludes for a time Una herself. Even Sansloy (lawlessness), next brother to Sansfoy, mistakes him. The suppression of the monasteries was followed by a rising in Lincolnshire, and by a more serious rebellion in the North, of men led by robed priests, and sworn to drive base-born persons from about the king, restore the Church, and suppress heresy. Lawlessness gathered force. But unbelief, and lawlessness, and joylessness—the three Saracen (that is, infidel) brothers, Sansfoi (without fidelity to God), Sansloi (without fidelity to man); Sansjoy (without the joys of the faithful)—are represented as the friends and comrades of Archimago and Duessa. Archimago, armed as the Red Cross Knight, is overthrown by Sansloi, and recognised as a friend. Then Sansloi, who

" — was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand,"

slays the lion (Reason cannot resist the brute force of Lawlessness), and makes Una his prey. The part of reason in the allegory is at an end; the final triumph is not to be through force of human intellect, but by the grace of God.

In the next canto, the fourth, the Red Cross Knight,

"Who, after that he had fair Una lorn,
Though light misdeeming of her loyalty,
And false Duessa in her stead had borne,
Calléd Fidess', and so supposed to be,
Long with her travelled,"

is taken by Duessa to the House of Pride. This is Spenser's allegory of the pomp and pride loved by the Church against which he bitterly contended :—

"A stately palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foil all over them displayed;
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed:
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far overlaid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bowers;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

"It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mold
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did fit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shakéd it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly."

Admitted by the porter Malvenu (Ill come), they see Lucifera enthroned, surrounded by the worshippers of Pride. Vanity is their usher to the presence. Then rides forth Lucifera (Pride) with Duessa in her train and seated next to her, the other six of the seven deadly sins being Pride's counsellors, and Satan charioteer :—

"Sudden upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze;
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's eyes amaze.

"So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adornéd all with gold and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-pavéd way,
Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride
And full of Argus' eyes their tails disspredden wide.

"But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage counsellors did ride,
Taught to obey their bestial beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds apply'd:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in habit black, and amis¹ thin,
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

"And in his hand his portess² still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read:
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

"From worldly cares himself he did esloin,³
And greatly shunnéd manly exercise;
For every work he challengéd essoyn,⁴
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For, in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking fever reign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

"And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deforméd creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:
And like a crane, his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spew'd up his gorge, that all did him detest.

"In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat:
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing-can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can;
In shape and life, more like a monster than a man.

"Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go,
Not meet to be of counsel to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drownéd so
That from his friend he seldom knew his foe:
Full of diseases was his carcase blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow:
Which by mis-diet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

"And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair
And whally eyes⁵ (the sign of jealousy)
Was like the person self, whom he did bear:

² *Portess*, breviary or small book of prayers. It could be carried easily "foras," out of doors, and was therefore called in Latin "portiforium;" the corresponding French word was "porte-hors," which was Englished as "porthose" (in Chaucer "portos"), also "portise" and "portasse." "Portuasses" were forbidden by a statute of the reign of Edward VI.

³ *Esloin*, remove to a distance. French "éloigner."

⁴ *Essoin*, exoneration, relief of the burden; a law term from the French "essoine," which is from the Latin "exonerare."

⁵ *Whally eyes*. Nares says they are now called wall eyes, discoloured by the disease called glaucoma. (In Lye's Saxon and Gothic-Latin Dictionary "hwall" is said to mean wanton.)

¹ *Amis* or *amice* (Latin "amictus"), an outer garment. The name was applied, as here, to the priest's tippet of fine linen.

Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he, of ladies oft was lovéd dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
Oh, who does know the bent of women's fantasy?

"In a green gown he clothéd was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies and new-fangleness:
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learnéd had to love with secret looks,
And well could dance, and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,
And thousand other ways to bait his fleshly hooks.

"Inconstant man that lovéd all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful pain
Of that foul evil which all men reprove
That rots the marrow and consumes the brain:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this train.

"And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold;
Accurséd usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong alike in equal balance weigh'd.

"His life was nigh unto death's door yplac'd,
And threadbare coat and cobbled shoes he ware,
Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste,
But both from back and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare:¹
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,
He led a wretched life unto himself unknown.

"Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wishéd ever more:
A vile disease, and eke in foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair band.

"And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept that cause of weeping none he had:
And when he heard of harm, he waxed wondrous glad.

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd say²
He clothéd was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.³
Still as he rode, he gnash'd his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple⁴ covetise,
And grudgéd at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

"He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms, for want of faith, he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row did sit.

"And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And staréd stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held;
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him
swell'd.

"His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadviséd rashness woken wood;⁵
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless haste.

"Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,⁶
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsy, and St. Francis' fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

"And after all, upon the waggon beam
Rode Satan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lash'd the lazy team,
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had cover'd all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scatter'd lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray."

² Say (from Latin "sagum"), a coarse woollen mantle for soldiers or servants. In the second part of Henry VI., act iv., sc. 7, Jack Cade puns on the name of Lord Say, "Thou say, thou serge, nay thou buckram lord." Say is used in Cotgrave's Dictionary as equivalent to serge. "Seyette: serge or saye," and "say, stuffe, seyette."

³ Implies, entwines, attaches closely; from Latin "implicare."

⁴ Griple, grasping.

⁵ Wood, mad.

⁶ Scath, injury. First-English "scæththe," injury, loss, guilt.

¹ Compare (Latin "comparare"), to set together.

When they returned into the House of Pride, Sansjoy was there, burning with wrath against the knight by whom Sansjoy his brother had been overcome. Combat with Sansjoy was assigned to the next day, and that day closed with a feast over which Gluttony was steward, and with sleep where Sloth was chamberlain.

The next canto, the fifth, tells of the combat with Sansjoy. The false Duessa gave her heart to Joylessness, and sheltered him from the last assault by cover of a magic cloud. The knight retained as his trophy the shield of Sansjoy, but Duessa, "daughter of deceit and shame," betook herself with Night, whose nephews the three Saracens are, to Sansjoy hidden in the shades of hell. There she committed him to care of Æsculapius, and returned then to the House of Pride. But she found that the Red Cross Knight, not waiting for his wounds to heal, had already departed. The natural perception of evil, represented by the dwarf, had caused England to break from the House of Pride in which Catholicism was a familiar guest. The stage of the allegory now reached by the poem brings us to Elizabeth's reign, and to what Spenser regarded as imperfect reformation of the English Church in his own time :—

"The false Duessa, leaving noyous night,
Return'd to stately palace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the fairy knight
Departed thence, albe his woundés wide,
Not throughly heal'd, unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarf had spied
Where in a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of captive wretched thralls, that wail'd night and day.

"A rueful sight, as could be seen with eye!
Of whom he learn'd had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivity;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wasteful pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyranness,
Provok'd with Wrath and Envy's false surmise,
Condemn'd to that dungeon merciless,
Where they should live in woe and die in wretchedness.

"There was that great proud king of Babylon
That would compel all nations to adore,
And him as only god to call upon
Till, through celestial doom thrown out of door,
Into an ox he was transform'd of yore:
There also was king Croesus, that enhanced
His heart too high thro' his great riches store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanced
His curs'd hand 'gainst God, and on His altars danced.

"And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warraid;¹
And after him old Ninus far did pass
In princely pomp, of all the world obey'd;

There also was that mighty monarch laid
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native sire did foul upbraid,
And would as Ammon's son be magnified
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shameful death he died.

"All these together in one heap were thrown,
Like carcases of beasts in butcher's stall.
And in another corner wide were strown
The antique ruins of the Romans' fall;
Great Romulus the grandsire of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborn Hannibal,
Ambitious Sylla, and stern Marius,
High Cæsar, great Pompéy, and fierce Antonius.

"Amongst these mighty men were women mix'd,
Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfix'd
With son's own blade, her foul reproaches spoke;
Fair Sthenobea, that herself did choke
With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspés sting herself did stoutly kill!
And thousands more the like, that did that dungeon fill.

"Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their woful falls
Thro' wicked pride and wasted wealth's decay.
But most of all which in the dungeon lay
Fell from high princes' courts or ladies' bowers,
Where they in idle pomp or wanton play
Consum'd had their goods and thriftless hours,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

"Whose case when as the cheerful dwarf had told,
And made ensample of their mournful sight
Unto his master, he no longer would
There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wide,
He by a privy postern took his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spied:
For doubtless death ensu'd if any him descried.

"Scarce could he footing find in that foul way
For many corses, like a great lay-stall
Of murder'd men, which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse or decent funeral:
Which all through that great princess' pride did fall,
And came to shameful end. And them beside
Forth riding underneath the castle wall,
A dunghill of dead carcases he spied,
The dreadful spectacle of that sad house of Pride."

Una meanwhile, last heard of in the power of Lawlessness, was rescued by a troop of Fauns and Satyrs who

"Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arbour sound."

Truth, parted from the Church, is not so much the prey of Lawlessness as to be lost to earth. In the waste places among "the salvage nation" she finds friends and worshippers.

¹ Warraid, laid waste.

"The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus' self bethinks not what
To think of wight so fair——"

It is Truth worshipped for her own beauty by men little taught: pure Truth, adored by the heathen, who in their ignorance make her the "image of idolatries."

"Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage¹ people stay'd,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth which worship'd her in vain,
And made her th' image of idolatries;
But when their bootless zeal she did restrain
From her own worship, they her ass would worship fain.

"It fortunéd a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forest came,
To seek his kindred and the lineage right,
From whence he took his well-deservéd name;
He had in arms abroad won muchel² fame,
And fill'd far lands with glory of his might,
Plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies' right,
But in vain-glorious frays he little did delight.

"A satyr's son yborn in forest wild,
By strange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a lady mild,
Fair Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bands of wedlock tied
To Therion, a loose unruly swain,
Who had more joy to range the forest wide,
And chase the salvage beast with busy pain,
Than serve his lady's love, and waste in pleasures vain."

Satyrane, kin to this wood-born people, becomes a single type of what they stand for. His mother's name, and the name of his mother's mother, Thyamis and Labryde, are taken from Greek words, signifying passion and vehemence; and the name of his father, Therion, points to mere animal life. But Satyrane, type of the natural man, bred in the woods and showing in the outer world all the might and courage of his race, could feel the beauty of Truth, desire to keep her goodly company, and learn her discipline.

"Yet evermore, it was his manner fair,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repair,
To see his sire and offspring ancient.
And now he thither came for like intent:
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Strange lady in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyrs, which her sat around,
True sacred love, which from her sweet lips did redound.

"He wondred at her wisdom heavenly rare,
Whose like in women's wit he never knew:
And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rue,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
On gentle dame so hurtless and so true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

"But she, all vow'd unto the Red Cross Knight,
His wandring peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her dear heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last, in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewéd her intent;
Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise."

Thus the type remains. Truth—while the Church fails—is left to depend for safety on earth upon the natural man's common perception of her worth and beauty. Una was fixed with the wood-born people; they are exchanged, therefore, for Satyrane, who represents that which they represent, but represents it in movement and action. The devil (Archimago), in shape of a simple pilgrim, points the way to Sansloy, who has slain, he says, the Red Cross Knight. The old peril typified by Sansloy is renewed. Satyrane calls to battle the stout Pagan, who says—

"That Red Cross Knight perdie I never slew;
But had he been where erst his arms were lent,
Th' enchanter vain his error should not rue,
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven true."

Again there is the clash of strife; it is now Satyrane against Sansloy, who, seeing Una, seeks again to seize her, but is called from his attempt by the stout blows of her defender. Una flies from the scene, and that false pilgrim, the Devil—

"——when he saw the damsel pass away,
He left his stand, and her pursued apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay."

Meanwhile, where is the Red Cross Knight? how is it, in Spenser's view, with the Religion of England? Duessa has been left in the House of Pride. England has come out from the Church of Rome, but only to be taken captive by Pride in another form—the giant Orgoglio, who represents, in Spenser's mind, the reformed Church retaining still too many of what he considered Popish vanities of worldliness. And how was it that St. George, escaping Scylla, fell upon Charybdis—escaping from Lucifera and Duessa, became thrall to Orgoglio and to Duessa yet again, though under changed conditions? It was because, like the nymph of the typical fountain at which he was taken with his armour off, he had "sat down to rest in midst of the race." There Duessa joined him again:—

¹ *Salvage*, wild in the woods, untamed. Italian "salvaggio" and "salvaggio," from "selva," Latin "silva," a wood.

² *Muchel* (as Scottish "mickle"), great. Greek μεγαλ.

"What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train,
By which Deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
To seem like Truth, whose shape she well can feign,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
Great mistress of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, clogd with Fidessa's name.

"Who when, returning from the dreary night,
She found not in that perilous house of Pride,
Where she had left the noble Red Cross Knight,
Her hoped prey; she would no longer bide,
But forth she went, to seek him far and wide.
Ere long she found whereas he weary sate,
To rest himself, foreby a fountain side,
Disarm'd all of iron-coated plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

"He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bays
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The witch approaching, gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmet,
With foul words tempting fair, sour gall with honey
sweet.

"Unkindness past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling heat
And, with green boughs decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a garland made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dian's favour, as it then befell.

"The cause was this: One day when Phœbe fair
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tir'd with heat of scorching air,
Sat down to rest in midst of the race.
The goddess wroth, gan foully her disgrace,
And bade the waters which from her did flow
Be such as she herself was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drunk thereof did faint and feeble grow.

"Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying down upon the sandy grail,¹
Drunk of the stream, as clear as crystal glass:
Eftsoons his manly forces gan to fail,
And mighty strong was turned to feeble frail.
His chang'd powers at first themselves not felt,
Till cruddled cold his courage gan assail,
And cheerful blood in faintness chill did melt,
Which like a fever-fit through all his body swelt.²

"Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pour'd out in looseness on the grassy ground,
Both careless of his health and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' elf, therewith astound,
Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

"But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and high,
That with his tallness seem'd to threat the sky;
The ground eke groan'd under him for dread;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed."

Against this giant Orgoglio (whose name is simply
the Italian for haughtiness, pride, and vanity), the
knight,

"—faint in every joint and vein
Through that frail fountain that him feeble made,"

could make no valid stand. Duessa pleaded that
he might live Orgoglio's bond-slave, whereupon the
Red Cross Knight was thrown without remorse into
a dungeon of Orgoglio's castle, while Orgoglio made
Duessa his, and set her "to make her dreaded more
of men" upon the beast with seven heads.

The Red Cross Knight in the dungeon of Orgoglio
was the Puritan poet's image of the Church of his
own time. To that condition it had been brought by
resting in midst of the race, by stopping short of root
and branch reform. Spenser's Puritanism, like that
of Milton's after him, looked to essentials, and did
not make war upon any of the outward graces of life.
As he had shown by his rebuke of Aylmer and his
open admiration of Grindal in "The Shepherds'
Calendar," he laid stress upon the need of faithful
preaching, and he desired to see the lowly spirit of
an apostle in the bishop who was set over the Church.
He believed that we had dallied too much with
Rome, and that we had not escaped the thralldom of
pride, but he did not find pride in what he terms
"the seemly form and comely order of the Church,"
to which he says, in his "View of the State of Ire-
land," "our late too nice³ fools" had objected. He
speaks there of the building only, but as to the vest-
ments he certainly could not share the extreme
Puritan opinions.

The first important sign of that division in the
English Church, which began with the retaining of
some pomps of Rome, was in the year 1550. John
Hooper, who was a Cistercian before he became a
Reformer, and was driven into exile by the Statute
of the Six Articles, had returned to England, and
in 1550 offer was made to him of the bishopric of
Gloucester. He refused it for two reasons. One
of his reasons touched a point not within contro-

¹ Grail, gravel.

² Swelt, burned. First-English "swēlan," to burn, burn slowly;
whence "swelter."

³ Nice, particular about trifles.

versy among the Reformers. An appeal to the saints was in the oath of supremacy; by chance it had not yet been removed. The young king passed his pen through it, and that difficulty was at an end. The other touched the very point upon which opinion in the Reformed Church of England was divided. Hooper would not consent to be attired in episcopal robes—Aaronical habits, as he called them—because they had no countenance in Scripture, and were not used in the primitive Church, but were associated with Roman corruptions and idolatries, as with the pompous celebration of mass. John Hooper—then a grave man, fifty-five years old—was supported in his objections by Martin Bucer at Cambridge and by Peter Martyr at Oxford. The Reformation abroad had begun among the people, and where it was established popular feeling had dispensed with pomp of Roman ceremonial. The Reformed clergy abroad wore sober habits that marked their office, but they put away the vestments of the Church from which they had seceded. The Reformation in England had begun with the Crown; and in many parts of England was imposed, at first by bishops and privy councillors, on an unwilling people. It seemed wise, therefore, to those in power to change only what they held to be essentially corrupt, and otherwise to leave the outward accidents of public worship unaffected. John Hooper was firm against persuasion, even when he was advised from Geneva to be a bishop with the vestments, that as bishop he might have influence to get them put away. Men called him harsh and rough, but, says Thomas Fuller,¹ “to speak truth, all Hooper’s ill nature consisted in other men’s little acquaintance with him. Such as visited him once, condemned him of over-austerity; who repaired to him twice, only suspected him of the same; who conversed with him constantly, not only acquitted him of all morosity, but commended him for sweetness of manners.” He was committed by his brother Reformers—Ridley being a chief opponent—to the Fleet prison, “persecuted about clothes,” as another Church historian puts it, “by men of the same faith with himself, and losing his liberty because he would not be a bishop.” At last, however, a compromise was made. He was to wear the vestments only upon certain occasions, and to be dispensed from ordinary use of them. Then John Hooper became Bishop of Gloucester, preaching, visiting, and labouring with much zeal in his diocese. The persecutions under Mary brought him, in February, 1555, to the martyr-fire before his own cathedral, upon the spot now marked by his statue. He and his opponent Ridley were friends in the face of death. “We have been two in white,” said Hooper; “let us be one in red.” At the very last, his recantation was urged on him by Sir Anthony Kingston, whom he had saved from a life of profligacy, and who was made one of the commissioners charged with his execution. “Death is bitter,” said Sir Anthony; “Life is sweet.” “True,” Hooper replied; “but the Death to come is more bitter, the Life to come more sweet.” His death was indeed bitter.

His legs and thighs were roasted, and one of his hands dropped off before he died. Such men as this within the Church, ready to die that they might live—one of the first of them a bishop—marked by their strong protests the beginning of that question about vestments which vexed the Reformed Church of England, and no other Reformed Church, after the accession of Elizabeth. The political reason for retaining them was not accepted by those who magnified their danger. Bishop Jewel spoke of the contest over them as contest on a trivial matter, though he said, “they are the relics of the Amorites: that cannot be denied.” But others saw in them the bondage to Orgoglio, whose leman was Duessa on the seven-headed beast.

In the third year of Elizabeth, it was moved in a convocation of the Church that Saints’ days should be abolished; that in common prayer the minister should turn his face towards the people; that making the sign of the cross in baptism should be omitted; that kneeling at the sacrament should be left to the discretion of the minister; that organs should be removed; and that it should suffice if the minister wore the surplice once, provided that he ministered in a comely garment or habit. Of the members of convocation present when these resolutions were discussed, fifty-three voted for, and thirty-five against them, but proxies caused their defeat by a majority of one. Among those who voted for them was Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul’s, author of the Church Catechism, which was submitted to Convocation and approved by it in the same year, 1562, although not printed until 1570. Ceremonies thus accepted by the clergy only by a casting vote, were then, with the hope of securing unity, by the strong hand firmly enforced. Thus disaffection was increased, and, still within the pale of the reformed Church of England, objection to its system multiplied and strengthened. The rise of the Presbyterians is thus indicated in a letter from Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, written to Henry Bullinger, in August, 1573:—

New orators are rising up from among us: foolish young men who despise authority and admit of no superior. They are seeking the complete overthrow and uprooting of the whole of our ecclesiastical polity, and striving to shape out for us I know not what new platform of a church. That you may be better acquainted with the whole matter, accept this summary of the question at issue, reduced under certain heads.

- i. The civil magistrate has no authority in ecclesiastical matters. He is only a member of the Church, the government of which ought to be committed to the clergy.
- ii. The Church of Christ admits of no other government than that by Presbyteries: viz., by the Minister, Elders, and Deacons.
- iii. The names and authority of Archbishops, Archdeacons, Deans, Chancellors, Commissaries, and other titles and dignities of the like kind, should be altogether removed from the Church of Christ.
- iv. Each parish should have its own Presbytery.
- v. The choice of Ministers of necessity belongs to the people.
- vi. The goods, possessions, lands, revenues, tithes, honours, authorities, and all other things relating either to Bishops or

¹ Quoting Francis Godwin.

Cathedrals, and which now of right belong to them, should be taken away forthwith and for ever.

vii. No one should be allowed to preach who is not a pastor of some Congregation; and he ought to preach to his own flock exclusively, and nowhere else.

viii. The infants of Papists are not to be baptised.

ix. The judicial Laws of Moses are binding upon Christian Princes, and they ought not in the slightest degree to depart from them.

In the year before this was written, the first separate Presbyterian congregation had been formed at Wandsworth, and among its founders was Walter Travers, afterwards indirectly the cause of the production of Hooker's "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." Travers is described by Izaak Walton, who had no sympathy with his opinions, as "a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life," who "had taken orders by the Presbytery in Antwerp—and with them some opinions that could never be eradicated—and if in anything he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design." The conventicle at Wandsworth was suppressed, but afterwards revived, and presbyteries were formed in other places with private meetings for worship.

Thomas Cartwright, to whom Izaak Walton refers as head of the Puritan movement, was born in Hertfordshire in 1535, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. As a young scholar, and in all his after life, Thomas Cartwright worked so hard that he reduced the daily hours of sleep to five. In 1569 he became Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and he excited so much enthusiasm, that when he preached at St. Mary's Church the windows were removed, that he might be heard by the crowd outside as well as by the crowd within. His church doctrine was Puritan. John Whitgift, a Lincolnshire man, about five years older than Cartwright, was his chief opponent in the University. Whitgift, whose college was Pembroke Hall, and who obtained a Fellowship of Peterhouse, often answered Cartwright in the pulpit at St. Mary's: so that practically the two men submitted the two sides of a chief controversy of the time to the judgment of the congregation. Whitgift also acquired fame as a preacher, and when he first preached before Elizabeth she said of him, hearing his name, that he had a white-gift indeed. In 1567 he was made Master of Trinity Hall and her Majesty's chaplain. He soon afterwards caused Cartwright to be deprived of his Fellowship at Trinity, and also, having become Vice-Chancellor of the University, deprived his antagonist of the Lady Margaret's lecture. Thomas Cartwright then went abroad for a couple of years, and was minister to the English merchants, first at Antwerp, afterwards at Middelburg. When he returned he was again foremost in the controversy. Ministers of the Church condemned as Puritans had been degraded and imprisoned, and in the year 1572, the year of the opening of the Presbyterian church at Wands-

worth, an appeal was made to Parliament by two Puritan leaders, Field and Wilcocks, one of them, Field, being the Wandsworth lecturer. They published, in 1572, "An Admonition to the Parliament for the Reformation of Church Discipline." With it was printed a letter from Theodore Beza to the Earl of Leicester, who aided the Puritan cause, upon the need of another Reformation in England. Its authors were committed to Newgate, but their pamphlet could not be suppressed. Thomas Cartwright published at once a "Second Admonition." Whitgift produced, in the same year, "An Answer to a certain Libel, intituled, An Admonition to the Parliament." This was the ablest defence of the ecclesiastical system of the reformed Church of England, before Richard Hooker's work upon the subject. In the following year, 1573, Thomas Cartwright published "A Reply to an Answer made of Master Doctor Whitgift against the Admonitions of Parliament." In the next year, 1574, appeared "The Defence of the Answer to the Admonition against the Reply of T. C., by John Whitgift, D.D." In 1575, appeared Thomas Cartwright's second reply; and other controversial writings followed. The questions then stirring the Church, and the chief arguments on either side, are best to be studied in these Admonitions to Parliament, and the succeeding debate between Cartwright and Whitgift.

John Whitgift had authority with him; he had already been made Dean of Lincoln, and was made, in 1577, Bishop of Worcester. Thomas Cartwright had authority against him, and he was obliged again to quit his country. If Whitgift would have taken the office, he might have become Archbishop of Canterbury during the lifetime of Spenser's "wise Algrind," the disgraced Archbishop Grindal. It was due to Whitgift's sense of duty that the Queen left Grindal in nominal possession of his office, saying that "she had made him an Archbishop, so he should die an Archbishop." But on Grindal's death, in the year 1583, Whitgift succeeded him, and as Whitgift lived till 1604, the Queen had in him, during all the rest of her reign, an Archbishop who would carry out her policy, maintain the reformed Church of England as she had established it, by strict enforcement of conformity, and repress extremes on either side in Roman Catholic and Puritan. He at once issued to the bishops of his province instructions that all clergy were to acknowledge the Queen's supremacy to be ecclesiastical as well as civil, and to conform to the Book of Common Prayer and to the Thirty-nine Articles; that wearing of the vestments was to be enforced; and that all preaching, catechizing, and praying in private families where strangers were present—that is to say, every assembly of the nature of a Puritan "conventicle"—was to be utterly extinguished. Hundreds of Puritan clergy were thus suspended and driven out into nonconformity. A petition from the magistrates of Suffolk urged that "the laborious ministers of the Word are marshalled with the worst malefactors, presented, indicted, arraigned, and condemned for matters, as we presume, of very slender moment: some for leaving the holidays (saints' days) unbidden; some for singing the psalm 'Nunc Dimittis' instead of chanting it; some for leaving out the cross in

baptism, &c." At the same time the Queen issued a new Commission for the suppression of sedition and heresy. The power now given to the High Court of Commission enabled the Commissioners to convict by witnesses if a jury would not convict, and to convict by other means if they had not witnesses; to test by oath whomsoever they suspected, and punish at will whoever refused the oath, by fine or imprisonment. Archbishop Whitgift drew up a set of four-and-twenty articles, contrived to include all points of disagreement on which suspected Puritans might be examined upon oath. Petitions were sent to the Privy Council. The clerk of the Privy Council, in sending them on to the Archbishop, told him "that he would be the overthrow of this Church and the cause of tumult," and the Privy Council remonstrated both with Archbishop Whitgift and with Aylmer, Bishop of London. Whitgift himself, in reply to Lord Burleigh's censure of a procedure that he considered to be "too much savouring the Romish inquisition, and rather a device to seek for offenders than to reform any," answered that he was so far from inclining to Rome in such procedure, that "the Papists are rather pained at my proceedings, because they tend to the taking away of their chief argument, that is, that we cannot agree among ourselves; and that we are not of the Church because we lack Unity."

It is not likely that Elizabeth looked much below the surface of the "Faerie Queene;" and if she had seen under the allegory of its first book how heartily Spenser sympathised with the higher objects of those who felt a larger Reformation to be necessary, she would not have troubled herself about that. Spenser was not a minister of the Church resisting her supreme authority. He was an Irish civil servant, thoroughly in sympathy with her political ideas. When her minister Burleigh considered her Archbishop wanting in charity, and when her favourite Leicester and others of her council were undisguised friends to the Puritans—and she often listened patiently to rough assertion of opinions she would not hold—Spenser's allegory of the Red Cross Knight, and his peril from the giant Orgoglio after escape from Lucifer's House of Pride, might mean what he pleased without displeasing her. Loyal homage to her, full recognition of her earnestness, hearty assent to her public policy in many things, stern maintenance of her authority, the sweetest praise poet had ever given her, she had from Spenser, and it all came from his heart. He gave all that, and was a poet who addressed his verse to cultivated minds. He did not seek with it to stir the people. If he had been a minister of her Church, acting and preaching as she said he should not act or preach, he would nevertheless have been sacrificed to her belief that force could secure the desired Unity within the Church, and make its Religion what it ought to be, the source of peace within her realm.

The Red Cross Knight being thrall to Orgoglio, the English Church being as Spenser saw it when the "Faerie Queene" was being written, here was the time when need was felt of the intervention of heavenly grace for its rescue. Spenser, therefore,

represents the dwarf—the people—taking up the mighty armour, missing most at need; the whole armour of God left masterless, and seeking aid. The dwarf meeting with Una, grieves her with the tale he has to tell, and then it is that Prince Arthur crosses their path, Arthur who intervenes throughout the poem as the bearer of the shield of Divine grace.

"His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,
Such earthly metals soon consumed been:
But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
It framéd was, one massy entire mold,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would."¹

"The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistening ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attain,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay.
And silver Cynthia waxéd pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magic art's constraint.

"Ne magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call;
But all that was not such as seem'd in sight,
Before that shield did fade and sudden fall:
And when him list the rascal routs appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

"Ne let it seem, that credence this exceeds;
For he that made the same, was known right well
To have done much more admirable deeds:
It Merlin was, which whilom did excel
All living wights in might of magic spell.
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to arms he fell;
But when he died, the fairy queen it brought
To fairy-land, where yet it might be seen, if sought."

To Arthur Una tells her story, and he offers the help which in the next canto—the eighth—he gives. The introduction to the canto that tells this, indicates what the help is which comes through Arthur and Una:—

"Ay me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that Heavenly Grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquit him out of all.

¹ "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me: my glory, and the lifter up of my head." (Ps. iii. 3.) "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory." (Ps. lxxxiv. 11.) "O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield. O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield. Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield." (Ps. cxv.) "The shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." (Ephes. vi. 16.)

Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride,
Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall:
Else should this Red Cross Knight in bands have died,
For whose deliv'rance she this prince doth thither guide."

Prince Arthur's gentle squire blew a magic horn—
the horn of the Gospel—before Orgoglio's castle:—

"Was never wight that heard that thrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again:
No false enchantment nor deceitful train
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain:
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite or brast."¹

Then is described the battle with Orgoglio, who was aided by Duessa on her seven-headed beast that brought the squire into great peril. Uncovering of Arthur's shield secured the victory, and when the breath had passed out of the giant's breast—

"That huge great body which the giant bore
Was vanish'd quite; and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was."

Duessa fled, but the light-foot squire followed and captured her. The castle of Orgoglio was entered. It had Ignaro (Ignorance) to keep the gate as porter. The Red Cross Knight was delivered from his danger. Duessa, stripped of her scarlet robe, was displayed in all her loathsomeness, and fled from the hated face of heaven to the rocks and caves.

It may be observed in passing that in every book except the third, in which Britomart (Chastity) stands by her own strength, the eighth canto is the place at which arises need of the aid of Divine grace for attainment of the spiritual goal. In the second book, that eighth canto opens with these stanzas—

"And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That bless'd angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?"

The ninth canto of the first book speaks still of Arthur as the good prince who "redeemed the Red Cross Knight from bands." Arthur tells Una of the lineage yet unknown to him; of his delivery to a Faery Knight as soon as life admitted him into this world, he was assured only that he

"—was son and heir unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring."

He told next of his vision of the Faerie Queene, and his love for her—for the glory of God,—

"From that day forth I loved that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in careful mind
To seek her out with labour and long tyme,²
And never vowed to rest till her I find."

Gifts were exchanged before the Red Cross Knight and Una proceeded upon their way. Arthur's gift was the water of life, held for him by the grace of God, the diamond-box. The Red Cross Knight, the Church militant on earth, gave, as its equivalent, his treasure, the New Testament:—

"Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embow'd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth and virtue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent:
Which to requite, the Red Cross Knight him gave
A book, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave:
A work of wondrous grace, and able souls to save."

Still the argument is now of Divine grace, that enables the weak mortal to attain, and it is emphasized with an image of Despair. The Red Cross Knight and Una meet an armed knight, with a rope on his neck, flying in terror from that man of hell who had lured his friend and him to hasty death by taking away from them all hope. "To me," says the knight, "he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife." This knight flying from Despair is Trevisan—his name means gloom or darkness (Portuguese "trévas," privation of light, formed from the Latin "tenebræ"). He will lead the Red Cross Knight and Una to the cave of Despair, but will not abide by them, he says, "for liever had I die than see his deadly face." So the Red Cross Knight, who has failed through weakness and needed rescue, is led into the presence of Despair:—

"Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy clift ypitch,³
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl;
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

¹ Brast, burst.

² Tyme, anxiety.

³ Ypitch, fixed, pitched.

"And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hangéd been,
Whose carcasses were scattered on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrivéd there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

"The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That curséd man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His grisly locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and staréd as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

"His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patchéd was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welléd fresh, alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixé stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

"Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red Cross Knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold:
And to the villain said: 'Thou damnéd wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed
in sight.'

"'What frantic fit,' quoth he, 'hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught
But he should die who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?'¹

"'Who travels by the weary wandring way,
To come unto his wishéd home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him overpast,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

"'He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,

That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain, well borne, that brings long ease
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.'

"The knight much wondred at his sudden wit,
And said: 'The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,²
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.'³
'Who life did limit by almighty doom,'
Quoth he, 'knows best the terms established;
And he that points the sentinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.'⁴

"'Is not His deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not He all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his⁵ still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence
nor why.

"'The longer life, I wot the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengément,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath misséd the right way,
The further he doth go the further he doth stray.

"'Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For what hath life, that may it lovéd make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

"'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that daréd warlike deed
More luckless disadvantages did amate:⁶
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;
And though good luck prolongéd hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou may'st happen fall.

"'Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heapéd up with huge iniquity,

² Watchful sted, place of his watch.

³ Bed, bid.

⁴ Droom, drum.

⁵ His, old neuter genitive, now its. His was neuter as well as masculine, his, hire, his = his, her, its.

⁶ Amate, make dull or faint. Of the same root are the German "matt," weary, and the Italian "matto," deprived of sense, and English "mad;"—deprivation of living power being the first idea.

¹ Uneath, uneasily. First-English "eáth," easy; "eáthe," easily.

Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,¹
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thy impiety?
Is not His law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh. What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly
Than linger till the glass be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's son."

The knight, much moved and wounded in his conscience, wavered; and Despair dismayed him then with images of pains of hell, but the voice of Una (Truth) recalled him to his faith in heavenly grace—

"And to him said, 'Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight!
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?"

"Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And that accurs'd handwriting doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place!"

"So up he rose, and thence amounted straight.
Which when the carl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid,² unblest'd.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet nathéless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally."

The opening of the next canto—the tenth—still emphasizes what is a chief feature in Spenser's allegorical picture of man striving heavenward through all his powers for good:—

"What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gain'd victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill:
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will."

An allegorical preparation of the spirit for the final triumph follows in this as in other books of the "*Faerie Queene*," the representing of the need of Divine help. The Red Cross Knight is, in the tenth canto, taken by Una to the House of Holiness, Dame Cœlia. Her three daughters are Faith, Hope, and Charity—Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa. Zeal guided them to the hall of this house, where Reverence led them to its lady, who welcomed Una—

"And her embracing, said, 'O happy earth
Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread,
Most virtuous virgin, born of heavenly birth,
That to redeem thy woful parent's head
From tyrant's rage, and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandered thro' the world now long a-day,
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?"

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turns his steps. So few there be
That choose the narrow path, to seek the right:
All keep the broad high-way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the rightest way:
O foolish men! why haste ye to your own decay?"

The knight was instructed by Faith in her Sacred Book, was comforted by Hope when pricked with anguish of his sins, and helped by the leech Patience, who healed him by sharp remedies of Penance and Remorse and true Repentance. So he was restored to Una with his conscience cured. He was then taken to be taught by Charity "of love and righteousness and well to do." Mercy was called to aid in showing the Red Cross Knight the way to heaven, and he was led to a hospital in which were the Seven Beatitudes of Mercy, each typified in a stanza. There he rested, and thence he was led on to the hermitage of heavenly Contemplation. By Contemplation he was then led to the highest mount, as of Sinai or Olivet.

"From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view;
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, not wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The city of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell."

"As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as friend doth with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeopled were."

¹ Vild, vile.

² Unbid, without a prayer. First-English "*biddan*," to pray; "*bēd*," a prayer: whence beads, from the use of them in counting Aves and Paternosters.

“Fair knight,’ quoth he, ‘Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built,
For those to dwell in that are chosen His;
His chosen people, purg’d from sinful guilt,
With piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unsponsored Lamb
That for the sins of all the world was kilt:
Now are they saints in all that city sam,¹
More dear unto their God than younglings to their dam.’

“‘Till now,’ said then the knight, ‘I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have been,
In which that fairest Fairy Queen doth dwell,
The fairest city was that might be seen;
And that bright tower all built of crystal clean,
Panthea, seem’d the brightest thing that was:
But now by proof all otherwise I ween;
For this great city, that does far surpass,
And this bright angel’s tower, quite dims that tower of
glass.’

“‘Most true,’ then said the holy aged man;
‘Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest piece that eye beholden can:
And well beseems all knights of noble name,
That covet in th’ immortal book of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that sovereign dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For, she is heavenly born, and Heaven may justly
vaunt.

“‘And thou fair imp, sprung out from English race,
However now accounted elfin’s son,
Well worthy dost thy service for her grace,
To aid a virgin desolate fordene.
But when thou famous victory hast won,
And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows
yield.

“‘Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordain’d a blessed end:
For thou amongst those saints whom thou dost see
Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation’s friend
And patron: thou Saint George shalt call’d be,
Saint George of merry England,² the sign of victory.’”

Thus prepared, the Red Cross Knight proceeded to the fight with the Great Dragon, theme of the eleventh canto; and, having overcome, was, in the twelfth canto, wedded finally to Una (Truth) for all Duessa’s plea that he belonged to her.

“Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners;
For we be come unto a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load.

Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplied. And then, again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent,
Well may she speed and fairly finish her intent.”

We turn back from this vision of the end yet distant, and follow the Red Cross Knight—English Religion—through the dangers of a way that has not brought us yet within sight of the City of Eternal Peace.

In the year after the publication of the first three books of the “*Faerie Queene*,” Michael Drayton, then twenty-eight years old, published a volume called “*The Harmonie of the Church, Containing The Spirituall Songes and holy Hymnes of godly men, Patriarkes, and Prophetes: all sweetly sounding to the praise and glory of the Highest*. Now (newlie) reduced into sundrie kinds of English Meeter: meete to be read or sung for the solace and comfort of the godly. By M.D.” It was dedicated on the 10th of February 1590(91) to Lady Jane Devereux, of Merivale, and published in 1591. Its contents are “The Most Notable Song of Moses, which he made a little before his death; the Song of the Israelites for their deliverance out of Egypt; the Most Excellent Song of Salomon, Containing Eight Chapters; the Song of Anna; the Prayer of Jonah; the Prayer of Jeremiah; the Song of Deborah and Barak; a Song of the Faithful for the Mercies of God; another Song of the Faithful; a Song of Thanks to God; another Song of the Faithful.” Added to these eleven were nine more songs and prayers out of the books of Apocrypha. These are Drayton’s versions of three

SONGS OF THE FAITHFUL.

I.

Isaiah, chapter xii.

O living Lord, I still will laud Thy Name,
For though Thou wert offended once with me,
Thy heavy wrath is turned from me again,
And graciously Thou now dost comfort me.

Behold, the Lord is my salvation,
I trust in Him, and fear not any power:
He is my song, the strength I lean upon,
The Lord God is my loving Saviour.

Therefore with joy out of the Well of Life
Draw forth sweet water which it doth afford:
And in the day of trouble and of strife
Call on the name of God, the living Lord.

Extol His works and wonders to the sun;
Unto all people let his praise be shown:
Record in song the marvels He hath done,
And let His Glory through the world be blown.

Cry out aloud, and shout on Zion’s hill,
I give thee charge that this proclaimed be:
The great and mighty King of Israel
Now only dwelleth in the midst of thee.

¹ Sam, together.

² The *y* of “merry” makes one syllable with the *E* of “England.”

II.

Habakkuk, chapter iii.

Lord, at Thy voice my heart for fear hath trembled;
 Unto the world, Lord, let Thy works be shown:
 In these our days now let Thy power be known,
 And yet in wrath let mercy be remembered.

From Teman, lo, our God you may behold,
 The Holy One from Paran Mount so high:
 His glory hath clean covered the sky,
 And in the earth His praises be enrolled.

His shining was more clearer than the light,
 And from His hands a fulness did proceed,
 Which did contain His wrath and power indeed;
 Consuming plagues and fire were in His sight.

He stood aloft, and compassed the land,
 And of the nations doth delusion make:
 The mountains rent, the hills for fear did quake,
 His unknown paths no man may understand.

The Morians' tents e'en for their wickedness,
 I might behold the land of Midian,
 Amaz'd, and trembling like unto a man
 Forsaken quite and left in great distress.

What, did the rivers move the Lord to ire,
 Or did the floods His majesty displease,
 Or was the Lord offended with the seas,
 That Thou cam'st forth in chariot hot as fire?

Thy force and power thou freely didst relate
 Unto the tribes; Thy oath will surely stand,
 And by Thy strength thou didst divide the land,
 And from the earth the rivers separate.

The mountains saw and trembled for fear,
 The sturdy stream with speed forth passéd by,
 The mighty depths shout out a hideous cry,
 And then aloft their waves they did uprear.

The sun and moon amid their course stood still,
 Thy spears and arrows forth with shining went:
 Thou spoil'st the land, being to anger bent,
 And in displeasure Thou didst slay and kill.

Thou wentest forth for Thine own chosen's sake,
 For the safeguard of Thine anointed one:
 The house of wicked men is overthrown,
 And their foundations now go all to wrack.

Their towns Thou strikest by Thy mighty power,
 With their own weapons made for their defence;
 Who like a whirlwind came, with the pretence
 The poor and simple man quite to devour.

Thou mad'st Thy house on seas to gallop fast,
 Upon the waves thou ridest here and there:
 My entrails trembled then for very fear,
 And at Thy voice my lips shook at the last.

Grief pierced my bones, and fear did me annoy,
 In time of trouble where I might find rest,
 For to revenge, when once the Lord is prest,
 With plagues He will the people quite destroy.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,
 The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound,
 No pleasure in the city shall be found,
 The field no more her fruit shall feed nor nourish.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,
 In stall of bullocks there shall be no choice:
 Yet in the Lord my Saviour I rejoice,
 My hope in God yet will I surely hold.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay,
 My feet for swiftness it is He will make
 Like to the hind's who none in course can take,
 Upon high places he will make me way.

III.

Isaiah, chapter xvi.

And in that day this same shall be our song,
 In Judah land this shall be sung and said:—
 We have a city which is wondrous strong,
 And for the walls, the Lord Himself our aid.

Open the gates; yea, set them open wide,
 And let the godly and the righteous pass:
 Yea, let them enter and therein abide,
 Which keep His laws and do His truth embrace.

And in Thy judgment, Thou wilt sure preserve
 In perfect peace those which do trust in Thee;
 Trust in the Lord, which doth all trust deserve;
 He is thy strength, and none but only He.

He will bring down the proud that look so high,
 The stateliest buildings He will soon abase,
 And make them even with the ground to lie,
 And unto dust he will their pride deface.

It shall be trodden to the very ground,
 The poor and needy down the same shall tread:
 The just man's way in righteousness is found,
 Into a path most plain Thou wilt him lead.

But we have waited long for Thee, O Lord,
 And in Thy way of judgment we do rest:
 Our souls doth joy Thy Name still to record,
 And Thy remembrance doth content us best.

My soul hath longed for Thee, O Lord, by night,
 And in the morn my spirit for Thee hath sought:
 Thy judgments to the earth give such a light
 As all the world by them Thy truth is taught.

But show Thy mercy to the wicked man,
 He will not learn Thy righteousness to know:
 His chief delight is still to curse and ban,
 And unto Thee himself he will not bow.

They do not once at all regard Thy power:
 Thy people's zeal shall let them see their shame;
 But with a fire Thou shalt Thy foes devour,
 And clean consume them with a burning flame.

With peace Thou wilt preserve us, Lord, alone,
 For Thou hast wrought great wonders for our sake:
 And other gods beside Thee we have none,
 Only in Thee we all our comforts take.

The dead and such as sleep within the grave,
Shall give no glory, nor yield praise to Thee;
Which here on earth no place nor being have,
And Thou hast rooted out of memorie.

O Lord, Thou dost this nation multiply;
Thou, Lord, hast blest this nation with increase:
Thou art most glorious in Thy majesty,
Thou hast enlarged the earth with perfect peace.

We cried to Thee, and oft our hands did wring,
When we have seen Thee bent to punishment;
Like to a woman in child-birth travailing,
Even so in pain we mourn and do lament;

We have conceiv'd and labour'd with pain,
But only wind at last we forth have brought;
Upon the earth no hope there doth remain,
The wicked world likewise avails us nought.

The dead shall live, and such as sleep in grave
With their own bodies once shall rise again:
Sing ye that in the dust your dwelling have!
The earth no more her bodies shall retain.

Come, come, my people, to My chamber here,
And shut the doors up surely after thee;
Hide thou thyself, and do not once appear,
Nor let thine eyes Mine indignation see:

For from above the Lord is now disposed
To scourge the sins that in the world remain;
His servants' blood in earth shall be disclosed,
And she shall now yield up her people slain.

Drayton's "Harmonie of the Church" was published in 1591, and in the next year, 1592, appeared a translation into English, finished in 1587, of the "Traité de la Vérité de la Religion Chrétienne," by Philippe de Mornay, Seigneur du Plessis-Marly. The author of this book was one of the most famous of the French Protestant scholars and soldiers. He was born of a noble family in 1549. He was destined in childhood for good livings in the Roman Catholic Church, but his mother, when he was nine or ten years old, drew him with her to the Protestant side. He was but two or three years older than Sir Philip Sidney, who had known him when he visited England, and met him in Paris, where they were both present at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. Philippe de Mornay became a foremost friend in the counsels of the King of Navarre, whom he helped to make Henry IV. of France. He represented the intelligent soul of the French Protestant cause. His nobility of character gave him so much influence that he was called the Pope of the Huguenots, and he was from time to time in London as a political representative of French Protestantism. Sir Philip Sidney began a translation of De Mornay's "Treatise on the Truth of Christianity," and asked his friend, Arthur Golding, to finish it. He did so at once, and the dedication to the complete work is dated in May, 1587, although it was not until 1592 that the book was published, Sidney having died in October, 1586, from a musket-

shot at Zutphen. The volume was entitled "A Worke concerning the Trewnesse of Christian Religion, written in French: Against Atheists, Epicures, Paynims, Iewes, Mahumetists, and other Infidels. By Philip of Mornay, Lord of Plessie Marlie. Begunne to be translated into English by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, and at his request finished by Arthur Golding." There was a scriptural emblem on the title-page, which associates the Reformation with the return of light, and the strayed sheep recovered by the Saviour.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

From the Title-page of Philip de Mornay's *Trewnesse of the Christian Religion*, Translated by Sir Philip Sidney and Arthur Golding (1592).

Arthur Golding said that he followed Sidney's wish in dedicating the translation to the Earl of Leicester. The design of the work was to demonstrate that there is a God who is one God, and that he is Creator and Ruler of the world; that man has an immortal soul, but is fallen from his first estate; and that his chief hope is in God, and his welfare consists in drawing near to Him. The way to this sovereign welfare, it is then argued, is by true Religion. The True God was worshipped in Israel, which is set forth as the first mark of True Religion. In Israel God's Word was the rule of His service, which is the second mark of True Religion. The third mark is that the means of salvation have been revealed from time to time to the people of Israel. The rest of the argument is of Christ as the Saviour and Son of God. A short passage from the second chapter of the book, where Philip Sidney is translator, may be taken as example of its style. It draws evidence of the oneness of God from that which has caused some to doubt His existence—the oneness of nature, or as the marginal note to this paragraph calls it,

THE LINKING IN OF THINGS TOGETHER.

But let us see now how all things being so divers in the whole world, are referred to one another. The water moisteneth the earth, the air maketh it fat with his showers, the

sun enlighteneth it and heateth it according to his seasons. The earth nourisheth the plants, the plants feed the beasts, the beasts serve man. Again, nothing is seen here to be made for itself. The sun shineth and heateth; but not for itself: the earth beareth, and yet hath no benefit thereby: the winds blow, and yet they sail not: but all these things redound to the glory of the Maker, to the accomplishment of the whole, and to the benefit of man. To be short, the noblest creatures have need of the basest, and the basest are served by the noblest; and all are so linked together from the highest to the lowest, that the ring thereof cannot be broken without confusion. The sun cannot be eclipsed, the plants withered, or the rain want, but all things feel the hurt thereof. Now then, can we imagine that this world which consisteth of so many and so divers pieces, tending all to one end, so coupled one to another, making one body, and full of apparent consents of affections, proceedeth from elsewhere than from the power of one alone? When in a field we see many battles, divers standards, sundry liveries, and yet all turning head with one sway; we conceive that there is one general of the field, who commandeth them all. Also when in a city or a realm we see an equality of good behaviour in an inequality of degrees of people, infinite trades which serve one another, the smaller reverencing the greater, the greater serving to the benefit of the smaller, both of them made equal in justice, and all tending in this diversity to the common service of their country: we doubt not but there is one law, and a magistrate which by that law holdeth the said diversity in union. And if any man tell of many magistrates, we will by and by inquire for the sovereign. Yet notwithstanding all this is but an order set among divers men, who ought even naturally to be united, by the community of their kind. But when things as well light as heavy, hot as cold, moist as dry, living as unliving, endued with sense as senseless, and each of infinite sorts, do so close in one composition as one of them cannot forbear another; nay rather, to our seeming, the worthiest do service to the basest, the greatest to the smallest, the strongest to the weakest, and all of them together are disposed to the accomplishment of the world, and to the contentment of man who alone is able to consider it: ought we not forthwith to perceive, that the whole world and all things contained therein do by their tending unto us teach us to tend unto one alone? And seeing that so many things tend unto man, shall man scatter his doings unto divers ends? Or shall he be so wretched as to serve many masters? Nay further, to knit up this present point withal, seeing that all things the nobler they be the more they do close into one unity (as for example, we see that the things which have but mere being are of infinite kinds, the things that have life are of infinite sorts, the things that have sense are of many sorts, howbeit not of so many; and the things that have reason are many only in particulars:) doth it not follow also that the Godhead from whence they have their reason, as nobler than they is also much more One than they, that is to say, only One, as well in particularity and number as in kind?

Henry Constable, whose few poems and extant letters indicate much sweetness of character, was in 1595 driven into exile for his fidelity to Roman Catholic opinions. There was some close association, perhaps tie of blood, between Henry Constable and Anthony and Francis Bacon, and to Anthony he wrote, in 1595, "I have a marvellous opinion of your virtues and judgment, and therefore, though in particulars of religion we may be differing, yet I hope that

in the general belief of Christ (which is a greater matter in this incredulous age), and desire of the union of His Church you agree with me, as in the love of my country I protest I consent with you." Loving his country, Henry Constable sought leave to return, and failing in that, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign he returned clandestinely, but was discovered and committed to the Tower. One of his "Spiritual Sonnets" may be taken as an example of the purity of aspiration that could be associated with the worship of the Virgin; something far higher than the idolatries from which he prays that it may save him:—

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Sovereign of queens! if vain Ambition move
My heart to seek an earthly prince's grace,
Shew me thy Son in His imperial place
Whose Servants reign our Kings and Queens above;
And if alluring passions I do prove
By pleasing sighs, shew me Thy lovely face,
Whose beams the angels' beauty do deface,
And even inflame the seraphim with love.
So by Ambition I shall humble be,
When in the presence of the Highest King
I serve all His that He may honour me;
And Love my heart to chaste desires shall bring,
When Fairest Queen looks on me from her throne,
And, jealous, bids me love but her alone.



RICHARD HOOKER.

From the Portrait by Faithorne, engraved in his Works (1723).

"Four Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Politie" were first published by Richard Hooker, then rector of Boscombe, Wiltshire, in 1594. The fifth book, longer than all those four, followed in 1597, when he was rector of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury. Hooker died in 1600, and left notes which were taken, not always rightly, as the rough draught of the remaining three books. These were not published until eighteen years after his death.

Richard Hooker was born at Heavitree, a suburb

of Exeter. Like Spenser, from whom he differed in views of Church polity, he was wholly an Elizabethan writer; each was born about 1553, and they died, before Elizabeth, within a year of each other. In literature Spenser is the greatest representative of Elizabethan Puritanism, and Hooker wrote the wisest and best argument against it. Both were true men who sought to serve God faithfully with all their powers; and they agreed more than they differed. Spenser, indeed, differed so much from the narrower Puritanism of his time, and was so fully in accord with Hooker's religious spirit, that we cannot think of them as in opposite camps. When different tendencies of thought lead men to seek one great end by different ways, and great parties are formed, it is between the lesser combatants—who confound accident with substance and give themselves up to fierce contention about phrases, words, and outward shows—that the distance seems most wide. Between the best and purest upon each side, who are one in aim, and who both look to essentials, the accord is really greater than the discord.

Richard Hooker's parents were poor, but his uncle John was chamberlain of Exeter, and the boy's schoolmaster, who found in him an actively inquiring mind, and, under a slow manner, a quiet eagerness for knowledge, urged upon this richer uncle that there ought to be found for such a nephew, in some way, at least a year's maintenance at one of the Universities. John Jewel, who was also a Devonshire man, had been sent into his own county and the West of England as a visitor of churches, upon his return to England after the death of Queen Mary. Thus he had established friendly acquaintance with John Hooker, and presently afterwards he was made Bishop of Salisbury. John Hooker then visited the Bishop in Salisbury, and talked about his nephew. Jewel said he would judge for himself, and offered to see the boy and his schoolmaster. When he saw them he gave a reward to the schoolmaster, and a small pension to Richard's parents, in aid of the education of their son. In 1567, when Richard Hooker was a boy of fifteen, Bishop Jewel sent him to Oxford, placing him by special recommendation under the oversight of Dr. Cole, then President of Corpus Christi College. Dr. Cole provided Hooker with a tutor, and gave him a clerk's place in the college, which yielded something in aid of his uncle's contribution and the pension from the bishop. In this way Richard Hooker's education was continued for about three years, and then, when he was eighteen, he had a dangerous illness which lasted for two months. His mother prayed continually for the life of her promising son, who used afterwards to pray in his turn "that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good even as much for hers as for his own sake." Being recovered at Oxford, Richard Hooker went home to Exeter on foot, with another student from Devonshire, and took Salisbury upon his way, that he might pay his respects to Bishop Jewel. The bishop invited Richard and his companion to dinner, and after dinner sent them

away with good advice and benediction. Remembering after they left that he had omitted the help of a little money, the good bishop sent a servant to bring Hooker back, and when he returned, said, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease." The horse was a walking-stick that Jewel had brought from Germany. "And, Richard, I do not give but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God help you, good Richard." Thus the loan of the walking-stick pledged Richard to call on his way back. He did call, and then saw for the last time his kindly patron. John Jewel died in September of the same year, 1571, and Hooker would have been unable to remain at Oxford if the president of his college, Dr. Cole, had not at once bidden him go on with his studies, and undertaken to see that he did not want. After about nine months also Hooker was aided by a legacy from the bishop, a legacy of love, not of money.

Not long before his death Jewel had been talking to his friend Edwin Sandys, who had newly succeeded Edmund Grindal in the bishopric of London. In his talk he had said much of the pure nature and fine intellect and studious life of young Richard Hooker. The Bishop of London resolved, as he heard this, that when he should send Edwin his son to college, though he was himself a Cambridge man, he would choose Oxford, and send him to Corpus Christi, that he might have Hooker for a tutor. This he did about nine months after Bishop Jewel's death. Hooker was then nineteen, and his pupil—afterwards Sir



OLD ST. PAUL'S, WITH THE SPIRE.

(From Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," 1658.)

Edwin Sandys, author of the "Speculum Europæ"—not very much younger; but the bishop wisely sought for his boy a tutor and friend who, as he

said, "shall teach him learning by instruction and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last." George Cranmer (nephew's son to the archbishop) and other pupils soon joined Sandys, and found in Hooker a tutor with a rare power of communicating what he knew, and a life unostentatiously devout that stirred their affections. His health was not vigorous, and weakened by a sedentary life of study. He was short, stooping, very short-sighted, and subject to pimples: so shy and gentle that any pupil could look him out of countenance. He could look no man hard in the face, but had the habitual down look that Chaucer's host in the *Canterbury Tales* is made to ascribe to the poet. When Hooker was a rector, he and his clerk never talked but with both their hats off together. He was never known to be angry, never heard to repine,

while he remained at Oxford. In 1581 he was ordained priest, and soon afterwards appointed to preach one of the sermons at Paul's Cross. This appointment led indirectly to his marriage.

The first stone of St. Paul's, as we have it now, was not laid until nearly a hundred years later, in 1675, and the new building was raised in accordance with the classicism of that later time. The old cathedral, ruined by the Fire of London, was, like other English cathedrals, Gothic, and had, until 1561, a spire. But in that year there broke over London a great storm, that struck with lightning first the Church of St. Martin upon Ludgate Hill, and soon afterwards the spire of St. Paul's, a structure of wood covered with lead, which it set on fire. The fire burned downwards for four hours, melted the church bells, and then ran along the roof, which



OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM THE EAST, AFTER THE LOSS OF THE STEEPLE. (From Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," 1658.)

could be witty without use of an ill word, and by his presence restrained what was unfit, without abating what was innocent, in the mirth of others. In December of the year 1573, in which the Bishop of London's son became his pupil, Hooker became one of the twenty foundation scholars of his college, who were, by the founder's statutes, to be natives of Devonshire or Hampshire. Hooker became Master of Arts in 1577, and in the same year Fellow of his College. His first pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, remained the attached friends of Richard Hooker, who worked on at Oxford, devoting himself much to study of the Bible, which was written, he said, "not to beget disputations, and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind;" qualities of which "no man did ever yet repent himself on his death-bed."

In 1579, when he and Edmund Spenser were about twenty-six years old, and Spenser published his first book, "The Shepherd's Calendar," Richard Hooker was appointed to read the public Hebrew lecture in the University, and continued to do so

fell in. There were collections in all dioceses for the restoration of the church, and it was roofed again, but the steeple never was rebuilt.

Paul's Cross stood in the churchyard on the north side of the cathedral, towards the east end. A cross in that place is said to have been first erected by Goodrich, abbot of Peterborough, to remind passers-by to pray for the souls of certain monks of Peterborough there buried, who had been massacred by the Danes in the year 870. There was already a custom of preaching at this cross in the latter years of Edward III. The cross preached from in Elizabeth's reign had been built on the old site by Thomas Kempe, who was Bishop of London from A.D. 1450 to A.D. 1490.

Careful choice was made of the preachers who were invited to deliver sermons at St. Paul's Cross. Besides his fee, each minister who was not resident in London had right of board and lodging for two days before and one day after his sermon, in a house kept for the purpose, which was known as the Shunamite's House. A friend had persuaded Richard Hooker not to make the journey from Oxford to

London on foot, but to go on horseback; the weather being wet, and he no rider, he arrived at the Shunamite's House soaking, and sore, with a very bad cold, and doubt whether the two days' rest would so far recover him that he could preach. But the mistress of the house, a Mrs. Churchman, paid such exemplary attention to him, that when Sunday came he was equal to his duty. Then the good woman advised her grateful guest that, as he was of a tender constitution, he should take a wife who could nurse him, prolong his life, and make it comfortable. To this counsel the simple-hearted scholar duly assented, and asked Mrs. Churchman to find for him such a wife. She found him her own daughter Joan, whose chance of a husband seemed otherwise, perhaps, not of the best, since she had no money, and was neither good-looking nor good-tempered.¹ Her father was a pious man, who had failed in business as a draper in Watling Street, and had been made keeper of the Shunamite's House because he was fit for the office, and in need of help to live. Hooker's marriage drew him from his quiet student life at Oxford. A small living was given to him near Aylesbury, at Drayton-Beauchamp, in December, 1584, and he had lived for about a year in his country parsonage when he was visited by his old pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer. They found him reading Horace in a field, and minding a few sheep while the servant was gone to his dinner and to help in household work. They sat with him until the man returned, then went with him into the house, but lost his company when Richard was called to rock the cradle of his first-born. They left next day with no flattering opinion of Mrs. Hooker, but with increased reverence for their old tutor, whom they saw gently bearing a life of poverty in a home where there was no sympathy to cheer it. When Cranmer glanced at this on leaving, Hooker is said to have replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator has appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

The consequence of this visit was that Edwin Sandys strongly represented to his father, who was then Archbishop of York, Hooker's desert and need. The next opportunity was therefore taken of using patronage for the substantial improvement of his fortunes, and in March, 1585, Richard Hooker, then only thirty-four years old, was made Master of the Temple. Walter Travers, who had the Earl of Leicester for patron, had been appointed Evening Lecturer at the Temple. We have already spoken of him as a friend of Thomas Cartwright, and one of the leaders of the Puritan cause in the Church of England; the same who had been busy about the first separate Presbyterian congregation when that was

formed at Wandsworth. The Puritan element was strong even in this society of lawyers, and many thought that Walter Travers should have been appointed to the place given to Richard Hooker. Hooker preached in the morning, Travers in the evening: so it was said that "the forenoon sermon spake Canterbury; and the afternoon 'Geneva.'" Then Archbishop Whitgift prohibited the preaching of Travers. The prohibition was appealed against in vain. Whitgift's policy was the Queen's; he sought to compel unity. The Queen trusted him as she had trusted Archbishop Parker, practically transferred to him her supremacy over the Church of England, and called him "her little black husband." This treatment of Walter Travers raised a bitter controversy. Richard Hooker sought in his gentle way to maintain himself against it; the hardest thing said by him in the matter, being in reply to the accusations against him, "that he prayed before and not after his sermons; that in his prayers he named bishops; that he kneeled both when he prayed and when he received sacrament: and," he said, "other exceptions so like these, as but to name I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them."

The bitterness of personal contention pained Hooker acutely. He could not take part in it, and it distracted him when he would give pure thought to the principles involved in the dispute. There was a great controversy within the Church, a desire for truth and right was at the heart of it on both sides, but on each side, as usual, blind passion was eloquent, and there were many partisans who never looked below the surface. Hooker desired escape out of the noise, that he might make a right use of his powers in God's service, and at last he wrote this letter to the Archbishop:—

My Lord,—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage: but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed God and Nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment might be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to Him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend a justification of the Laws of our Ecclesiastical Polity; in which design God and His holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences; and I shall never be able to do this but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing on my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun.

¹ Hooker's wife. These details are from Izaak Walton's life of Hooker, and represent, perhaps too unfavourably, what friends said about Mrs. Hooker. She was very soon married again after Richard's death. Four months after the death of her first husband she was found dead in her bed, and the second husband—to whom she was then already joined—fell under unjust suspicion of having poisoned her.

The result of this pleading was that, in the year 1591, Richard Hooker resigned the more lucrative and, in a worldly sense, important office of Master of the Temple, and was presented to the living of Boscombe in Wiltshire, about six miles from Salisbury, and to a prebend of small value—Nether-Avon—in Salisbury Cathedral. At Boscombe he was remote enough from strife of cities, and would be free to use his pen while doing his duty to his parishioners; for the whole population of his parish was scarcely above a hundred. Richard Hooker lived four years at Boscombe—from 1591 to 1595—and there he completed by March, 1593, the first four of the eight books which he had planned as the natural division of his work. They were first published in 1594. The spirit and plan of the whole work are thus expressed by Hooker himself in his "Preface to them that seek (as they term it) the Reformation of Laws and Orders Ecclesiastical in the Church of England." First, as to its spirit, let this passage testify:—

Amongst ourselves, there was in King Edward's days some question moved, by reason of a few men's scrupulosity, touching certain things. And beyond seas, of them which fled in the days of Queen Mary, some contenting themselves abroad with the use of their own service book at home, authorised before their departure out of the realm; others liking better the Common Prayer Book of the Church of Geneva translated; those smaller contentions before begun were by this mean somewhat increased. Under the happy reign of her Majesty which now is, the greatest matter a while contended for was the wearing of the cap and surplice, till there came Admonitions directed unto the High Court of Parliament, by men who, concealing their names, thought it glory enough to discover their minds and affections, which now were universally bent even against all the orders and laws wherein this church is found unconformable to the platform of Geneva. Concerning the defender of which Admonitions, all that I mean to say is but this:—There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit. But the manner of men's writing must not alienate our hearts from the truth, if it appear they have the truth: as the followers of the same defender doth think he hath, and in that persuasion they follow him, no otherwise than himself doth Calvin, Beza, and others, with the like persuasion that they in this cause had the truth. We being as fully persuaded otherwise, it resteth that some kind of trial be used to find out which part is in error.

The plan of the work is in the same preface thus sketched by its author:—

Nor is mine own intent any other in these several books of discourse, than to make it appear unto you that for the Ecclesiastical Laws of this land we are led by great reason to observe them, and ye by no necessity bound to impugn them. It is no part of my secret meaning to draw you hereby into hatred, or to set upon the face of this cause any fairer gloss than the naked truth doth afford; but my whole endeavour is to resolve the conscience, and to show as near as I can what in this controversy the heart is to think, if it will follow the light of sound and sincere judgment, without either cloud of prejudice or mist of passionate affection. Wherefore, seeing

that laws and ordinances in particular, whether such as we observe, or such as yourselves would have established, when the mind doth sift and examine them, it must needs have often recourse to a number of doubts and questions about the nature, kinds, and qualities of laws in general, whereof, unless it be thoroughly informed, there will appear no certainty to stay our persuasion upon: I have for that cause set down in the first place an introduction on both sides needful to be considered: declaring therein what law is, how different kinds of laws there are, and what force they are of according unto each kind. This done—because ye suppose the laws for which ye strive are found in Scripture, but those not for which we strive, and upon this surmise are drawn to hold it as the very main pillar of your whole cause, that Scripture ought to be the only rule of all our actions, and consequently that the Church orders which we observe being not commanded in Scripture are offensive and displeasing unto God—I have spent the second book in sifting of this point, which standeth with you for the first and chiefest principle whereon ye build. Whereunto the next in degree is, that as God will have always a Church upon earth while the world doth continue, and that Church stand in need of government, of which government it behoveth Himself to be both the author and teacher; so it cannot stand with duty, that man should ever presume in any wise to change and alter the same; and therefore, that in Scripture there must of necessity be found some particular form of Ecclesiastical Polity, the laws whereof admit not any kind of alteration. The first three books being thus ended, the fourth proceedeth from the general grounds and foundations of your cause, unto your general accusations against us, as having in the orders of our Church (for so you pretend) corrupted the right form of Church Polity with manifold Popish rites and ceremonies, which certain Reformed Churches have banished from amongst them, and have thereby given us such example as (you think) we ought to follow. This your assertion hath herein drawn us to make search, whether these be just exceptions against the customs of our Church, when ye plead that they are the same which the Church of Rome hath, or that they are not the same which some other Reformed Churches have devised. Of those four books which remain and are bestowed about the specialties of that cause which lieth in controversy, the first examineth the causes by you alleged, wherefore the Public Duties of Christian religion, as our prayers, our sacraments, and the rest, should not be ordered in such sort as with us they are; nor that power whereby the persons of men are consecrated unto the ministry, be disposed of in such manner as the Laws of this Church do allow. The second and third are concerning the power of Jurisdiction—the one, whether laymen, such as your governing elders are, ought in all congregations for ever to be invested with that power; the other, whether bishops may have that power over other pastors, and therewithal that honour which with us they have. And because, besides the power of order which all consecrated persons have, and the power of jurisdiction which neither they all, nor they only have, there is a third power—a power of ecclesiastical dominion—communicable, as we think, unto persons not ecclesiastical, and most fit to be restrained unto the Prince our sovereign commander over the whole body politic: the eighth book we have allotted unto this question, and have sifted therein your objections against those Pre-eminences Royal which thereunto appertain.

Thus have I laid before you the brief of these my travails, and presented under your view the limbs of that cause litigious between us; the whole entire body whereof being thus compact, it shall be no troublesome thing for any man to find each particular controversy's resting-place, and the coherence

it hath with those things, either on which it dependeth, or which depend on it.

The preface is followed by this summary:—

WHAT THINGS ARE HANDLED IN THE BOOKS
FOLLOWING.

The first book, concerning Laws in general.

The second, of the use of Divine Law contained in Scripture, whether that be the only law which ought to serve for our direction in all things without exception.

The third, of Laws concerning Ecclesiastical Polity; whether the form thereof be in Scripture so set down that no addition or change is lawful.

The fourth, of general exceptions taken against the Laws of our Polity, as being Popish and banished out of certain Reformed Churches.

The fifth, of our laws that concern the Public Religious Duties of the Church, and the manner of bestowing that power of order, which enableth men in sundry degrees and callings to execute the same.

The sixth, of the power of Jurisdiction, which the reformed platform claimeth unto lay-elders, with others.

The seventh, of the power of Jurisdiction, and the honour which is annexed thereunto in Bishops.

The eighth, of the power of ecclesiastical dominion or Supreme Authority, which with us the highest governor or Prince hath, as well in regard of domestical jurisdictions as of that other foreignly claimed by the Bishop of Rome.



From the Frontispiece of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" (1594).

Richard Hooker opens the first book of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" with observations on the disadvantage in argument at which they are placed who maintain the conservative point of view, and on the fact that he may seem for a time tedious and obscure to many who find difficulty upon unfamiliar ground, since he intends to reason from first causes, holding that way to be best for the ascertainment of truth. Conclusions so arrived at will be surer, and when reached will also help us to understand the first principles more clearly. Do we who maintain Church Law uphold only a vain tradition? Let us seek the truth as to this matter. What are Laws? The just means to an end, subject to their author, God, who is the First Cause of Order and of Law. He uses in all things means towards ends, for the accomplishment of which He limits the use of His infinite power. God's purposes are not always known to us, "howbeit undoubtedly a proper and certain reason there is of every finite work of God, inasmuch as there is a law imposed upon it; which if there were not, it should be infinite, even as the Worker Himself is." God hath made to Himself a law eternal, whereby He worketh all things of which He is the cause and author. "That little thereof which we darkly apprehend, we admire; the rest with religious ignorance we humbly and meekly adore."

God's law is eternal and immutable; a part of it His promises declare, and all else must be in

accord with them. God's eternal purpose, which He keeps, is the first law eternal. The second eternal law is that which man makes for himself in true accord with Reason and Revelation.

Eternal Law is of three kinds, according to the kinds of things that are subject to it: (a) natural law, which orders natural agents; (b) heavenly, observed by the angels; (c) human, "that which, out of the law either of reason or of God, men probably gathering to be expedient, they make it a law."

God's will is fixed in the Law of Nature on which human life depends. But Hooker's philosophy here falters a little, for he sees an occasional swerving which he ascribes to the defect of matter cursed for the sin of man, and he does not point out that some operations may appear only to be irregular till we completely understand the laws that govern them. "But howsoever," Hooker says, "these swerings are now and then incident to the course of nature, nevertheless so constantly the laws of nature are by natural agents observed, that no man denieth but those things which nature worketh are wrought, either always or for the most part, after one and the same manner." What causes this uniform obedience to law? The works of Nature are the will of God. "Those things which Nature is said to do, are by divine art performed, using Nature as an instrument; nor is there any such art or know-

ledge divine in Nature herself working, but in the guide of Nature's work." His guidance accords with that determining of means to ends which "is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves here disposed by it, was wont by the ancient to be called Natural Destiny." Each force of nature is subject to its own law, and bound also to serve the common good of all.

To Heavenly Law the angels pay perfect obedience. With intellectual desire to resemble God in goodness and do good to His creatures, especially to Men, in whom they see themselves beneath themselves, the Angels love, adore, and imitate. Individually they praise God; they work together in God's army; as fellow-servants with men they are God's ministers of grace. When Angels fell through pride it was by reflex of their understanding on themselves, and they became dispersed labourers against the law of God. They have been honoured as themselves gods before light came into the world.

The argument next proceeds to its especial topic, Human Law.

Except in God, there is in all things higher possibility that breeds desire towards perfection, which is Goodness, looking to the highest, namely, to that which is nearest God. Everything helps in some way, and is therefore good. Man especially aspires. God is eternal: and man, therefore, seeks continued life, a long personal life and continuance by offspring. God is immutable: and man, therefore, seeks fixity of purpose. God is exact: and man, therefore, seeks precision in details. These desires are so bound to us that we hardly observe them. But external perfections of truth and virtue (desired as they become known) are sought more noticeably, and still after the pattern of God.

Angels have all knowledge of which they are capable: Men grow towards it. Of natural agents, living animals may excel men in the lower things of sense, as stones excel animals in firmness and durability; but the soul of Man as he grows in reason reaches beyond sensible things. With the right helps of art and study, men as they might be would excel men as they are, not less than men as they are excel the simpleton. The very first man who took the right way—Aristotle—excelled all before and after him. To the praise of the method of Aristotle Hooker adds his dispraise of the method of Ramus.¹ Education and instruction make us capable of Law. By reason we attain to knowledge beyond that of the senses. We act sometimes for the goodness we find in the mere stir and change; and sometimes only for the end to be attained. In either case we act freely. We choose that which seems good in our eyes.

Knowledge and Will determine choice. Will seeks the good to which Reason points; Appetite

that which satisfies the Senses. Affections rise involuntarily at the sight of some things; the Will has power to stay their action. "Appetite is the Will's solicitor, and the Will is Appetite's controller." Reason enough to give Will power over Appetite makes action upon Appetite also voluntary; and this even when, half unobserved, the Appetite assents by not dissenting or using power to prevent.

Children and men without reason are guided by the reason of others. Reason seeks only such good as it judges to be possible. Good may be attainable by ways avoided for unpleasantness, and Evil (never desired for itself) may be sought for some appearance of goodness in the ways to it. Goodness moves only when apparent; while hidden it is neglected. Sensible good is always obvious, and is sought till higher reason comes to show the higher object of desire. In all sin a lesser good is preferred to the greater which reason can make known. The root of this, says Hooker, is the Curse, weakening the instrument, the soul within the flesh. Man seeking the utmost good fails in discernment of it.

We discern by knowledge of causes and by observation of signs. The latter way, though less sure, is easier and fitter for the weakness of the age. A sign of evident goodness is general acceptance. The general and perpetual voice of men is as the sentence of God Himself. For that which all men have at all times learned, Nature herself must needs have taught; and God being the author of Nature, her voice is but His instrument. By her from Him we receive whatsoever in such sort we learn. Much truth is thus open to the common light of reason.

As Hooker's argument advances from stage to stage he inserts little summaries of it at successive resting-places, and we come now to the first of the summaries, which is this:—

A Law therefore generally taken, is a directive rule unto goodness of operation. The rule of divine operations outward, is the definitive appointment of God's own wisdom set down within Himself. The rule of natural agents that work by simple necessity, is the determination of the wisdom of God, known to God Himself the principal director of them, but not unto them that are directed to execute the same. The rule of natural agents which work after a sort of their own accord, as the beasts do, is the judgment of common sense or fancy concerning the sensible goodness of those objects wherewith they are moved. The rule of ghostly or immaterial natures, as spirits and angels, is their intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on work. The rule of voluntary agents on earth is the sentence that Reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things which they are to do. And the sentences which Reason giveth are some more, some less general, before it come to define in particular actions what is good.

We pass then to the next stage of Richard Hooker's argument upon the nature of Law. The main principles of reason are, he says, in themselves apparent. The greater good should be chosen before the lesser: but choice errs where the lesser good is seen, the greater unseen. We seek knowledge for the pre-

¹ *Ramus*. Pierre La Ramée, born in 1515, son of a poor labourer, had from childhood an intense desire for knowledge. By working in the day and studying at night, he enabled himself to graduate at the age of twenty-one, and with an ardent tendency to place reason above mere authority, in graduating maintained as his thesis that "all Aristotle said was false." After a brilliant intellectual career, he perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

servation of life, and beyond that also, firstly for its own sake, for the delight in contemplation itself, and secondly for its use in providing rules of action.

We know all things either as they are in themselves, or as they are in mutual relation to one another. The knowledge of what man is in reference to himself, and of other things in relation to man, is at the source of all natural laws which govern human actions. The best things produce the best operations, and considering that all parts of man concur in producing human actions, it cannot be well if the diviner part, the soul, do not direct the baser. "This is therefore the first Law, whereby the highest power of the mind requireth general obedience at the hands of all the rest concurring with it unto action."

So we may seek for the several grand mandates of the understanding part of man which control his Will; whether they import his duty to God or to his fellow-man.

Even the natural man seems to know that there is a God on whom all things depend; who is therefore to be honoured, of whom we ask what we desire, as children of their father, and of whom we learn "what is in effect the same that we read, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;' which Law our Saviour doth term the First and the Great Commandment."

Touching the next, which as our Saviour addeth is like unto this (he meaneth in amplitude and largeness, inasmuch as it is the root out of which all laws of Duty to Menward have grown, as out of the former all offices of Religion towards God), the like natural inducement hath brought men to know that it is their duty no less to love others than themselves. For seeing those things which are equal must needs all have one measure; if I cannot but wish to receive all good, even as much at every man's hand as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless myself be careful to satisfy the like desire which is undoubtedly in other men, we all being of one and the same nature? To have any thing offered them repugnant to this desire must needs in all respects grieve them as much as me: so that if I do harm I must look to suffer; there being no reason that others should show greater measure of love to me than they have by me shewed unto them. My desire therefore to be loved of my equals in nature as much as possible may be, imposeth upon me a natural duty of bearing to them-ward fully the like affection. From which relation of equality between ourselves and them that are as ourselves, what several rules and canons natural reason hath drawn for direction of life no man is ignorant; as namely, *That because we would take no harm, we must therefore do none; That sith we would not be in any thing extremely dealt with, we must ourselves avoid all extremity in our dealings; That from all violence and wrong we are utterly to abstain; with such like.*

Upon these two principles of Duty to God and Man, found out by the understanding faculty of the mind, all Law depends; and the natural measure whereby to judge our doings is therefore "the sentence of Reason determining and setting down what is good to be done." Which sentence is either mandatory, showing what must be done; or else permis-

sive, declaring only what may be done; or thirdly, admonitory, opening what is most convenient for us to do. For there are degrees of goodness in action, and a Law is properly that of which Reason says that it must be done; and the Law of Reason is that which men have found out for themselves that they are all and always bound to in their actions.

Laws of Reason have these marks: (1) They who keep them act as nature works, in a fit harmony without superfluity and defect. (2) They are investigable by Reason without the aid of Revelation. (3) They are so investigable that the knowledge of them is general; the world has always been acquainted with them. Each particular man may not know them, but he can with natural perfection of wit and ripeness of judgment find them out, and of the general principles of them it is not easy to find men ignorant. "Law Rational, therefore, which men commonly use to call the law of nature, meaning thereby the law which human nature knoweth itself in reason universally bound unto, which also for that cause may most fitly be termed the Law of Reason; this Law," says Hooker, "comprehendeth all those things which men by the light of their natural understanding evidently know, or at leastwise may know, to be beseeching or unbeseeching, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do." All misdeed may be said to be against the Law of Reason, but we mean by it here only the law governing duties which all men by force of natural wit might do, or might understand to be such duties as concern all men. "Do as thou wouldest be done unto," says Saint Augustine, "is a sentence which all nations under heaven are agreed upon. Refer this sentence to the love of God, and it extinguisheth all heinous crimes; refer it to the love of thy Neighbour, and all grievous wrongs it banisheth out of the world." Saint Augustine held, therefore, that by the Law of Reason certain principles were universally agreed upon, and that out of them the greatest moral duties we owe towards God or man may without any great difficulty be concluded.

Why, then, can there be such failure in the knowledge of even principal moral duties, that breach of them is not considered sin? In part this may come of evil custom spreading from the ignorance and wickedness of a few, but partly it comes through want of the grace of God. "For whatsoever we have hitherto taught, or shall hereafter, concerning the force of man's natural understanding, this we always desire withal to be understood: that there is no kind of faculty or power in man or any other creature, which can rightly perform the functions allotted to it, without perpetual aid and concurrence of that supreme cause of all things."

Great good comes to man from observance of the Law of Reason: "for we see the whole world and each part thereof so compacted, that as long as each thing performeth only that work which is natural unto it, it thereby preserveth both other things and also itself. Thus righteousness, which is the willing observance of this law, has a Reward attached to it, and sin, which is the wilful transgression of it, a Punishment. Rewards and punishments always presuppose something willingly done, well or ill.

"Take away the will," says the Code of Justinian, "and all things are equal: That which we do not, and would do, is commonly accepted as done." Rewards and punishments are only received at the hands of those who are above us, and have power to examine and judge our deeds. The inward and secret good or evil, which God only knows, God only rewards or punishes, "for which cause, the Roman laws, called the Laws of the Twelve Tables, requiring offices of inward affection which the eye of man cannot reach unto, threaten the neglectors of them with none but divine punishment." In external actions men have authority over one another. How do they acquire it? Here follows that view of the social compact which especially caused John Locke to quote Hooker, and attach to his name again and again the adjective "judicious:"—

The laws which have been hitherto mentioned do bind men absolutely even as they are men, although they have never any settled fellowship, never any solemn agreement amongst themselves what to do or not to do. But forasmuch as we are not by ourselves sufficient to furnish ourselves with competent store of things needful for such a life as our nature doth desire, a life fit for the dignity of man; therefore to supply those defects and imperfections which are in us living single and solely by ourselves, we are naturally induced to seek communion and fellowship with others. This was the cause of men's uniting themselves at the first in politic societies; which societies could not be without government, nor government without a distinct kind of law from that which hath been already declared. Two foundations there are which bear up public societies: the one, a natural inclination, whereby all men desire sociable life and fellowship; the other, an order expressly or secretly agreed upon touching the manner of their union in living together. The latter is that which we call the Law of a Commonweal, the very soul of a politic body, the parts whereof are by law animated, held together, and set on work in such actions as the common good requireth. Laws politic, ordained for external order and regiment amongst men, are never framed as they should be, unless presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience unto the sacred laws of his nature; in a word, unless presuming man to be in regard of his depraved mind little better than a wild beast, they do accordingly provide notwithstanding so to frame his outward actions, that they be no hindrance unto the common good for which societies are instituted: unless they do this, they are not perfect. It resteth, therefore, that we consider how nature findeth out such laws of government as serve to direct even nature depraved to a right end.

All men desire to lead in this world a happy life. That life is led most happily, wherein all virtue is exercised without impediment or let. The Apostle, in exhorting men to contentment although they have in this world no more than very bare food and raiment, giveth us thereby to understand that those are even the lowest of things necessary; that if we should be stripped of all those things without which we might possibly be, yet these must be left; that destitution in these is such an impediment, as till it be removed suffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care. For this cause, first God assigned Adam maintenance of life, and then appointed him a law to observe. For this cause, after men began to grow to a number, the first thing we read they gave themselves unto was the tilling of the earth and the feeding of cattle. Having by this mean whereon to live, the prin-

cipal actions of their life afterward are noted by the exercise of their religion. True it is, that the kingdom of God must be the first thing in our purposes and desires. But inasmuch as righteous life presupposeth life; inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible except we live; therefore the first impediment, which naturally we endeavour to remove, is penury and want of things without which we cannot live. Unto life many implements are necessary; more, if we seek (as all men naturally do) such a life as hath in it joy, comfort, delight, and pleasure. To this end we see how quickly sundry arts mechanical were found out, in the very prime of the world. As things of greatest necessity are always first provided for, so things of greatest dignity are most accounted of by all such as judge rightly. Although, therefore, riches be a thing which every man wisheth, yet no man of judgment can esteem it better to be rich, than wise, virtuous, and religious. If we be both or either of these, it is not because we are so born. For into the world we come as empty of the one as of the other, as naked in mind as we are in body. Both which necessities of man had at the first no other helps and supplies than only domestical; such is that which the Prophet implieth, saying, "Can a mother forget her child?" such as that which the Apostle mentioneth, saying, "He that careth not for his own is worse than an Infidel," such as that concerning Abraham, "Abraham will command his sons and his household after him, that they keep the way of the Lord."

But neither that which we learn of ourselves nor that which others teach us can prevail, where wickedness and malice have taken deep root. If, therefore, when there was but as yet one only family in the world, no means of instruction human or divine could prevent effusion of blood; how could it be chosen but that when families were multiplied and increased upon earth, after separation each providing for itself, envy, strife, contention, and violence must grow amongst them? For hath not nature furnished man with wit and valour, as it were with armour, which may be used as well unto extreme evil as good? Yea, were they not used by the rest of the world unto evil; unto the contrary only by Seth, Enoch, and those few the rest in that line? We all make complaint of the iniquity of our times: not unjustly; for the days are evil. But compare them with those times wherein there were no civil societies, with those times wherein there was as yet no manner of public regiment established, with those times wherein there were not above eight persons righteous living upon the face of the earth; and we have surely good cause to think that God hath blessed us exceedingly, and hath made us behold most happy days.

To take away all such mutual grievances, injuries, and wrongs, there was no way but only by growing unto composition and agreement amongst themselves by ordaining some kind of government public, and by yielding themselves subject thereunto; that unto whom they granted authority to rule and govern, by them the peace, tranquillity, and happy estate of the rest might be procured. Men always knew that when force and injury was offered they might be defenders of themselves. They knew that howsoever men may seek their own commodity, yet if this were done with injury unto others it was not to be suffered, but by all men and by all good means to be withstood. Finally they knew that no man might in reason take upon him to determine his own right, and according to his own determination proceed in maintenance thereof, inasmuch as every man is towards himself and them whom he greatly affecteth partial; and therefore that strifes and troubles would be endless, except they gave their common consent all to be ordered by some whom they should agree upon: without which consent there was no reason that

one man should take upon him to be lord or judge over another. Because, although there be according to the opinion of some very great and judicious men a kind of natural right in the noble, wise, and virtuous, to govern them which are of servile disposition, nevertheless for manifestation of this their right, and men's more peaceable contentment on both sides, the assent of them who are to be governed seemeth necessary.

To fathers within their private families nature hath given a supreme power; for which cause we see throughout the world, even from the foundation thereof, all men have ever been taken as lords and lawful kings in their own houses. Howbeit over a whole grand multitude having no such dependency upon any one, and consisting of so many families as every politic society in the world doth, impossible it is that any should have complete lawful power, but by consent of men, or immediate appointment of God: because not having the natural superiority of fathers, their power must needs be either usurped, and then unlawful; or, if lawful, then either granted or consented unto by them over whom they exercise the same, or else given extraordinarily from God, unto whom all the world is subject. It is no improbable opinion, therefore, which the Arch-philosopher was of, that as the chiefest person in every household was always as it were a king, so when numbers of households joined themselves in civil society together, kings were the first kind of governors amongst them. Which is also (as it seemeth) the reason why the name of *Father* continued still in them, who of fathers were made rulers; as also the ancient custom of governors to do as Melchisedec, and being kings to exercise the office of priests, which fathers did at the first, grew perhaps by the same occasion.

Howbeit not this the only kind of regiment that hath been received in the world. The inconveniences of one kind have caused sundry other to be devised. So that in a word all public regiment of what kind soever seemeth evidently to have risen from deliberate advice, consultation, and composition between men, judging it convenient and behoveful; there being no impossibility in nature considered by itself, but that men might have lived without any public regiment. Howbeit, the corruption of our nature being presupposed, we may not deny but that the law of nature doth now require of necessity some kind of regiment; so that to bring things unto the first course they were in, and utterly to take away all kind of public government in the world, were apparently to overturn the whole world.

The case of man's nature standing therefore as it doth, some kind of regiment the law of nature doth require; yet the kinds thereof being many, nature tieth not to any one, but leaveth the choice as a thing arbitrary. At the first when some certain kind of regiment was once approved, it may be that nothing was then further thought upon for the matter of governing, but all permitted unto their wisdom and discretion which were to rule; till by experience they found this for all parts very inconvenient, so as the thing which they had devised for a remedy did indeed but increase the sore which it should have cured. They saw that to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. This constrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men might see their duties beforehand, and know the penalties of transgressing them. If things be simply good or evil, and withal universally so acknowledged, there needs no new law to be made for such things. The first kind therefore of things appointed by laws human containeth whatsoever, being in itself naturally good or evil, is notwithstanding more secret than that it can be discerned by every man's present conceit, without some deeper discourse and judgment. In which discourse because

there is difficulty and possibility many ways to err, unless such things were set down by laws, many would be ignorant of their duties which now are not, and many that know what they should do would nevertheless dissemble it, and to excuse themselves pretend ignorance and simplicity, which now they cannot.

And because the greatest part of men are such as prefer their own private good before all things, even that good which is sensual before whatsoever is most divine; and for that the labour of doing good, together with the pleasure arising from the contrary, doth make men for the most part slower to the one and proner to the other, than that duty prescribed them by law can prevail sufficiently with them: therefore unto laws that men do make for the benefit of men it hath seemed always needful to add rewards, which may more allure unto good than any hardness deterreth from it, and punishments, which may more deter from evil than any sweetness thereto allureth. Wherein as the generality is natural, *Virtue rewardable and vice punishable*; so the particular determination of the reward or punishment belongeth unto them by whom laws are made. Theft is naturally punishable, but the kind of punishment is positive, and such lawful as men shall think with discretion convenient by law to appoint.

In laws, that which is natural bindeth universally, that which is positive not so. To let go those kind of positive laws which men impose upon themselves, as by vow unto God, contract with men, or such like; somewhat it will make unto our purpose, a little more fully to consider what things are incident into the making of the positive laws for the government of them that live united in public society. Laws do not only teach what is good, but they enjoin it, they have in them a certain constraining force. And to constrain men unto any thing inconvenient doth seem unreasonable. Most requisite, therefore, it is that to devise laws which all men shall be forced to obey none but wise men be admitted. Laws are matters of principal consequence; men of common capacity and but ordinary judgment are not able (for how should they?) to discern what things are fittest for each kind and state of regiment. We cannot be ignorant how much our obedience unto laws dependeth upon this point. Let a man though never so justly oppose himself unto them that are disordered in their ways, and what one amongst them commonly doth not stomach at such contradiction, storm at reproof, and hate such as would reform them? Notwithstanding even they which brook it worst that men should tell them of their duties, when they are told the same by a law, think very well and reasonably of it. For why? They presume that the law doth speak with all indifferency; that the law hath no side-respect to their persons; that the law is as it were an oracle proceeded from wisdom and understanding.

Howbeit laws do not take their constraining force from the quality of such that devise them, but from that power which doth give them the strength of laws. That which we spake before concerning the power of government must here be applied unto the power of making laws whereby to govern; which power God hath over all: and by the natural law, whereunto He hath made all subject, the lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men belongeth so properly unto the same entire societies, that for any prince or potentate of what kind soever upon earth to exercise the same of himself, and not either by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority derived at the first from their consent upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny.

Laws they are not, therefore, which public approbation hath not made so. But approbation not only they give who personally declare their assent by voice, sign, or act, but also when others do it in their names by right originally at the least derived from them. As in parliaments, councils, and the like assemblies, although we be not personally ourselves present, notwithstanding our assent is, by reason of others agents there in our behalf. And what we do by others, no reason but that it should stand as our deed, no less effectually to bind us than if ourselves had done it in person. In many things assent is given, they that give it not imagining they do so, because the manner of their assenting is not apparent. As for example, when an absolute monarch commandeth his subjects that which seemeth good in his own discretion, hath not his edict the force of a law whether they approve or dislike it? Again, that which hath been received long sithence and is by custom now established, we keep as a law which we may not transgress; yet what consent was ever thereunto sought or required at our hands?

Of this point therefore we are to note, that sith men naturally have no full and perfect power to command whole politic multitudes of men, therefore utterly without our consent we could in such sort be at no man's commandment living. And to be commanded we do consent, when that society whereof we are part hath at any time before consented, without revoking the same after by the like universal agreement. Wherefore as any man's deed past is good as long as himself continueth; so the act of a public society of men done five hundred years sithence standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies, because corporations are immortal; we were then alive in our predecessors, and they in their successors do live still. Laws therefore human, of what kind soever, are available by consent.

We shall have to glance back at this passage when illustrating, in another volume, the political philosophies of Hobbes and Locke. Laws made for the ordering of politic societies either establish duties whereunto all men by the law of reason did before stand bound; or else, for particular reasons, make that a duty which before was none. Where a law of society punishes outward transgression of a law of reason or conscience, that law being in part natural, or of divine establishment, is mixedly human. Where it concerns only what reason may under particular conditions hold to be convenient, as the manner in which property shall pass after its owner's death, such law is merely human. Laws whether mixedly or merely human are made by politic societies: some only as those societies are civilly united; some, as they are spiritually joined and form a church. Of human laws in this latter kind the third book of "Ecclesiastical Polity" would treat.

Besides (1) the natural Law of Reason that concerned men as men, and (2) that which belongs to them as they are men linked with others in some form of politic society, there is (3) the law touching the public commerce of the several bodies politic with one another, that is, the Law of Nations. Civil society contents us more than solitary living, for it enlarges the good of mutual participation; not content with this, we covet a kind of society and fellowship even with all mankind. In all these kinds of

law the corruption of men has added to the Primary Laws that suffice for the government of men as they ought to be, Secondary Laws which are needed for men as they are, "the one grounded upon sincere, the other built upon depraved nature. Primary laws of nations are such as concern embassy, such as belong to the courteous entertainment of foreigners and strangers, such as serve for commodious traffic, and the like. Secondary laws in the same kind are such as this present unquiet world is most familiarly acquainted with; I mean laws of arms, which yet are much better known than kept."

Besides this law for civil communion, Christian nations have judged a like agreement needful in regard even of Christianity; and General Councils of the Church represent this kind of correspondence, so that the Church of God here on earth may have her laws of spiritual commerce between Christian nations. "A thing," says Hooker—

A thing whereof God's own blessed Spirit was the author; a thing practised by the holy Apostles themselves; a thing always afterwards kept and observed throughout the world; a thing never otherwise than most highly esteemed of, till pride, ambition, and tyranny began by factious and vile endeavours to abuse that divine invention unto the furtherance of wicked purposes. But as the just authority of civil courts and parliaments is not therefore to be abolished, because sometime there is cunning used to frame them according to the private intents of men overpotent in the commonwealth; so the grievous abuse which hath been of councils should rather cause men to study how so gracious a thing may again be reduced to that first perfection, than in regard of stains and blemishes sithence growing be held for ever in extreme disgrace.

To speak of this matter as the cause requireth would require very long discourse. All I will presently say is this. Whether it be for the finding out of anything whereunto divine law bindeth us, but yet in such sort that men are not thereof on all sides resolved; or for the setting down of some uniform judgment to stand touching such things, as being neither way matters of necessity, are notwithstanding offensive and scandalous when there is open opposition about them: be it for the ending of strifes touching matters of Christian belief, wherein the one part may seem to have probable cause of dissenting from the other; or be it concerning matters of polity, order, and regiment in the church; I nothing doubt but that Christian men should much better frame themselves to those heavenly precepts, which our Lord and Saviour with so great instance gave as concerning peace and unity, if we did all concur in desire to have the use of ancient councils again renewed, rather than these proceedings continued, which either make all contentions endless, or bring them to one only determination, and that of all other the worst, which is by sword.

Here ends the section of the book which speaks of the origin of natural and human law, and Hooker passes to that other Law which became needful, and which God Himself made known by Scripture for our aid in attainment of the highest good. Our desire is to the sovereign good or blessedness, the highest that we know. The ox and ass desire the food, and propose to themselves no end in feeding; they desire food for itself. Reasonable man eats that he may

live, lives that he may work ; seeks wealth, health, virtue, knowledge, still as means to other ends. "We labour to eat, and we eat to live, and we live to do good, and the good which we do is as seed sown with reference to a future harvest."

For each means to an end the desire is proportioned to its convenience ; but for the last end the desire is infinite. "So that unless the last good of all, which is desired altogether for itself, be also infinite, we do evil in making it our end ; even as they who placed their felicity in wealth, or honour, or pleasure, or anything here attained ; because in desiring anything as our final perfection which is not so, we do amiss." "No good is infinite but only God ; therefore He is our felicity and bliss. Moreover, desire tendeth unto union with that which it desireth." Our final desire therefore is to be with God, and live, as it were, the life of God.

Happiness is that estate whereby we attain, as far as possible, the full possession of that which is simply for itself to be desired, the highest degree of all our perfection, which is not attainable in this world. The creatures under man are less capable of happiness, because they have their chief perfection in that which is best for them, but not in that which is simply best, and whatever external perfection they may tend to is not better than themselves. Is it probable that God should frame the hearts of all men so desirous of that which no man may obtain ? Beyond the complete satisfactions of the flesh ; beyond the completeness in knowledge and virtue that brings social estimation ; man covets a perfection that is more than all, "yea, somewhat above capacity of reason, somewhat divine and heavenly, which with hidden exultation it rather surmiseth than conceiveth." This highest perfection man conceives in the nature of a reward. Rewards presuppose duties performed. Our natural means to this infinite reward are our works ; nor is it possible that nature should ever find any other way to salvation than only this. But our works cannot deserve ; there is none who can say, My ways are pure. "There resteth, therefore, either no way unto salvation, or if any, then surely a way which is supernatural, a way which could never have entered into the heart of man as much as once to conceive or imagine, if God Himself had not revealed it extraordinarily." Thus Hooker passes from the Law of Reason to the Revealed Way of Salvation :—to Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ ; Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead ; Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible beauty which shineth in the countenance of Christ, the Son of the living God. Laws concerning these things are supernatural, being "such as have not in nature any cause from which they flow, but were by the voluntary appointment of God ordained besides the course of nature, to rectify nature's obliquity withal." The revealed law of God does not supersede natural law, but is added to it, and is indeed fraught with precepts of the other also. These precepts are used to prove things less manifest ; they are applied with singular use and profit to particular cases ; "besides, be they

plain of themselves or obscure, the evidence of God's own testimony added to the natural assent of Reason concerning the certainty of them, doth not a little comfort and confirm the same." Here we are at the second resting-place in Hooker's argument, at which he pauses again to glance over the ground he has traversed, in a little summary. His second summary is this :—

We see, therefore, that our sovereign good is desired naturally ; that God, the author of that natural desire, had appointed natural means whereby to fulfil it ; that man having utterly disabled his nature unto those means hath had other revealed from God, and hath received from heaven a law to teach him how that which is desired naturally must now supernaturally be attained : finally, we see that because those later exclude not the former quite and clean as unnecessary, therefore together with such supernatural duties as could not possibly have been otherwise known to the world, the same law that teacheth them, teacheth also with them such natural duties as could not by light of nature easily have been known.

In the first age of the world memories served for books, but the writing of the Law of God has been by God's wisdom a means of preserving it from oblivion and corruption. The writing is not that which adds authority and strength to the Law of God ; but it preserves it from the hazards of tradition. "When the question therefore is, whether we be now to seek for any revealed Law of God elsewhere than only in the sacred Scripture ; whether we do now stand bound in the sight of God to yield to traditions urged by the Church of Rome the same obedience and reverence we do to His written law, honouring equally and adoring both as divine : our answer is, no." Hooker next dwells on the fact that "the principal intent of Scripture is to deliver the laws of duties supernatural," and discusses the sense in which Scripture is said to contain all things necessary to salvation. It does not contain necessarily everything in the law of reason that man can discover for himself, but this is no defect. "It sufficeth that Nature and Scripture do serve in such full sort, that they both jointly, and not severally either of them, be so complete, that unto everlasting felicity we need not the knowledge of anything more than these two may easily furnish our minds with on all sides ; and therefore they which add traditions, as a part of supernatural necessary truth, have not the truth, but are in error.

Laws are imposed (1) by each man on himself ; (2) by a public society upon its members ; (3) by all nations upon each nation ; (4) by the Lord Himself on any or all of these. In each of these four kinds of law there are (a) Natural laws which always bind, and (b) Positive laws which only bind after they have been expressly and wittingly imposed. Only the positive laws are mutable, but of these not all ; some are permanent, some changeable, as changes in the matter concerning which they were first made may exact. All laws that concern supernatural duties are positive. They concern men either as men, or as members of a church. To concern them as men supernaturally, is to concern them as duties which belong of necessity to all. It is so also with

laws that concern them as members of a church, so far as they are without respect to such variable accident as the state of the Church in this world is subject to.

On the other side, laws that were made for men or societies or churches, in regard of their being such as they do not always continue, but may perhaps be clean otherwise a while after, and so may require to be otherwise ordered than before; the laws of God Himself which are of this nature, no man endued with common sense will ever deny to be of a different constitution from the former, in respect of the one's constancy and the mutability of the other. And this doth seem to have been the very cause why St. John doth so peculiarly term the doctrine that teacheth salvation by Jesus Christ, *Evangelium æternum*, an eternal Gospel; because there can be no reason wherefore the publishing thereof should be taken away, and any other instead of it proclaimed, as long as the world doth continue: whereas the whole law of rites and ceremonies, although delivered with so great solemnity, is notwithstanding clean abrogated, inasmuch as it had but temporary cause of God's ordaining it.

We may pass now to Hooker's third summary.

Thus far therefore we have endeavoured in part to open, of what nature and force Laws are, according unto their several kinds:—the law which God with himself hath eternally set down to follow in his own works; the law which he hath made for his creatures to keep; the law of natural and necessary agents; the law which angels in heaven obey; the law whereunto by the light of reason men find themselves bound in that they are men; the law which they make by composition for multitudes and politic societies of men to be guided by; the law which belongeth unto each nation; the law that concerneth the fellowship of all; and lastly, the law which God himself hath supernaturally revealed. It might peradventure have been more popular and more plausible to vulgar ears, if this first discourse had been spent in extolling the force of laws, in shewing the great necessity of them when they are good, and in aggravating their offence by whom public laws are injuriously traduced. But forasmuch as with such kind of matter the passions of men are rather stirred one way or other, than their knowledge any way set forward unto the trial of that whereof there is doubt made; I have therefore turned aside from that beaten path, and chosen though a less easy yet a more profitable way in regard of the end we propose. Lest, therefore, any man should marvel whereunto all these things tend, the drift and purpose of all is this, even to shew in what manner, as every good and perfect gift, so this very gift of good and perfect laws is derived from the Father of lights; to teach men a reason why just and reasonable laws are of so great force, of so great use in the world; and to inform their minds with some method of reducing the laws whereof there is present controversy unto their first original causes, that so it may be in every particular ordinance thereby the better discerned, whether the same be reasonable, just, and righteous, or no. Is there any thing which can either be thoroughly understood or soundly judged of, till the very first causes and principles from which originally it springeth be made manifest? If all parts of knowledge have been thought by wise men to be then most orderly delivered and proceeded in, when they are drawn to their first original; seeing that our whole question concerneth the quality of Ecclesiastical Laws, let it not seem a labour superfluous that in the entrance thereunto all these several kinds of laws have been considered, inasmuch as they all concur as

principles, they all have their forcible operations therein, although not all in like apparent and manifest manner. By means whereof it cometh to pass that the force which they have is not observed of many.

Then after enforcing the value of a study of the origin of Law and of a discrimination of its several kinds as an aid to just inquiry in the religious controversies of the day, Hooker adds an example, drawn from food, of the true distinguishing of laws, and of their several forms according to the different kind and quality of our actions; so that one and the self-same thing may be under divers considerations conveyed through many laws; and thus the first book of "Ecclesiastical Polity" closes:—

Wherefore that here we may briefly end: Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

Let us complete the illustration of English Religious Thought under Elizabeth with Sir John Davies's "Nosce Teipsum" (Know Thyself), a poem published in 1599, when he was plain John Davies, on "The Origin, Nature, and Immortality of the Human Soul." Its author, born in 1570, was the third son of a lawyer practising in Tisbury, Wiltshire. In 1580 he lost his father, and his mother took charge of the education of the children. In Michaelmas term, 1585, he went as a commoner to Queen's College, Oxford; in February, 1588 (new style), he entered the Middle Temple; in July, 1590, four months after the death of his mother, he graduated as B.A. at Oxford. John Davies incurred in the Middle Temple more than an average share of the fines and punishments then usual for breach of discipline, and he was called to the grade of utter barrister in July, 1595. In 1593 he had written "Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing," and it was published in 1596, with a dedication "to his very friend, Master Richard Martin." He was still wild, and after he had cudgelled "his very friend, Master Richard Martin," whom he had called in a sonnet "his own selves better half," at a dinner in the Temple Hall, Davies was disbarred and expelled from his inn in February, 1598. Martin was himself given to pranks, a wit and a poet, who like Davies outlived follies of youth. He became M.P. and Recorder of London, and was one of the friends of Selden and Ben Jonson. John Davies went back to Oxford, and there sojourned with sober thoughts, of which the fruit appeared in 1599 in his fine poem on Self-knowledge and the Higher Life of Man, "Nosce Teipsum." The poem and the resolve on a true life that gave birth to it, soon helped John Davies upward in the world. He became known at the Court of Elizabeth, whom he had pleased not only by the dedication of his poem to her, but by writing and publishing also in 1599 twenty-six acrostics in

her praise, "Hymns to Astrea."¹ In 1601 he was reconciled to Martin, re-admitted to his position at the Bar and his seniority, and became a member of Elizabeth's last Parliament. After Elizabeth's death, when Davies was among those who went forward to meet James, the King, on hearing his name, asked whether he was "Nosce Teipsum," and being told that he was, graciously embraced him. In the same year Davies became Attorney-General for Ireland; but he was not knighted until February, 1607. Worthy of the author of "Nosce Teipsum" was his work for Ireland, of which there is a valuable record in prose tracts of his. He lived during the whole reign of James I., and died in Bacon's death year, 1626. The stanza of Sir John Davies's "Nosce Teipsum" was adopted by Sir William Davenant in his "Gondibert," published in 1651, and recommended by him to the post of English heroic measure. Dryden followed the suggestion in his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell," and in his "Annus Mirabilis," published in 1667, though the French heroic couplet was then making way. But in that year "Paradise Lost" appeared, and it was in blank verse.

The author of "Nosce Teipsum" begins by asking why he was sent to the schools, since the desire of knowledge first corrupted man in Paradise. Our first parents desired knowledge of evil as well as of good, but they could know evil only by doing it. With knowledge of evil came a dimmer sight for good. Reason grew dark, and they were bats who had been eagles. But what do we, when with fond fruitless curiosity we seek in profane books for hidden knowledge? We seek an empty gain, and with cloud of error on the windows of our mind we look in vain to recall the knowledge that before the Fall was ours by grace.

"So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

"The wits that div'd most deep and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such:
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly;
We learn so little, and forget so much.

"For this the wisest of all mortal men
Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did know;
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,
When he said, truth was buried here below.

"For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the devil mocks our curious brain
When Know Thyself his oracle commands.

"For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this;
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

"All things without, which round about we see
We seek to know, and have therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto."

Why does our study turn so little inward? Perhaps because reflection of ourselves shows to man's soul painfully the lower shape it wears. The man lives least at home "that hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprites." The broken merchant looks at his estate with discontent and pain. Yet trouble drives a man to look within himself. Trouble and disgrace had forced Davies to self-contemplation,

"As spiders touch'd, seek their webs' inmost part;
As bees in storms unto their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

"If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

"This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
Reform'd my will, and rectified my thought.

"So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
So working seas settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

"Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this Dame's angry eyes.

"She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I list not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

"I know my Body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

"I know my Soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall:

"I know my life's a pain, and but a span:
I know my sense is mock'd with ev'ry thing:
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing."

So ends the introduction, and the poem then opens with the thought that into their world sun and moon and stars, eyes of the world, look down; while the eyes, lights of the world of man, have no power to look within. But He who gave eyes to man gave also an inward light whereby to see the true form of the Soul within.

¹ Some are quoted in the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 259, 260.

"But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine;
So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself, without some light divine.

"O Light, which mak'st the light which makes the day!
Which sett'st the eye without, and mind within;
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin!"

Men find the Soul in air, in fire, in blood, in the
elements; in harmonies, complexions,

"——swarms of atomies
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

"Some think one general Soul fills ev'ry brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in ev'ry star;
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well mix'd bodies are."

Men place its seat, according to their fancies, in
brain, stomach, heart, or liver.

"Some say, she's all in all, in every part;
Some say, she's not contained, but all contains."

There is no fancy about the soul so wild that it has
found no master to teach it in his school. God, only
wise, has thus punished man's pride of wit.

"But Thou which didst man's Soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fall'n again,
To make it new the form of man didst take,
And God with God, becam'st a man with men.

"Thou that hast fashion'd twice this Soul of ours,
So that she is by double title Thine,
Thou only know'st her nature, and her pow'rs;
Her subtile form, thou only canst define.

"To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less:
But she wants pow'r her own pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their strength express."

By the light of the grace brought by Him whose
truth shines with equal ray into the palace and the
cottage, by the clear lamp of the divine oracle of
Christ, each subtile line of the Soul's face is seen.

"The Soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

"And though this spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt means her powers to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies."

The Soul is a real substance with its own working
might that does not spring from power of the senses
or from tempering of humours of the body. She is a
vine that spreads without a prop; a star with her
own native light.

"For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee,
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own, without the body be.

"When of the dew, which the eye and ear do take
From flowers abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain."

It is the Soul that traces effects to their causes;
from seeing the branch conceives the root; and
swifter than lightning flies from east to west, and
soars above the sky.

"Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise,
By gathering notes out of the world's great book.

"Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught
But what the sense collects and home doth bring;
And yet the power of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

"For tho' our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their power of sight;
So, tho' these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

"The workman on his stuff his skill doth show,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

"So, though this cunning mistress and this queen
Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she herself doth only judge and choose."

So a wise emperor decides on matters brought him
by his subjects' pains; a judge leaves others to col-
lect the diverse facts;

"But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person, in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of every proof, and every by-report.

"Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue do flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips do sow:

"Right so the Soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the Senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

"By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie
Whatever each of them abroad discerns,
And there inrol it for the mind to see.

"But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the Senses' skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

"Then she the Senses checks, which oft do err,
And ev'n against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a power above the sense, she sees.

"Therefore no Sense the precious joys conceives
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit the Senses leaves,
Hath her own powers, and proper actions free.

"Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the body's instrument she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even the angels' lays.

"These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban City found;
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly quire
The praise of Him which spreads the heaven doth sound.

"Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone:
The work the touch-stone of the nature is,
And by their operations things are known."

The Soul so working is more than a fine perfection of the Sense. It accuses the Sense of false judgment and fond appetites.

"Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asunder;
What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder;
What tells us then they both together are?"

Other such illustrations follow, and then it is urged that as our senses become dull with age our wisdom grows, "and folly most in quickest sense is found;" that hearts with finer senses want the quick discouraging power.

"But why do I the Soul and Sense divide,
When sense is but a power which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversified,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

"This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
In the inward Soul, which only doth perceive;
For the eyes and ears no more their objects know
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

"For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one power did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

"Then is the Soul a nature, which contains
The power of sense, within a greater power,
Which doth employ and use the Sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bower."

The next section of the poem argues against those who see in the soul no more than the temperature of humours of the body.

"As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best and best tuned instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had power to make the painter excellent?

"Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

"Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skil,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?"

Having argued thus far that the Soul working by herself alone, according to her own peculiar nature, is a substance and a perfect being, the poet proceeds next to argue that she is a spirit and heavenly influence flowing from the fountain of God's Spirit,

"—whose image once she was,
Though now, alas! she scarce His shadow be.

"Were she a body, how could she remain
Within this body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contain'd be?

"All bodies are confined within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

"No body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

"All bodies are with other bodies filled,
But she receives both heaven and earth together,
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spilled,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either."

How vast then the Soul that contains all things in their due proportion:

"From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings."

After dwelling on this part of the argument, Sir John Davies passes to the thought that

"—He that spread the skies
And fixed the earth first formed the Soul in man,"

and touches successively on false opinions of the creation of Souls. Then he dwells at some length on the belief of those fathers of the Church who held, as he thinks wrongly, that corruption could spread by the birth of one Soul from another.

"None are so gross, as to contend for this,
That Souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

"But many subtil wits have justified,
That Souls from Souls spiritually may spring;
Which (if the nature of the Soul be tried)
Will even in nature prove as gross a thing."

Reasons against this opinion he draws first from nature. All things are made of nothing or of stuff already formed. There is no stuff or matter in the Soul, she must be created out of nothing, "and to create to God alone pertains." After more reasons drawn from nature, follow others from divinity, which treat of Adam's fall, foreknowledge, freewill, and the grace of God. The next topic is the reason of the union of Soul with Body—

"That both of God and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image bear."

There was need of a creature to knit into worship the enjoyment of this lower creation, to rule over it, and unite the world to God. How, it is next asked, are Soul and Body joined?

"But how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the Soul, her subtilty is such;
She moves the Body, which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

"Then dwells she not therein as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in her web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

"Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

"But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and part:

"Still resting whole, when blows the air divide,
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted,
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide,
And when the air is tost, not interrupted:

"So doth the piercing Soul the Body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffused;
Indivisible, uncorruptible still;
Not forced, encountered, troubled, or confused.

"And as the Sun Above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the Soul doth spring,
Though in the Body she her powers do show."

But the operations of the Soul are diverse as the operations of the sun and its visible effects, in dif-

ference of season, daylight, climate, form of man; she also has a quickening power, and a power also that she sends abroad, her sense, which through five organs "views and searcheth all things everywhere." The poem dwells on the eyes, guides to the body here "which else would stumble in eternal night,"

"Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
That face to face they may their Maker see."

It dwells on the other gates of sense by which outward things enter the Soul,—hearing, taste, smelling, feeling, and the common sense by which their several perceptions were brought together for transmission to the brain. Fancy and memory, the passions and affections of the soul are then passed in review; and after them the intellectual powers, wit, reason, understanding, opinion, judgment, and, through knowledge brought by understanding, at last wisdom. The poet then ascribes to the Soul innate ideas,

"For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen
Prescribing truth to wit and good to will;
Which do accuse or else excuse all men,
For every thought or practice, good or ill."

He sings next of the Soul's power of will, and of the relations between wit and will; of the intellectual memory surviving after death of the body; and of the mutual dependence of all powers of the Soul.

"Our wit is given Almighty God to know;
Our will is given to love Him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below
But 'by His works, which through the sense are shown.

"And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
So doth the quick'ning power the senses feed:
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
The best the service of the least doth need.

* * * * *

"Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer!

"O what a lively life, what heav'nly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

"Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except like Thee it should be infinite.

"But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became:
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same.

"Nor hath He given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The Soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end."

This passage leads up to the climax of the poem in its closing argument that the Soul is immortal and cannot be destroyed.

"Her only end is never-ending bliss,
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who last of ends and first of causes is:
And to do this, she must eternal be."

The poet bases this upon five reasons. One is man's unlimited desire to learn or know, which springs from the essence of the Soul, and with this desire a power "to find out every truth if she had time."

"But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind:

"Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain:

"Or God (which to vain ends hath nothing done)
In vain this appetite and pow'r hath given,
Or else our knowledge which is here begun
Hereafter must be perfected in heaven."

Another reason is the Soul's aspiration to eternity.

"Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head, from whence it first doth spring;
Then since to Eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing."

Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health, or having wisdom was not vexed in mind?

"So, when the Soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make."

Another reason is that the best Souls often desire the body's death, which would not be if the body's death were theirs,

"For all things else, which Nature makes to be,
Their being to preserve are chiefly taught;
And though some things desire a change to see,
Yet never thing did long to turn to nought.

"If then by death the Soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature run;
Since every senseless thing, by Nature's light,
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

"Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
If death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this life, their honour to prefer:
For what is praise to things that nothing be?"

Again, if the Soul stood by the Body's prop,

"We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease."

Another reason is that as the good Soul by scorn of the Body's death shows that she cannot die, the wicked Soul proves her eternity by fear of death.

The Soul's craving for continuance is shown also "by tombs, by books, by memorable deeds," and by care for posterity; true notes of immortality written by Nature herself in our heart's tables. Finally, even those who reason against the Soul's immortality use the Soul's power to conceive its immortality, and prove it by the act of reasoning against it.

"So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

"And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason none could reason know.

"So when the Soul mounts with so high a wing
As of eternal things she doubts can move,
She proofs of her eternity doth bring
Even when she strives the contrary to prove."

After arguing that the Soul is indestructible, the poet answers objections to faith in her immortality, from the intellectual dotage of old men, idiocy, madness. The defects are in the sense's organs. The Soul does not lose her power to see, "though mists and clouds do choke her window light."

"These imperfections then we must impute
Not to the agent but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent."

After following the Soul a little way beyond the gates of death, thus the poem closes:—

"O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear,
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest?"

"Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt beauties find
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

"Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
This worthy Mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

"Kill not her quick'ning power with surfeitings;
Mar not her sense with sensuality;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things;
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

"And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against our nature is;
Think it a birth: And when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

"And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see,
Now I have brought thee torchlight, fear no more;
Now when thou diest, thou canst not hoodwinked be.

"And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

"Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

"Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred Name:
Use all thy powers, that blessed Power to praise,
Which gives thee power to be, and use the same."

CHAPTER VIII.

REIGN OF JAMES I.—DONNE, ANDREWES, GILES
FLETCHER, QUARLES, WITHER, AND OTHERS.—A. D.
1603 TO A. D. 1625.



INITIAL

To Genesis in King James's Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).

IMPATIENCE of the Roman Catholics under laws that made it high treason for them to come near to the Lord's Table in the way their consciences required, zeal of the Puritans, some resentment also among quiet English Churchmen of the measures by which Archbishop Whitgift sought through

the High Court of Commission to enforce Church unity, made the new sovereign's probable treatment of religious questions a matter of deep interest when James I. came to the throne.

The king was a man of thirty-seven, more gifted by education than by nature, though he had much natural shrewdness in dealing with the surfaces of things to make up for the want of any power to look far below the surface. It was not his fault that the base flattery of courts had taught him from childhood to over-estimate his own con-

siderable attainments, and to mistake his own good-humoured shrewdness for the statesman's grasp of thought. He meant well, and sought to deal wisely with the pressing questions of his day, but he had no aspiration strong enough to lift him up out of himself; he had no motive of action so continuous as a complacent wish to maintain his personal position as a phoenix of intelligence, and the supremacy in Church and State of his own office of king. He did not regard the supremacy of the Crown in England as means to an end, but as in itself the end towards which he should shape his policy. He had no wish to oppress subjects who did not thwart him. Though he was bred a Protestant, the Roman Catholics might reasonably expect from the son of Mary Queen of Scots relief from a tyranny under which they all incurred the punishment of death for hearing mass, and priests of theirs who led pure and exemplary lives, as well as those who plotted the overthrow of the Protestant rule in England, were sent to the gallows. James was treated with, before his accession to the throne, and gave good hope to the Roman Catholics. No quiet subject, he said, should be persecuted for his religion. That also was his private purpose, though it implied only toleration to the laity. The Roman Catholic priests being, as he felt, natural enemies to the supremacy of the crown in Church matters, he meant to send them all abroad if possible. Desire for the subversion of Protestant rule in England had been, of course, intensified by penalties of death for celebrating mass, and fines on recusants.

There were two under-currents of Roman Catholic plotting when James came to England: one was set in movement by the Jesuits, who looked for help from Spain in setting a Roman Catholic upon the throne; the other was a wild scheme of a secular priest, William Watson, who hated the Jesuits, and had a plan of his own for carrying the king off to the Tower, and there converting him. Discovery of Watson's plot implicated other men in suspicions. Lord Cobham was arrested, and from him accusation passed on to Sir Walter Raleigh, whom James had promptly begun to strip of honour and possessions. After a trial, in November, 1603 (at which Raleigh, of all men in England the one least open to such a charge, had been denounced by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, as "a monster with an English face, but a Spanish heart"—Raleigh, whose ruling passion might almost be said to be animosity to Spain, and whom James eventually caused to be executed at the wish of Spain), Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death as guilty of high treason by sharing in a plot to depose James, and make Arabella Stuart queen. Raleigh was respited, but detained during the next twelve years as a prisoner in the Tower of London. It was there that he resolved to write a History of England, prefaced by the story of the four great Empires of the World; his design being to take a large view of the life of man upon earth that should set forth the Divine wisdom. In his Preface, Raleigh says—"The examples of Divine Providence everywhere found (the first divine histories being nothing else but a continuation of such examples) have persuaded me to fetch my beginning from the beginning of all things:

to wit, Creation." He does, in fact, in the five books which form the substantial fragment of his work, published in 1614, carry the History of the World from the Creation to the end of the second Macedonian war. As critical history, Raleigh's work abounds with erudition of his time; but the detail of events, wherever the matter commanded Raleigh's fullest interest, is, from time to time, kindled with vigorous and noble thought, and flashes out the glory and the praise of God from depths of the religious life of an Elizabethan hero.

The first chapter of the History opens with argument that the Invisible God is seen in His Creatures, and ends by saying, "Let us resolve with St. Paul, who hath taught us that there is but one God, the Father; of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him; there are diversities of operations, but God is the same, which worketh all in all." The last chapter of Raleigh's History as far as it was written closes with these thoughts on

THE ELOQUENCE OF DEATH.

Kings and Princes of the World have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God with all the words of His law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed: God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. I have considered, saith Solomon, all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit: but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but objects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet*.

There remains one added paragraph. "Lastly, whereas this book, by the title it hath, calls itself the First Part of the General History of the World, implying a Second and Third Volume, which I also intended and have hewn out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath

pleased God to take that glorious Prince out of the world to whom they were directed; whose unspeakable and never-enough lamented loss hath taught me to say with Job, 'Versa est in luctum cithara mea, et organum meum in vocem flentium' (My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep)." The reference is to the death, in November, 1612, of the king's popular eldest son, Prince Henry, who had not long before obtained his father's promise that Raleigh should be set free at Christmas. Raleigh was set free in January, 1616, to prepare for the voyage to Guiana, by which he expected to enrich the English Crown with a discovery of gold. The voyage was disastrous, and Raleigh, "with English face and Spanish heart," could not resist a chance it gave him of again attacking Spain. The King of Spain asked for his head; and James I. decreed his execution, without trial, upon the fifteen-years-old conviction of treason. Raleigh was executed in October, 1618.

Raleigh's conviction had arisen from events connected with the earliest Roman Catholic plots against Protestant sovereignty in England. They were associated at the opening of his reign with other incidents that confirmed James in one of his views of policy, and on the 22nd of February he issued a proclamation ordering all Jesuits and seminary priests to leave the realm before the 19th of March. But he forgave the Roman Catholic laity their fines as recusants; he had placed a Roman Catholic upon his Privy Council; and he was making peace with Spain. The proclamation for expulsion of the priests immediately produced another plot. The day of issue of the proclamation was the day after Ash Wednesday, 1604; and in the beginning of Lent, Robert Catesby called Thomas Winter to London to join with himself and John Wright in a plot for blowing up the Parliament House. At the end of April, an Englishman of known audacity, Guido Fawkes, was brought from Flanders. Thomas Percy, who was related to the Earl of Northumberland, completed the number of five, who were first bound by an oath of secrecy to united effort for attainment of their purpose. On the 24th of May, 1604, Percy took a house adjoining the Parliament House, and Guido Fawkes, under the name of John Johnson, lived with him as a servant. The house at Lambeth in which Catesby lodged was taken for use in storing materials. At the end of the year, Parliament being expected to meet in February, 1605, underground boring was begun at the wall of the Parliament House, which was nine feet thick. When Parliament was prorogued until October, the work was relaxed; it was then resumed again under difficulties, till the conspirators heard that there ran under the Parliament House a cellar from which a stock of coals was being sold off, and of which they could obtain a lease. Thomas Percy bought the lease of the cellar, which he said he needed for his coals. They soon placed in it twenty barrels of powder from the house at Lambeth, and covered them with billets of wood and fagots. Then they rested till September, when fresh powder was brought in to make good any damage by damp. But Parliament was prorogued to the 5th of November, and they had again leisure

to arrange for the course to be taken after the king, his eldest son, and the Parliament had been struck away, and the conspirators, now become thirteen in number, were masters of the situation. It is enough to recall with a word or two how a note warning Lord Monteagle to absent himself from the meeting of Parliament led to suspicion; how the terms of the note being held to suggest danger of gunpowder, search was quietly made, as if for stuff of the king's that might have been left in the cellar which was known to be under the Parliament House; and how on the 4th of November, 1605, the powder was discovered that was to have blown up king and Parliament on the following morning.

While this plot was in progress, the king had found the number of recusants increased by ten thousand after the remission of the fines. In November, 1604, fines were again levied, and in the following February the king required that all penal laws against the Roman Catholics should be enforced; but that the priests should be expelled, not executed. Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot led to increased severity of the laws against recusants. Roman Catholics were not to escape fine by attendance at a parish church; they were to be tested also by requirement of attendance at the sacrament. The enforcement of this test, repugnant to religious feeling on both sides, happily soon fell into disuse. Recusants did not escape with fine alone. They had to submit to various civil disabilities. It was at this time that a new Oath of Allegiance was devised for distinguishing those Roman Catholics who refused to abjure the Pope's claim to a deposing power. Roman Catholics who refused that oath incurred penalties of a præmunire in addition to the burdens laid upon all recusants.

This Oath of Allegiance was one that many Roman Catholic Englishmen could honestly take, for it repudiated only a recognition of the Pope's claim to depose a sovereign and release his Roman Catholic subjects from all ties of obedience to him. But on the other hand, the Pope, in September, 1606, formally declared that the oath could not be taken by English Roman Catholics without peril to their souls. In August, 1607, he reiterated this.

In 1608 King James replied to the two briefs of the Pope, and to the remonstrance of Cardinal Bellarmine addressed, on the 28th of September, 1607, to the Roman Catholic Archpriest Blackwell. Blackwell (being imprisoned in the Gate House) had himself taken the oath, and advised others to do so; an act for which he was deprived of his office by the Court of Rome. The king, with the strained ingenuity of the time, entitled his Apology for the Oath of Allegiance "*Triplici Nodo Triplex Cuneus*" (To the Triple Knot a Triple Wedge). The triple knot was represented by the three letters: two from the Pope, and one from Cardinal Bellarmine. The triple wedge was the answer King James gave to each after quoting it in full. Cardinal Bellarmine replied; writing under the name of his secretary, Matthew Tortus. To Matthew Tortus Lancelot Andrewes replied for the king, also in Latin, with a volume called "*Tortura Torti*." Bellarmine added in 1610 an "Apology" for his Reply to King James, which was

nearly twice as long as the Reply itself. In the same year, 1610, John Donne first commended himself to James's hearty goodwill by adding to the controversy, on the king's side, an English book, which suggested in its title that the English Roman Catholics who suffered through refusal of the oath were idly making of themselves false martyrs. The book was called "*Pseudo-martyr*." Wherein out of certaine Propositions and Gradations, this conclusion is evicted. That those which are of the Romane Religion in this Kingdome, may and ought to take the Oath of Allegiance."

John Donne when he wrote the book was about thirty-seven years old, and not prosperous. He and his wife and family were indebted much to the kindness of Sir Robert Drury, by whom they were housed in a part of that town mansion which has left its whereabouts marked by the name of Drury Lane. Influential friends who appreciated Donne's genius sought to advance him at court in some secular employment, for he had not yet entered the church. The king liked his presence and conversation, but gave him no substantial help until "*Pseudo-martyr*" appeared. The book had an ingenious dedication to his Majesty, which is here given as specimen of the written English of its time, without alteration in its spelling, punctuation, and use of capitals.



HEADPIECE FROM DONNE'S "PSEUDO-MARTYR."

DEDICATION OF DONNE'S "PSEUDO-MARTYR."

To the High and Mightie Prince James, by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, defender of the Faith.

Most mightie and sacred Soueraigne,

As Temporall armies consist of Press'd men, and voluntaries, so doe they also in this warfare, in which your Maiestie hath appear'd by your Bookes. And not only your strong and full Garisons, which are your Cleargie, and your Vniuersities, but also obscure Villages can minister Souldiours. For, the equall interest, which all your Subjects haue in the cause (all being equally endanger'd in your dangers) giues euery one of vs a Title to the Dignitie of this warfare; And so makes those, whom the Ciuill Lawes made opposite, all one, Paganos, Milites. Besides, since in this Battaile, your Maiestie, by your Bookes, is gone in Person out of the Kingdome, who can be exempt from waiting vpon you in such an expedition? For this Oath must worke vpon vs all; and as it must draw from the Papists a Profession, so it must from vs, a Confirmation of our Obedience; They must testifie an Alleageance by the Oath, we, an Alleageance to it. For, since in providing for your Maiesties securitie, the Oath defends vs, it is reason, that wee defend it. The strongest Castle that is, cannot defend the Inhabitants, if they sleepe, or neglect the defence of that, which defends them; No more can this Oath, though framed with all aduantagious Christianly wisdome, secure your Maiestie, and vs in you, if by our negligence wee should open it, either to the aduersaries Batteries, or to his vnderminings.

The influence of those your Maiesties Bookes, as the Sunne, which penetrates all corners, hath wrought vpon me, and drawn up, and exhaled from my poore Meditations, these discourses: Which, with all reverence and deuotion, I present to your Maiestie, who in this also haue the power and office of the Sunne, that those things which you exhale, you may at your pleasure dissipate, and annull; or suffer them to fall downe againe, as a wholesome and fruitfull dew, vpon your Church and Commonwealth. Of my boldnesse in this addresse, I most humbly beseech your Maiestie, to admit this excuse, that hauing obserued, how much your Maiestie had vouchsafed to descend to a conuersation with your Subiects, by way of your Bookes, I also concei'd an ambition, of ascending to your presence, by the same way, and of participating, by this means, their happinesse, of whome, that saying of the Queene of Sheba, may bee vsurp'd: Happie are thy men, and happie are those thy Seruants, which stand before thee alwayes, and heare thy wisdome, For, in this, I make account, that I haue performed a duetie, by expressing in an exterior, and (by your Maiesties permission) a publicke Act, the same desire, which God heares in my daily prayers, that your Maiestie may very long gouerne vs in your Person, and euer, in your Race and Progenie.

*Your Maiesties most
humble and loyall
Subiect:*

JOHN DONNE.

The book began by distinguishing between the dignity of true martyrdom and the inordinate and corrupt affectation of it. It then argued that the Roman religion encouraged this vicious affectation of danger, by erroneous doctrines: as the interference with secular magistrates, the undue extolling of merits, especially the merit of martyrdom, and by the doctrine of Purgatory, from which martyrs are promised an escape. It set forth that the Jesuits especially encouraged this corrupt desire of false martyrdom; and that they could not have the comfort of honest martyrdom because they obeyed the Pope, if they disobeyed other laws. Then Donne proceeded to the question of the several obediences due to princes and claimed by the Roman Church. The way was thus laid open for detailed argument in support of the Oath of Allegiance. In the course of his Preface to the Priests and Jesuits and to their Disciples in this Kingdom, Donne says of

THE POPE'S TEMPORAL JURISDICTION.

This doctrine of temporal jurisdiction is not only a violent and dispatching poison, but it is of the nature of those poisons which destroy not by heat nor cold, nor corrosion, nor any other discernible quality, but, as physicians say, out of the specific form and secret malignity and out of the whole substance. For as no artist can find out how this malignant strength grows in that poison nor how it works, so can none of your writers tell how this Temporal Jurisdiction got into the Pope, or how he executes it, but are anguished and tortured when they come to talk of it, as physicians and naturalists are when they speak of these specific poisons, or of the cause and origin thereof, which is Antipathy.

And yet we find it reported¹ of one woman, that she had

so long accustomed her body to these poisons, by making them her ordinary food, that she had brought herself and her whole complexion and constitution to be of the same power as the poison was, and yet retained so much beauty as she allured kings to her embracement, and killed and poisoned them by that means: so hath the Roman faith been for many years, so fed and pampered with this venomous doctrine of temporal jurisdiction that it is grown to some few of them to be matter of faith itself; and she is able to draw and hold some princes to her love because, for all this infection, she retains some colour and probability of being the same she was. And as that fish which *Ælianus* speaks of, lies near to the rock, and because it is of the colour of the rock surprises many fishes which come to refresh themselves at the rock; so doth the Roman doctrine, because it can pretend by a local and personal succession (though both interrupted) that it is so much of the colour of the rock, and so near it, as *Petrus* and *Petra*, inueigle and entrap many credulous persons, who have a zealous desire to build upon the rock itself.



TAILPIECE FROM DONNE'S "PSEUDO-MARTYR."

Donne even now condemned rather the worldly than the spiritual element in the creed to which he had been bred. Of his "Divine Poems" part certainly were written while he was a Roman Catholic, and when King James, delighted with his "Pseudo-martyr," urged him to enter the ministry of the English Church, he held back for almost three years, during which he gave himself to such study of divinity as should assure his conscience and fit him for the work if he found that he could undertake it. The result was that he did at last enter the ministry of the church, with his whole heart in its duties. King James then made him his Chaplain in Ordinary; the University of Cambridge, at the King's wish, made him a Doctor of Divinity; and Dr. Donne became one of the greatest preachers of King James's reign. His wife died, leaving him with seven children, just as the days of their adversity were at an end. He mourned her loss deeply, and did not marry again. The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn made Donne their lecturer; the King made him Dean of St. Paul's; the Vicarage of St. Dunstan's in the West fell to him also. After the age of fifty his worldly means became very easy. He provided for the future of his children, and was liberal to the poor during the next nine or ten years of his life; and then he died, in the reign of Charles I., in April, 1631. In a former sickness Donne had written a hymn to God, which afterwards he set to a solemn tune, and caused frequently to be sung, especially at evening service, when he was present at St. Paul's. It was this

¹ Forester, "De Venenis." Peter Forester, born at Alcmarr in 1522, became Professor of Medicine at Leyden, and died in 1597.

HYMN.

To God the Father.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two;—but wallow'd in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

In his last illness Donne wrote also this

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD.

In my Sickness.

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the quire of saints for evermore
I shall be made Thy music; as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map who lie
Flat on this bed that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery—
Per fretum febris—by these straits to die:

I joy, that in those straits I see my West,
For though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So Death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacific sea my home? or are
The eastern riches? is Jerusalem?
Anyan¹ and Magellan and Gibraltar are
All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt or Ham or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvarie,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place:
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me!
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace!

¹ Anyan, the Mozambique Channel, named from the island of Anyouam, Anjouan, or Johannes at its northern entrance. The Mozambique Straits lead to the "eastern riches" of Africa, dwelling of Ham. The Straits of Magellan are a way from the Atlantic into the Pacific, which ocean is bordered on its west by the Asiatic home of those who were regarded as the sons of Shem. The Straits of Gibraltar led into the Mediterranean those who sought the sons of Japheth, and made voyage to the Holy Land.

So, in His purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord!
By these His thorns, give me His other crown!
And as to others' souls I preached Thy Word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:—
Therefore, that He may raise, the Lord throws down.

Donne's last sermon was preached on the first Friday in Lent, according to an appointment which his friends in vain sought to dissuade him from keeping, telling him that the effort to preach would shorten his life. Izaak Walton, in telling of Donne's life, says upon this that

He passionately denied their requests, saying "he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work." And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body, and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel (chap. xxxvii. 3), "'Do these bones live?' or, can that soul organise that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot." And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own Funeral Sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, "he was carried by devout men to his grave."

To this may be added Walton's account of the manner in which the dying man stood for the portrait from which the effigy was made that marks his interment in St. Paul's² :—

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body. "These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth. —Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin, or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend

² The marble statue of Donne was one of those recovered after the Fire of London from the ruins of the old cathedral.

and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that Church.



EFFIGY OF DR. DONNE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The marble, vividly suggestive of mortality, is in the cathedral of which he was dean, but the ruin caused by the Fire of London made it impossible again to mark the place where the dust lies of the poet who, in one of his latest sermons—preached in March, 1629—thus expressed a thought old as mortality :—

ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was. It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou would'st not, as of a prince whom thou could'st not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard unto the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—this is the patrician, this is the noble, flour; and this the yeomanly, this the plebeian, bran.

We have left the controversy of the Oath of Allegiance, which gave rise to the "Pseudo-martyr,"

to follow John Donne to his grave. Another writer who maintained the argument of James I. in that controversy was Lancelot Andrewes, the author of "Tortura Torti." Lancelot Andrewes was but a year or two younger than Spenser, was his school-fellow at Merchant Taylor's School, and followed him to the same college at Cambridge, Pembroke Hall. He became skilled in controversial theology, and was the first English Churchman in Elizabeth's day who qualified himself to engage Roman Catholic controversialists with their own weapons. It was the common fate of Protestant theologians to seem worsted in argument because they dwelt on study of the Bible alone, and were unprepared to meet attacks weighted with erudition drawn from a long study of the Fathers by men trained to casuistry. Andrewes himself became a casuist to whom many applied for counsel; and when he was taken to the North of England by the Earl of Huntingdon, he was skilled enough in argument to convert some Roman Catholics. Lancelot Andrewes rose in Elizabeth's reign, through two or three church livings, to be Master of Pembroke Hall, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Dean of Westminster. He would have been made a bishop by her, but for some opinions which would have caused him to resist all alienation of episcopal revenues. He was pious and profoundly learned, gifted also with an intellectual ingenuity that, coloured with his learning, greatly pleased a cultivated audience of the time of James I. Such an audience delighted in tricks of thought, quaintness of speech, and scraps of Latin that showed learning in the speaker and assumed it in his hearers. The style of Andrewes, like that of Donne, illustrates Later Euphuism in the pulpit. He divided reputation with Donne as a preacher, but was not also a poet. The excess of ingenuity and pedantry of the time were less forced than they seem to readers of books written in simpler style. The acquired fashion of a time becomes to most men a second nature. Lancelot Andrewes prayed in Latin and Greek, and the private prayers which he fashioned for himself, almost wholly founded upon texts of Scripture, expressed, though in dead languages, a living faith, in words of Christian humility. King James made Andrewes, in 1605, Bishop of Chichester, and that was his rank in the Church of England when his skill in controversy with the Roman Catholics caused him to be chosen as the answerer of Bellarmine's retort upon the king.

Bellarmin was the great controversialist upon the side of Rome. In 1605 he had resigned the Archbishopric of Capua that he might give all his energy to battle for Rome on the vital questions of the day. Lancelot Andrewes was then the one man of mature age in the English Church who, against such an antagonist, could fitly be named as its champion. James Usher, who was fairly on his way to as familiar a knowledge of the use of the arms with which Rome often had prevailed, was twenty-five years younger.

In the year of his answer to Bellarmine (1609), Andrewes was made Bishop of Ely and a Privy Councillor. In 1618 he was made Bishop of Winchester. He held then the richest of the bishoprics,

from which one of its holders was unwilling to be promoted because, said he, "Canterbury has the higher rack, but Winchester the better manger." Lancelot Andrewes died in 1631, after his years had completed the number of three-score and ten.



LANCELOT ANDREWES.

From a Portrait taken in 1618, Engraved for his Works.

The Private Prayers of Lancelot Andrews, compiled by him for his own use from the Scriptures and the writings of the early Fathers, but chiefly from the Scriptures, were said to have been found after his death in a little MS. book, "worn in pieces by his fingers and wet with his tears." A literal translation of them from the Greek and Latin into English was published in 1647, from which I take the following:—

MORNING PRAYER.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, the God of our fathers, which hast turned the shadow of death into the morning, and hast renewed the face of the earth.

Which hast made sleep to depart from mine eyes and slumber from mine eyelids.

Which hast lightened mine eyes that I sleep not in death.

Which hast delivered my soul from the night fears, from the pestilence which walketh in the dark.

Which makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise Thee.

For I laid me down and slept, and rose again, for it was Thou, O Lord, which didst sustain me.

For I waked and beheld, and lo, my sleep was sweet.

O Lord, do away as the night, so my sins; scatter my transgressions as the morning cloud.

Make me a child of the light and of the day; cause me to walk soberly, chastely, and decently, as in the day-time.

O Lord, uphold us when we are fallen into sin; and raise us up when we are fallen,

That we harden not our hearts, as in the provocation, or with any deceitfulness of sin.

Deliver us also from the snare of the hunter; evil allurements, gross words, the arrow which flieth by day.

From the evil of the day preserve me, O Lord, and me from doing evil in it.

EVENING PRAYER.

Having passed through this day, I give my thanks to Thee, O Lord.

The evening approacheth, O' bless that also to me: an evening there is of the day, so of our life; that evening is old age, and age hath now surprised me; Lord, prosper thou that likewise unto me.

Tarry with me, O Lord, for the evening grows upon me, and my day is much declined. Cast me not off now in mine age; forsake me not now when my strength faileth me.

But rather let Thy strength be made more perfect in this my weakness.

O Lord, the day is vanished and gone; so doth this life.

The night doth now approach; so doth death also; death without death, the end both of our day and of our life, is near at hand.

Remember this, therefore, we beseech Thee, O Lord; make the end of all our lives Christian-like and acceptable to Thee, peaceable, and, if it like Thee, painless, translating us, among Thine elect, unto Thy heavenly kingdom.

O Lord, Thou hearest prayer: to Thee shall all flesh come.

In the morning, at noon, and in the evening, will I call; I will cry out, and Thou shalt hear my voice.

In the night will I lift up my hands to Thy Sanctuary, and will bless Thee, O Lord.

The Lord hath shewed His mercy in the day; therefore at night I will sing of Him, and pray unto the God of my life.

Thus will I praise Thee all my life long; and in Thy Name will I lift up my hands.

O let my prayers be directed as the incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord my God, the God of my Fathers.

Which hast created the changes of night and of day.

Which givest rest to the weary and refreshest the weak.

Which givest songs in the night; and makest the outgoing of the morning and evening to praise Thee.

Which hast delivered us from the malice of this day; and cuttest not off our lines, like a weaver, neither from morning to evening maketh an end of us.

As we add days to our days, so we add sins to our sins.

The just man falls seven times a day, but we wretched sinners seventy times seven times:

But we return to our hearts; and with our hearts we return to Thee.

To Thee, O Lord, we return; and all that is within us saith, O Lord, we have sinned against Thee.

But we repent; alas, we repent. Spare us, good Lord.

Be merciful and spare us.

Be propitious to us.

Have pity upon us, and spare us, O Lord.

Forgive us the guilt.

Take out the stains.

Cure the faintness in us by reason of our sins; and heal our souls, O God, for we have sinned against Thee.

Deliver me from mine unavoidable sins.

Cleanse me from my secret offences.

And for my communion with the transgression of others, pardon Thy servant, O Lord.

All our good deeds Thou hast wrought in us.

If we have done anything well, mercifully regard it, O Lord.

Our sin and our distraction is from our own selves.

Whatsoever we have done amiss, graciously pardon it.

Thou which givest Thy beloved secure rest, grant that I may pass this night without fear.

Enlighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death.

Deliver me from the mighty fear; from the business that walketh in the dark.

Thou which neither sleepest at any time nor slumberest, keep me this night, O Lord, from all evil: chiefly, O Lord, keep and preserve my soul.

Visit me, O God, with the visitations of Thy saints: open mine ears in the visions of the night.

At least let my sleep be a cessation from sins, from labour, and let me dream of nought that may offend Thee, or defile myself.

Let not my loins be filled with illusions, but let my reins chasten me in the night.

Let me remember Thee upon my bed; and let me meditate with my heart, and search out my spirit.

And when it shall be time for me to rise, let me wake with the light to Thee, O Lord, to Thy praise and Thy service.

O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit, my soul, and my body. Thou hast created, Thou hast redeemed them, O Lord, Thou God of Truth.

And with myself I commend to Thy merciful protection all those that belong to me, and all that is mine: Thou, O Lord, of Thy goodness, hast bestowed them upon me.

O keep us all from evil; chiefly, good Lord, keep and preserve our souls. Keep them, O God, keep them all spotless, and without guilt present them in that day.

I will lay me down and sleep in peace. For Thou only makest me dwell in safety.

ON ENTERING CHURCH.

In your entrance into the church, before public service, say:

O Lord, in the multitude of Thy mercies, I will approach Thine House; and I will worship towards this holy temple in the reverence of Thee.

Lord, hear the voice of my prayer when I call unto Thee, when I lift up my hands towards Thy Sanctuary.

Remember these my brethren also, which stand about me and pray together with me; remember their endeavours and their zeal.

Remember them likewise, for just causes which are absent, and, O Lord, have mercy upon them and us, according to the abundance of Thy goodness.

I have loved the beauty of Thine House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth; that I might hear the voice of Thy praises, and publish all Thy wonders.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will still entreat: that I may dwell still in the House of the Lord, and visit His holy Temple.

To Thee, O Lord, my heart hath said, I will seek the Lord. Thee, O my God, have I sought and Thy face. And Thee will I seek.

We may enter the church with Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, and listen awhile to his preaching. It is Easter Day, the 18th of April, 1613—three years before the death of Shakespeare—and he is preaching before King James, at Whitehall, upon the first words of the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians—"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Thus he begins:—

AN EASTER-DAY SERMON.

The wisdom of the Church hath so disposed of her readings in these great feasts, as lightly the Gospel lets us know what was done on the day, done for us, and the Epistle what is to be done by us. To instance in this present: *Surrexit Dominus vere*, "The Lord is risen indeed," saith the Gospel. *In Quo consurrexistis et vos*, "and you are risen with Him," saith the Epistle. That which is in the Gospel is Christ's act, what He did; that which is in the Epistle our *agendum*, what we are to do.

Or rather both ours: 1, what He did, matter of Faith; 2, what we are to do, matter of Duty, our *agendum* upon His act.

The common sort look to Easter-day no farther than Easter-day fare and Easter-day apparel; and other use they have none of it. The true Christian enquireth farther, what is the *agendum* of the feast, what is the proper act of Easter-day? The Church hath hers, and we have ours. Nothing more proper to a Christian than to keep time with Christ, to rise with Him this day, who this day did rise. That so it may be Easter-day with us as it was with Him; the same that was the day of His be also the day of our rising.

Thus then it lieth. Christ is risen and if Christ, then we. If we so be, then we "seek;" and that we cannot, unless we "set our minds." To "set our minds" then. On what? "On things above." Which above? Not "on earth," so is the text, but "where Christ is." And why there? Because where He is, there are the things we seek for, and here cannot find. There "He is sitting;"—so at rest. And "at the right hand;"—so in glory. "God's right hand;"—and so for ever. These we seek, rest in eternal glory. These Christ hath found, and so shall we, if we make this our *agendum*; begin this day to "set our minds" to search after them.

Because it is to the Colossians, the *colossus* or capital point of all is, to rise with Christ; that is the main point. And if you would do a right Easter-day's work, do that. It is the way to entitle us to the true holding of the feast.

[Here Andrewes proceeds to the Greek and Latin of the words "seek out" and "set your minds," or affections, which he says, if read in the imperative, "then be they *in praecepto* and *per modum officii*, 'by way of precept,' and 'in nature of a duty;'" if read in the indicative, "then they be *in elencho* and *per modum signi*, 'by way of trial,' and 'in nature of a sign.'" Then follows a division of the text into its parts. The parts are—A, two things supposed: (1) Christ's rising, (2) our rising; B, two things inferred: If risen, then (1) to seek, (2) to set our minds above on things there where Christ is; C, two things referred to or given hope of: (1) rest, to sit, (2) glory at the right hand. The rest of the sermon is a dwelling upon each successive section of this scheme. I will take as an example of its manner, that part of it which clothes with thought the section marked B 2, that we set our minds above on things where Christ is]:—

And now to the object. Of seeking we shall soon agree; *Generatio querentium* we are all, saith the Psalm, even "a generation of searchers." Somewhat we are searching after still. Our wants or our wanton desires find us seeking work enough, all our lives long. What then shall we seek, or where?

He, saith the Apostle, that will thus bestow his pains, let it be, where? "Above." On what? "The things there," *quæ sursum*, he repeats in both, tells it twice over: *Quæ sursum querite, quæ sursum sapite*. "Above" it must be.

And of this we shall not vary with him, but be easily enough entreated to it. We yield presently, in our sense, to

seek to be above others in favour, honour, place, and power, and what not. We keep the text fully in this sense—we both seek, and set our whole minds upon this. *Altum sapimus omnes*; all would be above, bramble¹ and all, and nothing is too high for us.

It is true here, for on earth there is a *sursum*, "above;" there be high places; we would not have them taken away; we would offer in them, and offer for them too, for a need. And there is a right hand here too, and some sit at it, and almost none but thinks so well of himself as why not he? Our Saviour Christ, when it was fancied that He should have been a great king upon earth, there was suing straight for His right-hand place. Not so much as good wise Zebedee's two sons that smelt of the fisher-boat, but means was made for them to sit there.

But all this while, we are wide. For where is all this? Here upon earth. All our "above" is above one another here, and is Ambition's above, and farther it mounteth not. But this is not the Apostle's, not the "above" nor "the right hand" he meaneth. No; not Christ's right hand upon earth, but that right hand He sits at Himself in heaven. The Apostle saw clearly we would err this error; therefore, to take away, as he goes, all mistaking, he explains his "above" two ways: Privative; *non quæ supra terram*, hear you, "not upon earth;" his "above" is not here upon earth. This is where not. Then Positive; to clear it from all doubt where, he points us to the place itself, "above," there "above," where Christ is, that is, "not on earth." Earth is the place whence He is risen. The Angels tell us, *non est hic*: seek Him not here now, but in the place whither He is gone, there seek Him, in Heaven. Heaven is a great circle: where in Heaven? In the chiefest place, there where God sits, and Christ at His right hand.

So that upon the matter, the fault He finds, the fault of our "above" is, it is not above enough, it is too low, it is not so high as it should be. It should be higher, above the hills; higher yet, above the clouds; higher yet, higher than our eye can carry, above the heavens. There, now we are right.

And indeed the very frame of our bodies, as the heathen poet well observed, giveth thither, upward; *cælumque tueri jussit*,² and bids us look thither. And that way should our soul make; it came from thence, and thither should it draw again, and we do but bow and crook our souls, and make them *curvæ in terris animæ*,³ against their nature, when we hang yokes on them, and set them to seek nothing but here below.

And if nature would have us no moles, grace would have us eagles, to mount "where the body is." And the Apostle

¹ "And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow." (Judges ix. 15.)

² Ovid's "Metamorphoses," book i., pp. 85, 86. The line, with its context, was thus translated by George Sandys:—

"The nobler creature, with a mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best world's original,
Either him framed of seed celestial;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,
Some sacred seeds retained to Heaven allied,
Which with the living stream Prometheus mixt,
And in that artificial structure fixt
The form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with downcast eyes,
He with a lofty look did Man induce
And bade him Heaven's transcendent glories view."

³ Persius. Satire ii., line 61.—

"O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground."

(Dryden's Translation.)

goeth about to breed in us a holy ambition, telling us we are *ad altiora geniti*, "born for higher matters" than any here; therefore not to be so base-minded as to admire them, but to seek after things above. For, contrary to the philosopher's sentence, *Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*, "Things above they concern us not," he reverses that; yes, and we so too hold, *ea maxime ad nos*, "they chiefly concern us."

That was a sermon preached before King James. Sir John Harington, best known as a good translator of Ariosto, was a courtier under both Elizabeth and James; he was born in 1561, and died in 1612. He describes, in the course of a small book written in 1608 for the pleasure of James's son, Prince Henry, a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth. The book professed to serve as an addition to a volume of great worth by Dr. Francis Godwin, "A Catalogue of the Bishops of England since the first planting of Christianity in this Island, with an History of their lives and memorable actions." The father of Francis Godwin, after sharing the changes of fortune common to church reformers under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, had become Bishop of Bath and Wells under Elizabeth, but displeased the queen by taking a second wife. The son Francis, born, like Harington, in 1561, was raised to a bishopric—that of Llandaff—by Elizabeth, in recognition of the value of his book upon the bishops. James translated him in 1617 to Hereford. Sir John Harington's "Brief View of the State of the Church of England as it stood in Queen Elizabeth's and King James's reign to the year 1608" is further described on its title-page as a "Character and History of the Bishops of those times, which might serve as an addition to Dr. Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops." It professes to have been written for the private use of Prince Henry upon occasion of that proverb,

"Henry the Eighth pulled down Monks and their Cells,
Henry the Ninth should pull down Bishops and their Bells."

But Prince Henry did not live to become Henry the Ninth. Sir John Harington's account of the bishops he had known, or heard about, at Court makes a small book rather of courtiers' small talk upon church matters than of religion. Dr. Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, coming in due turn to be gossiped about, we have this account of

DR. RUDD'S SERMON BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

St. David's hath yielded many excellent bishops, as well for good learning as good life, and for abstinence miraculous, if we believe stories that thirty-three bishops successively did eat no flesh. I can add little of the bishops save of him that now lives; whom if I knew not, yet by his look I should guess to be a grave and austere man, even like St. David himself; but knowing him as I do, he was in more possibility to have proved like to St. John Baptist in my opinion. There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's Court, and observed anything, but can tell, that it pleased her very much to seem, to be thought, and to be told that she looked, young. The majesty and gravity of a sceptre borne forty-four years could not alter that nature of a woman in her. This notwithstanding, this good bishop being appointed to preach

before her in the Lent of the year 1596, the Court then lying at Richmond, wishing in a godly zeal, as well became him, that she should think something of mortality, being then sixty-three years of age, he took this text fit for that purpose out of the Psalms, Psalm 90, verse 12, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" which text he handled so well, so learnedly, and so respectfully, as I dare undertake that most thought, and so should I if I had not been somewhat better acquainted with the humour, that it would have well pleased her, or at least no way offended her. But when he had spoken awhile of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly Hierarchy, seven for the Sabbath, and seven times seven for a Jubilee; and lastly (I do not deliver it so handsomely as he brought it in) seven times nine for the grand climacterical year¹; she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The Bishop, discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stands there *vis à vis* to the closet, he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666 making Latinus, with which, he said, he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist; also of the fatal number of 88, which being so long before spoken of for a dangerous year, yet it hath pleased God that year not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victory against the united forces of Rome and Spain. And so he said there was no doubt but she should pass this year also and many more, if she would in her meditations and soliloquies with God, as he doubted not she often did and would, say thus and thus: So making indeed an excellent prayer by way of prosopopœia in her Majesty's person, acknowledging God's great graces and benefits, and praying devoutly for the continuance of them, but withal interlarding it with some passages of Scripture that touch the infirmities of age, as that of Ecclesiastes 12, "When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the window, &c., and the daughters of singing shall be abased:" and more to like purpose, he concluded his Sermon. The Queen, as the manner was, opened the window, but she was so far from giving him thanks or good countenance that she said plainly he should have kept his Arithmetic for himself, "but I see," said she, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men," and so went away for the time discontented. The Lord Keeper Puckering, though reverencing the man much in his particular, yet for the present, to assuage the Queen's displeasure, commanded him to keep his house for a time, which he did. But of a truth her Majesty showed no ill nature in this, for within three days after she was not only displeased at his restraint, but in my hearing rebuked a lady yet living for speaking scornfully of him and his sermon. Only, to show how the good Bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs

and senses as himself perhaps and others of that age were wont to be, she said she thanked God that neither her stomach nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor lastly her sight, was any whit decayed. And to prove the last before us all, she produced a little jewel that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered at first to my Lord of Worcester and then to Sir James Crofts to read, and both professed *bond fide* that they could not, yet the Queen herself did find out the poesie, and made herself merry with the standers-by upon it. And thus much for St. David's.

We have glanced at the relation of James I. to the question of his day between the Reformed Church of England and the Roman Catholics. The Puritans also at his accession sought relief from him. A petition, to which seven hundred and fifty ministers of the Church gave their assent, and which, being supposed to represent the desire of a thousand of the clergy, was called the Millenary Petition, was presented to him on his way from Scotland in 1603. It sought the changes then most wished for by the Puritans. The two great Universities condemned the petitioners. The king heard both sides in a three days' conference at Hampton Court, after making up his mind in private conclave with one side how far he would see reason in the pleadings of the other. Richard Bancroft, who had been Bishop of London since 1597, openly regarded the representatives of Puritan opinion, Dr. John Raynolds and Dr. Thomas Sparks, Professors of Divinity in Oxford, and Mr. Chadderton and Mr. Knewstubs, of Cambridge, as schismatics, whose mouths ought to be stopped. When the argument touched freedom of the Church in things indifferent, the king said, "I will not argue with you, but answer as kings in Parliament, *Le Roy s'aviserà*." This is like Mr. John Black, a beardless boy, who told me at the last conference in Scotland that he would hold conformity with me in doctrine, but that every man as to ceremonies was to be left to his own liberty, but I will have none of that; I will have one doctrine, one discipline; one religion in substance and ceremony. Never speak more to that point, how far you are bound to obey." Presently Dr. Raynolds asked for a restoration of the "prophecyings," as in Grindal's time; and that questions not to be resolved by them might be referred to the archdeacon's visitation, and from thence to the diocesan synod, where the bishop with his presbyters should determine such points as were too difficult for the other meetings. Here the king broke in with the angry exclamation that they were aiming at a Scotch presbytery, "which agrees," he said, "with monarchy as well as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom, Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure both me and my council. Therefore, pray stay one seven years before you demand that of me, and if then you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipe stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you; for let that government be up, and I am sure I shall be kept in breath. But till you find I grow lazy, pray let that alone. I remember how they used the poor lady, my mother, in Scotland, and me in my minority." Then turning to the bishops he put his hand to his hat and said, "My

¹ The climacterical year, the age of 63, was spoken of in a letter of Augustus Cæsar (preserved by Aulus Gellius) as peculiarly dangerous. This belief is said to have come down from Pythagoras. The word is from the Greek *κλιμακτήρ*, step of a staircase. It was held that all the seventh years of life were climacterical, there being a change to a new step at each multiple of seven. At the seventh hour after birth it could be known whether a child would live; at each multiple of seven days, during early infancy, there was said to be a new step in development. At 7 years, the milk-teeth are shed; at 14, puberty begins; at 21, man is developed in length and acquires beard, &c.; at 28 he has developed also in breadth, and is fully shaped; at 35, he has attained highest physical vigour; at 42, he has the highest combination of physical with mental power; at 49, seven times seven, his mind is in its highest vigour, the man is fully ripe, and at his best. The number 9 also marks mystical periods of change, and the multiple of 7 and 9 becomes thus doubly a time marked for change, and is the grand climacteric. Decay then begins, if the year be not fatal, and the next multiple of 7 brings man to three score and ten, the limit of his life.

lords, I may thank you that these Puritans plead for my supremacy, for if once you are out and they in place, I know what would become of my supremacy, for, no bishop, no king. Well, doctor, have you anything else to offer?" Dr. Raynolds: "No more, if it please your Majesty." Then rising from his chair, the king said, "If this be all your party have to say, I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse."

A few alterations in the Book of Common Prayer were allowed at the Conference, and the king assented to the wish for a new authorised version of the Bible, provided it were without marginal notes. Of all the translations, he said, that of Geneva was worst, because of the marginal notes which allowed disobedience to kings.¹

The king required of the Puritans by proclamation absolute conformity. A book of canons for the binding of the clergy, containing 141 articles, was introduced to the Upper House of Convocation by Dr. Bancroft, and the good Dr. Rudd, that Bishop of St. David's who so far forgot conventions feminine and courtly as to remind Queen Elizabeth in a sermon of the ominous number of her years, spoke generously on the side of Christian charity. After suggesting questions to which Puritans might ask him for his answer, he said:—

I protest that all my speeches now are uttered by way of proposition, not by way of opposition, and that they all tend to work pacification in the Church; for I put great difference between what is lawful and what is expedient, and between them that are schismatical and them that are scrupulous only upon some ceremonies, being otherwise learned, studious, grave, and honest men.

Concerning these last, I suppose, if upon the urging them to absolute subscription they should be stiff, and choose rather to forego their livings and the exercise of their ministry, though I do not justify their doings herein, yet surely their service will be missed at such a time as need shall require us and them to give the right hand of fellowship one to another, and to go arm in arm against the common adversary.

Likewise consider who must be the executioners of their deprivation: even we ourselves, the bishops; against whom there will be a great clamour of them and their dependents, and many others who are well affected towards them, whereby our persons will be in hazard to be brought into extreme dislike or hatred.

Also remember that when the Benjamites were all destroyed, saving six hundred, and the men of Israel swore in their fury that none of them would give his daughter to the Benjamites to wife, though they suffered for their just deserts, yet their brethren afterwards lamented, and said, "There is one tribe cut off from Israel this day;" and they used all their wits, to the uttermost of their policy, to restore that tribe again.

In like sort, if these our brethren aforesaid shall be deprived of their places for the matter premised, I think we should find cause to bend our wits to the utmost extent of our skill to provide some cure of souls for them, that they may exercise their talents.

Furthermore, if these men, being divers hundreds, should forsake their charges, who, I pray you, should succeed them? Verily, I know not where to find so many able preachers in this realm unprovided for; but suppose there were, yet they might more conveniently be settled in the seats of unpreaching ministers. But if they are put in the places of these men that are dispossessed, thereupon it will follow—1. That the number of preaching ministers will not be multiplied. 2. The Church cannot be so well furnished on a sudden; for though the new supply may be of learned men from the Universities, yet will they not be such ready preachers for a time, nor so experienced in pastoral government, nor so well acquainted with the manners of the people, nor so discreet in their carriage, as those who have already spent many years in their ministerial charge.

Dr. Rudd was answered by Bancroft and others, and was not allowed to reply to them. Bancroft at the Hampton Court Conference had knelt and petitioned the king for a praying ministry, saying that the service of the Church had been neglected since preaching had come into fashion. Besides, he had said, pulpit harangues are dangerous; and humbly moved that the number of homilies might be increased, and that the clergy might be obliged to read them instead of sermons, in which many vented their spleen against their superiors. It was not likely, therefore, that Bancroft paid much heed to the plea that there would be fewer efficient preachers if the Puritans were forced out of the Church. In December, 1604, Richard Bancroft succeeded John Whitgift as Archbishop of Canterbury, and continued to support the policy of the Crown until his death in 1610. His severe repression of the Puritans obliged many to separate from the Church; but his successor in 1610, Dr. George Abbot, greatly relaxed the enforcement of laws levelled against Puritan opinion, and spent all his zeal in battle against those who gave allegiance to the Pope.

It was in the first year of Dr. Abbot's primacy that the translation of the Bible authorised by James I., and since used in the English churches, was completed and published. It had been suggested by the Puritans in the Hampton Court Conference, and assented to on condition that it kept as near as possible to the Bishops' Bible, left the Biblical names and the division into chapters untouched, used the old ecclesiastical words—as "church," not "congregation"—and had no side-notes, except for the explaining of a Hebrew or Greek word. The work was begun in 1606, and carried out by forty-seven translators, parted into six companies, who divided the work among them. All being finished and revised, the authorised version of the Bible was published in 1611 in a massive volume, having been seen through the press by Dr. Miles Smith and Dr. Thomas Bilson, Bishop of Winchester. Bilson had been Winchester born, Winchester bred, and Master of Winchester School, before ending his life in 1616 as Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Miles Smith, Bilson's fellow-editor, was canon residentiary of his native town of Hereford. It was he who wrote the "Preface" to the new version, and in the following year, 1612, he was made Bishop of Gloucester. He died in the year 1624.

* A note often quoted against the Geneva version was that to verse 16 of the 15th chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, where upon Asa's deposing of his mother Maachah for idolatry, the marginal note says that he should not only have deposed her, but killed her.

Close following of the Bishops' version, which itself kept in view the preceding translations, produced in King James's Bible a fine blending of the work of all who had first laboured with intense devotion to bring home to every Englishman the Word of God. Its forty-seven translators were at work when Shakespeare was in the full noon of his genius, and wrote *King Lear*. There was intense life behind them, and about them; and in the midst of strife as to the best form of church, they produced a Bible from which God has spoken to the hearts of Englishmen of every creed, in a book unclouded by ephemeral dispute, through words that give their dignity to every speech with which they blend, while they sustain, firmly as human language may, the hearts which they have lifted to the love of God and man.

In 1610, the year before the publication of the authorised version of the Bible, Giles Fletcher published a religious poem called "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in Four Books celebrating Christ's Victory (I.) In Heaven, (II.) On Earth; and His Triumph (III.) Over Death, and (IV.) After Death. The brothers Phineas and Giles Fletcher, first cousins to John Fletcher the dramatist, were sons of Giles Fletcher, LL.D., author of a book on Russia, who married in 1580, at Cranbrook, in Kent. Phineas was the elder brother, but Giles was the first to publish; so that Giles Fletcher's "Christ's Victory" appeared in the reign of James I., and Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island" was not published until the reign of Charles I. Giles Fletcher was at Trinity College, Cambridge, when he wrote his poem. He passed to the degree of B.D. there, and was still at Cambridge in the year 1617. He became Rector of Alderton, a village on the coast of Suffolk, seven miles from Woodbridge, and there he died in 1623.

The measure of Giles Fletcher's poem is suggested by Spenser, and is not Spenserian. For five lines the stanza follows Spenser's model, and then it is finished with a new rhyme in triplet, ending with an Alexandrine. Giles Fletcher's measure is very inferior to Spenser's. His brother Phineas afterwards, in the "Purple Island," improved it by striking out the fifth line, but neither of the brothers can be said to have been happy in the invention of a stanza that should remind readers of Spenser and yet not be his.

The first part of Giles Fletcher's poem—"Christ's Victory in Heaven"—sings of the pleadings in heaven of Mercy and Justice for and against the cause of man. The pleading is like in conception to that in Robert Grosseteste's "Chasteau d'Amour,"¹ but poetically elaborated, with pleasant influences of Spenser showing themselves even through the taint of the Later Euphuism on a young writer's style. Giles Fletcher thus represents Justice closing her plea against man:—

"His strength? 'Tis dust:—His pleasure? Cause of pain:
His hope? False courtier:—Youth or beauty?
Brittle:
Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and vain:
Just recompence? The world were all too little:
Thy love? He hath no title to a tittle:
Hell's force? In vain her furies Hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child (if good) shall judge; (if bad) shall curse his father.

"His life? That brings him to his end, and leaves him:
His end? That leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods? What good in that which so deceives him:
His gods of wood? Their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, which must be help'd to go:
Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners:—Wit? That makes him see,
He wanted wit, who thought he had it, wanting Thee.

"What need I urge, what they must needs confess?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
I crave no more, and Thou canst give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust:
But if Thy Mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let Mercy there begin, where Justice ends.
'Tis cruel Mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

"She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning with zeal, now quickly marshall'd were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
When ev'ry one doth shake his dreadful spear;
And the Almighty's self, as He would tear
The earth and her firm basis quite asunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder;
Heav'n stole itself from earth, by clouds that gather'd under."

Upon the indictment of Justice followed in heaven the plea of Mercy, who looked down upon Repentance and Faith, both also personified. For man, pleaded Mercy,

"He was but dust, why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
Could He not take away, as well as give?
Should man deprave, and shall not God deprive?
Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
(That, puffed up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit.

"He was but dust: how could he stand before Him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first, restore him?
Depraved by sin, should he deprived lie
Of grace?—Can He not hide infirmity,
Who gave him strength? Unworthy the forsaking
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

"Who shall bring incense to Thy temple more?
Or on Thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor;
Or why should prayer deck with herbs and spice
Her vials, breathing orisons of price?

¹ See the note on page 54.

if all must pay, that which all cannot pay?
Oh! first begin with me, and Mercy flay,
And Thy thrice-honour'd Son, who now beneath doth stray.

"But if or He or I may live and speak,
And heav'n rejoice to see a sinner weep,
Oh! let not Justice' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with humility her feet's dust doth sweep.
Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
Ah! if but those, who only worthy be;
None should Thee ever see, none should Thee ever see!

"What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near akin?
Did his foe slay him?—He shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all?—He all again shall win:
Is sin his master?—He shall master sin:
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try;
The only way to conquer, was to fly:
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's self
shall die.

"Christ is a path,—if any be misled;
He is a robe,—if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger,—He is bread;
If any be a bondman,—He is free;
If any be but weak,—how strong is He?
To dead men, life He is; to sick men, health;
To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;
A pleasure without loss;—a treasure without stealth."

Mercy dwelt then upon the early life of Christ on earth.

"With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's outstretch'd arm; now milder grown
And melted into tears,—as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,—
Which should have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
Thereto th' angelic armies all had vow'd
Their former rage:—but all to Mercy bow'd,
And broken weapons at her feet, they gladly strow'd.

"Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flasks,
Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
That I may soon unload your fragrant baskets,
To strew the fields with odours, where He goes;
Let whatsoe'er He treads on be a rose!
So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine;
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers flow with wine."

So ends Giles Fletcher's first book with Mercy's Victory through Christ in Heaven. The song descends in the second book to Earth, and follows Christ through the Temptation in the Wilderness. Christ is described, and the beasts of the wilderness at peace about Him, then the approach of Satan, thus:—

"At length an aged sire far off He saw
Come slowly footing; ev'ry step he guess'd,
One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
Three legs he had, that made of wood, was best;
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedictions, and with prayers store;
But the bad ground was bless'd ne'er the more:
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

"A good old hermit he now seem'd to be,
Who for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with tears of brine,
And alms, and fasts, and churches' discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

"But when he nearer came, he bow'd low
With prone obeisance, and with court'sy kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What need he now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
What care they for the beasts, or for the weary way?

"Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems, mod'lated in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and rhyme,
And smooth his rugged speech with phrases prime.
'Ay me!' quoth he, 'how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the sun of heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of heav'n, they now behold I ween.

"Ah, might my humble cell so blessed be!
As Heaven to welcome in its lowly roof;
And be the temple for Thy Deity!
Lo! how my cottage worships Thee aloof;
That under ground hath hid its head in proof
It doth adore Thee, with the ceiling low.
Here's milk and honey; and here chestnuts grow;
The boughs a bed of leaves upon Thee shall bestow.

"But oh!" he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
'The heav'ns, alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields Thy presence from them keep;
For stones now grow, where corn was lately sown:
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
But Thou with corn canst make this stone to ear:
What need we then the angry heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy Thee here.'

"Thus on they wander'd; but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and not man do cover;
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds:
And round about that loathsome corpse did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night; and over
His ever-damn'd head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard;
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

"He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many damn'd souls loud wailing lie;
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry;
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die:
Where nothing can be heard, but the sad cry
Of oh! alas! and oh! alas! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die!

"Ere long they came near to a baleful bow'r,
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
 Which gaping stood all comers to devour;
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave.¹
 The ground no herbs but venomous did bear;
 The trees all leafless stood; and ev'ry where
 Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hangéd were."

This is the cave of Despair in which Satan would persuade Christ to make His home in the wilderness; and Giles Fletcher does not shrink from a description of it in the manner of Spenser, though it provokes comparison with one of the finest passages in the "Faerie Queene."

"Within the gloomy den of this pale wight,
 The serpent woo'd him with his charms, to inn;
 That he might bait by day, and rest by night;
 But under that same bait, a fearful gin²
 Was ready to entangle Him in sin:
 But He upon ambrosia daily fed,
 That grew in Eden, thus he answeréd;
 So both away were caught, and to the Temple fled.

"Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was;
 And the old serpent knew our Saviour well;
 Never did any this in falsehood pass;
 Never did any Him in truth excel:
 With Him we fly to heav'n; from heav'n we fell
 With this:—but now they both together met
 Upon the sacred pinnacle, that threat
 With its aspiring top Astrea's starry seat."

Over the temple among the stars Presumption spread her pavilion. She is described allegorically, and then, we are told,

"Gently our Saviour she began to task,
 Whether he were the Son of God, or no;
 For any other she disdain'd to ask;
 And if He were, she bid Him fearless throw
 Himself to ground, and therewithal did show
 A flight of little angels that await,
 Upon their glittering wings to catch Him straight,
 And longéd on their backs to feel His glorious weight.

"But when she saw her speech prevailéd nought,
 Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
 But Him the angels on their feathers caught,
 And to a lofty mountain swiftly bore;
 Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
 Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon,
 With all his swimming globes:—so both are gone,
 The dragon with the Lamb.—Ah, unmeet paragon!

"All suddenly the hill his snow devours;
 Instead of which a goodly garden grew,
 As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
 Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
 That all around perfuméd spirits flew:

For whatsoever might aggrate³ the sense
 In all the world, or please the appetite,
 Here it was poured out in lavish affluence."

This garden is painted, and its mistress, Vain Delights, in stanzas inspired by the second book of the "Faerie Queene," and recalling Spenser's description of Acrasia in the Bower of Bliss. Here Pangloretta is a Circe; here sit they who drink with laughing Bacchus; here are Avarice and Ambition. Pangloretta seeks to win the Saviour with a song, of which these are the last lines:—

"Every thing doth pass away,
 There is danger in delay.
 Come, come, gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus shore,
 Into my bosom casts his ore.
 All the valley's ripen'd corn,
 To my house is yearly borne.
 Every grape of every vine,
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
 Whilst ten thousand kings, as proud
 To carry up my train, have bow'd:
 And the stars in heav'n that shine,
 With ten thousand more are mine."

The Enchantress finding her spells vain, betakes herself to hell, and angels feed their Lord, who has achieved the Victory over the temptations of Earth.

The third part of Giles Fletcher's poem sings of the death of Christ, whereby Death itself was swallowed up in victory. Thus Joseph of Arimathea closes his lament at the burial of Christ:—

"Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent,
 On Him, that sorrow never more shall see:
 Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
 To Him that died to live, and would not be,
 To be there where he would.—Here bury we
 This heav'nly earth, here let it softly sleep,
 The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep.'
 So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to weep.

"So home their bodies went, to seek repose,
 But at the grave they left their souls behind;
 Oh, who the force of love celestial knows!
 That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
 Sending the body home, without the mind.
 Ah, blessed Virgin! what high angel's art
 Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
 When every nail that piercéd Him, did pierce thy heart?"

"So Philomel, perch'd on an aspen sprig,
 Weeps all the night her lost virginity;
 And sings her sad tale to the listening twig,
 That dances at such joyful misery:
 Nor ever lets sweet rest invade her eye,
 But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
 For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
 Expresses in her song, grief not to be express.

¹ Dark, doleful, &c. These two lines are quoted from Spenser's description of the cave of Despair. ("Faerie Queene," Bk. I., canto ix., st. 33.) Spenser's description beginning with that stanza has been quoted on pages 208, 209, 210.

² Gin, contrivance, snare. From "ingenium;" French "engin."

³ Aggrate, bring pleasure to.

"So when the lark, poor bird! afar espies
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythes
Which from the meadow the green grass doth shave;
That their warm nest is now become their grave:
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings."

These are the last lines of the third book; the fourth sings of the Triumph After Death, the Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glory enter in!
At whose high pæan 'mongst sidereal states,
The sun did blush, the stars all dim were seen,
When springing first from earth, He did begin
To soar on angels' wings.—Then open hang
Your crystal doors.—So all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the skies they nimbly sprang.

"Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands;
The pleasant valleys singing for delight;
And lofty mountains dance about the lands;
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
The trees laugh with their blossoms; and the sound
Of the triumphant shouts of praise, that crown'd
The Lamb of God, rising to heaven, hath passage found.

"Forth sprang the ancient patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interlac'd
Of olive leaves they bore, to crown His head,
That was before with thorns so injur'd:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, with foldings manifold:
Striking their ivory harps, all strung with chords of gold.

"To which the saints victorious carols sung;
Ten thousand strike at once, that with the sound,
The hollow vaults of heaven for triumph rung:
The cherubines their music did confound
With all the rest, and clapp'd their wings around:
Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
And at His feet their crowns and sceptres throw;
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

"Nor can the martyrs' wounds stay them behind,
But out they rush amongst the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their heaven, out of their heaven to find;
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud;
And all the virgin souls in white array,
Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
So Him they thus conduct unto the courts of day.

"Now Him they brought unto the realms of bliss,
Where never war, nor wounds, await Him more;
For in that place abides eternal peace:
Where many souls arriv'd long before,
Whose lives were full of troubles great and sore,
But now, estrang'd from all misery,
As far as heav'n and hell asunder lie;
And ev'ry joy is crown'd with immortality.

"Gaze but upon the house, where man doth live,
With flow'rs and verdure to adorn his way:
Where all the creatures due obedience give;
The winds to sweep his chambers every day,
And clouds that wash his rooms; the ceiling gay
With glitt'ring stars, that night's dark empire brave:
If such an house God to another gave,
How shine those splendid courts He for Himself will have."

From struggling to sing of the glory and the love in heaven, Giles Fletcher descends tenderly to close his poem with a thought of human love. His elder brother Phineas has written already some pastorals, and Giles looks up to him and yields to him the praise, as one who could find fitter music for so high a theme.

"But let the Kentish lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from heav'n to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and
crown'd
Eclecta's hymen with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial paramours;

"Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
Of fair Eclecta and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head,
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs assay.

"Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly sight!
So heav'nly sight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
Could any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light;
Light is the palace where she dwells.—O then, how
bright!"

So ends in Heaven the true-hearted work of the young poet. Giles Fletcher's age when he wrote this could hardly have been more than twenty-five.

Joshua Sylvester, who in the latter days of Elizabeth obtained the first place among translators of the French Protestant poems of Du Bartas, on the Creation of the World, and other sacred themes, continued to translate and write in the reign of James I. These are some of his versified thoughts gathered under the head of "Spectacles"—"to discern the World's Vanity, Levity, and Brevity:"—

Avis et Navis.

As in the air th' high soaring Eagle scuds:
As on the water slides the winged Ship:
So flies, so flits, the wealth of worldly goods;
So swift away doth wanton pleasure slip.

And as we cannot, in the air or water,
 See the Ship's furrow nor the Eagle's footing:
 When Wealth is past, and Pleasure posted after,
 To track their trace, nor is nor can be booting.

Dulce Venenum, vel sibi lædens.

Why wail'st thou, fondling? and why weep you, fair?
 Sighing your souls into the senseless air?
 Blame but yourselves: Desire is your disease:
 Your pain proceeds from what yourselves doth please.
 Your chief content is in our torment's top:
 Your most delight is in your most diseasing;
 You drink you drunk in the sweet-bitter cup
 Which sours your joys, and makes annoys so pleasing.

Aqua, Sagittæ, Venti.

Swiftly Water sweepeth by:
 Swifter wingéd Arrows fly:
 Swiftest yet, the Wind that passes
 When the nether clouds it chases.
 But the joys of earthly minds,
 Worldly Pleasures, vain Delights,
 Far outswift for sudden flights
 Waters, Arrows, and the Winds.

Hortus.

The World's a garden; Pleasures are the flowers;
 Of fairest hues, in form and number many;
 The lily first, pure whitest flower of any,
 Rose sweetest rare, with pinkéd gilliflowers,
 The violet and double marigold,
 And pansy too: but, after all mischances,
 Death's winter comes, and kills with sudden cold
 Rose, lily, violet, marigold, pink, pansies.

Glacies.

He that makes the World his nest,
 Settling here his only rest;
 Never craving other scope,
 Never having higher hope:
 What thinks, think you, such a one?
 This: to sit secure upon
 A ball of ice, a slippery bowl,
 Which on the seas doth ever roll.

Bellum cum Vitiis.

One day I saw the World in furious fight
 With lovely Virtue, his most loathed foe:
 It daréd her; she bravely did defy't;
 It entered lists; she first had entered though.
 It traverses, it toils, it hews, it hacks;
 But all in vain, his blows come never nigh her:
 For the World's weapons are but lythie¹ wax,
 And Virtue's shield is of celestial fire.

Quasi non Utens.

Oh, happy he, can be so highly wise
 As not to know the vain and vicious pleasures
 The vicious take when they will take their leisures,
 Which so besot their souls and blind their eyes!
 Oh, happy he, that can disdain, and deem
 Those pleasures poisons, and that honey gall!
 But who can so? He that, contemning all,
 Lives in the World, and not the World in him.

Sordescit et Sordescit.

Stay, Worldling, stay: whither away so fast?
 Hark, hark a while to Virtue's counsels current!
 No, no, alas! After the World in haste
 He hies, flies, follows; as a rapid torrent
 Too proudly swelling with some fresh supply
 Of liquid silver from the welkin gushing,
 My warning, as a rock, he rolleth by,
 With roaring murmur, sudden over-rushing.

'Tis but vanity and folly
 On the world to settle wholly.
 All the joys of all this life
 Are but toys, annoys, and strife.
 O God, only wise and stable,
 To establish me in Thee,
 Give me, Thou that art all-able,
 Wisdom with true constancy.

Nicholas Breton,² who began to sing in the reign of Elizabeth, wrote verse and prose throughout the reign of James. A poem of his produced in 1614, called "I Would and Would not," of which the only known copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is in a strain of which these stanzas show the character:

I WOULD AND I WOULD NOT.

I would I were a man of greatest power
 That sways a sceptre on this world's great mass,
 That I might sit on top of Pleasure's tower,
 And make my will my way, where'er I pass,
 That Law might have her being from my breath,
 My smile might be a life, my frown a death.

And yet I would not: for then, do I fear,
 Envy or malice would betray my trust:
 And some vile spirit, though against the hair,³
 Would seek to lay mine honour in the dust.
 Treason or murder would beset me so,
 I should not know who were my friend or foe.

No, I do rather wish the low estate,
 And be an honest man of mean degree;
 Be loved for good, and give no cause of hate,
 And climb no higher than a hawthorn tree;
 Pay every man his own, give reason right,
 And work all day, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courts are worlds of costly cares
 That cumber reason in his course of rest;
 Let me but learn how thrift both spends and spares,
 And make enough as good as any feast;
 And fast, and pray my days may have good end,
 And welcome all that pleaseth God to send.

² Nicholas Breton. See "Shorter English Poems," page 244. Mr. Grosart in his "Chertsey Library" is first to collect and edit Breton's works.

³ Against the hair, against the natural disposition of things, as in a fur stroked the wrong way. So in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act II., sc. 3) Shallow says to Dr. Caius of his proposed duel with Sir Hugh Evans, "If you should fight you go against the hair of your professions." The phrase was common, and in Elisha Coles's Latin Dictionary (1677) was rendered "*Invitâ Minervâ; aversante naturâ.*"

¹ Lythie, soft. First-English "lithe," tender, mild, soft.

The Would and Would Not are in this way carried on through all changes of life. I would and would not be the fairest of creatures, be mad, be fiddler, thief, juggler, miller, tailor, park-keeper, collier, gardener, perfect painter, merchant, physician, herbalist, astronomer, civil lawyer, scrivener, trader, broker, and so forth.

No, I would not be any one of these,
Nor any of this wretched world's delight :
I would not so my spirit's comfort leese
To have mine eyes bewitcht from heavenly light.
No, I would have another world than this,
Where I would seek for my Eternal Bliss,

And till I come unto that glorious place
Where all contents do overcome the heart,
And love doth live in everlasting grace,
While greatest joy doth feel no smallest smart,
But God is all in all to his beloved
The sweet of souls, that sweetest souls have proved.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God,
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the Heavens above.

The poem then closes with a picture of religious life in the form of a prayer, in which Breton "would read the rules of sacred life" to all estates of men.

Among the little prose books of Nicholas Breton was one published in 1615, and dedicated to Francis Bacon, entitled "Characters upon Essays, Moral and Divine." The writing of characters in an ingenious and pithy form was a fashion of the day. Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man out of His Humour" abounded with such plays of wit, and Sir Thomas Overbury was in high repute as a character writer. Breton's characters in this collection were not of men, but of these qualities or states,—Wisdom, Learning, Knowledge, Practise, Patience, Love, Peace, War, Valour, Resolution, Honour, Truth, Time, Death, Faith and Fear. This was his character of

PEACE.

Peace is a calm in conceit, where the senses take pleasure in the rest of the spirit. It is Nature's holiday after the Reason's labour, and Wisdom's music in the concords of the mind. It is a blessing of Grace, a bounty of Mercy, a proof of Love, and a preserver of Life. It holds no arguments, knows no quarrels, is an enemy to sedition and a continuer of amity. It is the root of plenty, the tree of pleasure, the fruit of love, and the sweetness of life. It is like the still night, where all things are at rest; and the quiet sleep where dreams are not troublesome; or the resolved point, in the perfection of knowledge, where no cares nor doubts make controversies in opinion. It needs no watch, where is no fear of enemy; nor solicitor of causes, where agreements are concluded. It is the intent of law, and the fruit of justice; the end of war, and the beginning of wealth. It is a grace in a court, and a glory in a kingdom; a blessing in a family, and a happiness in a commonwealth. It fills the rich man's coffers, and feeds the poor man's labour. It is the wise man's

study and the good man's joy. Who love it, are gracious; who make it, are blessed; who keep it are happy; and who break it, miserable. It hath no dwelling with idolatry, nor friendship with falsehood; for her life is in Truth, and in her all is Amen. But lest, in the justice of Peace, I may rather be reproved for my ignorance of her work than thought worthy to speak in her praise, with this only conclusion I will draw to an end and hold my peace: It was a message of joy at the birth of Christ; a song of joy at the embracement of Christ; an assurance of joy at the death of Christ; and shall be the fulness of joy at the coming of Christ.

John Hayward, who incurred suspicion in Elizabeth's reign by dedicating (in 1599) his history of the deposition of Richard and first year of the reign of Henry IV. to the Earl of Essex, was knighted by King James in 1619, the year after the publication of his devotional book called the "Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soule." The author says in his dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury that "as we shall be much accountable for all our time, but for our best time most of all," he has endeavoured for many years "to employ some hours of those days that are specially appointed for the service of God to the best exercises of Religion that I could. Out of these exercises this work hath been raised by degrees." In an Advertisement to the Reader concerning the use of his devotions, the author says we are more feelingly affected with that which is unpleasant than with that which is delightful. Fear, he says, is a most powerful passion, wherefore God hath more used threats than promises. St. Paul exhorteth us to make an end of our salvation with fear and trembling. David terms fear the beginning of wisdom, and Job calleth it wisdom itself. When we think of the last times we have no will to offend; wherefore he who feareth the Lord shall not fear any evil, and He will fulfil the desires of them that fear Him. We care much to heal diseases of the body, and neglect those of the soul, whose medicine is in meditation upon the last things. The physician who brings to the sick such medicine should not so deliver it as to provoke loathing, but, like the physician, gild his bitter pills.

"When Diogenes did trample with his filthy feet upon the furniture of Plato's chamber, affirming that he did tread down Plato's pride: Yea, answered Plato, but with a greater pride. So these, in the affectation of their barren baseness, will beat down with unsavoury scorn that which they esteem affectation, either for aptness of words or order of matter, in other men's pains. But with three things men do especially persuade—with truth of matter, with example of life, and with fit sobriety of speech: for Truth findeth more easy entrance when it cometh both armed with her own force, and adorned with the furniture both of life and speech. And as one who walketh in the sun for pleasure may be tainted with the heat thereof before he retire, so they who are drawn by delight into these cogitations, may thereby take the touch of a more deep impression."

The physician who brings such medicine should appeal also to the reason with regard to the profit that comes of its use. For such profit, Sir John Hayward says, men's reason has induced them to

take the dung of men, horses, wolves, dogs, asses, boars, sows, hares, mice, swallows, hens, doves, geese, against various diseases, and Galen entitled one chapter of his book of Simples *κόπρος*, which signifies Dung. When such things—and more as repulsive that are here recited—men will swallow if told that it will profit their bodies, “insomuch as the using of these helps to lengthen our life is many times a means to hasten our death; shall we be so nice, or rather negligent, that our courage cannot climb over a few difficulties in meditating upon those things which will be an occasion, so surely, so safely, both to purge and preserve our souls from sin.”

And if no reasons can stir up our reason to leave all and follow Christ, and dwell on the last things, “then the last remedy only remains: by often exercise to acquaint our nature with them; and, as one who maketh a fire of green wood, not to be tired with blowing until our devotion be set on flame.” At first these exercises of devotion are neither pleasant nor easy; “yet by our persistence and the assistance of God, who is more strong and liberal than we can either ask or understand, they will in short time seem unto us very easy and pleasant, and in the mean season not only maintain, but increase our strength for continuance in that happy course.” This is the author’s argument as to the use of his book of devotions. A second part of the Advertisement to the Reader is “concerning the pleasure of a virtuous life.”

The essence of the whole work is meditation and prayer. It is in Two Parts, of which the first by a series of Meditations, each closed with a Prayer, contemplates the Hour of Death, the Day of Judgment, Pains of Hell and Joys of Heaven; the second, in like manner, after representing God’s wrath against sin, dwells, in the form of prayerful meditation, upon Christ as the sacrifice for sin, his agony in the Garden; how He was sold, betrayed, and apprehended; how He was carried before Annas, before Caiaphas, before Pilate, before Herod, and lastly before Pilate again; how He was scourged; how He was crowned with thorns, clothed in purple, openly scorned, and presented to the Jews; how He was condemned, and forthwith led to the place of execution; how He was crucified; how He was mocked and reviled, and how He prayed for His enemies; how He pardoned the Thief, how He tasted the vinegar, and how He cried to His Father; how He died, and how they opened His side with a spear; and then again of the grievousness of sin, and what means God useth to withdraw us from sin. The completed book, a growth of years, then closes with two prayers, of which the last thus opens:—

“O my God! most mighty, and yet most mild, whose Justice shineth to us through Thy love, whose Majesty is seated in the Throne of Mercy: O invisible and indivisible God, Who canst not be expressed, Who canst not be understood.

“Whatsoever Thou art, I invoke and adore Thee; for I know Thou art a most High and Holy Thing: if it be lawful to call Thee a Thing, Who art the Cause of all things; if it be lawful also to call Thee a Cause, upon Whom all causes depend. I know not by what name I should express Thee;

and therefore I come stammering to Thee like a little child. For Thou art above all things; Thou art all things that are in Thee. Thou art Thy Holiness, Thy Happiness, Thy Wisdom, Thy Power, and whatsoever else is said to be in Thee. Seeing therefore that Thou art merciful, it followeth also that Thou art Mercy; and I am so exceedingly miserable, I am nothing but mere misery. Behold therefore, O Thou who art Mercy! Behold, misery is before Thee. What now shouldst Thou do? Verily Thy proper work; even to take away my misery, and to relieve my distressed state.

“Have mercy upon me, O my Mercy! O God, which art Mercy, have mercy upon me! declare Thy nature, shew Thy power; take away my misery, take away my sins, for this is my extreme misery. One depth calleth another: the depth of misery calleth unto the depth of mercy; the depth of sin crieth unto the depth of pardon and grace. Thy mercies are incomparably deeper than are my miseries. Let one depth therefore swallow up another. Let the infinite depth of Thy mercy and grace swallow up the great depth of my sin and misery.

“And that I may not, by returning to my former courses of life, plunge myself again in Thy displeasure; touch my soul, I beseech Thee, with continual remembrance and remorse of my sins: that I may spend all the time of my life which is to come in lamenting the time thereof that is gone. For our sins do never condemn us, if we be not either contented in remembering, or content to forget them.”

Sir John Hayward wrote also a tract “Of Supremacie in Affaires of Religion,” which was published in 1624, and dedicated to Prince Charles within a year of his succession to the throne. It maintains the right of the sovereign to supreme power in ecclesiastical affairs to be of the nature of all sovereign power, perpetual and absolute; argues that it is dangerous to place ecclesiastical supremacy elsewhere, by reference to Jews, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and ancient Rome, before and under the heathen and Christian Emperors. Emperors called and confirmed the eight general councils of the Church. From strife between the Bishops of Rome and Constantinople, Sir John Hayward traces development of the absolute power of the Bishops of Rome over ecclesiastical affairs, which brought the Western Empire into a state of vassalage to the See of Rome. The Bishops of Rome then claimed sovereignty over divers principal kingdoms in Europe, and generally over all states in the world; whence came divers distresses.

This brings us back to the theme dearest to King James I.—royal supremacy. John Selden was born in 1584 in the hamlet of Salvington, about two miles from Worthing. A house called Lacies at the entrance to the village is pointed out as his birth-place. He was the only surviving son of a musician, and was first educated at the Chichester Free School, where he made rapid advance in his studies.¹ He went on to Oxford, and, after three or four years at

¹ Selden is said to have cut these lines of welcome to the honest visitor and warning to the thief on a beam of the house-door at Lacies when he was ten years old:—

“Gratus, honeste, mihi, non claudar, inito, sedebis;
Fur abeas, non sum facta soluta tibi.”

Hart Hall, went to London and made law his profession. He had a keen appetite for the study of history and antiquities, not as dead things of the past, but as foundations of right knowledge of the present, and in that sense was the very type of a true antiquary. In 1607, at the age of twenty-three, he finished, in two books, a summary of public occurrences and events affecting the development of civil government in this country before the Conquest. It was dedicated to Sir Robert Cotton, and printed nine years afterwards. In 1610 Selden published a sketch of the development of English law from the earliest times to the reign of Henry II., and also a study of the history of the custom of Duelling, then one of the familiar institutions of society. In 1613 Selden applied his learning to the provision of notes for his friend Michael Drayton's poem on his native land, the "Polyolbion." In 1614 his knowledge of the past interpreted the present in a book upon Titles of Honour. In 1616, year of Shakespeare's death, John Selden edited Sir John Fortescue's Latin tract in praise of the laws of England, which showed how the constitutional life of the country was felt even in a disastrous time of civil war. In 1617, an interesting Latin book on the Gods of the Syrians illustrated the idolatries described in the Old Testament. In 1618 he applied his learning to a question of the Church in his own day, the divine right of tithes. King James looked on denial of this as akin to the denial of his own supremacy. Selden's "Historie of Tithes" proposed to give an impartial statement of the evidence as to the divine or human institution of the tithes paid for support of the Church. His book was

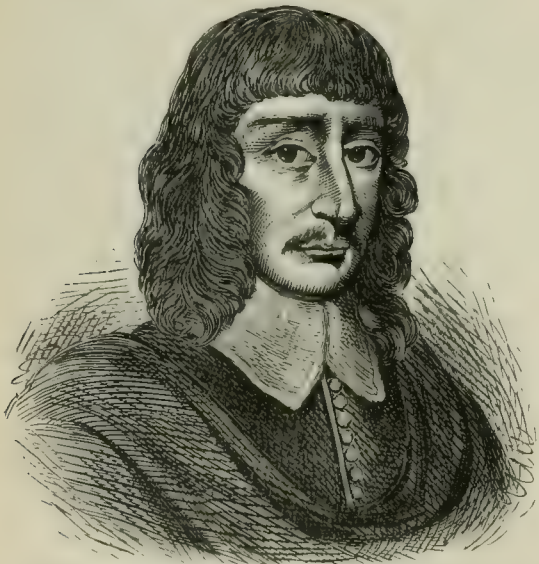
PAST AND PRESENT.

To have borrowed your help, or used that your inestimable library (which lives in you), assures a curious diligence in search after the inmost, least known, and most useful parts of historical truth, both of past and present ages. For such is that truth which your humanity liberally dispenses; and such is that which by conference is learned from you: such indeed, as if it were, by your example, more sought after, so much headlong error, so many ridiculous impostures, would not be thrust on the too credulous, by those which stumble on the road, but never with any care look on each side or behind them; that is, those which keep their understandings always in a weak minority that ever wants the authority and admonition of a tutor. For, as on the one side, it cannot be doubted but that the too studious affectation of bare and sterile antiquity, which is nothing else but to be exceeding busy about nothing, may soon descend to a dotage; so, on the other, the neglect or only vulgar regard of the fruitful and precious part of it, which gives necessary light to the present in matter of state, law, history, and the understanding of good authors, is but preferring that kind of ignorant infancy, which our short life alone allows us, before the many ages of former experience and observation, which may so accumulate years to us as if we had lived even from the beginning of time.

The sort of fable that vanishes before strict search into the sources of our knowledge may be illustrated by a legend told in the tenth chapter of Selden's "Historie of Tithes:"—

HOW SAINT AUGUSTINE SHOWED THAT A LORD OF THE MANOR MUST PAY TITHES.

For the practice of payment among Christians, both Britons and Saxons; might wee beleue the common tale of that *Augustine*, the first Archbishop of *Canterburie* Prouince, his comming to *Cometon* in *Oxfordshire*, and doing a most strange miracle there, touching the establishing of the Doctrine of due payment of Tithes, wee should haue as certain and expresse autorities for the ancient practice of such payment, as any other Church in Christendome can produce. But as the tale is, you shall haue it, and then censure it.¹ About the year (they say) DC., *Augustine* comming to preach at *Cometon*, the Priest of the place makes complaint to him, that the Lord of the Mannor hauing been often admonished by him, would yet pay him no Tithes. *Augustine* questioning the Lord about that default in deuotion: hee stoutly answered, That the tenth Sheaf doubtlesse was his that had interest in the nine, and therefore would pay none. Presently *Augustine* denounces him excommunicate, and turning to the Altar to say Masse, publicly forbad, that any excommunicat person should be present at it, when suddenly, a dead Corps,² that had been buried at the Church doore, arose (pardon me for relating it) and departed out of the limits of the Church-yard, standing still without, while the Masse continued. Which ended, *Augustine* comes to this liuing-dead, and charges him in the name of the Lord God to declare who hee was. Hee tells him, that in the time of the *British* State he



JOHN SELDEN. (From the Portrait prefixed to his "Tracts," 1683.)

dedicated to his friend Sir Robert Cotton, from whose precious collection of rare books and MSS. he had drawn part of his knowledge. The practical purpose for which true students acquire the knowledge to be drawn from such old sources is expressed in this dedication with the pithy wisdom that abounds in Selden's writings:—

¹ Censure, form an opinion upon. The sense of the word has been degraded by the notion common among ill-trained men that in expressing opinions they exalt themselves by finding fault. This passage is quoted without change of spelling, stops, italics, &c., as an example of the English of 1618. Paper and print in the reign of James I. were excellent.

² Dead corpse. Corpse only means body, and use of the word was not yet limited to the dead body.

was *huius ville Patronus*,¹ and although he had been often urged by the Doctrine of the Priest to pay his Tithes, yet he neuer could be brought to it; for which he died, he says, excommunicat, and was carried to Hell. *Augustine* desired to know where the Priest that excommunicated him, was buried. This dead shewed him the place; where hee makes an inuocation of the dead Priest, and bids him arise also, because they wanted his help. The Priest rises. *Augustine* asks him, if he knew that other that was risen. He tells him, yes; but wishes he had neuer known him, for (saith hee) he was in all things euer aduerse to the Church, a detainer of his Tithes, and a great sinner to his death, and therefore I excommunicated him. But *Augustine* publicly declares, that it was fit mercie should be vsed towards him, and that he had suffered long in Hell for his offence (you must suppose, I thinke, the Autor meant Purgatorie): wherefore hee giues him absolution, and sends him to his graue, where hee fell againe into dust and ashes. Hee gone, the Priest new risen, tells, that his Corps had lien there aboue CLXX. yeers; and *Augustine* would gladly haue had him continue vpon earth againe, for instruction of Soules, but could not thereto entreat him. So he also returns to his former lodging. The Lord of the Town standing by all this while, and trembling, was now demanded if hee would pay his Tithes; but he presently fell down at *Augustines* feet, weeping and confessing his offence; and receiuing pardon, became all his life time a follower of *Augustines*. Had this Legend truth in it, who could doubt, but that payment of Tithes was in practice in the Infancie of the *British Church*? The Priest that rose here from the dead, liud (if he euer liud) about CCCXXX. after Christ, and would not surely haue so taxed the Lord of this Mannor only, if the payment had not been vsually among other good Christians here, not taught only, but performed also. Neither need I admonish much of the autoritie of it; the whole course of it directs you how to smell out the originall. Beside the common Legend of our Saints, it is in some Volumes put alone, for a most obseruable Moniment, and I found it bound vp at the end of the MS. life of *Thomas Becket*, Archbishop of *Canterburie*, written by *Iohn de Grandison*, and it remains in the publique Librarie of *Oxford*. There also you haue it related in *Ioannes Anglicus* his *Historia Aurea*, and, in the Margine, are noted to it these words: *Hoc miraculum videbitur illis incredibile qui credunt aliquid Deo esse impossibile, sed nulli dubium est quod nunquam Anglorum duræ ceruices Christi iugo se submisissent nisi per magna miracula sibi diuinitus ostensa*.² But let the truth be as it will, I doe not beleue, that the fable can be found, nor any steps³ of it, aboue CCCC. year old at most.

The plan of Selden's "History of Tithes" is thus sketched in its introduction:—

"As touching the argument of it—the whole being fourteen chapters—the first seven are thus filled. The first hath what is, in best authority of the ancients, belonging to those tithes paid before the Levitical law. The second, the several kinds paid by the Jews under the law, and this from Hebrew lawyers. The third shows the practice of the Romans, Grecians, and some other Gentiles in paying or vowing them. Then the whole time of Christianity being quadripartitely

divided (with allowance of about twenty years more or less to every part), takes up the next four chapters, in which the practice of payment of tithes, arbitrary consecrations, appropriations, infeodations, and exemptions of them, establishment of parochial right in them, as also the laws, both secular and ecclesiastic, with the opinions of divines and canonists touching them, are, in their several times, manifested; but so only, that whatsoever is proper to this kingdom of England, either in laws or practice, either of payment or of arbitrary consecrations, appropriations, or infeodations, or establishment of parochial right, together with a corollary of the ancient jurisdiction whereto they have been here subject, is reserved all by itself to the next seven chapters. But every of the fourteen have their arguments prefixed, which may discharge me of further declaration in this place. By this time, I trust, you conceive what the name of History in the title pretends; and the Tithes spoken of purposely in it (for perhaps it is needful to admonish that also) are only such as either have been paid, vowed, or dedicated to holy uses, or else give light to the consideration of the performance or omission of such payment."

King James was displeased with a book that, while it professed to put all due evidence into each scale, had not weight enough on the scale he wished to see heaviest. He caused Selden to be brought to him that he might reason with him; and his reasoning was heard with the outward deference due from a subject to a king. But also the king caused Selden to be interrogated by the High Court of Commission, which had despotic power of inflicting severe penalties on those who fell under Church censure. Selden escaped by signing a declaration in which he did not retract anything in his book, but humbly acknowledged his error in publishing it, "especially in that I have at all, by showing any interpretation of Holy Scripture, by meddling with Councils, Fathers, or Canons, or by what else soever occurs in it, offered any occasion of argument against any right of maintenance, *jure divino*, of the ministers of the Gospel: beseeching your lordships to receive this ingenuous and humble acknowledgment, together with the unfeigned protestation of my grief, for that through it I have so incurred both his Majesty's and your lordships' displeasure, conceived against me in behalf of the Church of England." Of this he said afterwards, "I did most willingly acknowledge that I was most sorry for the publishing of that History, because it had offended, and I profess still to all the world that I am sorry for it; and so should I have been if I had published a most orthodox catechism that offended; but what is that to the doctrinal consequences of it?" The king ordered Richard Montague, then Dean of Hereford, to answer Selden, and forbade John Selden to reply again, saying, "If you or any of your friends shall write against this confutation, I will throw you into prison." Montague's "Diatribes upon the First Part of the History of Tithes" appeared in 1621, and pleased the king so well that his Majesty suggested other literary work to him. Richard Montague became a bishop, but not until 1628. Other men answered Selden's history, and in a letter to Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was then serving as ambassador in France, Selden complained that, while

¹ Lord of this town.

² "This miracle will seem incredible to those who believe there is anything impossible to God, but nobody doubts that the stiff necks of the English would never have submitted to the yoke of Christ unless by divine Providence great miracles had been shown them."

³ Steps, traces.

he was forbidden to defend himself, all who pleased were free to attack him as viciously as they pleased. In 1621, also, the king came into conflict with the Parliament called in that year to provide for his necessities. It offered him advice which he resented as presumptuous meddling with affairs of state, and the House of Commons was bidden to avoid touching the king's prerogatives; what privileges it claimed it held from the crown as "rather a toleration than inheritance," and if members forgot their duty, privileges would be disallowed.

On the 18th of December the house entered a protest on its journals declaring "that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdiction of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritances of the subjects of England." The king held a privy council, sent for the Commons' journal, and with his own hand erased that entry. John Selden, for his knowledge of past history, had been sent for by the house and asked what were its privileges. He had replied as a sound English constitutional lawyer, in whom the love of a just liberty was strong, and the terms of the protest of the house were framed in accordance with his counsel. The king dissolved the Parliament and imprisoned some of its members. Selden also was, for his part in the contest, placed in custody of the sheriff. After five weeks of durance, he was questioned before the Privy Council and discharged. He owed some relief from difficulties at court to the good offices of Bishop Launcelot Andrewes, who was, Selden tells us, the only bishop who approved of the "History of Tithes." Towards the close of his reign, James needing, in February, 1624, again to summon a Parliament, Selden entered it as member for Lancaster.



JAMES USHER. (From the Portrait before his "Bodie of Divinity," 1653.)

Another man who passed with a high reputation for learning into the reign of Charles I., and who also contributed his thought to the controversies which then gathered intensity, was James Usher, whom

James I. made Bishop of Meath, and nominated at the close of his reign Archbishop of Armagh. Usher, born in January, 1581, was about four years older than Selden. He was the son of Arnold Usher, one of the six clerks of the Irish Court of Chancery, and had, like Selden, an inborn aptitude for antiquarian research, to be applied to living uses. He is said to have had his tendency of work stimulated early by dwelling on a sentence of Cicero, which says that "To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be always a child."¹ As a boy he made chronological tables. He was one of the first students who entered Trinity College, Dublin, which owed its foundation partly to the energies of members of his family. He was still studying when his father died, and then he divested himself of the estate that fell to him as eldest son, providing at once for the other children, and keeping only as much as would maintain him in a quiet college life, and enable him to buy books necessary for his studies. He proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1600, and was ordained at the age of twenty-one. Some English troops having subscribed £1,800 for the library of the new College, Usher was sent to London in 1603 on a book-buying expedition. He obtained a piece of Church preferment in Ireland, the Chancellorship of St. Patrick's, Dublin, before he came to England again, in 1606, in search of books for his University. In London he became known to Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Bodley. In 1607 he took the degree of B.D., and soon afterwards, at the age of twenty-seven, was made Professor of Divinity at Trinity College. In 1609 he was again in England, and added Selden to the enlarging number of his friends. At the age of thirty-two he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1613, Dr. Usher was in London, and published his first book. It was virtually a continuation of Jewel's "Apology for the Church of England," written in Latin, and dedicated to the king. In the same year he married an heiress, the daughter of his friend Dr. Chaloner, who had charged her on his death-bed to marry no one but Dr. Usher, if he offered himself. They lived happily together for forty years. In 1615, Dr. Usher was the member of the Irish Church most active in drawing up a set of 104 Articles of Religion for that Church, which proposed to itself an independent constitution. Usher's theological opinions agreed with those of Calvin, and the tone of his articles caused it to be suggested to the king that Dr. Usher was a Puritan. When he went next to England, in 1619, he took with him testimony to his orthodoxy upon all points touching the royal supremacy over the Church, and made that, furthermore, so clear, in an interview with his Majesty, that James named him for the next vacant bishopric, that of Meath, and distinguished him as *his* bishop. Usher was zealous against the Roman Catholics, and, as a bishop of the Reformed Church in Ireland, had inevitable dealings with them. A sermon of his, in October, 1622, on the

¹ "Nescire autem quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum." (Ciceronis ad M. Brutum Orator.)

Lord Deputy's receiving the sword of office, had for its text, "He beareth not the sword in vain," and was thought to be too offensive in its tone. In the following month, he was admonishing of their duty Roman Catholics of rank, who were summoned to the Castle Chamber in Dublin for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy. This was

DR. USHER'S SPEECH, DELIVERED IN THE CASTLE CHAMBER, CONCERNING THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.

What the danger of the law is for refusing this oath, has been sufficiently opened by my lords the judges; and the quality and quantity of that offence has been aggravated to the full by those that have spoken after them. The part which is most proper for me to deal in is the information of the conscience, touching the truth and equity of the matters contained in the oath; which I also have made choice the rather to insist upon, because both the form of the oath itself requireth herein a full resolution of the conscience (as appeareth by those words in the very beginning thereof, "I do utterly testify and declare in my conscience," &c.), and the persons that stand here to be censured for refusing the same have alleged nothing in their own defence, but only the simple plea of ignorance.

That this point, therefore, may be cleared, and all needless scruples removed out of men's minds, two main branches there be of this oath which require special consideration. The one positive, acknowledging the supremacy of the government of these realms, in all causes whatsoever, to rest in the King's Highness only. The other negative, renouncing all jurisdictions and authorities of any foreign prince or prelate within his Majesty's dominions.

For the better understanding of the former, we are, in the first place, to call unto our remembrance that exhortation of St. Peter: "Submit yourselves unto every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be unto the king, as having the pre-eminence; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well." By this we are taught to respect the king, not as the only governor of his dominions simply (for we see there be other governors placed under him), but *ὡς ὑπερέχοντα*, as him that excelleth and hath the pre-eminence over the rest; that is to say (according to the tenure of the oath), as him that is the only supreme governor of his realms. Upon which ground we may safely build this conclusion, that whatsoever power is incident unto the king by virtue of his place, must be acknowledged to be in him supreme; there being nothing so contrary to the nature of sovereignty as to have another superior power to overrule it.

*Qui Rex est, Regem (Maxime) non habet.*¹

In the second place, we are to consider that God, for the better settling of piety and honesty among men, and the repression of profaneness and other vices, hath established two distinct powers upon earth: the one of the keys, committed to the Church; the other of the sword, committed to the civil magistrate. That of the keys is ordained to work upon the inner man, having immediate relation to the remitting or retaining of sins. That of the sword is appointed to work upon the outward man, yielding protection

to the obedient, and inflicting external punishment upon the rebellious and disobedient. By the former, the spiritual officers of the Church of Christ are enabled to govern well, to speak, and exhort, and rebuke, with all authority, to loose such as are penitent, to commit others unto the Lord's prison until their amendment, or to bind them over unto the judgment of the great day, if they shall persist in their wilfulness and obstinacy. By the other, princes have an imperious power assigned by God unto them, for the defence of such as do well, and executing revenge and wrath upon such as do evil; whether by death, or banishment, or confiscation of goods, or imprisonment, according to the quality of the offence.

When St. Peter, that had the keys committed unto him, made bold to draw the sword, he was commanded to put it up, as a weapon that he had no authority to meddle withal. And on the other side, when Uzziah the king would venture upon the execution of the priest's office, it was said unto him, "It pertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but unto the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated to burn incense." Let this, therefore, be our second conclusion—that the power of the sword and of the keys are two distinct ordinances of God; and that the prince hath no more authority to enter upon the execution of any part of the priest's function, than the priest hath to intrude upon any part of the office of the prince.

In the third place, we are to observe that the power of the civil sword (the supreme managing whereof belongeth to the king alone) is not to be restrained unto temporal causes only, but is by God's ordinance to be extended likewise unto all spiritual or ecclesiastical things and causes; that as the spiritual rulers of the Church do exercise their kind of government, in bringing men unto obedience, not of the duties of the first table alone (which concerneth piety and the religious service which man is bound to perform unto his Creator), but also of the second (which respecteth moral honesty, and the offices that man doth owe unto man): so the civil magistrate is to use his authority also in redressing the abuses committed against the first table, as well as against the second; that is to say, as well in punishing of an heretic, or an idolater, or a blasphemer, as of a thief, or a murderer, or a traitor; and in providing, by all good means, that such as live under his government may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all piety and honesty.

And howsoever by this means we make both prince and priest to be in their several places *Custodes utriusque tabulæ*, keepers of both God's tables, yet do we not hereby any way confound both of their offices together. For though the matter wherein their government is exercised may be the same, yet is the form and manner of governing therein always different: the one reaching to the outward man only, the other to the inward; the one binding or loosing the soul, the other laying hold on the body and the things belonging thereto; the one having special reference to the judgment or the world to come, the other respecting the present retaining or losing of some of the comforts of this life.

That there is such a civil government as this in causes spiritual or ecclesiastical, no man of judgment can deny. For must not heresy, for example, be acknowledged to be a cause merely spiritual or ecclesiastical? And yet by what power is an heretic put to death? The officers of the Church have no authority to take away the life of any man: it must be done, therefore, *per brachium seculare*;² and conse-

¹ "Maximus, let him who is a king, not have a king." The last line of an epigram of Martial's (bk. ii., ep. 18) "In Maximus," which bids men avoid servility. Its sense is, "I flatter you and earn a supper; you flatter elsewhere for your profit; nay, then, we are equals, and I will not bow to you: let him who is a king not have a king."

² By the secular arm.

quently it must be yielded without contradiction, that the temporal magistrate doth exercise therein a part of his civil government, in punishing a crime that is of its own nature spiritual or ecclesiastical.

But here it will be said: The words of the Oath being general—that the King is the only supreme governor of this realm, and of all other his Highness' dominions and countries—how may it appear that the power of the civil sword only is meant by that government, and that the power of the keys is not comprehended therein? I answer, first, that where a civil magistrate is affirmed to be the governor of his own dominions and countries, by common intendment this must needs be understood of a civil government, and may in no reason be extended to that which is merely of another kind. Secondly, I say that where an ambiguity is conceived to be in any part of an oath, it ought to be taken according to the understanding of him for whose satisfaction the oath was ministered. Now in this case it hath been sufficiently declared by public authority, that no other thing is meant by the government here mentioned, but that of the civil sword only.

For in the book of Articles agreed upon by the archbishops, and bishops, and the whole clergy, in the Convocation holden at London, *anno* 1562, thus we read: "Where we attribute to the Queen's Majesty the chief government (by which titles we understand the minds of some slanderous folks to be offended), we give not to our princes the ministering either of God's word or of the sacraments (the which thing the injunctions also, lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen, doth most plainly testify), but that only prerogative which we see to have been given always to all godly princes, in Holy Scriptures, by God himself; that is, that they should rule all estates and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil-doers."

If it be here objected that the authority of the Convocation is not a sufficient ground for the exposition of that which was enacted in Parliament, I answer, that these Articles stand confirmed, not only by the royal assent of the prince (for the establishing of whose supremacy the oath was framed), but also by a special Act of Parliament, which is to be found among the statutes in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, chap. 12. Seeing, therefore, the makers of the law have full authority to expound the law, and they have sufficiently manifested that, by the supreme government given to the prince, they understand that kind of government only which is exercised with the civil sword, I conclude that nothing can be more plain than this: that without all scruple of conscience, the King's Majesty may be acknowledged in this sense to be the only supreme governor of all his Highness' dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal. And so have I cleared the first main branch of the oath.

I come now unto the second, which is propounded negatively, "That no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." The foreigner that challenges this ecclesiastical or spiritual jurisdiction over us is the Bishop of Rome; and the title whereby he claimeth this power over us is the same whereby he claimeth it over the whole world—because he is St. Peter's successor, forsooth. And indeed, if St. Peter himself had been now alive, I should freely confess that he ought to have spiritual authority and superiority within this kingdom. But so would I say, also, if St. Andrew, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, or any of the other apostles had been alive. For I know that their com-

mission was very large—to "go into all the world, and to preach the gospel unto every creature." So that in what part of the world soever they lived, they could not be said to be out of their charge, their apostleship being a kind of an universal bishopric. If, therefore, the Bishop of Rome can prove himself to be one of this rank, the oath must be amended, and we must acknowledge that he hath ecclesiastical authority within this realm.

True it is, that our lawyers, in their year books, by the name of the "Apostle" do usually design the Pope; but if they had examined his title to that apostleship as they would try an ordinary man's title to a piece of land, they might easily have found a number of flaws and main defects therein.

For, first, it would be inquired whether the apostleship was not ordained by our Saviour Christ as a special commission, which, being personal only, was to determine with the death of the first Apostles. For howsoever, at their first entry into the execution of this commission, we find that Matthias was admitted to the apostleship in the room of Judas, yet afterwards, when James the brother of John was slain by Herod, we do not read that any other was substituted in his place. Nay, we know that the apostles generally left no successors in this kind; neither did any of the bishops (he of Rome only excepted), that sat in those famous churches wherein the apostles exercised their ministry, challenge an apostleship or an universal bishopric by virtue of that succession.

It would, secondly, therefore, be inquired, what sound evidence they can produce to show that one of the company was to hold the apostleship, as it were, in fee, for him and his successors for ever, and that the other eleven should hold the same for term of life only.

Thirdly, if this state of perpetuity was to be cast upon one, how came it to fall upon St. Peter, rather than upon St. John, who outlived all the rest of his fellows, and so as a surviving feoffee had the fairest right to retain the same in himself and his successors for ever?

Fourthly, if that state were wholly settled upon St. Peter, seeing the Romanists themselves acknowledge that he was Bishop of Antioch before he was Bishop of Rome, we require them to show why so great an inheritance as this should descend unto the younger brother (as it were by borough English) rather than to the elder, according to the ordinary manner of descents; especially seeing Rome hath little else to allege for this preferment, but only that St. Peter was crucified in it, which was a very slender reason to move the apostle so to respect it.

Seeing, therefore, the grounds of this great claim of the Bishop of Rome appear to be so vain and frivolous, I may safely conclude that he ought to have no ecclesiastical or spiritual authority within this realm, which is the principal point contained in the second part of the oath.

King James wrote with his own hand the following acknowledgment of this loyal address:—

JAMES REX.

Right Reverend Father in God, and right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor, we greet you well. You have not deceived our expectation, nor the gracious opinion we ever conceived, both of your abilities in learning, and of your faithfulness to us and our service. Whereof, as we have received sundry testimonies, both from our precedent deputies, as likewise from our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor the Viscount Falkland, our

present deputy of that realm; so have we now of late, in one particular, had a further evidence of your duty and affection well expressed by your late carriage in our Castle Chamber there, at the censure of those disobedient magistrates who refused to take the Oath of Supremacy. Wherein your zeal to the maintenance of our just and lawful power, defended with so much learning and reason, deserves our princely and gracious thanks, which we do by this our letter unto you, and so bid you farewell. Given under our signet, at our Court at Whitehall, the eleventh of January, 1622, in the 20th year of our reign of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, and our right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor, the Bishop of Meath.

The King lost no time in making Usher a Privy Councillor for Ireland. Dr. Usher directed also against the unreformed Church a treatise on the Religion of the ancient Irish and Britons, and in 1624 was combating on the ground of Church antiquities an Irish Jesuit, William Malone, who had adverted to the doctrine and practice of the primitive Christians. Usher had fitted himself for this kind of controversy. In his youth, a Roman Catholic book called "The Fortress of Faith" had been put into his hands. It appealed continually to the writings of the early Fathers of the Church. Usher had then at once set himself a complete course of reading in the Fathers, took a fixed portion every day, and read them through in eighteen years. He thus qualified himself, like Lancelot Andrewes, to meet the arguments of his opponents in the only way that they could recognise as sufficient. In Usher's answer to Malone, he dealt in successive sections with the chief points in dispute between the churches—namely, traditions, the real presence, confession, the priest's power to forgive sins, purgatory, prayer for the dead, *limbus patrum*, prayer to saints, images, free-will and merits; the treatise extending to nearly six hundred pages. When Dr. Usher had finished his argument against Malone, he visited England again. He was there studying ecclesiastical antiquities, when the death of the Archbishop of Armagh enabled King James to nominate his bishop to the primacy of Ireland. Illness delayed Usher's return; he was not installed as Archbishop until 1626.

George Wither's satires against the passions, published in 1613, at the age of twenty-five, as "Abuses Stript and Whipt," and his "Shepherd's Hunting," written when imprisoned in the Marshalsea for his bold speech, have been referred to in another volume of this Library.¹ In 1618 appeared "Wither's Motto," "*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*" (I have not, want not, care not), in which those thoughts are amplified into expression of a spirit of honest independence so far as man is concerned, and dependence only upon God: "He that supplies my want hath took my care." In 1622 George Wither, who after education at Oxford had been attending to his father's farm at

Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, collected his earlier poems as "*Juvenilia*," and published a new poem called "*Faire-Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete*."² Philarete is Greek for a lover of Virtue, and the poem is a love poem, with Virtue personified as the fair object of desire. A characteristic tone of liberty and independence runs through all the verse of George Wither. To the critics he says:—

"If the verse here uséd be
Their dislike, it liketh me.
If my method they deride,
Let them know, Love is not tied
In his free discourse to chuse
Such strict rules as arts-men use.
These may prate of Love, but they
Know him not; for he will play
From the matter now and then,
Off and on and off again.

"If this prologue tedious seem,
Or the rest too long they deem,
Let them know my love they win
Though they go ere I begin,
Just as if they should attend me
Till the last, and there commend me:
For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure,
Neither for their praises add
Aught to mend what they think bad;
Since it never was my fashion
To make work of recreation.

"Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poet's veins,
As if we in latter days
Knew to love, but not to praise:
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please,
Who as well new paths may run
As the best before have done.
I disdain to make my song
For their pleasure short or long;
If I please, I'll end it here;
If I list, I'll sing this year:
And though none regard of it,
By myself I pleas'd can sit,
And with that contentment cheer me
As if half the world did hear me."

After singing in this measure of the birth and beauty of Fair-Virtue, George Wither interpolates a little group of the love-songs he made for her, and then resumes her praises, dwelling upon every charm:—

"In the motion of each part
Nature seems to strive with art,
Which her gestures most shall bless
With the gifts of pleasingness.

"When she sits, methinks I see
How all virtues fixéd be
In a frame, whose constant mould
Will the same unchanged hold.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 288—291.

² Wither pronounces the name both *Philaret* and *Philareté*.

If you note her when she moves,
Cytherea drawn with doves
May come learn such winning motions
As will gain to Love's devotions
More than all her painted wiles,
Such as tears, or sighs, or smiles.

"Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Have sweet features in their faces;
Others that do miss them there,
Lovely are some other where,
And to our desires do fit
In behaviour or in wit
Or some inward worth appearing
To the soul, the soul endearing:
But in her your eye may find
All that's good in womankind.
What in others we prefer
Are but sundry parts of her,
Who most perfect doth present
What might one and all content.
Yea, he that in love still ranges
And each day or hourly changes,
Had he judgment but to know
What perfections in her grow,
There would find the spring of store,
Swear a faith, and change no more."

After every outward feature has been celebrated, there is again rest with an interlude of pastoral songs,¹ after which the strain is resumed with—

"Boy, have done,—for now my brain
Is inspired afresh again,
And new raptures pressing are
To be sung in praise of her,
Whose fair picture lieth nigh
Quite unveiled to every eye.
No small favour hath it been
That such beauty might be seen:
Therefore ever they may rue it
Who with evil eyes shall view it."

Of the face and voice of Fair-Virtue Wither sings:—

"If you truly note her face,
You shall find it hath a grace
Neither wanton, nor o'er serious,
Nor too yielding, nor imperious:
But with such a feature blest
It is that which pleaseth best,
And delights each several eye
That affects with modesty.
Lowliness hath in her look
Equal place with greatness took,
And if beauty anywhere
Claims prerogatives, 'tis there:
For at once thus much 'twill do,
Threat, command, persuade, and woo.

"In her speech there is not found
Any harsh, displeasing sound,
But a well-beseeming power,
Neither higher, neither lower

Than will suit with her perfection;
'Tis the loadstone of affection.
And that man whose judging eyes
Could well sound such mysteries,
Would in love make her his choice,
Though he did but hear her voice;
For such accents breathe not whence
Beauty keeps non-residence.
Never word of hers I hear
But 'tis music to mine ear,
And much more contentment brings
Than the sweetly-touched strings
Of the pleasing lute, whose strains
Ravish hearers when it plains.

"Raised by her discourse I fly
In contented thoughts so high,
That I pass the common measures
Of the dulléd sense's pleasures,
And leave far below my flight
Vulgar pitches of delight.

"If she smile and merry be,
All about her are as she;
For each looker-on takes part
Of the joy that's in her heart.
If she grieve, or you but spy
Sadness peeping through her eye,
Such a grace it seems to borrow,
That you'll fall in love with sorrow,
And abhor the name of mirth
As the hatefull'st thing on earth.

"Should I see her shed a tear,
My poor eyes would melt, I fear;
For much more in hers appears
Than in other women's tears,
And her look did never feign
Sorrow where there was no pain.

"Seldom hath she been espied
So impatient as to chide;
For if any see her so,
They'll in love with anger grow.
Sigh or speak, or smile or talk,
Sing or weep, or sit or walk,
Everything that she doth do
Decent is and lovely too."

After like praise of her behaviour, her dress, and other aids to Virtue's prevailing charm, Wither continues:—

"Though sometime my song I raise
To unusual heights of praise,
And break forth as I shall please
Into strange hyperboles,
'Tis to shew, conceit hath found
Worth beyond expressions bound.
Though her breath I do compare
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or her eyes, that are so bright,
To the morning's cheerful light;
Yet I do it not so much
To infer that she is such,
As to shew that being blest
With what merits name of best,

¹ "The Manly Heart," on page 291 of the volume of "Shorter Poems," was given as an example of these lyrics in "Faire-Virtue."

She appears more fair to me
Than all creatures else that be.

"Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart ;
Thoughts too deep to be express'd,
And too strong to be suppress'd ;
Which oft raiseth my conceits
To such unbeliev'd heights,
That I fear some shallow brain
Thinks my Muses do but feign.
Sure he wrongs them if he do :
For could I have reach'd to
So like strains as these you see
Had there been no such as she,
Is it possible that I,
Who scarce heard of poesy,
Should a mere idea raise
To as true a pitch of praise
As the learned poets could
Now, or in the times of old,
All those real beauties bring,
Honour'd by their sonneting ;
Having arts and favours too,
More t' encourage what they do ?
No, if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy-maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream, and bread and cheese.

"I no skill in numbers had
More than every shepherd's lad,
Till she taught me strains that were
Pleasing to her gentle ear.
Her fair splendour and her worth
From obscurity drew me forth ;
And because I had no Muse,
She herself deigned to infuse
All the skill by which I climb
To these praises in my rhyme."

And still the praise runs on in a strain of pleasant music, until it represents all outward charm that has been dwelt upon as but

"An incomparable shrine
Of a beauty more divine ;"

and sings the praises of the mind of Fair-Virtue :—

"Let no critic cavil then
If I dare affirm again
That her mind's perfections are
Fairer than her body's far ;
And I need not prove it by
Axioms of Philosophy,
Since no proof can better be
Than their rare effects in me ;
For, whilst other men complaining
Tell their mistresses' disdainings,
Free from care I write a story
Only of her worth and glory.

"Whilst most lovers pining sit,
Robbed of liberty and wit,
Vassalling themselves with shame
To some proud imperious dame ;
Or in songs their fate bewailing,
Shew the world their faithless failing,
I, enwreath'd with boughs of myrtle,
Fare like the beloved turtle.

"Yea, while most are most untoward,
Peevish, vain, inconstant, froward ;
While their best contentments bring
Nought but after-sorrowing ;
She, those childish humours slighting,
Hath conditions so delighting,
And doth so my bliss endeavour,
As my joy increaseth ever.

"By her actions, I can see
That her passions so agree
Unto reason, that they err
Seldom to distemper her.

"Love she can, and doth, but so
As she will not overthrow
Love's content by any folly,
Or by deeds that are unholy.
Doatingly she ne'er affects,
Neither willingly neglects
Her honest love, but means doth find
With discretion to be kind.
'Tis not thund'ring phrase nor oaths,
Honours, wealth, nor painted clothes,
That can her good-liking gain,
If no other worth remain."

Then follow characters of a virtuous mind, until the poem is again interrupted by a group of songs. Philarete pauses to hear the music of a swain who comes day by day to sing and play in the groves, where he is praising his mistress Fair-Virtue to the shepherds. For the swain, who has entered an arbour,

"He so bashful is, that mute
Will his tongue be and his lute
Should he happen to espy
This unlooked-for company."

They are all silent, therefore, and draw quietly near to listen to the singing.

After the songs, the praise of Fair-Virtue runs on ; for the swain espied the listeners, who were ill-hidden by the trees, and fled the place. Philarete says then to the shepherds :—

"To entreat him back again
Would be labour spent in vain.
You may therefore now betake ye
To the music I can make ye."

Happy the woman who shall be thought one with Fair-Virtue :—

"Yet, that I her servant am,
It shall more be to my tame

Than to own these woods and downs,
 Or be lord of fifty towns ;
 And my mistress to be deem'd
 Shall more honour be esteem'd,
 Than those titles to acquire
 Which most women most desire.
 Yea, when you a woman shall
 Countess or a duchess call,
 That respect it shall not move,
 Neither gain her half such love,
 As to say, lo ! this is she,
 That supposéd is to be
 Mistress to Phil'areté.
 And that lovely nymph, which he,
 In a pastoral poem famed,
 And Fair Virtue, there hath named.
 Yea, some ladies (ten to one)
 If not many, now unknown,
 Will be very well apaid,
 When by chance, she hears it said,—
 She that fair one is whom I
 Here have praised concealedly.

"And though now this age's pride
 May so brave a hope deride ;
 Yet, when all their glories pass
 As the thing that never was,
 And on monuments appear,
 That they e'er had breathing here
 Who envý it ; she shall thrive
 In her fame, and honour'd live,
 Whilst Great Britain's shepherds sing
 English in their sonneting.
 And whoe'er in future days,
 Shall bestow the utmost praise
 On his love, that any man
 Attribute to creature can ;
 'Twill be this, that he hath dared
 His and mine to have compared."



GEORGE WITHER. (From the Portrait prefixed to his "Emblems," 1635.)

When the strain was at last ended, still there
 was dance and song among the shepherds and the

nymphs, so that Wither's little volume was rich in
 the grace of lyric verse with wisdom in its under-
 thought. The last of the songs before the rustic
 company broke up, after Philarete had separated,
 was :—

A NYMPH'S SONG

In praise of the Lover of Virtue.

Gentle swain, good speed befall thee ;
 And in love still prosper thou !
 Future times shall happy call thee,
 Tho' thou lie neglected now :
 Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,
 And perpetual fame attend thee.

Happy are these woody mountains,
 In whose shadow thou dost hide ;
 And as happy are those fountains,
 By whose murmurs thou dost bide :
 For contents are here excell'g,
 More than in a prince's dwelling.

These thy flocks do clothing bring thee,
 And thy food out of the fields ;
 Pretty songs the birds do sing thee ;
 Sweet perfumes the meadow yields :
 And what more is worth the seeing,
 Heaven and earth thy prospect being ?

None comes hither who denies thee
 Thy contentments for despite ;
 Neither any that envies thee
 That wherein thou dost delight :
 But all happy things are meant thee,
 And whatever may content thee.

Thy affection reason measures,
 And distempers none it feeds ;
 Still so harmless are thy pleasures,
 That no other's grief it breeds :
 And if night beget thee sorrow,
 Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
 Seek contentment in their store,
 Since they may perceive so plainly,
 Thou art rich in being poor :
 And that they are vex'd about it,
 Whilst thou merry art without it ?

Why are idle brains devising,
 How high titles may be gain'd,
 Since by those poor toys despising,
 Thou hast higher things obtained ?
 For the man who scorns to crave them,
 Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness,
 Thou dost in thy meanness know,
 Kings would be to seek where greatness
 And their honours to bestow,
 For if such content would breed them,
 As they would not think they need them.

And if those who so aspiring
To the court preferments be,
Knew how worthy the desiring
Those things are, enjoyed by thee,
Wealth and titles would hereafter
Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

He that courtly styles affected
Should a May-Lord's honour have;
He, that heaps of wealth collected,
Should be counted as a slave;
And the man with few'st things cumbered,
With the noblest should be numbered.

Thou their folly hast discernéd,
That neglect thy mind and thee;
And to slight them thou hast learnéd,
Of what title e'er they be:
That no more with thee obtaineth,
Than with them by meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honours, pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem,
If comparéd with thy treasures,
And do merit no esteem:
For they true contents provide thee,
But from them can none divide thee.

Whether thralléd or exiléd,
Whether poor or rich thou be,
Whether praised or reviléd,
Not a rush it is to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind which is within thee.

Then, oh why, so madly dote we
On those things that us o'erload?
Why no more their vainness note we,
But still make of them a god?
For alas! they still deceive us,
And in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore have the fates provided
Well, thou happy swain, for thee,
That may'st here so far divided
From the world's distractions be:
Thee distemper let them never,
But in peace continue ever.

In these lonely groves enjoy thou
That contentment here begun;
And thy hours so pleas'd employ thou,
Till the latest glass be run:
From a fortune so assuréd,
By no temptings be alluréd.

Much good do't them with their glories,
Who in courts of princes dwell;
We have read in antique stories,
How some rose and how they fell:
And 'tis worthy well the heeding,
There's like end, where's like proceeding.

Be thou still in thy affection
To thy noble mistress true;
Let her never-match'd perfection
Be the same unto thy view:

And let never other beauty
Make thee fail in Love or Duty.

For if thou shalt not estrangéd
From thy course professéd be,
But remain for aye unchangéd,
Nothing shall have power on thee:
Those that slight thee now shall love thee,
And in spite of spite approve thee.

So these virtues now neglected
To be more esteem'd will come;
Yea, those toys so much affected,
Many shall be wooéd from:
And the Golden Age deploréd
Shall by some be thought restoréd.

William Drummond of Hawthornden was about three years older than George Wither, and Drummond's "Flowers of Zion" appeared in the same year as Wither's "Faithful Virtue," 1623. In this collection (of which the poems have no headings given to them by their author) there is also

A NYMPH'S SONG

Of the true Happiness.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs uncloze,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a Nymph arose.

Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveiled skin's whiteness lay;
Gold hairs in curls hung down;
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn ensphered.
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed,—her voice to hear:

"World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights;
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glitt'ring griefs is spent;
Come learn," said she, "what is your choicest bliss:
From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's swift glass is run, endure.

"Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold;
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife;
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit;

Huge treasures to enjoy,
 Of all her gems spoil Ind,
 All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
 Deliciously to feed,
 The phoenix' plumes to find
 To rest upon, or deck your purple bed ;
 Frail beauty to abuse,
 And, wanton Sybarites,
 On past or present touch of sense to muse ;
 Never to hear of noise
 But what the ear delights,
 Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.
 Nor can it bliss you bring,
 Hid Nature's depths to know,
 Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring ;
 Nor that your fame should range,
 And after-worlds it blow
 From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
 All these have not the power
 To free the mind from fears,
 Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
 When death in stealth doth glance,
 In sickness lurks or years,
 And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

"No, but blest life is this :
 With chaste and pure desire
 To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
 On God the mind to rest,
 Burnt up with sacred fire,
 Possessing Him to be by Him possess ;
 When to the balmy east
 Sun doth his light impart,
 Or when he diveth in the lowly west
 And ravisheth the day,
 With spotless hand and heart
 Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray ;
 To heed each action so
 As ever in his sight,
 More fearing doing ill than passive woe ;
 Not to seem other thing
 Than what ye are aright ;
 Never to do what may repentance bring ;
 Not to be blown with pride,
 Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
 Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide ;
 So malice to disarm
 And conquer hasty wrath,
 As to do good to those that work your harm ;
 To hatch no base desires
 Or gold or land to gain,
 Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires ;
 To have the wit and will
 Consorting in one strain,
 Than what is good to have no higher skill ;
 Never on neighbour's goods
 With cockatrice's eye
 To look, nor make another's heaven your hell ;
 Nor to be beauty's thrall,
 All fruitless love to fly,
 Yet loving still a Love transcendent all,
 A Love which, while it burns
 The soul with fairest beams,
 To that increate sun the soul it turns,
 And makes such beauty prove,
 That, if sense saw her gleams
 All lookers on would pine and die for Love.

"Who such a life doth live
 You happy even may call
 Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give ;
 And after then when given,
 More happy by his fall,
 For humanes' earth, enjoying angels' heaven.

"Swift is your mortal race,
 And glassy is the field ;
 Vast are desires not limited by grace :
 Life a weak taper is ;
 Then while it light doth yield,
 Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss."

This when the nymph had said,
 She dived within the flood,
 Whose face with smiling curls long after staid ;
 Then sighs did zephyrs press,
 Birds sang from every wood,
 And echoes rang, "This was true Happiness."

After a recovery from severe illness Drummond sent these lines

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

With the Author's Epitaph.

Though I have twice been at the doors of death,
 And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
 This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
 For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
 Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering fame
 Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
 And that on earth I am but a sad name ;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
 By all that bliss, those joys heaven here us gave,
 I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
 To grave this short remembrance on my grave :

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
 The murmuring Esk :—may roses shade the place.

Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, born in 1580, was about five years older than Drummond. He also was a poet, and had been in favour with James VI. before he became James I. of England. In 1621 he received a grant of Nova Scotia, which he was to colonise at his own expense. He lived until 1640, was made Secretary of State for Scotland, and otherwise honoured. As poet, he is, perhaps, best known for his four Monarchic Tragedies, but he published at Edinburgh, in 1614, a long poem in octave rhyme, entitled "Doomsday, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgment," of which there was a London edition in 1637. It is divided into Twelve Hours, and was perhaps inspired by the poem of Du Bartas on the Seven Days of creation ; one poet tells of the beginning of the world, the other of its end. The first hour of Doomsday declares God proved in His works, tells of the sin of man and of temporal plagues and judgments that have been as figures of

the last. The second hour tells of signs and wonders before the sounding of the last trumpet call. The theme of the third hour is the descent of Christ to judgment and the end of the world. In the fourth hour the trumpet sounds and the dead rise. In the fifth hour trial of souls begins, and in this hour and the sixth and seventh the heathen, the creature worshippers, those whom ambition led through blood, those who lived sensually, the false judges and the learned, above all the Churchmen, who abused their gifts, are accused. With the eighth hour begins the record of the souls who stand in triumph. First come the patriarchs, priests, and prophets, faithful to God, though knowing Christ only in types and figures. Then in the ninth hour come the evangelists, apostles, and those who knew Christ in the flesh; then the first martyrs and early Fathers of the Church. In the tenth hour there is the parting of the evil from the good :—

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

That happy squadron is not question'd now,
What ill they did, what good they did neglect,
No circumstance is urg'd, when, where, nor how,
They oft had fail'd, in what God did direct;
He trusts, not tries, not counts, but doth allow;
The Lord in Israel will no fault detect,
But absolutely doth absolve them all,
And from their bondage to a kingdom call.

"You whom my Father blessed, no more dismayed,
Come, and enjoy that boundless kingdom now,
Which, ere the world's foundations first were laid,
By heaven's decree hath been prepar'd for you;
With rays more bright than are the sun's array'd,
Before the throne you shall with reverence bow:
The height of pleasure which you should possess,
No tongue of man is able to express.

"When pressed by famine you me friendly fed,
And did with drink my scorching thirst allay;
You with your garments me, when naked, clad,
Whose kindly visits sickness could not stay;
No, even in prison, they me comfort bred,
Thus charity extended every way:
Your treasures, kept in heaven, for int'rest gain
That you enrich'd eternally remain."

With spiritual joy each one transported sings,
And, lifted up, to heaven in haste would fly,
But yet this speech so great amazement brings,
That modestly they, as with doubt, reply:
"Unbounded Lord, when didst thou lack such things,
That there was cause our willingness to try?
Who nothing had but what Thou gav'st to us;
How couldst Thou need, or we afford it thus?"

"That which was given, as now I do reveal,
Unto the least of those whom I held dear,"
Saith Christ, "deep grav'd with an eternal seal
As due by me, I do acknowledge here;
Those were the objects prompted for your zeal,
By which your goodness only could appear:
Best magazines for wealth the poor did prove,
Where, when laid up, no thief could it remove."

Thus helpful alms, the offering most esteemed,
Doth men on th' earth, the Lord in heaven content,
How many are, if time might be redeemed,
Who wish they thus their revenues had spent?
If this on th' earth so profitable seemed,
What usurer would for others' gains be bent?
But would the poor with plenty oft supply,
Though they themselves for want were like to die.

Those who, affecting vain ambition's end,
To gain opinion muster all in show;
And, prodigal, superfluously spend
All what they have, or able are to owe,
For pleasures frail, whilst straying fancies tend,
As Paradise could yet be found below:
Still pamp'ring flesh with all that th' earth can give,
No happiness more seek but here to live;

Those if not gorgeous who do garments scorn,
And not in warmness but for cost exceed,
Though as of worms they have the entrails worn,
Worms shall at last upon their entrails feed;
Those dainty tastes who, as for eating born,
That they may feast strive appetite to breed,
And, curious gluttons, even of vileness vaunt,
Whilst surfeiting when thousands starve for want.

The world's chief idol, nurse of fretting cares,
Dumb trafficker, yet understood o'er all,
State's chain, life's maintenance, load-star of affairs,
Which makes all nations voluntarily thrall,
A subtle sorcerer, always laying snares;
How many, Money, hast thou made to fall!
The general jewel, of all things the price,
To virtue sparing, lavish unto vice.

The fool that is unfortunately rich,
His goods perchance doth from the poor extort,
Yet leaves his brother dying in a ditch,
Whom one excess, if spar'd, would well support;
And, whilst the love of gold doth him bewitch,
This miser's misery gives others sport:
The prodigal God's creatures doth abuse,
And them, the wretch, not necessarily use.

Those roving thoughts which did at random soar,
And, though they had conveniently to live,
Would never look behind, but far before,
And, scorning goodness, to be great did strive;
For, still projecting how to purchase more,
Thus, bent to get, they could not dream to give:
Such minds whom envy hath fill'd up with grudge,
Have left no room, where charity may lodge.

Ah! who of those can well express the grief,
Whom once this earth did for most happy hold?
Of all their neighbours still esteem'd the chief,
Whilst stray'd opinion balanc'd worth by gold:
That which to thousands might have given relief,
Wrong spent or spar'd, is for their ruin told:
Thus pleasures past, what anguish now doth even?
We see how hardly rich men go to heaven.

The eleventh hour of "Doomsday" displays the
suffering of those who are condemned; and the

twelfth points at the transcendent bliss of the souls glorified.

Francis Quarles, who was four years younger than Wither, and in the time of James I. was cupbearer to his daughter Elizabeth before becoming secretary to Dr. Usher in Ireland, wrote in James's reign some poems upon the Scripture stories of Jonah, Esther, and Job, with metrical versions from Jeremiah and King Solomon, as "Sion's Elegies" and "Sion's Sonnets." But Quarles is best known for his "Emblems," which were published in the reign of Charles I.

We may pass out of the reign of James I. with the two brothers Edward and George Herbert, sons of Richard Herbert, Esq., Deputy-Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire. Richard Herbert's grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, had been steward of the Welsh Marches in Henry VIII.'s time, and brother to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Richard Herbert, the father of Edward and George, was black-haired, black-bearded, and bold. He and his wife Magdalen, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, had ten children: seven sons and three daughters. Edward, born in 1581, was the eldest son. He became afterwards a Knight of the Bath as Sir Edward Herbert, and then Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The second son, Richard, after he had been well educated, fought in the Low Countries in battles and duels, and carried scars of four-and-twenty wounds with him to his grave in Bergen-op-Zoom. William, the third son, also well educated, spent his life in the wars. Charles, the fourth son, distinguished himself at New College, Oxford, and died early. The fifth son was George Herbert, born in 1593, the poet whose name remains familiar to his countrymen. The other two brothers were Henry, who prospered greatly as a courtier, and Thomas, who distinguished himself by his skill and courage in the navy, but missed the promotion he deserved, and closed his days in discontent.

Edward, the eldest of these sons, was born in 1581, at Eytton, Shropshire, in a house that came into the family as part of his mother's heritage. He must have been more discreet as an infant than as a man, for he says in his autobiography, "The very farthest thing I remember is, that when I understood what was said by others, I did yet forbear to speak, lest I should utter something that were imperfect or impertinent." After private teaching, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to University College, Oxford, and soon afterwards arrangement was made for his marriage to an heiress in direct descent from William, the Earl of Pembroke, who was brother to Edward's great-grandfather, Sir Richard. The young lady inherited her large estates subject to the condition that she should marry a Herbert. Young Edward was the only Herbert matching her in fortune. He was six years younger, but the match was made, and Edward Herbert married before he had finished his studies at the University.

He himself thus tells in his autobiography how he came to London at the age of nineteen, and was made a Knight of the Bath early in the reign of James I. :—

About the year of our Lord 1600, I came to London: shortly after which the attempt of the Earl of Essex, related in our history, followed, which I had rather were seen in the writers of that argument than here. Not long after this, curiosity, rather than ambition, brought me to court; and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, "Who is this?" Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen thereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, "It is a pity he was married so young," and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek. I remember little more of myself, but that from that time until King James's coming to the crown, I had a son, which died shortly afterwards, and that I attended my studies seriously, the more I learnt out of my books adding still a desire to know more.

King James being now acknowledged king, and coming towards London, I thought fit to meet his Majesty at Burley, near Stamford. Shortly after I was made Knight of the Bath, with the usual ceremonies belonging to that ancient order. I could tell how much my person was commended by the lords and ladies that came to see the solemnity then used, but I shall flatter myself too much if I believed it.

I must not forget yet the ancient custom, being that some principal person was to put on the right spur of those the king had appointed to receive that dignity: the Earl of Shrewsbury seeing my esquire there with my spur in his hand, voluntarily came to me and said, "Cousin, I believe you will be a good knight, and therefore I will put on your spur;" whereupon, after my most humble thanks for so great a favour, I held up my leg against the wall, and he put on my spur.

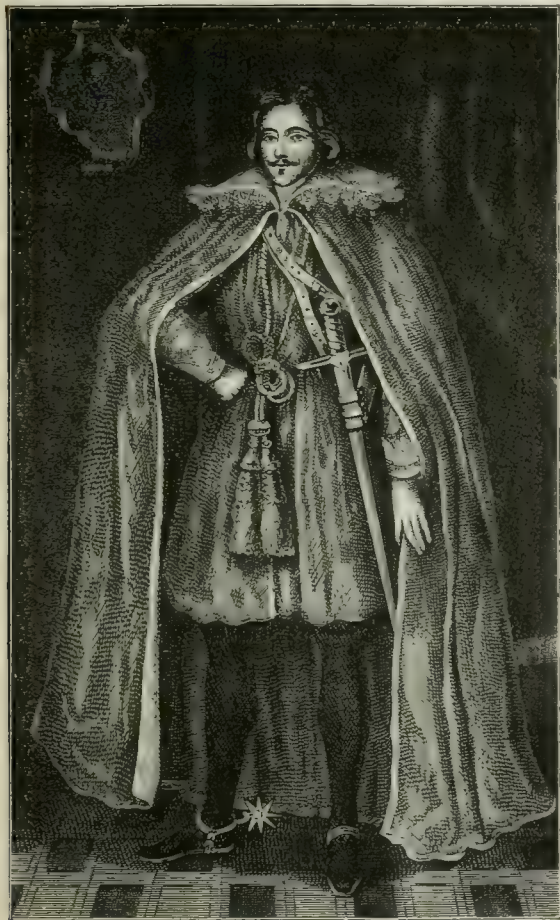
There is another custom likewise, that the knights the first day wear the gown of some religious order, and the night following to be bathed; after which they take an oath never to sit in place where injustice should be done, but they shall right it to the uttermost of their power; and particularly ladies and gentlewomen that shall be wronged in their honour, if they demand assistance, and many other points, not unlike the romances of knight errantry.

The second day to wear robes of crimson taffety (in which habit I am painted in my study), and so to ride from St. James's to Whitehall, with our esquires before us; and the third day to wear a gown of purple satin, upon the left sleeve whereof is fastened certain strings weaved of white silk and gold tied in a knot, and tassels to it of the same, which all the knights are obliged to wear until they have done something famous in arms, or until some lady of honour take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, "I will answer he shall prove a good knight."

Sir Edward Herbert, who had all the faith of his time in the chivalry of duelling, interpreted his vow as a Knight of the Bath in a way that would have satisfied his contemporary, Don Quixote, that good knight who was first introduced to the world by Cervantes in 1605, about the time when Sir Edward Herbert began his career as Knight of the Bath. About the year 1608, when he had a fourth child born, he went abroad. At Paris, soon after his

departure, he made acquaintance with the Duchess of Ventadour, and says :—

Passing two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the duchess, of about ten or eleven years of age, going one evening from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself, with divers French gentlemen, attended her and some gentlewomen that were with her. This young lady wearing a knot of riband on her head, a French chevalier took it suddenly, and fastened it to his hatband: the young lady, offended herewith, demands her riband, but he refusing



SIR EDWARD HERBERT AS KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

(From the Picture once in his Study.)

to restore it, the young lady addressing herself to me, said, "Monsieur, I pray get my riband from that gentleman;" hereupon going towards him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour, that I may deliver the lady her riband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me, "Do you think I will give it you, when I have refused it to her?" I replied, "Nay then, sir, I will make you restore it by force;" whereupon also, putting on my hat and reaching at his, he to save himself ran away, and, after a long course in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtaken him, he turned short, and running to the young lady, was about to put the riband on her hand, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, "It was I that gave it." "Pardon me," quoth she, "it is he that gives it me:" I said then, "Madam, I will not contradict you, but if he dare say

that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him." The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier, that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the riband, or fight with me; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the constable taking notice hereof, acquainted him therewith, who sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness, in taking the riband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house; and this was all that I ever heard of the gentleman, with whom I proceeded in that manner, because I thought myself obliged thereunto by oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion.

But with the weakness of his time and of his blood, amusingly illustrated by the simple self-revelation of his autobiography, there was strength; and his other works bear witness to the scholarly side of Edward Herbert's character. When next in Paris he lodged with Casaubon. When home again after adventures in the wars, "I passed," he says, "some time, partly in my studies, and partly riding the great horse, of which I had a stable well furnished." He was sent as ambassador to Paris, but it was not long before he was anxious to fight a duel with the French Minister, the Duc de Luynes, for which reason he had to be recalled in 1620, but afterwards he was sent again. While in Paris on his second embassy, he published, in 1624, a book in Latin, which he had begun in England, "on Truth as it is distinguished from Revelation that is like the truth, or possible, and from the false." Of the publication of this remarkable book Edward Herbert writes in his autobiography as follows :—

My book, *De Veritate prout distinguitur à Revelatione verisimili, possibili, et à falso*, having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its principal parts, was about this time finished; all the spare hours which I could get from my visits and negotiations being employed to perfect this work: which was no sooner done, but that I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who, having escaped his prison in the Low Countries,¹ came into France, and was

¹ Hugo Grotius, the chief Dutch scholar of his time, had been condemned at the Synod of Dort, in November, 1618, to perpetual imprisonment for supporting the Arminians. In his prison at Louvestein he continued his studies, and after two years' confinement his wife obtained leave to remove an accumulation of books on the plea that they reduced space in his cell. This enabled her, instead of the books, to carry off her husband, in a box three feet and a half long. When freed from the box Grotius crossed the frontier in disguise as a mason, with rule and trowel. He found his way to Paris, and there received a pension. It was there that Edward Herbert met with him. In 1622 Grotius published his Apology, which the States-General forbade his countrymen to read, on pain of death. The Arminians, whom Grotius had favoured, began also from this time to add freedom to English thought, religious and political. They derived their name from Jacob Harmensen, Latinized Arminius. Harmensen was born in 1560, at Oudewater, a small town on the Yssel, in Holland, about eighteen miles from Rotterdam. His father died when Jacob Harmensen was an infant in the arms of a mother left with poor means, and two elder children to support. The fatherless child was educated and the foundation of his religious life was laid by a reformed priest named Theodore Æmilius, who was a wanderer through perse-

much welcomed by me; and Monsieur Tieleners also, one of the greatest scholars of his time; who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendations than is fit for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it. Howbeit, as the frame of my whole book was so different from any thing which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book. I must confess it did not a little animate me, that the two great persons above-mentioned did so highly value it, yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me a while to suppress it. Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words,

"O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee, of Thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*; if it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it."

I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came.

The book was remarkable for boldness of speculation upon sacred things, and for the difference it shows in bent of thought between Edward Herbert

and his younger brother George, each thinking for himself on matters of religion. Edward, who was made after his return from Paris in 1625 an Irish baron, and afterwards an English peer as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, taught forcibly the existence of a spiritual power within man, supreme over all the faculties, which draws knowledge from the world around and reasons upon Revelation. He denied that the salvation of man could wholly depend on acceptance of a form of religion revealed only to a portion of the human race. God as the Father of mankind could not, he said, condemn a large part of the human race for ignorance of that which it had no opportunity of knowing. It has been said that his refusal to believe in revelation confined to a few is inconsistent with his belief that a revelation to himself alone communicated the assent of God to his diffusion of his book. But this would have only been inconsistent had he held that God in listening to him was deaf to the prayers of others. He believed that every man could, by true worship, draw near to God and bring God near to him, receiving aid and comfort. The supposition that God answered his prayer was, in fact, part of his supposition that the prayers of all who drew near to Him with spiritual worship found their way to heaven. Thus reasoning, Edward Herbert built up in this treatise upon Truth a creed of his own, containing the five points that he held to be the essentials of a true religion. These were belief (1) in God; (2) in Man's duty to worship Him; (3) in the Immortality of the Soul; (4) in Future Rewards and Punishments; (5) in the need of Repentance for Sin. So taught Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, eldest brother and head of the house of "holy George Herbert," who, while the *De Veritate* was being read, maintained in his parsonage at Bemerton every ordinance and doctrine of the English Church, and quickened all with a pure spirit of devotion.

ention. When Harmensen, aged fifteen, was with his teacher at Utrecht, Æmilius died; but the boy was immediately cared for by another earnest Dutch Reformer, also a native of Oudewater, Rudolph Snell. Snell became Professor of Hebrew and Mathematics at Leyden, before his death in 1613. This learned fellow-townsmen took young Harmensen away with him, but soon hurried back to Oudewater upon hearing of the cruelties of the Spaniards, who had sacked the town and slain most of the inhabitants, including his mother, his sisters, his brothers, and his kindred. The sudden desolation is said to have caused him to spend fourteen days in passion of weeping. Snell with the boy left the scene of massacre on foot for Marburg, in Hesse Cassel; then, having heard of the opening (in 1575) of the University of Leyden by the Prince of Orange, he went to Rotterdam, and thence sent Harmensen to Leyden. The youth excelled among the students, and in 1582 was sent, at expense of the Senate of Amsterdam, to Geneva, where he became a zealous admirer of Theodore Beza, who was expounding the Epistle to the Romans. But Harmensen's regard for the philosophy of Peter Ramus stood in his way at Geneva, and he went to Basle, where he was soon thoroughly at home. At Basle he was offered the title of Doctor by the theological faculty before his return to Geneva, but declined it because he felt himself unripe. From Geneva he went with a Dutch fellow-student to Padua, for the benefit of the teaching of Giacompo Zabarella, then in the fulness of his fame there as Professor of Philosophy. The two young Dutchmen then travelled together for eight months in Italy, carrying the Greek Testament and Hebrew Psalter in their pockets. In the course of their travel they saw Rome, but the Senate of Amsterdam, with pious horror of Rome, was greatly displeased with Harmensen for going there. The young theologian, however, returned to Geneva, and thence carried to his patrons at Amsterdam clear testimony of his fitness for the reformed ministry.

There was still, with many Reformers, dread of the student who had gone so near to Antichrist, but when Harmensen began to preach he won golden opinions. At this time a book was in circulation written by some brethren of the church of Delft, called "An Answer to some Arguments of Beza and Calvin out of a Treatise concerning Predestination, on the 9th chapter to the Romans." Martin Lidvys, formerly a pastor in Amsterdam, but then a Professor in Friesland, sent the book to Harmensen, because he was able, and fresh from Beza's teaching at Geneva, requesting him to defend Beza by answering the brethren of Delft. But Harmensen was converted by their book, and he was led to join in argument against Calvin's form of the doctrine of predestination and election. His ability and piety soon made him a leader of the growing reaction among Dutch Reformers against what they took to be an unjust view of God's providence in Calvin's doctrine. The name of Arminian was then given to these dissenters from Calvinism. Arminius was, in September, 1603, when James I. was newly become King of England, joined with Francis Gomar, a strict Calvinist, in the Professorship of Theology at Leyden. His predecessor in the chair was Francis Junius, the elder. Then followed bitterness of controversy, troubling a very gentle spirit, then disease, and in October, 1609, Arminius died, leaving a widow and nine children. In the year after his death, his followers set forth, in five articles, the opinions for which they were attacked. These articles they specified in a "Remonstrance to the Estates of Holland," and from it the Arminians came to be called "the Remonstrants," and their church at Amsterdam the "Church of the Remonstrants." The five opinions were:—1. Of Election; that God from all eternity determined the salvation of those in whom He foresaw that they would persevere to the end in their faith in Jesus Christ, and the eternal punishment of those in whom he foresaw continued unbelief and resistance of His aid; so that Election depended on the acts of men,

George Herbert, the fifth of Richard Herbert's seven sons, was born at Montgomery Castle on the 3rd of April, 1593, and was in his fourth year when his father died. He was educated at home by his mother for the next eight years, and then sent to Westminster School. In his fifteenth year, being a king's scholar, he was sent on to Trinity College, Cambridge, and, young as he was, he had already entered into controversy on church questions of the day. When, after the accession of James to the English throne, the Millenary Petition represented the desire of many of the clergy for further reformation in the Church, the Universities signified their displeasure. Cambridge passed a grace that whosoever opposed by word or writing or any other way the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England, or any part of it, should be suspended, *ipso facto*, from any degree already taken, and be disabled from taking any degree for the future. Oxford published a formal answer to the petition and condemnation of the petitioners. Andrew Melville, Rector of St. Andrews, a leading minister of the Scottish Church, then satirised the Universities (in 1604) in a Latin poem entitled "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria," that is, accusation against Thames and Cam—Oxford and Cambridge. George Herbert, as a schoolboy, retorted with "Epigrams Apologetical," which were not printed until 1662. They could only have been published by one who shared the unwisdom of a boyish partisan. George Herbert went to Cambridge in May, 1609, graduated as B.A. early in 1613, and as M.A., at the age of twenty-three, in 1616, year of the death of Shakespeare. In January, 1620, George Herbert was elected Public Orator, and thus obtained what he said was "the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest, yet that will be about £30 per annum.

free, though foreseen, and predestined only through foreknowledge. 2. Of Redemption; that Christ atoned for the sins of all men and of each man, though none but those who believe in Him can be partakers of the benefit. 3. Of Original Sin; that true faith cannot come to the natural man without help of the Grace of God—that is, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, which is the gift of God through Christ. 4. Of Effectual Grace; that this Divine Grace begins, advances, and perfects whatever is good in man; wherefore every good work proceeds from God alone, but His Grace, offered to all, does not force men to act against their inclinations, and may be resisted by the impenitent sinner. 5. Of Perseverance; that God helps the truly faithful to remain so, though—and upon this at first opinion among Arminians differed—the regenerate may lose true justifying faith, fall from a state of Grace, and die in their sins. These opinions were, it will be seen, mainly protests against Calvin's views of Predestination. The Remonstrants were left free to hold their opinions until 1618, when the States General convoked at Dort a Synod of thirty-eight Dutch and Walloon divines, five professors from different universities, and twenty-one lay elders, with ecclesiastical deputies from most of the States of the United Provinces, and from the churches of the Palatinate, Hesse, Switzerland, Bremen, England, and Scotland. The Synod of Dort condemned the Arminians, banished their ministers, and submitted to trial their ablest defenders, Barneveldt, Grotius, and Hoogwerf. Barneveldt was executed; Grotius and Hoogwerf were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Arminian opinion spread through the Reformed Churches of Europe, and was favoured by James I. and Charles I. because they looked upon the Calvinistic Puritans as enemies, and had more trust in a body of Reformers who had parted from them and were persecuted by them. The strict Calvinist disliked an Arminian almost as much as a Roman Catholic. Under the Stuarts royal preference of a divine tinged with Arminian opinions was so marked, that when Bishop George Morley was asked "what the Arminians held," his answer was, "All the best bishoprics and deaneries in England."

But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the Orator writes all the University letters, be it to the king, prince, or whoever comes to the University." The commodiousness of the office was, that it enabled a man who sought advancement at court to show his ability to the king, and make himself agreeable. Public orators before him had used the post as a stepping-stone to court preferment, and during the rest of the reign of James I. George Herbert waited upon his Majesty, a courtly and a witty fortune-hunter. He got in 1623—as a layman—the sinecure rectory of Whitford in Flintshire, which was worth £120 a year, and had once been given to Philip Sidney when he was a boy of ten. But the death of James I. on the 27th of March, 1625, put an end to all George Herbert's further hopes in that direction.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH.—
GEORGE HERBERT, RICHARD SIBBES, THOMAS FULLER, JOHN HOWE, GEORGE FOX, RICHARD BAXTER, JEREMY TAYLOR, JOHN MILTON, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1625 TO A.D. 1660.

GEORGE HERBERT, still a layman, was in July, 1626, year of the death of Francis Bacon, made a prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia or Leighton Bromswald, in Huntingdonshire, with a stall in Lincoln. He repaired the church of the place. In 1627 his mother died, and George Herbert retired from his office of Public Orator. He left Cambridge, weak in health, for he was consumptive, and stayed for a time with his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, at Woodford, in Essex. In 1629 he was at Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, the seat of the Earl of Danby, with whom he was connected by his mother's second marriage. She had married Sir John Danvers. At Dauntsey his health improved. In March, 1629, he married Jane Danvers, a kinswoman of his stepfather and of Lord Danby. George Herbert had resolved now to take holy orders. His kinsman Philip, Earl of Pembroke, obtained for him the living of Bemerton, with a little church within a mile or two of the great house at Wilton, half way between Wilton and Salisbury. George Herbert found Charles I. and his Court with the Earl, at Wilton, when he went there, and on the 26th of April, 1630, the Bishop of Salisbury inducted him into his living. George Herbert's church at Bemerton supplied the needs of a thinly-scattered population, though it would perhaps have been overcrowded by a congregation of fifty. There he laboured for not quite three years, marked for death by consumption, lodged in a slight hollow of pleasant but over-watered meadow-land, most favourable to the growth of his disease. The supreme beauty of George Herbert's life was in its close at Bemerton from the beginning of his ministration there in April, 1630, when he was thirty-seven years old, to his death at the age of forty. He was buried under the altar of his church on the 3rd of March, 1633. According to his wish, no word of inscription marks his resting-place. The little church remains,

and is still used for week-day prayers, but near it there has been built a handsome memorial church.

For his own use he set down in a little book his view of the duties of "the Country Parson," treating of his knowledge; the parson on Sundays; his praying; his preaching; his charity; his comforting the sick; his arguing; his condescending; the parson in his journey; the parson in his mirth; the parson with his churchwardens; the parson blessing the people. "His chiefest recreation," says Izaak Walton, "was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and composed many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury, and at his

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin;
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed. 10
Play not away the virtue of that Name
Which is the best stake when griefs make thee tame.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy-working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

The way to make thy son rich is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches: 20
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches;



GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH AT BEMERTON.

return would say, 'that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and to justify this practice he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.' George Herbert's sacred poems, expressing a pure spirit of worship that shone in these last years of his life through all his actions, were published under the title of "The Temple" in 1633, soon after his death. The opening verses, entitled "The Church Porch," are counsels as to the mind with which the temple should be entered, of which these are a few examples that may serve as an abridgment of the whole:—

FROM GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH PORCH.

Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes inance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called his treasure.

By all means use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there:
Who cannot rest till he good-fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind. 30

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy ally;
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour:
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least;
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
 Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness;
 These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound:
 The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
 All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
 But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy. 50

Why should I feel another man's mistakes
 More than his sickness or his poverty?
 In love I should; but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
 Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
 To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses. 60

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
 That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
 Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
 Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
 Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
 Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In alms regard thy means and others' merit:
 Think heaven a better bargain than to give
 Only thy single market-money for it;
 Join hands with God to make a man to live. 70
 Give to all something; to a good poor man
 Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love;
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
 We all are but cold suitors; let us move
 Where it is warmest: leave thy six and seven;
 Pray with the most, for where most pray is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare;
 God is more there than thou; for thou art there 80
 Only by His permission: then beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking; quit thy state;
 All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
 Praying's the end of preaching. Oh, be drest;
 Stay not for th' other pin! Why, thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus Hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee; 89
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart, that, spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in church-time others' symmetry
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain and busy thoughts have there no part;
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purg'd His temple; so must thou thy heart:
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together 100

To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
 For churches are either our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not:
 God calleth preaching folly: do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:
 The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
 And in the morning what thou hast to do; 110
 Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
 And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
 Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
 Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

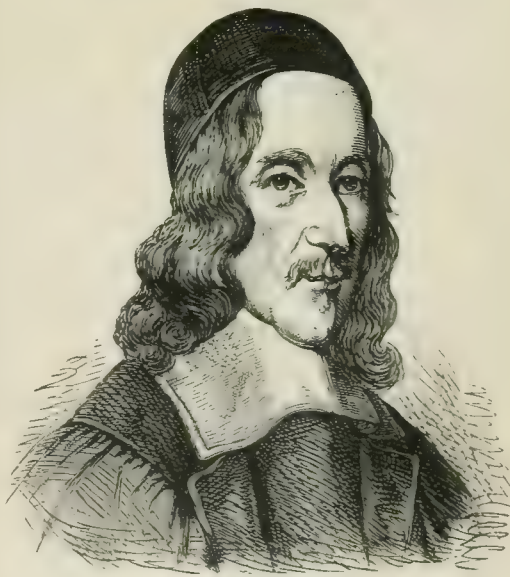
In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man:
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
 Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
 Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
 If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains. 120

Then follows the Crossing of the Threshold.

SUPERLIMINARE.

Thou whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
 Thyself in Church, approach and taste
 The Church's mystical repeat.

AVOID PROFANENESS! COME NOT HERE:
 NOTHING BUT HOLY, PURE, AND CLEAR,
 OR THAT WHICH GROANETH TO BE SO,
 MAY AT HIS PERIL FURTHER GO.



GEORGE HERBERT.

From the Portrait before his "Temple" (1674).

When the Temple is entered, the eye dwells first
 on the altar, and the altar of the heart is reared in
 a poem altar-shaped. Next follows The Sacrifice—

Christ dying for man; Thanksgiving; the Agony; Poems on Good Friday and Easter; and so onward through Prayer, Repentance, the Communion, to many thoughts of God. I quote three of these poems:—

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears more fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we only bring; 10
Parrots may thank us if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother.
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey; 20
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth resteth, heaven moveth, fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure. 30

The stars have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being, to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguish'd, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat; 40
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it, 50
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee;
And both Thy servants be.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

Hark how the birds do sing,
And the woods ring:
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone, 10
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies;
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer; 20
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble:
He hath two winters, other things but one;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone. 30

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right and in their ways.
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

Christopher Harvey, born in 1597, was the son of a preacher at Bunbury, in Cheshire.¹ His mother, in 1609, took in second marriage another preacher, Thomas Pierson, of Brampton-Brian, on the borders of Radnor and Hereford. Christopher in 1613 entered Brasenose College as a poor scholar, graduated as B.A. in 1617, M.A. in 1620. He was living by the Wye, at Whitney, in Hereford—perhaps as curate—before he became rector there after the death of his predecessor, in December, 1630. For half a year, from September, 1632, to March, 1633, Christopher Harvey left Whitney to be head-master of the Grammar School at Kington; but he returned to Whitney, and four more children were born there, making a family of five, before November, 1635, when Sir Robert Whitney of Whitney presented him to the vicarage of Clifton-on-Dunsmore, in Warwickshire. Here he had four more children, of whom one, named Whitney, died in infancy, and then he himself died at the age of sixty-six, in 1663. In 1647, the Vicar of Clifton published anonymously "The Synagogue, or Shadow of the Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations in imitation of Mr. George Herbert," of which there was a fourth edition in his lifetime (1661). In the same year he published "Schola Cordis,² or the Heart of itself gone away from God, brought back again to Him, and instructed by Him. In forty-seven Emblems." This (left with the old spelling unaltered) is the thirty-fifth—

THE ENLARGING OF THE HEART.

How pleasant is that now which heretofore
 Mine heart held bitter—sacred learning's lore!
 Enlarg'd hearts enter with greatest ease
 The straitest paths, and runne the narrowest wayes.

What a blessed change I find
 Since I intertain'd this Guest!
 Now methinks another mind
 Moves and rules within my brest.
 Surely I am not the same
 That I was before He came;
 But I then was much to blame.

10

When before my God commanded
 Anything He would have done,
 I was close and gripple-handed,
 Made an end ere I begunne;
 If He thought it fit to lay
 Judgements on me, I could say,
 "They are good,"—but shrinke away.

¹ The Rev. A. B. Grosart, in his edition for the "Fuller Worthies Library" of the whole works of Christopher Harvey—then first collected—made valuable additions to our knowledge of facts of his life.

² "The School of the Heart."

All the wayes of righteousness
 I did think were full of trouble;
 I complain'd of tediousnesse,
 And each duty seem'd double:
 Whilst I serv'd Him but of feare,
 Ev'ry minute did appeare
 Longer farre then a whole year.

20

Strictnesse in religion seem'd
 Like a pinéd pinion'd thing;
 Bolts and fetters I esteem'd
 More beeseeming for a king,
 Then for me to bow my neck,
 And be at another's beck
 When I felt my conscience check.

30

But the case is alter'd now;
 He no sooner turnes His eye,
 But I quickly bend and bow,
 Ready at His feet to lie;
 Love hath taught me to obey
 All His precepts, and to say,
 "Not to-morrow, but to-day."

What He wills, I say, "I must;"
 What I must, I say, "I will;"
 He commanding, it is just,
 What He would, I should fulfil;
 Whilst He biddeth, I beleeve;
 What He calls for, He will give;
 To obey Him is—to live.

40

His commandments grievous are not
 Longer then men think them so;
 Though He send me forth, I care not,
 Whilst He gives me strength to goe.
 When or whither, all is one;
 On His bus'nesse, not mine owne,
 I shall never goe alone.

50

If I be compleat in Him,—
 And in Him all fulnesse dwelleth,—
 I am sure aloft to swim
 Whilst that ocean overswelleth;
 Having Him that's All in All,
 I am confident I shall
 Nothing want for which I call.

60

Christopher Harvey and his "Synagogue" received
 this praise from Izaak Walton—

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND.

I loved you for your Synagogue before
 I knew your person; but now love you more;
 Because I find
 It is so true a picture of your mind;
 Which tunes your sacred lyre
 To that eternal quire,
 Where holy Herbert sits
 (O shame to profane wits!)

And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
 Of Him that is the First and Last of days.

10

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth;
 For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
 And fix them there,
 Free from the world's anxieties and fear.
 Herbert and you have pow'r
 To do this; ev'ry hour
 I read you, kills a sin
 Or lets a virtue in
 To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
 Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost. 20

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
 The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
 Neglect our arms,
 We are circumvested with a world of harms.
 But I will watch and ward,
 And stand upon my guard;
 And still consult with you
 And Herbert, and renew
 My vows and say, "Well fare his and your heart,
 The fountains of such sacred wit and art." 30

John Milton, aged seventeen, became a student of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625, just at the time of the death of King James I. and the accession of Charles I. His birthday was on the 9th of December, and he was but two or three weeks older than twenty-one when, risen before the dawn of Christmas Day, 1629, his young spirit mounted heavenward through these lines written

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin-Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,
 Now, while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
 Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize.
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden-white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger, 50
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.¹

No war or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around;
 The idle spear and shield were high up-hung;
 The hookéd chariot stood,
 Unstained with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye, 60
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.²

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze, 70

¹ There was said to have been peace throughout the world at the time of the birth of Christ. This happened in the reign of Augustus, when the idea of universal Peace—the Roman Peace—charmed poets and politicians. Virgil expressed it through the forecast of the shade of Anchises in the sixth book of the "Æneid":—

"But ye, my Romans, still control
 The nations far and wide.
 Be this your genius, to impose
 The Rule of Peace on vanquished foes,
 Show pity to the humbled soul
 And crush the sons of pride."

(Conington's Translation.)

² Ovid tells, in the eleventh book of his "Metamorphoses," how Ceyx, king of Trachis, sailed to consult an oracle, promising his sad wife Alcyone, daughter of Æolus, god of the winds, that he would return in two months. He was wrecked in a storm. Juno caused Isis to bring to Alcyone a dream, from the god of sleep, through which the ghost of her dead husband told his fate. She wakened to

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning-light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given Day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than¹
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below.
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly² thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

wild grief, rushed to the shore, and saw his body floating on the waves—

"Thither forthwith, O wonderful! she springs
Beating the passive air with new-grown wings,
Who, now a bird, the water's summit rakes;
About she flies, and full of sorrow makes
A mournful noise, lamenting her divorce:
Anon she touched his dumb and bloodless corse.
With stretchéd wings embraced her perished bliss
And gave his colder lips a heatless kiss.
Whether he felt it or the floods his look
Advanced, the vulgar doubt; yet sure he took
Sense from the touch. The gods commiserate,
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As erst they love; their nuptial faiths they shew
In little birds, engender, parents grow.
Seven winter days in peaceful calms possess
Alcyon sits upon her floating nest;
They safely sail, then Æolus incaves
For his, the Winds, and smooths the stooping waves."

(Sandys's Translation.)

This is the fable of the Halcyon in whose breeding time at sea there is a calm.

¹ *Than*, then. Our two words were originally one word, "*thanne*."

² *Silly*, simple, innocent; from "*sælig*," happy, blessed.

That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed.
The helméd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen, in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping, in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive³ notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music—as 'tis said—
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
—If ye have power to touch our senses so—
And let your silver-chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony⁴
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow, and like glories wearing;
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

³ *Unexpressive*, ineffable, inexpressible. So Milton's *Lycidas* in heaven "hears the unexpressive nuptial song;" and Rosalind, in "*As You Like It*," is "*The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she*."

⁴ *Ninefold harmony of the spheres*. According to the Ptolemaic astronomy, there were nine moving spheres of the world; outermost, the "*primum mobile*," which gave motion to the others and carried them round with it in diurnal revolution, then the sphere of the fixed stars, then successively inwards the spheres or orbits of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, the Earth being in the centre. The nine spheres were said to correspond to the nine Muses, the spaces between them formed musical intervals, and the sounds produced by their movements were said to blend in a perfect harmony of the universe. The interval from the earth to the moon was a tone, from the moon to Mercury a semitone, from Mercury to Venus another semitone, but thence to the sun three tones and a half or a diapente (the old term for an interval of a fifth), and from the moon to the sun two and a half or a diatessaron (interval of a fourth); then a tone from the sun to Mars; from Mars to Jove and from Jove to Saturn each a semitone, again a semitone to the starry sphere. From the earth, therefore, to the starry heavens a complete diapason (or octave) of six tones. Besides this, there was said to be musical proportion in the rate of movement of the planets, and the sounds produced thereby; the swifter motion of the moon causing a sound of higher pitch than that of the starry sphere, which being slowest of all produces the gravest sound, "*the base of heaven's deep organ*;" but there is a proportionate return caused by the motion of the *primum mobile* with which the starry sphere has swiftest accord and makes the shrillest treble and the moon the base.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so, 150
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That, on the bitter cross,
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake. 160
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,—
But now begins: for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound, 170
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.¹ 180

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars and Lemures² moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

¹ So in "Paradise Regained," book i., Christ says to Satan—

"No more shalt thou by oraceling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute."

² *Lars and Lemures*. The *Lares* were inferior deities of the Romans, who were public, presiding over city, country, roads, &c.; and domestic, whose images were placed within the house upon an altar near the hearth, thence called by Milton "the holy hearth." *Lemures* were "souls of the silent ones," spirits of the dead, who lie "in consecrated earth."

Peor and Baalim³
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon⁴ shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz⁵ mourn.

And sullen Moloch,⁶ fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
The brutish gods of Nile⁷ as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark. 220

³ *Peor and Baalim*. Baal was the supreme male god of the Canaanites. Baal Peor was the name under which he was worshipped by the Israelites while yet in the wilderness. Representing powers of nature, he was worshipped with affix of various other names, which are comprised in the plural form Baalim. He was associated with the sun; as Ashtaroth (plural Ashtaroth) or Astarte, the companion deity and queen of heaven, was associated with the moon.

⁴ *Lybic Hammon*. The Lybian deity first worshipped at Meroe, then in Egyptian Thebes, and known in Europe as Jupiter Ammon, was especially worshipped in Siwah, an oasis of the Libyan desert, and represented with the head and horns of a ram.

⁵ *Wounded Thammuz*. Thammuz was the Eastern original of the worship that passed into Greece as that of Adonis. He was said to die every year and revive again. He died by the tusk of a boar in the Lebanon, and when the river Adonis, flowing there, ran with a red tinge in its waters at certain seasons of the year, feasts of Adonis were held by the women who made loud lament for him. So in "Paradise Lost," book i.—

"Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

⁶ *Moloch*, national god of the Ammonites, to whom Solomon, to satisfy some of his wives, built a temple on the Mount of Olives. In his worship children were caused to pass through fire in the part of the valley of Hinnom called Tophet ("toph," a drum), from the sounding of drums and cymbals to drown the cries of the victims. The place was afterwards defiled by Josiah, and used for burning refuse from the city and bodies of criminals, whence its name Gehinnom, the valley of Hinnom, came (from the smoke, fire, and pollution of the place) to serve as a name for hell, Gehenna. In "Paradise Lost" Milton uses Moloch to personify, among the companions of Satan, Hate.

⁷ *The brutish gods of Nile*. Osiris (Oseh-iri, much make), the chief god worshipped in Egypt, represented fertility, the creative power. His bride and sister Isis had even higher worship. Their antagonist was Tryphon; their son Orus or Horus. Osiris was father also to the dog Anubis by the wife of Tryphon. Osiris was worshipped in a bull marked with particular spots, and if that bull died, the priests mourned until another was discovered. Isis was represented with horns of a cow. Anubis was represented with a dog's head as guide of departed souls, and was particularly worshipped at a city in Middle Egypt called Cynopolis (Dog-city).

He feels, from Juda's land,
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye :
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon¹ huge ending in snaky twine.
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling-bands control the damnéd crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the Night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending ;
Heaven's youngest-teemed² star 240
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid-lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

When Milton was at Cambridge, Dr. Richard Sibbes (or Sibbs) was Master of Catharine Hall, and a leading preacher, whose religious opinions were of the form commonly associated with the Puritanism in the Church. Cambridge was the university that produced the greater number of the distinguished churchmen whose names were associated with this form of thought, and Sibbes must have been a preacher to whom Milton often listened with pleasure. Richard Baxter said that he owed his conversion to the reading of sermons by Sibbes, collected under the title of "The Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax." Sibbes died in 1635, aged fifty-eight. The following passage is from a funeral sermon of his, entitled "Christ is Best; or, a Sweet Passage to Glory."³ Its text is from the first chapter of St. Paul to the Philippians: "For I am in a strait between two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is best of all; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is most needful for you." Its doctrines are that the servants of God are often in great straits; that God reserves the best to the last for all His; that the lives of worthy men, especially magistrates and ministers, are very needful for the Church of God; that holy and gracious men who are led by the Spirit of God can deny themselves and their own best good for the Church's benefit.

THE TRUE MEN OF THE WORLD.

Gracious men are public treasures, and storehouses wherein every man hath a share, a portion; they are public springs in the wilderness of this world to refresh the souls of people; they are trees of righteousness that stretch out their boughs for others to shelter under and to gather fruit from. You have an excellent picture of this in Daniel, in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar; the magistrates there are compared to a great tree, wherein the birds build their nests and the beasts shelter themselves: so a good magistrate, especially if he be in great place, is as a great tree, for comfort and shelter. O beloved, the lives of good men are very useful. A good man (saith the philosopher) is a common good, because as soon as ever a man becomes gracious he hath a public mind, as he hath a public place: nay, whether he hath a public place or no, he hath a public mind. It is needful, therefore, that there be such men alive.

If this be so, then we may lament the death of worthy men, because we lose part of our strength in the loss of such, God's custom being to convey much good by them; and when there is scarcity of good men, we should say with Micah, "Woe is me, the good is perished from the earth."⁴ They keep judgments from a place, and derive a blessing upon it. Howsoever the world judgeth them, and accounts them not worthy to live, yet God accounts the world unworthy of them; they are God's jewels, they are His treasure, and His portion, therefore we ought to lament their death and to desire their lives; and we ought to desire our own lives as long as we may be useful to the Church, and be content to want⁵ heaven for a time. Beloved, it is not for the good of God's children that they live; as soon as ever they are in the state of grace they have a title to heaven; but it is for others. When once we are in Christ we live for others, not for ourselves: that a father is kept alive, it is for his children's sake; that good magistrates are kept alive, it is for their subjects' sake; that a good minister is kept alive out of the present enjoying of heaven, it is for the people's sake, that God hath committed to him to instruct; for as Paul saith here, "In regard of my own particular, it is better for me to be with Christ."

If God convey so much good by worthy men to us, then what wretches are they that malign them, persecute them, and speak ill of those that speak to God for them! Doth the world continue for a company of wretches, a company of profane, blasphemous, loose, disorderly livers? Oh no, for if God had not a Church in the world, a company of good people, heaven and earth would fall in pieces, there would be an end presently. It is for good people only that the world continues; they are the pillars of the tottering world, they are the stakes in the fence, they are the foundation of the building, and if they were once taken out, all would come down, there would be a confusion of all; therefore those that oppose and disquiet gracious and good men are enemies to their own good, they cut the bough which they stand on, they labour to pull down the house that covers themselves, being blinded with malice and a diabolical spirit. Take heed of such a disposition; it comes near to the sin against the Holy Ghost, to hate any man for goodness, because perhaps his good life reproacheth us; such a one would hate Christ himself if He were here. How can a man desire to be with Christ if he hates His image in another? Therefore

¹ Typhon. All the gods, except Jupiter and Minerva, in the wars of the giants, fled into Egypt and changed themselves into animals for fear of Typhon. But Typhon also flies when Christ is born.

² Youngest-teemed, youngest born; the star of Bethlehem which guided the magi. "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him" (Matthew ii. 2).

³ Preached at the funeral of Mr. Sharland, late Recorder of Northampton.

⁴ Micah vii. 1, 2. "Woe is me! . . . The good man is perished out of the earth."

⁵ Want, do without.

if God convey so much good by other men that are good, let us make much of them, as public persons, as instruments of our good; take away malice, and pride, and a poisonous spirit, and all their good is ours. What hinders that we have no good by them? Pride, and an envious spirit, &c.

A second thing that I observe hence is this: holy and gracious men, that are led by the Spirit of God, can deny themselves and their own best good for the Church's benefit. They know that God hath appointed them as instruments to convey good to others, and knowing this, they labour to come to Paul's spirit here, to desire to live, to have life in patience and death in desire in regard of themselves; for it were much better for a good man to be in heaven out of misery, out of this conflicting condition with the devil and devilish-minded men.

The reason is, because a good man, as soon as he is a good man, hath the spirit of love in him; and love seeketh not its own, but the good of another; and as the love of Christ and the love of God possesseth and seizeth upon the soul, so self-love decays. What is gracious love but a decay of self-love? The more self-love decays the more we deny ourselves.

Again, God's people have the Spirit of Christ in them, who minded not His own things. If Christ had minded His own things, where had our salvation been? Christ was content to leave heaven, and to take our nature upon Him, to be Emanuel, God with us, that we might be with God for ever in heaven. He was content not only to leave heaven, but to be born in the womb of a virgin; He was content to stoop to the grave; He stooped as low as hell in love to us. Now where Christ's Spirit is, it will bring men from their altitudes and excellences, and make them to stoop to serve the Church, and account it an honour to be an instrument to do good. Christ was content to be accounted not only a servant of God, but of the Church's: "My righteous servant," &c. Those that have the Spirit of Christ have a spirit of self-denial of their own; we see the blessed angels are content to be ministering spirits for us; and it is thought to be the sin of the devil, pride, when he scorned to stoop to the keeping of man, an inferior creature to himself. The blessed angels do not scorn to attend upon a poor child, little ones. A Christian is a consecrated person, and he is none of his own; he is a sacrifice as soon as he is a Christian—he is Christ's—he gives himself to Christ; and as he gives himself, so he gives his life and all to Christ, as Paul saith of the Corinthians—they gave themselves and their goods to Him. When a Christian gives himself to Christ, he gives all to Christ—all his labour and pains, and whatsoever he knows that Christ can serve himself of him for His Church's good, and His glory; he knows that Christ is wiser than he, therefore he resigns himself to His disposal, resolving, if he live, he lives to the Lord; and if he die, he dies to the Lord; that so, whether he live or die, he may be the Lord's.

O beloved, that we had the spirit of St. Paul and the Spirit of Christ to set us a-work to do good while we are here, to deny ourselves; oh, it would be meat and drink, as it was to our blessed Saviour Christ, to do good all kind of ways. Consider all the capacities and abilities we have to do good, this way and that way, in this relation and that relation, that we may be trees of righteousness, that the more we bear the more we may bear. God will mend His own trees, He will purge them and prune them to bring forth more fruit. God cherisheth fruitful trees. In the law of Moses, when they besieged any place, he commanded them to spare fruitful trees. God spares a fruitful person till he have done his work: we know not how much good one man may do, though he be a mean person; sometimes one poor wise man delivereth the city, and the righteous delivereth the island. We see for one

servant, Joseph, Potiphar's house was blessed. Naaman had a poor maid-servant that was the occasion of his conversion. Grace will set anybody a-work; it puts a dexterity into any, though never so mean; they carry God's blessing wheresoever they go, and they bethink themselves when they are in any condition to do good, as he saith in Hester, God hath called me to this place, perhaps for this end. We should often put this query to ourselves: Why hath God called me to this place? for such and such a purpose.

Now that we may be fruitful as Paul was, let us labour to have humble spirits. God delights in an humble spirit, and not in a proud spirit, for that takes all the glory to itself; God delights to use humble spirits that are content to stoop to any service for others, that think no office too mean.

Secondly, get loving hearts. Love is full of invention—How shall I glorify God? How shall I do good to others? How shall I bring to heaven as many as I can? Love is a sweet and boundless affection, full of holy devices.

Thirdly, labour to have sufficiency in our places, that you may have ability to do good. Oh, when these meet together, ability and sufficiency, and a willing, a large, and gracious heart, and a fit object to do good to, what a deal of good is done then!

Fourthly, and when we find opportunity of doing any good let us resolve upon it—resolve to honour God and serve him in spite of flesh and blood. For we must get every good work that we do out of the fire, as it were; we must get it out with travail and pains. We carry that about us that will hinder us, let¹ us; therefore labour to have sincere aims in that we do to please God, and then resolve to do all the good we can.

To stir us up to be more and more fruitful in our places, let us consider we live for others, and not for ourselves, when we are good Christians once. It was a good speech of that godly Palsgrave, great-grandfather to him that is (Frederick the Godly they called him), when he was to die, "*Satis vobis*," saith he, "I have hitherto lived for you, now let me live for myself." We live here all our life for others, therefore let us think while we live how we may do most good in the Church of God.

For encouragement hereunto, consider God will undertake to recompense all the good we do, to a cup of cold water; we shall not lose a sigh, a groan, for the Church; God would account himself dishonoured if it should not be rewarded, he hath pawned his faithfulness upon it. He is not unfaithful to be unmindful of your good works.

Nay, we have a present reward and contentment of conscience; as light accompanies fire, so peace and joy accompany every good action. All is not reserved for heaven; a Christian hath some beginnings of happiness here; when he doth that that is contrary to the flesh and blood. How full of sweet joy is a fruitful soul! Those that are fruitful in their places never want arguments of good assurance of salvation. It is your lazy lukewarm Christian that wants assurance. Therefore I beseech you be stirred up, to live desired in the world, and die lamented. Labour to be useful in your places all you can; to be as the olive and fig-tree, delighting God and man, and not to cumber the ground of the Church with barrenness; sins of omission, because men were not fruitful in their places, was a ground of damnation: "Cast the unprofitable servant into utter darkness." Put case he did no harm; ay, but he was unprofitable. Such was the cursed disposition of Ephraim; he brought forth fruit to himself. Oh this looking to ourselves! When we make ourselves

¹ Let, delay, hinder.

the beginning and the end of all the good we do, it is an argument of a barren person. None ever came to heaven but those that denied themselves.

In 1635, year of the death of Richard Sibbes, George Wither and Francis Quarles each followed a fashion of the time, and published a book of Emblems. Wither's book was a handsome folio, with a good selection of emblem pictures, well engraved, and a fine portrait of the author. Quarles's volume was in 12mo, with somewhat rudely-executed woodcuts of emblems, usually ill-drawn. Quarles's book has been often reproduced with improved pictures, but there has been neglect of Wither's work, which is not inferior in merit. It is divided into four books, each containing fifty-six Emblems followed by a "Lottery," that ingeniously sums up their teaching in fifty-six stanzas. This is George Wither's Emblem of

THE PREACHER.

The Gospel thankfully embrace,
For God vouchsafed us this grace.



This modern Emblem is a mute expressing
Of God's great mercies in a modern blessing;
And gives me now just cause to sing His praise
For granting me my being in these days.
The much-desired messages of heaven
For which our fathers would their lives have given,
And in groves, caves, and mountains once a year
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to hear,
Or in less bloody times at their own homes
To hear in private and obscuréd rooms,
Now those, those joyful tidings we do live
Divulged in every village to perceive;
And that the sounds of gladness echo may
Through all our goodly temples every day,
This was, O God, Thy doing; unto Thee
Ascribed for ever let all praises be!
Prolong this mercy, and vouchsafe the fruit
May to Thy labour in this vineyard suit:

10

Lest for our fruitlessness Thy light of grace
Thou from our golden candlestick displace. 20
We do methinks already, Lord, begin
To wantonize, and let that loathing in
Which makes Thy manna tasteless; and I fear
That of those Christians who more often hear
Than practise what they know, we have too many,
And I suspect myself as much as any.¹
O mend me so that by amending me
Amends in others may increased be;
And let all graces which Thou hast bestowed
Return Thee honour, from whom first they flowed. 30

The next is one of the Emblems of Francis Quarles upon the text we have just seen otherwise treated by Richard Sibbes, who recognised, with Saint Paul, a worthier tie to earth than is here represented.



I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.—PHILIPPIANS I. 23.

What meant our careful parents so to wear
And lavish out their ill-extended hours
To purchase for us large possessions here
Which, though unpurchased, are too truly ours?
What meant they—ah, what meant they to endure
Such loads of needless labour to procure,
And make that thing our own which was our own too sure?

What mean these liv'ries and possessive keys?
What mean these bargains and these needless sales?
What mean these jealous, these suspicious ways 10
Of law-devised and law-dissolved entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-prized land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogged with earth as I.

¹ This honest line recalls the wholesome answer of Orlando to the sickly Jaques, whom Shakespeare represents as seeing in the seven ages of man only occasion for a sneer at each—

"Jaques. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

"Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

O were their souls but clogged with earth as I,
 They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
 They would not take of alms¹ what now they buy,
 Nor call him happy whom the world counts rich;
 They would not take such pains, project, and prog,²
 To charge their shoulders with so great a log: 20
 Who hath the greater lands hath but the greater clog.

I cannot do an act which Earth disdains not;
 I cannot think a thought which Earth corrupts not;
 I cannot speak a word which Earth profanes not;
 I cannot make a vow Earth interrupts not:
 If I but offer up an early groan,
 Or spread my wings to Heaven's long longed-for throne,
 She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring down.

E'en like the hawk, whose keeper's wary hands
 Have made a pris'n'ner to her weath'ring stock,³ 30
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
 Makes a rank bate⁴ from her forsaken block;
 But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
 It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
 To Heaven's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
 Earth holds me down—I cannot, cannot rise:
 When I but strive to mount the least degree, 40
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
 Lord, how my soul is racked betwixt the World and Thee!

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
 In vain I offer my extended hands;
 I cannot mount till Thou unlock my chain;
 I cannot come till Thou release my bands;
 Which if Thou please to break, and then supply
 My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
 A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. BONAVENT.

Soliloq., cap. i.

Ah! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the
 healthful shafts of Thy love, that it may truly burn, and
 melt, and languish, with the only desire of Thee: that it may
 desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee: let it hunger
 alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after Thee, the spring
 and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure:
 let it always desire Thee, seek Thee, and find Thee, and
 sweetly rest in Thee.

EPIGRAM.

What! will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
 Are they too strong, or is thine arm too weak?
 Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
 My soul, there's aquafortis in thine eyes.

The measure of the verses attached by Quarles to
 this Emblem in 1635 was taken from "The Purple

Island," published by Phineas Fletcher, two years
 before, in 1633, but written much earlier. Quarles
 greatly admired Phineas Fletcher, and called him the
 Spenser of his age. Phineas Fletcher was, like his
 brother Giles, a clergyman. He had the living of
 Hilgay in Norfolk. "The Purple Island, or the
 Isle of Man," is a poem in twelve cantos, opening
 with pastoral stanzas that dwell much upon the praise
 of Spenser, and then proceed—

"Great Prince of Shepherds, than Thy heavens more high,
 Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;
 Who taught'st our death to live, Thy life to die;
 Who, when we broke Thy bonds, our bonds wouldst bear;
 Who reignedst in Thy heaven, yet felt'st our hell;
 Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (tho' God) did sell,
 Who in our flesh, our graves and, worse, our hearts wouldst
 dwell.

"Great Prince of Shepherds, Thou who late didst deign
 To lodge Thyself within this wretched breast,
 (Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
 Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest!)
 Thou first and last, inspire Thy sacred skill;
 Guide Thou my hand, grace Thou my artless quill;
 So shall I first begin, so last shall end Thy will.

"Hark then, ah, hark! ye gentle shepherd-crew;
 An Isle I fain would sing, an Island fair;
 A place too seldom viewed, yet still in view;
 Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;
 Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
 A foreign home, a strange, though native coast;
 Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

"Coeval with the world in her nativity,
 Which though it now hath passed through many ages,
 And still retained a natural proclivity
 To ruin, compassed with a thousand rages
 Of spiteful foes, which still this island tosses;
 Yet ever grows more prosperous by her crosses,
 By withering, springing fresh, and rich by often losses."

God made man at the close of the first week of
 Creation.

"Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
 And this world built, and richly furnishéd;
 To store heaven's courts, He of each element,
 Did cast to frame an Isle, the heart and head
 Of all his works, composed with curious art;
 Which like an index briefly should impart
 The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

"The tri-une God Himself in council sits,
 And purple dust takes from the new-made earth;
 Part circular, and part triangular fits;⁵
 Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
 Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
 With aptness thereunto, as seemed him best;
 And loved it more than all, and more than all it blessed."

¹ Of alms, as alms.

² Prog, probably, toy or pry about; but to progue was to steal.

³ Weathering stock, the perch on which hawks were taken for an
 airing. This also is figured in the picture.

⁴ Bate, a term in falconry for the beating of the wings in preparing
 for a flight, probably from French "l'attre."

⁵ Part circular and part triangular. In Spenser's description of the
 body as a castle ("Faerie Queene," bk. ii.)—

"The frame thereof was partly circular
 And part triangular."

But the Iskand, not content with its own happiness, "would try whate'er is in the continent, and seek out ill and search for wretchedness," allured by the serpent from the peaceful shore. The first canto Phineas ends with loving reference to his brother Giles, and allusion to his own youth, from which it must be inferred that the Purple Island, although not published until 1633, was written in the reign of James I. In the second, third, fourth, and fifth cantos Man's Body is described as geography and economy of an island with over-elaborate allegory. Spenser, in the second book of the "Faerie Queene," had described the Body as a castle, the castle of the Soul, and Du Bartas had been ingeniously descriptive. Then in the sixth canto Justice and Mercy plead in heaven against and for the rebellious Island, and this gives Phineas occasion again to refer lovingly to his brother Giles's poem. Within the Purple Island there is fierce dissension. The Prince of the Island is all-seeing Intellect.

"He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdom by intestine rage
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
And battered sence now flat and even lies;
Sooner than thought to that Great Judge he flies,
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

"For he the Judge's viceroy here is placed;
Where if he lives as knowing he may die,
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures graced,
Bathes his crowned head in blessed eternity;
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

"There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
There dainty joys, laugh at uneasy care;
There day no night, delight no end shall know;
Sweets without surfeit, fulness without spare,
And by its spending, grows in happiness:
There God Himself in glory's lavishness
Diffused in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

"But if he here neglects his master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,
Down to the deep ten thousand fiends him draw;
A deep, where night, and death, and horror dwells,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears:
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears;
And still increasing grief, and torments endless bears.

"Prayers there are idle, death is woo'd in vain,
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain,
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies;
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

"Hence while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a tower where thousand enemies
Assault the fort; with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies

Searcheth into his friend's designs, and foes:
But subjects most he fears, for well he knows
This tower's most like to fall if treason 'mongst them rose.

"Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguised in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes."

Then we have pictured allegorically the inmates of the Castle of Intellect, in a way suggested by Spenser's description of the Castle of Alma (the Soul).

The seventh and eighth cantos set forth the enemies by whom the Prince is besieged, "the enraged Dragon and his serpents bold," with him Caro (the Flesh), "accursed dam of sin," and the chief ills personified that are at war with the true life of man. The ninth and tenth cantos set forth, as warriors ranged to "beat back these hellish sprites," the several parts of the true spiritual life; and the two remaining cantos then set forth, as war for and against the Dragon, the long contest between good and evil in the Purple Island. It is ended by the help of the Saviour at the prayer of Electa (the chosen), and is heralded by King James I. in the form of an angel.

"And straight an Angel full of heavenly might
(Three several crowns adorn'd his royal head)
From northern coast raising his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the beast's and Dragon's shame:
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.¹

"A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaimed, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great Babel lies as low as hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heaven-exalted towers in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies upon the ground.

"The broken heavens dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
When straight shrill trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight:
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

"Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft he strove, and had been foiled as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defied:
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To show his pois'nous hate, though ever showed in vain.

¹ James = Jacob, supplanter or beguiler. King James interpreted the Book of Revelations.

"So he arose upon his outstretched sails,
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So he arose, that th' air both starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So he arose, as doth a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth shroud:
So he arose, and through the weary air he rowed.

"Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms eclipsed the brightest day,
Confounding with their beams less glittering skies,
Firing the air with more than heavenly ray,
Like thousand suns in one:—such is their light,
A subject only for immortal spright,
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

"His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
With which the thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himself had fairly wrote His wondrous Name,
Which neither earth nor heaven could understand:
A hundred crowns, like towers, beset around
His conquering head: well may they there abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crown'd.

"His armour all was dyed with purple blood;
In purple blood of thousand rebel kings;
In vain their stubborn powers His arm withstood:
Their proud necks chained, He them in triumph brings,
And breaks their spears, and all their trait'rous swords;
Upon whose arms and thigh in fairest words
Was written, The King of kings, and Lord of lords.

"His snow-white steed appeared of heavenly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
And (which His foes with fear and horror fills)
Out from His mouth a two-edged sword He darts;
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow parts,
And with his keenest point unbreasts the naked hearts.¹

"The Dragon, wounded with His powerful hand,
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is His victory.
So now he's bound in adamant chain;
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

"Thence by a Mighty Swain he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,
Now stretched at length, close to his body clings:
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, resumes:
So there he deeply lies, burning in quenchless fires.

"As when Alcides from forced hell had drawn
The three-head Dog, and mastered all his pride;
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:
At length arrived upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out from his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

"Soon at this fight the Knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flowers from winter's tomb,
When now the sun brings back his nearer wain
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose, lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays:
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive plays.

"The Prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never ending liberty,
To meet the victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise:
But him the heavenly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never-ending days."

Then the poem ends with the marriage joy of Electa, to whom the Saviour is bridegroom, she a gladsome bride.

George Sandys, younger brother of Richard Hooker's pupil, Edwin Sandys, and son to the Archbishop of York, was born in 1577, and died in 1644. He travelled in the East, translated Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and in 1636 published a "Paraphrase of the Psalms," with music by Henry Lawes, the great composer of the day. In the same volume were his paraphrases of Job, of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and of other songs out of the Old and New Testaments. This is George Sandys's version of

PSALM XV.

Who shall in Thy tent abide?
On Thy holy hill reside?
He that's just and innocent;
Tells the truth of his intent;
Slanders none with venom'd tongue;
Fears to do his neighbour wrong;
Fosters not base infamies;
Vice beholds with scornful eyes;
Honours those who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loss, his word;
Takes no bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to use his money lends:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

Richard Crashaw, who was expelled from the University of Cambridge in 1644 for refusing to sign the Covenant, then became a Roman Catholic, and died in 1650 a canon of Loretto. He first published his "Steps to the Temple" in 1646. There was a second edition in 1649. It was another collection of religious poems in a form suggested by the "Temple" of George Herbert. Among his poems are these lines on sending Herbert's "Temple" to a lady:—

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK.

Know you, fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book,
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this His sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings;

¹ "For the word of the Lord is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.)

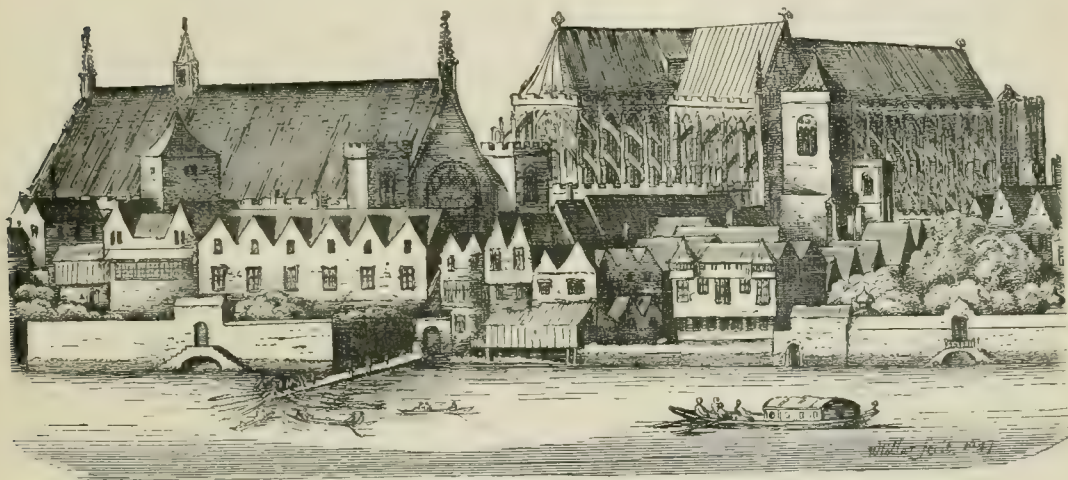
One that gladly will be nigh
 To wait upon each morning sigh,
 To flutter in the balmy air
 Of your well-perfuméd prayer.
 These white plumes of His He'll lend you,
 Which every day to heaven will send you;
 To take acquaintance of the sphere,
 And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
 And though Herbert's name doth owe
 These devotions, fairest, know
 That while I lay them on the shrine
 Of your white hand, they are mine.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

Now, Lord, or never, they'll believe on Thee;
 Thou to their teeth hast proved Thy deity.

Two went up into the Temple to pray.

Two went to pray? O rather say,
 One went to brag, th' other to pray.
 One stands up close, and treads on high,
 Where th' other dares not lend his eye.
 One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God.



ENGLAND'S TEMPLE: WESTMINSTER ABBEY¹ (WITH THE HALL). From a Print by Hollar (1641).

And these are some of a group of Divine Epigrams
 in Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple:"—

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

Here, where our Lord once laid his head,
 Now the grave lies buried.

The Widow's Mites.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
 Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
 The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave:
 The other cast away, she only gave.

On the Prodigal.

Tell me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,
 Whither away so frolic? why so glad?
 What all thy wealth in council? all thy state?
 Are husks so dear? troth 'tis a mighty rate.

Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

Show me Himself, Himself, bright sir, O show
 Which way my poor tears to Himself may go.
 Were it enough to show the place, and say,
 "Look, Mary, here see where thy Lord once lay;"
 Then could I show these arms of mine and say,
 "Look, Mary, here see where thy Lord once lay."

And a certain Priest coming that way, looked on him, and passed by.

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest by,
 Handling and turning them with an unwounded eye?
 The calm that cools thine eye does shipwreck mine, for O,
 Unmoved to see one wretched is to make him so!

Dives asking a Drop.

A drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
 Would tremble on my pearl-tipp'd finger's top!
 My wealth is gone, O, go it where it will,
 Spare this one jewel, I'll be Dives still.

I am ready not only to be bound, but to die.

Come death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
 At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.
 Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
 No other death than this,—the fear to die.

On St. Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviour's call.

Thou hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
 To cast thy nets on all occasions well.
 When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee stay,
 To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Robert Herrick, ejected from his parsonage at Dean Prior, came to London, and published, in 1648, not only his "Hesperides," but his more sacred thoughts in a separate book, as "Noble Numbers," of which these are some:—

¹ The towers of Westminster Abbey in the time of Charles I. were not raised above the level of the roof. We see them in modern London as completed—not in best accordance with the architecture of the building—by Sir Christopher Wren.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep, 10
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 20

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said, 30
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 40

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd;
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

TO DEATH.

Thou bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay,
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years;

And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above; 10
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout,
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry,
"God, mercy!" and so die.

HUMILITY.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye;
Grace is increased by humility.

GRACE FOR A CHILD.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

TO HIS DEAR GOD.

I'll hope no more
For things that will not come;
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe;
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor
Than so t'abound
As to be drowned
Or overwhelm'd with store. 10
Pale care, avant,
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God, me grant!
But that or this
That hurtful is
Deny thy suppliant.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go, 10
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soul;

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate
 To circumsise thy life;

20

To shew a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin:
 And that's to Keep thy Lent.

William Chillingworth, who was two years younger than Charles I., was converted to Catholicism when a student at Oxford, but re-converted by Laud, who was his godfather. In 1637 Chillingworth dedicated to Charles I. a volume entitled "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation." It was written in answer to a book entitled "Mercy and Truth, or Charity maintained by Catholics," the author of which had sought to prove Protestantism unsafe. Chillingworth maintained that those Protestants are right who take Scripture as the only rule of faith, and do not seek rest in the traditions of an infallible Church.¹

THE APPEAL TO SCRIPTURE.

Yet when we say, The Scripture is the only Rule to judge all Controversies by; me-thinks you should easily conceive, that we would be understood, of all those that are possible to be judged by Scripture, and of those that arise among such as believe the Scripture. For, if I had a Controverſie with an Atheist whether there were a God or no, I would not say, that the Scripture were a Rule to judge this by; feeling that, doubting whether there be a God or no, he must needs doubt whether the Scripture be the Word of God: or, if he does not, he grants the Question, and is not the man we speak of. So likewise, if I had a Controverſie about the Truth of Christ with a Jew, it would be vainly done of me, should I press him with the Authority of the New Testament which he believes not, until out of some principles common to us both, I had perswaded him that it is the Word of God. The New Testament therefore, while he remains a Jew, would not be a fit Rule to decide this Controverſie; in as much as that which is doubted of it self, is not fit to determine other doubts. So likewise, if there were any that believed Christian Religion, and yet believed not the Bible to be the Word of God, though they believed the matter of it to be true, (which is no impossible supposition; for I may believe a Book of *S. Austin's* to contain nothing but the Truth of God, and yet not to have been inspired by God himself,) against such men therefore there were no disputing out of the Bible; because nothing in question can be a proof to it self. When therefore we say, Scripture is a sufficient means to determine all Controversies, we say not this, either to Atheists, Jews, Turks, or such Christians (if there be any such) as believe not Scripture to be the Word of God. But among such men only, as are already agreed upon this, that *the Scripture is the Word of God*, we say, All Controversies that arise about Faith, are

either not at all decidable, and consequently not necessary to be believed one way or other; or they may be determined by Scripture. In a word, That all things necessary to be believed are evidently contained in Scripture, and what is not there evidently contained, cannot be necessary to be believed. And our reason hereof is convincing, because nothing can challenge our belief, but what hath descended to us from Christ by Original and Universal Tradition: Now nothing but Scripture hath thus descended to us, Therefore nothing but Scripture can challenge our belief. Now then to come up closer to you, and to answer to your Question, not as you put it, but as you should have put it: I say, That this Position, *Scripture alone is the Rule whereby they which believe it to be God's Word, are to judge all Controversies in Faith*, is no fundamental point, Though not for your Reasons: For, your first and strongest reason, you see, is plainly voided and cut off by my stating of the Question as I have done, and supposing in it, that the parties at variance, are agreed about this, That the Scripture is the Word of God; and consequently that this is none of their Controversies. To your second, That *Controversies cannot be ended without some living Authority*, We have said already, that Necessary Controversies may be and are decided. And, if they be not ended, this is not through defect of the Rule, but through the default of Men. And, for these that cannot thus be ended, it is not necessary they should be ended. For, if God did require the ending of them, he would have provided some certain means for the ending of them. And, to your Third, I say, that Your pretence of *using these means*, is but hypocritical; for you use them with prejudice, and with a settled resolution not to believe any thing which these means happily may suggest into you, if it any way cross your pre-conceived perswasion of your Church's Infallibility. You give not your selves liberty of judgment in the use of them, nor suffer your selves to be led by them to the Truth, to which they would lead you, would you but be as willing to believe this Consequence, Our Church doth oppose Scripture, therefore it doth err, therefore it is not infallible; as you are resolute to believe this, The Church is infallible, therefore it doth not err, and therefore it doth not oppose Scripture, though it seem to do so never so plainly.

Joseph Hall, born in 1574 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire, was the son of an officer who had the government of that town under the Earl of Huntingdon, then President of the North. He had a devout mother, and was from infancy intended for the Church. He graduated at Cambridge, became fellow of Emanuel College, and published in 1597 and 1598 a series of clever satires in English verse. He also wrote, as a young man, a very clever Latin prose satire on the greed, drunkenness, and folly of man, and on the virago type of woman, in the form of a description of an imaginary austral region, under the name of "The World other and the same" (*Mundus Alter et Idem*). He was about to become head-master of a school at Tiverton, when the rectory of Halsted in Suffolk was offered to him. How he then got rid of a hindrance and found a help he has thus told in an autobiographical sketch, entitled "Some Specialities in the Life of Joseph Hall:"—

"Having then fixed my foot in Halsted, I found there a dangerous opposite to the success of my ministry, a witty and bold atheist, one Mr. Lilley, who, by reason of his travels

¹ This passage is given just as it was printed in 1637. It will be observed that it differs very little from the custom now established in spelling, but more in punctuation and in the use of capitals and italics. Nobody punctuated well before the Restoration.

and abilities of discourse and behaviour, had so deeply insinuated himself into my patron, Sir Robert Drury, that there was small hopes (during his entireness) for me to work any good upon that noble patron of mine, who, by the suggestion of this wicked detractor, was set off from me before he knew me. Hereupon, I confess, finding the obduracy and hopeless condition of that man, I bent my prayers against him, beseeching God daily, that he would be pleased to remove, by some means or other, that apparent hinderance of my faithful labours, who gave me an answer accordingly: for this malicious man going hastily to London to exasperate my patron against me, was then and there swept away by the pestilence, and never returned to do any farther mischief. Now the coast was clear before me, and I gained every day of the good opinion and favourable respects of that honourable gentleman and my worthy neighbours. Being now, therefore, settled in that sweet and civil country of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me; for, walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week, with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her. Yes (quoth he), I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife. When I farther demanded an account of that answer, he told me, she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity; and not concealing the just praises of modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

From Halsted Joseph Hall passed to Waltham Holy Cross in Essex, which living he held for two-and-twenty years, having added to it a prebend in Wolverhampton Church, and in 1616 the Deanery of Worcester. He was one of the divines sent to the Synod of Dort. In 1624 he refused the Bishopric of Gloucester, but accepted that of Exeter in 1627, and in November, 1641, was translated to Norwich. In that year the chief argument before the nation was upon the subject of Episcopacy. Bishop Hall wrote a pamphlet upon it, which brought Milton into controversy with him. In December, 1641, the Parliament sent to the Tower Joseph Hall and other bishops who protested against their exclusion from the House of Lords. Six months afterwards he was released on bail, but stripped of his dignities, and he spent the last nine years of his life on a little farm at Heigham, near Norwich. Joseph Hall died in 1656, aged eighty-two.

Thomas Fuller wrote of Joseph Hall in his "Worthies,"—"He was commonly called our English Seneca, for the pureness, plainness, and fulness of his style; not unhappy at Controversies, better in his Sermons, best of all in his 'Meditations.'"

HALL'S MEDITATIONS.

Upon the Sight of Gold melted.

This gold is both the fairest and most solid of all metals; yet is the soonest melted with the fire: others, as they are coarser, so more churlish, and hard to be wrought upon by a dissolution.

Thus a sound and good heart is most easily melted into sorrow and fear by the sense of God's judgments; whereas the carnal mind is stubborn and remorseless. All metals are but earth, yet some are of finer temper than others; all hearts are of flesh, yet some are, through the power of grace, more capable of spiritual apprehensions.

O God, we are such as thou wilt be' pleased to make us. Give me a heart that may be 'sound for the truth of grace, and melting at the terrors of thy law; I can be for no other than thy sanctuary on earth, or thy treasury of heaven.

Upon the sight of a Tree full blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms: it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful: in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren. As therefore we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive; so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over-forward childhood.

Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession: a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit. Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings. I had rather men should complain of my small hopes, than of my short performances.

Upon occasion of a Red-breast coming into a Chamber.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging: what a shame it is for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful! How little list should I have to make music to thee, or myself!

Surely thou camest not hither without a providence: God sent thee, not so much to delight, as to shame me; but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who under more apparent means am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things: let not my greater helps hinder me from an holy security and comfortable reliance upon thee.

Upon the Sight of a Dark Lanthorn.

There is light indeed, but so shut up as if it were not; and when the side is most open, there is light enough to give direction to him that bears it, none to others: he can discern another man by that light which is cast before him, but another man cannot discern him.

Right such is reserved knowledge; no man is the better for

it but the owner. There is no outward difference betwixt concealed skill and ignorance : and when such hidden knowledge will look forth, it casts so sparing a light, as may only argue it to have an unprofitable being ; to have ability, without will to good ; power to censure, none to benefit. The suppression or ingrossing of those helps which God would have us to impart, is but a thieves' lanthorn in a true man's hand.

O God, as all our light is from Thee, the Father of Lights, so make me no niggard of that poor rush-candle thou hast lighted in my soul : make me more happy in giving light to others, than in receiving it into myself.

Upon the Singing of the Birds in a Spring Morning.

How cheerfully do these little birds chirp and sing out of the natural joy they conceive at the approach of the sun and entrance of the spring ; as if their life had departed, and returned with those glorious and comfortable beams !

No otherwise is the penitent and faithful soul affected to the true sun of righteousness, the Father of Lights. When He hides His face, it is troubled, and silently mourns away that sad winter of affliction : when He returns, in His presence is the fulness of joy ; no song is cheerful enough to welcome Him.

O Thou who art the God of all consolation, make my heart sensible of the sweet comforts of Thy gracious presence ; and let my mouth ever show forth Thy praise.

Upon the Sight of a Natural.

O God, why am not I thus ? What hath this man done, that thou hast denied wit to him ? or what have I done, that thou shouldst give a competency of it to me ? What difference is there betwixt us but thy bounty, which hath bestowed upon me what I could not merit, and hath withheld from him what he could not challenge ? All is, O God, in thy good pleasure, whether to give or deny.

Neither is it otherwise in matters of grace. The unregenerate man is a spiritual fool : no man is truly wise but the renewed. How is it that whilst I see another man besotted with the vanity and corruption of his nature, I have attained to know God and the great mystery of salvation, to abhor those sins which are pleasing to a wicked appetite ? Who hath discerned me ? Nothing but thy free mercy, O my God. Why else was I a man, not a brute beast ? Why right shaped, not a monster ? Why perfectly limbed, not a cripple ? Why well-sensed, not a fool ? Why well-affected, not graceless ? Why a vessel of honour, not of wrath ?

If aught be not ill in me, O Lord, it is Thine. O let Thine be the praise, and mine the thankfulness.

Upon the Loadstone and the Jet.

As there is a civil commerce amongst men for the preservation of human society, so there is a natural commerce which God hath set amongst the other creatures for the maintenance of their common being. There is scarce anything therefore in nature which hath not a power of attracting some other. The fire draws vapours to it, the sun draws the fire ; plants draw moisture, the moon draws the sea ; all purgative things draw their proper humours. A natural instinct draws all sensitive creatures to affect their own kind ; and even in those things which are of imperfect mixtion we see this experimented. So as the senseless stones and metals are not void of this active virtue : the loadstone draws iron, and the jet, rather than nothing, draws up straws and dust. With what a force do both these stones work upon their several subjects ! Is there any thing more heavy and unapt for motion than

iron or steel ? Yet these do so run to their beloved loadstone, as if they had the sense of a desire and delight ; and do so cling to the point of it, as if they had forgotten their weight for this adherence. Is there any thing more apt for dispersion than small straws and dust ? Yet these gather to the jet, and so sensibly leap up to it, as if they had a kind of ambition to be so preferred.

Methinks I see in these two a mere emblem of the hearts of men and their spiritual attractives. The grace of God's spirit, like the true loadstone or adamant, draws up the iron heart of man to it, and holds it in a constant fixedness of holy purposes and good actions : the world, like the jet, draws up the sensual hearts of light and vain men, and holds them fast in the pleasures of sin.

I am Thine iron, O Lord ; be Thou my loadstone. Draw Thou me, and I shall run after Thee. Knit my heart unto Thee, that I may fear Thy name.

Upon hearing of Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season ! In the day-time it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness.

Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation. The gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of persecution or of our own private affliction. It is ever the same ; the difference is in our disposition to receive it.

O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon a Glow-worm.

What a cold candle is lighted up in the body of this sorry worm ! There needs no other disproof of those that say there is no light at all without some heat. Yet sure an outward heat helps on this cool light. Never did I see any of these bright worms but in the hot months of summer. In cold seasons either they are not, or appear not, when the nights are both darkest and longest, and most uncomfortable.

Thus do false-hearted Christians in the warm and lightsome times of free and encouraged profession ; none shine more than they. In hard and gloomy seasons of restraint and persecution all their formal light is either lost or hid, whereas true professors either like the sunshine ever alike, or, like the stars, shine fairest in the frostiest nights. The light of this worm is for some show, but of no use. Any light that is attended with heat can impart itself to others, though with the expense of that subject wherein it is ; this doth not waste itself, nor help others. I had rather never to have light than not to have it always : I had rather not to have light than not to communicate it.

Upon a Spring-water.

How this spring smoketh, whilst other greater channels are frozen up ! This water is living whilst they are dead. All experience teacheth us that well-waters arising from deep springs are hotter in winter than in summer. The outward cold doth keep in, and double their inward heat.

Such is a true Christian in the evil day. His life of grace gets more vigour by opposition ; he had not been so gracious if the times had been better. I will not say he may thank his enemies, but I must say he may thank God for his enemies.

O God, what can put out that heat which is increased with cold ? How happy shall I be if I may grow so much more in grace as the world in malice !

¹ Mere, unmixed, pure.

Upon the Sound of a Cracked Bell.

What a harsh sound doth this bell make in every ear! The metal is good enough; it is the rift that makes it so unpleasantly jarring.

How like is this bell to a scandalous and ill-lived teacher! His calling is honourable, his noise is heard far enough; but the flaw which is noted in his life mars his doctrine, and offends those ears which else would take pleasure in his teaching. It is possible that such a one, even by that discordous noise, may ring in others into the triumphant church of heaven; but there is no remedy for himself but the fire, whether for his reforming, or judgment.

Upon the Sight of a Blind Man.

How much am I bound to God that hath given me eyes to see this man's want of eyes! With what suspicion and fear he walks! How doth his hand and staff examine his way! With what jealousy doth he receive every morsel, every draught, and yet meets with many a post, and stumbles at many a stone, and swallows many a fly! To him the world is as if it were not, or as if it were all rubs and snares, and downfalls; and if any man will lend him a hand, he must trust to his (however faithless) guide without all comfort save this, that he cannot see himself miscarry.

Many a one is thus spiritually blind, and because he is so, discerns it not, and not discerning, complains not of so woeful a condition. The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of the children of disobedience; they walk on in the ways of death, and yield themselves over to the guidance of him who seeks for nothing but their precipitation into hell. It is an addition to the misery of this inward blindness, that it is ever joined with a secure confidence in them whose trade and ambition it is to betray their souls.

Whatever become of these outward senses, which are common to me with the meanest and most despicable creatures, O Lord give me not over to that spiritual darkness, which is incident to none but those that live without thee, and must perish eternally, because they want thee.

Upon the Sight of a Marriage.

What a comfortable and feeling resemblance is here of Christ and his church! I regard not the persons, I regard the institution. Neither the husband nor the wife are now any more their own. They have either of them given over themselves to other: not only the wife, which is the weaker vessel, hath yielded over herself to the stronger protection and participation of an abler head; but the husband hath resigned his right in himself over to his feebler consort; so as now her weakness is his, his strength is hers. Yea, their very flesh hath altered property; hers is his, his is hers. Yea, their very soul and spirit may no more be severed in respect of mutual affection, than from their own several bodies.

It is thus, O Saviour, with Thee and Thy Church. We are not our own, but thine, who hast married us to thyself in truth and righteousness. What powers, what endowments have we but from and in thee! And as our holy boldness dares interest ourselves in thy graces, so thy wonderfully compassionate mercy vouchsafes to interest thyself in our infirmities. Thy poor church suffers on earth, thou feelest in heaven, and, as complaining of our stripes canst say, Why persecutest thou me? Thou again art not so thine own, as that thou art not also ours; thy sufferings, thy merits, thy obedience, thy life, death, resurrection, ascension, intercession, glory, yea, thy blessed humanity, yea, thy glorious

deity, by virtue of our right, of our union, are so ours, as that we would not give our part in thee for ten thousand worlds.

O gracious Saviour, as thou canst not but love and cherish this poor and unworthy soul of mine which Thou hast mercifully espoused to Thyself; so give me grace to honour and obey Thee, and forsaking all the base and sinful rivalry of the world, to hold me only unto Thee whilst I live here, that I may perfectly enjoy Thee hereafter.

Upon a Ring of Bells.

Whilst every bell keeps due time and order, what a sweet and harmonious sound they make! All the neighbour villages are cheered with that common music; but when once they jar and check each other, either jangling together, or striking preposterously, how harsh and displeasing is that noise! So that as we testify our public rejoicing by an orderly and well-tuned peal; so when we would signify that the town is on fire we ring confusedly.

It is thus in Church and Common-wealth. When every one knows and keeps their due ranks, there is a melodious consort of peace and contentment; but when distances and proportions of respects are not mutually observed, when either states or persons will be clashing with each other, the discord is grievous, and extremely prejudicial. Such confusion either notifieth a fire already kindled, or portendeth it. Popular states may ring the changes with safety, but the monarchical government requires a constant and regular course of the set degrees of rule and inferiority, which cannot be violated without a sensible discontentment and danger.

For me, I do so love the peace of the Church and State, that I cannot but with the charitable apostle say, Would to God they were cut off that trouble them; and shall ever wish either no jars, or no clappers.

Upon a Penitent Malefactor.

I know not whether I should more admire the wisdom or the mercy of God in His proceedings with men. Had not this man sinned thus notoriously he had never been thus happy; whilst his courses were fair and civil, yet he was graceless. Now his miscarriage hath drawn him into a just affliction, his affliction hath humbled him. God hath taken this advantage of his humiliation for his conversion. Had not one foot slipped into the mouth of hell he had never been in this forwardness to heaven.

There is no man so weak or foolish as that he hath not strength or wit enough to sin, or to make ill use of his sin. It is only the goodness of an infinite God that can make our sin good to us, though evil in itself.

O God, it is no thanks to ourselves or to our sins that we are bettered with evil. The work is Thine; let Thine be the glory.

Upon the View of the World.

It is a good thing to see this material world; but it is a better thing to think of the intelligible world. This thought is the sight of the soul, whereby it discerneth things like itself, spiritual and immortal, which are so much beyond the worth of these sensible objects, as a spirit is beyond a body, a pure substance beyond a corruptible, an infinite God above a finite creature.

O God, how great a word is that which the Psalmist says of Thee, that Thou abasest Thyself to behold the things both in heaven and earth! It is our glory to look up even to the meanest piece of heaven; it is an abasement to Thine incomprehensible majesty to look down upon the best of heaven. Oh, what a transcendent glory must that needs be, that is

abased to behold the things of heaven! What a happiness shall it be to me, that mine eyes shall be exalted to see Thee, who art humbled to see the place and state of my blessedness! Yea, those very angels that see Thy face are so resplendently glorious, that we could not overlive the sight of one of their faces, who are fain to hide their faces from the sight of Thine. How many millions attend Thy throne above, and Thy footstool below, in the ministration to Thy saints! It is that Thine invisible world, the communion wherewith can make me truly blessed. O God, if my body have fellowship here amongst beasts, of whose earthly substance it participates, let my soul be united to Thee the God of Spirits, and be raised up to enjoy the insensible society of Thy blessed angels. Acquaint me beforehand with those citizens and affairs of Thine Heaven, and make me no stranger to my future glory.

Upon the Sting of a Wasp.

How small things may annoy the greatest! Even a mouse troubles an elephant, a gnat a lion; a very flea may disquiet a giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of this wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me! That scarce visible point, how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh! The tenderness of the part adds much to the grief.

And if I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, Lord, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience? As that part is both most active and most sensible, so that wound which it receives from itself is most intolerably grievous; there were more ease in a nest of hornets than under this one torture. O God, howsoever I speed abroad, give me peace at home, and whatever my flesh suffer, keep my soul free.

Thus pained, wherein do I find ease but in laying honey to the part infected? That medicine only abates the anguish. How near hath nature placed the remedy to the offence!

Whensoever my heart is stung with the remorse for sin, only Thy sweet and precious merits, O blessed Saviour, can mitigate and heal the wound. They have virtue to cure me; give me grace to apply them. That sovereign receipt shall make my pain happy. I shall thus applaud my grief: It is good for me that I was thus afflicted.

Upon a Cancelled Bond.

Whilst this obligation was in force I was in servitude to my parchment; my bond was double, to a payment, to a penalty. Now that it is discharged, what is it better than a waste scroll; regarded for nothing but the witness of its own voidance and nullity?

No otherwise is it with the severe law of my Creator. Out of Christ it stands in full force, and binds me over either to perfect obedience, which I cannot possibly perform, or to exquisite torment and eternal death, which I am never able to endure; but now that my Saviour hath fastened it cancelled to His Cross (in respect of the rigour and malediction of it), I look upon it as the monument of my past danger and bondage; I know by it how much was owed by me, how much was paid for me. The direction of it is everlasting—the obligation by it unto death is frustrate. I am free from curse, who never can be free from obedience.

O Saviour, take Thou glory, and give me peace.

Jeremy Taylor was born in August, 1613, at Cambridge. He was the son of a barber, was sent at three years old to the free school then just founded by Dr. Stephen Perse, and in 1626, at thirteen, went

to Caius College as a sizar. John Milton, who went to Cambridge at seventeen, had entered at Christ's College in the preceding year. Jeremy Taylor was M.A. at the age of twenty-one, and then won the patronage of Laud by the charm of his personal beauty, ability, and pure devotion. He chanced to preach at St. Paul's, filling the pulpit in place of a college friend who was lecturer there, and made so great an impression that Laud heard of it and sent for him to preach another sermon at Lambeth. The Archbishop then became Jeremy Taylor's friend, told him that he was yet young for active life, and transferred him for further study to Oxford, where he used pressure to get him a fellowship at All Souls' without previous residence in the University. Taylor also was made chaplain to Laud, and in 1637 rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. There he married, in 1639, and three years afterwards was left a widower with two infant boys; a third son had died not long before his mother. At this time troubles were rising between King and Commons. Jeremy Taylor joined the king's camp as one of his chaplains, and in October, 1642, added one to the number of the loyal clergy who were deprived of their livings. He wrote on behalf of Episcopacy, "*Episcopacy Asserted*," and was made D.D. for doing so, his age then being twenty-nine. He saw service as a chaplain with the army in Wales, was imprisoned for a time, married a Welsh lady, and set up a school near Grongar Hill, at Llanvihangel Aberbythyr, in Carmarthenshire. The great house of the place was Golden Grove, where Lord and Lady Carbery were his warm friends; and here, in 1647, he urged tolerance on the contending factions, in a book upon the "*Liberty of Prophesying*," that is to say, of interpreting the Bible. Jeremy Taylor had as pure an aspiration as John Milton, but being born with a tendency of mind that caused him to dwell more upon authority, there is a characteristic difference between Taylor and Milton in their manner of suggesting the essentials of union among Christians.

Milton would require only that they who accepted the Bible as the word of God and ground-work of their faith should be fellow-Christians in spirit as in name; leaving each one free to draw from it whatever truths he found, or thought he found; that every Christian should join himself to that body of worshippers with which he most agreed in his interpretation of the Scriptures, unite with them in election of whatever pastor he believed most able to support and strengthen his religious life, and neither interfere with nor be interfered with by fellow-worshippers who, through differences of interpretation or for other reasons, had formed themselves into other equally independent congregations. This was the principle maintained by the Independents, with whose theory of Christian union, through a freely-admitted difference in the interpretation of the Book accepted by all congregations as the rule of faith, Milton was in perfect agreement.

Jeremy Taylor differed from Milton in suggesting, not the Bible itself, but the simplest and oldest doctrinal summary of it, the Apostles' Creed, as the ground of Church union. He desired that in each country the Church and State should have like bound-

daries; and he proposed that the English Church should regard every man who accepted the Apostles' Creed as in substantial agreement with it, and that no man's religious opinions should be interfered with, unless interference were required for the well-being of the State. The acceptance of such a reservation by Jeremy Taylor and its rejection by Milton depend simply upon difference in the point of view natural to each, and not at all upon essential difference in their religious feeling. At the close of the Introduction to the "Liberty of Prophesying" Taylor wrote:—

ZEAL WITHOUT CHARITY.

A holy life will make our belief holy, if we consult not humanity and its imperfections in the choice of our religion, but search for truth without designs save only of acquiring heaven, and then be as careful to preserve charity as we were to get a point of faith. I am much persuaded we should find out more truths by this means; or however (which is the main of all) we shall be secured though we miss them, and then we are well enough.

For if it be evinced that one heaven shall hold men of several opinions, if the unity of faith be not destroyed by that which men call differing religions, and if an unity of charity be the duty of us all even towards persons that are not persuaded of every proposition we believe, then I would fain know to what purpose are all those stirrings and great noises in Christendom; those names of faction, the several names of churches not distinguished by the division of kingdoms, the church obeying the government, which was the primitive rule and canon, but distinguished by names of sects and men. These are all become instruments of hatred; thence come schisms and parting of communions, and then persecutions, and then wars and rebellion, and then the dissolutions of all friendships and societies. All these mischiefs proceed not from this, that all men are not of one mind, for that is neither necessary nor possible, but that every opinion is made an article of faith, every article is a ground of a quarrel, every quarrel makes a faction, every faction is zealous, and all zeal pretends for God, and whatsoever is for God cannot be too much. We by this time are come to that pass, we think we love not God except we hate our brother; and we have not the virtue of religion, unless we persecute all religions but our own: for lukewarmness is so odious to God and man, that we, proceeding furiously upon these mistakes, by supposing we preserve the body, we destroy the soul of religion; or by being zealous for faith, or which is all one, for that which we mistake for faith, we are cold in charity, and so lose the reward of both.

And near the close of the book itself he wrote:—

TOLERATION.

It concerns all persons to see that they do their best to find out truth, and if they do, it is certain that let the error be never so damnable, they shall escape the error or the misery of being damned for it. And if God will not be angry at men for being invincibly deceived, why should men be angry one at another? For he that is most displeased at another man's error, may also be tempted in his own will, and as much deceived in his understanding; for if he may fail in what he can choose, he may also fail in what he cannot choose; his understanding is no more secured than his will, nor his faith more than his obedience. It is his own fault if he offends God in either; but whatsoever is not to be avoided,

as errors which are incident oftentimes even to the best and most inquisitive of men, are not offences against God, and therefore not to be punished or restrained by men. But all such opinions in which the public interests of the commonwealth, and the foundation of faith, and a good life are not concerned, are to be permitted freely: "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind," was the doctrine of St. Paul, and that is argument and conclusion too; and they were excellent words which St. Ambrose said in attestation of this great truth: "The civil authority has no right to interdict the liberty of speaking, nor the sacerdotal to prevent speaking what you think."



JEREMY TAYLOR.

From the Portrait before his "Sermons for all Sundays of the Year" (1655).

The time of his retirement in Wales, which lasted until 1658, was the best fruit season of Jeremy Taylor's life. There he produced, in 1649, his *Life of Christ* as the "Great Exemplar;" in 1650, his "Holy Living;" and in 1651, his "Holy Dying." In 1651 also appeared one half, and in 1653 the other half, of "A Course of Sermons for all Sundays of the Year." In these books, in his "Golden Grove, a Manual of Daily Prayers," published in 1655; and his "Discourse on the Measures and Offices of Friendship," in 1657, dedicated to the excellent Mrs. Catherine Philips, Jeremy Taylor is the prose poet of the Church of England. He wrote also some verse, but is most poet in his prose, where a fancy alike delicate and strong is always subordinate to the religious feeling it expresses, in words that satisfy the ear of the musician as well as the heart of the Christian. Observe, for example, in this passage from the "Holy Dying," the change of musical time together with the form of thought in the course of the sentences beginning "So I have seen a rose:—"

THE CHANGE BY DEATH.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorous and strong flexure of

the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three-days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knows us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who six hours ago tended upon us, either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friend's desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life; they did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

Among the sermons preached in Wales and published as part of the series for every Sunday in the year, are two on "The Marriage Ring," which include such counsel to the bridegroom and the bride as might save many a marriage-knot from hurting those it binds:—

IN THE BEGINNING OF MARRIAGE.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness, so long as public honesty requires men to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend.

Plutarch compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on, κατ' ἀρχὰς μὲν ὑπὸ τῆς τυχοῦσης ραδίως διασπᾶται προφάσεως, everything dissolves their tender imaginations, but χρόνῳ των ἄρμων σύμπηξιν λαβόντων μόγις ὑπὸ πυρὸς καὶ σιδήρου διαλύεται, when the joints are stiffened and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire or the violence of irons. After the hearts of the man and wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence, and an experience longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. The little boy in the Greek epigram, that was creeping down a precipice, was invited to his safety by the sight of his mother's pap, when nothing else could entice him to return; and the bond of common children, and the sight of her that nurses what is most dear to him, and the endearments of each other in the course of a long society, and the same relation, is an excellent security to reintegrate and to call that love back, which folly and trifling accidents would disturb.

"—— Tormentum ingens nubentibus hæret
Quæ nequeunt parere, et partu retinere maritos."

When it is come thus far, it is hard untwisting the knot; but be careful in its first condition, that there be no rudeness done; for if there be, it will for ever after be apt to start, and to be diseased.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is, to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering, that discontents proceeding from daily little things, do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things, which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white; and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancients in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify, that by fair language and sweet entreaties, the minds of each other should be united; and hard by them Suadam et Gratias descripserunt, they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance, and mutual observance to abide.

That passage is taken from the first of the two sermons, this from the second :—

MARRIED LOVE.

It contains in it all sweetness, and all society, and all felicity, and all prudence, and all wisdom. For there is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the Apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love. . . . No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy; so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful. Love is a union of all things excellent; it contains in it proportion, and satisfaction, and rest, and confidence; and I wish that this were so much proceeded in that the heathens themselves could not go beyond us in this virtue and in its proper and its appendant happiness. Tiberius Gracchus chose to die for the safety of his wife; and yet methinks to a Christian to do so should be no hard thing; for many servants will die for their masters, and many gentlemen will die for their friend; but the examples are not so many of those that are ready to do it for their dearest relatives, and yet some there have been. Baptista Fregosa tells of a Neapolitan that gave himself a slave to the Moors that he might follow his wife; and Dominicus Catalusius, the Prince of Lesbos, kept company with his lady when she was a leper; and these are greater things than to die.

Henry and Thomas Vaughan, twin sons of Henry Vaughan of Tretower Castle and Newton in Brecknockshire, were born in 1621, in the house of Lower Newton, by the village of Scethrog, in the parish of Llansaintfread. Henry Vaughan, whose home was thus placed by the Usk, in lovely scenery near the road between Crickhowel and Brecon, became the best of the religious poets who received an impulse from the genius of George Herbert. Vaughan's place, indeed, is beside Herbert rather than below him. For six years after the age of eleven the twin brothers were taught by the rector of the neighbouring parish of Llangattock, and then, in 1638, were entered at Jesus College, Oxford. Henry Vaughan left Oxford after the year 1640, and perhaps studied medicine in London. He had experience of London life among the poets, revered Ben Jonson, and contributed to the memorial verses on the death of William Cartwright. His first volume of poems—love verses—was published in 1646. He had then taken the degree of M.D., and began practice of medicine in Brecknock (Brecon), but not staying there long, he presently settled for life as a country doctor in his native village of Scethrog. He married twice, and

had five or six children. His brother Thomas had taken orders, and become the parson of the parish to which Scethrog and Newton belong. But when he and other of the loyal clergy were ejected from their livings, Thomas Vaughan returned to Oxford and gave to chemistry, on which he wrote eleven little books, under the name of "Eugenius Philalethes," the rest of his life until his death in 1665; when Elias Ashmole says that he was poisoned by some chemical fumes. Henry Vaughan published under the Commonwealth, in 1650, the first part of his religious poems gathered under the title of "Silex Scintillans"—The Flint (of the Heart) yielding sparks of fire. There followed, in 1651, the chief body of his secular poems, as "Olor Iscanus" (the Swan of Esk); then, in 1652, devotional prose pieces as "The Mount of Olives;" in 1654, "Flores Solitudinis" (Flowers of Solitude), translations of religious pieces made in the time of sickness that had turned his mind to sacred poetry; and in 1655 the second part of "Silex Scintillans." Then followed "Hermetical Physic," and for the rest of his life until his death in 1695, at the age of seventy-three, he held quietly by his vocation as a country doctor, and published no more verse except, in 1678, a little duodecimo called "Thalia Rediviva, the Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Man," including some remains of his brother Thomas.

An obvious relation of thought between Henry Vaughan's "Retreat" and Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood," makes it interesting to know that Wordsworth possessed a copy of Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," in which it is contained.

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

10

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Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

30

This also is very characteristic :—

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. 10

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death: the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark! 20

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere. 30

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass. 40

Suggested no doubt, by George Herbert's "Porch to the Temple," the "Rules and Lessons" by Henry Vaughan have their own force and beauty. I give them all.

RULES AND LESSONS.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; fair day sullies flowers. 10
Rise to prevent¹ the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign 20
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Pour oil upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection and the future's bud
Shroud in their births; the Crown of life, light, truth
Is styled their star, the store, and hidden food.²
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which 30
Should move. They make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force?
But what's not good and just ne'er go about. 40
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick;
That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true;
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sells religion, is a Judas Jew;
And, oaths once broke, the soul cannot be found.
The perjurer's a devil let loose: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

¹ Prevent, go before.

² "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star" (Rev. xxii. 16). "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, and no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it" (Rev. ii. 17).

Seek not the same steps with the crowd; stick thou
To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind 50
Is both his own joy and his Maker's too;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;
If trials come, this will make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's feast, the prince of flowers, 59
Which thrives in storms, and smells best after showers.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse;
Thou may'st in rags a mighty Prince relieve,
Who, when thy sins call for 't, can fence a curse.
Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st words,
Dash not [with them!] thy friend, nor heav'n; O smother
A viperous thought; some syllables are swords. 70
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double;
They shame their owners, and their hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blood, while spirits rise
In judgment against lewdness; that's base wit,
That voids but filth and stench. Hast thou no prize
But sickness or infection? stifle it.
Who makes his jest of sins, must be at least
If not a very devil, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
But meet to quench his longings, and thy thirst; 80
Allow your joys, religion; that done, speed,
And bring the same man back thou wert at first.
Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er thou hast,
Observe God in His works; here fountains flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th' earth stands fast;
Above are restless motions, running lights,
Vast, circling, azure, giddy clouds, days, nights. 90

When seasons change, then lay before thine eyes
His wondrous method; mark the various scenes
In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and ice,
Calms, tempests, light, and darkness, by His means;
Thou canst not miss His praise; each tree, herb, flower,
Are shadows of His wisdom, and His pow'r.

To meals when thou dost come, give Him the praise
Whose arm supplied thee: take what may suffice,
And then be thankful; O admire His ways
Who fills the world's unemptied granaries! 100
A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High noon thus past, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts: away with friends and mirth;
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee: trim thy lamp, buy oil, 110
And then set forth; who is thus dressed, the fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foil.
Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st; then say
There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.
What's good score up for joy; the bad, well scann'd,
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand. 120

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one hour
Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's poor flow'r
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation; but the good man lies
Intombéd many days before he dies.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not thy eyes
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so, when the day shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring 130
New flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn
And die; that bush, where God is, shall not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark outvies
Two in the day; then from the damps and ague
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste; God pries
Through thickest nights; though then the sun be far,
Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, do as thou would'st be done unto, 139
Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch, and pray.
These are the words and works of life: this do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost heav'n's way.
O lose it not! look up, wilt change those lights
For chains of darkness and eternal nights?

This piece also we may take for its simplicity:—

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentry
All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

¹ There are words here accidentally dropped in the original copy.
Mr. Lyte inserts "with them," Mr. Grosart prefers "thysself."

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

20



THOMAS FULLER. (From a Portrait taken in 1661.)

Thomas Fuller, born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, was first known in the Church as a popular preacher in his University town, and then became rector of Broad Winsor, in Dorsetshire. He began his career in literature with a poem in three parts upon "David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment," and in 1640 he wrote an account of the Crusades as "A History of the Holy War," from which this is a passage, illustrating the change of opinion time had wrought touching

CRUSADES AND PILGRIMAGES TO JERUSALEM.

Three things are necessary to make an invasive war lawful: the lawfulness of the jurisdiction, the merit of the cause, and the orderly and lawful prosecution of the cause. Let us apply to our present purpose in this Holy War: for the first two, whether the jurisdiction the Christians pretended over the Turks' dominions was lawful or not; and, whether this war was not only *opere*, but *vita pretium*, worth the losing so many lives, we refer the reader to what hath been said in the first book. Only it will not be amiss to add a story or two out of an author of good account. When Charles the Sixth was King of France, the Duke of Brabant sailed over into Africa with a great army, there to fight against the Saracens. The Saracen Prince sent an herald to know of him the cause of his coming: the Duke answered, it was to revenge the death of Christ the Son of God, and true Prophet, whom they had unjustly crucified. The Saracens sent back

their messengers again to demonstrate their innocency, how they were not Saracens, but Jews, which put Christ to death, and therefore that the Christians (if posterity should be punished for their predecessors' fault) should rather revenge themselves on the Jews which lived amongst them.

Another relateth, that in the year of our Lord 1453, the great Turk sent a letter to the Pope, advertising him how he and his Turkish nation were not descended from the Jews, but from the Trojans, from whom also the Italians derive their pedigree, and so would prove himself akin to his Holiness. Moreover, he added, that it was both his and their duty to repair the ruins of Troy, and to revenge the death of their great-grandfather Hector, upon the Grecians; to which end, the Turk said he had already conquered a great part of Greece. As for Christ, he acknowledged him to have been a noble Prophet, and to have been crucified of the Jews, against whom the Christians might seek their remedy. These two stories I thought good to insert, because though of later date, and since the holy war in Palestine was ended, yet they have some reference thereunto, because some make that our quarrel to the Turks.

But grant the Christians' right to the Turks' lands to be lawful, and the cause in itself enough deserving to ground a war upon, yet in the prosecution and managing thereof, many not only venial errors but inexcusable faults were committed; no doubt, the cause of the ill success.

To omit the book called the Office of our Lady, made at the beginning of this war to procure her favourable assistance in it (a little manual, but full of blasphemies, in folio, thrusting her with importunate superstitions into God's throne, and forcing on her the glory of her Maker); superstition not only tainted the rind, but rotted the core of this whole action. Indeed, most of the pottage of that age tasted of that wild gourd. Yet far be it from us to condemn all their works to be dross, because debased and alloyed with superstitious intents. No doubt there was a mixture of much good metal in them, which God the good refiner knoweth how to sever, and then will crown and reward. But here we must distinguish betwixt those deeds which have some superstition in them, and those which in their nature are wholly superstitious, such as this voyage of people to Palestine was. For what opinion had they of themselves herein, who thought that by dying in this war, they did make Christ amends for his death, as one saith, which if but a rhetorical flourish, yet doth hyperbolise into blasphemy. Yea, it was their very judgment, that hereby they did both merit and supererogate; and by dying for the Cross, cross the score of their own sins, and score up God for their debtor. But this fieth high, and therefore we leave it for others to follow. Let us look upon pilgrimages in general, and we shall find pilgrims wandering not so far from their own country as from the judgment of the ancient fathers.

We will leave our army at home, and only bring forth our champion. Hear what Gregory Nyssene saith, who lived in the fourth century, in which time voluntary pilgrimages first began; though before there were necessary pilgrims, forced to wander from their country by persecution. "Where," saith he, "our Lord pronounceth men blessed, he reckoneth not going to Jerusalem to be amongst those good deeds which direct to happiness." And afterwards, speaking of the going of single women in those long travels: "A woman," saith he, "cannot go such long journeys without a man to conduct her; and then whatsoever we may suppose, whether she hireth a stranger or hath a friend to wait on her, on neither side can she escape reproof, and keep the law of continency." Moreover, "If there were more divine grace in the places of Jerusalem, sin would not be so frequent

and customary amongst those that lived there. Now there is no kind of uncleanness which there they dare not commit; malice, adultery, thefts, idolatry, poisonings, envies, and slaughters. But you will say unto me, If it be not worth the pains, why then did you go to Jerusalem? Let them hear, therefore, how I defend myself. I was appointed to go into Arabia to an holy council, held for the reforming of that Church; and Arabia being near to Jerusalem, I promised those that went with me, that I would go to Jerusalem to discourse with them which were presidents of the churches there; where matters were in a very troubled state, and they wanted one to be a mediator in their discords. We knew that Christ was a man born of a virgin, before we saw Bethlehem; we believed his resurrection from death, before we saw his sepulchre; we confessed his ascension into heaven, before we saw Mount Olivet. But we got so much profit by our journey, that by comparing them, we found our own more holy than those outward things. Wherefore you that fear God, praise him in what place you are. Change of place maketh not God nearer unto us; wheresoever thou art, God will come to thee, if the inn of thy soul be found such as the Lord may dwell and walk in thee," &c.

A patron of pilgrimages not able to void the blow, yet willing to break the stroke of so pregnant and plain a testimony, thus seeketh to ward it: that indeed, pilgrimages are unfitting for women, yet fitting for men. But sure God never appointed such means to heighten devotion necessary thereunto, whereof the half of mankind, all women, are by their very creation made incapable.

Secondly, he pleadeth, that it is lawful for secular and laymen to go on pilgrimages, but not for friars, who lived recluse in their cells, out of which they were not to come; and against such, saith he, is Nyssen's speech directed. But then, I pray, what was Peter, the leader of this long dance, but an hermit? and, if I mistake not, his profession was the very dungeon of the monastical prison, the strictest and severest of all other orders. And though there were not so many cowls as helmets in this war, yet always was the holy army well stocked with such cattle; so that on all sides it is confessed that the pilgrimages of such persons were utterly unlawful.

Soon after the publication of this book, Fuller became lecturer to the Savoy Church in the Strand, where he was so popular a preacher that he is said to have had two audiences—one outside the church, and one in.

Thomas Fuller was active on the king's side in the Civil War; he was presented to the living of Waltham, in 1648; in 1654, married a second wife—twelve or thirteen years after his first wife's death; and if he had not died of fever soon after the Restoration, he would have been made a bishop. Of his books, which are all ingenious and lively in their style, the most important are "The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the year 1648," first published in 1655, and "The History of the Worthies of England," first published in the year after his death.

John Howe, born in 1630, was the son of a clergyman. His father was persecuted in the reign of Charles I. for Puritan tendencies. John Howe went to Cambridge in 1647, and entered Milton's College—Christ's—as a sizar. In 1652, aged twenty-two, he was the Rev. John Howe, M.A., minister

at Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His parish is set on a hill-top, in beautiful Devonshire scenery, the hills surrounding it in such a way as to have suggested a comparison with the site of Jerusalem. There he preached and prayed on special fast-days, with his people, from nine in the morning until four in the evening, taking only a quarter of an hour's rest. In 1654 he married a minister's daughter, and two years later, at the age of twenty-six, being in London, he went to Whitehall Chapel to see Cromwell. The



JOHN HOWE.

(From the Contemporary Painting in Dr. Williams's Library.)

Protector observed him, sought speech with him, invited him to preach, and liked him so well that he persuaded him to come to London and act as his chaplain. Howe lived to see the Revolution, and died early in Queen Anne's reign. He sympathised strongly with Richard Baxter in his desire for union among Christians; and thus it was that the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell preached of

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

The blessed apostle St. John only endeavours the strengthening of these two vital principles, faith in Christ and love to fellow-Christians, as may be seen at large in his epistles. These he presses, as the great commandments; upon the observation whereof he seems to account the safety and peace of the sincere did entirely depend. "This is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment," 1 Epistle iii. 23. He puts upon Christians no other distinguishing test, but "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him" (chap. v. 1): is only solicitous that they did practise the commandment they had from the beginning—i.e. that they loved one another (2 Epist. verse 5), and that they did abide in the doctrine of Christ (verse 9).

The prudence and piety of those unerring guides of the Church (themselves under the certain guidance of the Spirit of truth), directed them to bring the things wherein they would have Christians unite, within as narrow a compass as

was possible, neither multiplying articles of faith nor rites of worship. These two principles, as they were thought to answer the apostles, would fully answer our design and present enquiry. And we may adventure to say of them that they are both sufficient and necessary; the apt and the only means to heal and save us; such as would effect our cure, and without which nothing will.

Nor shall I give other answer to the proposed question—than what may be deduced from these two, considered according to what they are in themselves and what they naturally lead and tend unto. I shall consider them in the order wherein the Apostle here mentions them, who, you see, reserves the more important of them to the latter place.

The sincere love of Christians to one another would be a happy means of preserving the truly Christian interest among us. That this may be understood, we must rightly apprehend what kind of love it is that is here meant. It is specified by what we find in conjunction with it, the understanding and acknowledgment of the mystery of Christianity. Therefore it must be the love of Christians to one another as such. Whence we collect, lest we too much extend the object of it on the one hand or contract it on the other.

1. That it is not the love only which we owe to one another as men, or human creatures merely, that is intended here. That were too much to enlarge it, as to our present consideration of it. For under that common notion, we should be as much obliged to love the enemies we are to unite against as the friends of religion we are to unite with, since all partake equally in human nature. It must be a more special love that shall have the desired influence in the present case. We cannot be peculiarly endeared and united to some more than to others upon a reason that is common to them with others. We are to love them that are born of God, and are his children, otherwise than the children of men, or such of whom it may be said they are of their father the devil; them that appear to have been partakers of a divine nature at another rate, than them who have received a mere human, or also the diabolical nature, 1 John v. 1. Yet this peculiar love is not to be exclusive of the other which is common, but must suppose it and be superadded to it, as the reason of it is superadded. For Christianity supposes humanity; and divine grace, human nature.

2. Nor is it a love to Christians of this or that party or denomination only. That were as much unduly to straiten and confine it. The love that is owing to Christians as such, as it belongs to them only, so it belongs to them who in profession and practice do own sincere and incorrupt Christianity. To limit our Christian love to a party of Christians, truly so called, is so far from serving the purpose now to be aimed at that it resists and defeats it; and instead of a preservative union infers most destructive divisions. It scatters what it should collect and gather. 'Tis to love factiously; and with an unjust love that refuses to give indifferently to every one his due: for is there no love due to a disciple of Christ in the name of a disciple? It is founded in falsehood, and a lie denies them to be of the Christian community who really are so. It presumes to remove the ancient land-marks, not civil but sacred, and draws on, not the people's curse only, but that of God himself. 'Tis true (and who doubts it?) that I may and ought upon special reasons to love some more than others; as relation, acquaintance, obligation by favours received from them, more eminent degrees of true worth, and real goodness: but that signifies nothing to the withholding of that love which is due to a Christian as such, as that also ought not to prejudice the love I owe to a man, as he is a man.

Nor am I so promiscuously to distribute this holy love as to place it at random upon every one that thinks it convenient for him to call himself a Christian, though I ought to love the very profession, while I know not who sincerely make it, and do plainly see that Jews and Pagans were never worse enemies to Christ and his religion than a great part of the Christian world. But let my apprehensions be once set right concerning the true essentials of Christianity, whether consisting in doctrinal or vital principles; then will my love be duly carried to all in whom they are found under one common notion, which I come actually to apply to this or that person as particular occasions do occur, and so I shall always be in a preparation of mind, actually to unite in Christian love with every such person, whensoever such occasions do invite me to it. And do we now need to be told what such an impartial truly Christian love would do to our common preservation, and to prevent the ruin of the Christian interest?

1. How greatly would it contribute to the vigour of the Christian life! For so we should all equally "hold the head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God;" as afterwards in this chapter (Coloss. ii. 19). Thus (as it is in that other parallel text of Scripture) "speaking the truth in love, we shall grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love," Eph. iv. 15, 16. Obstructions that hinder the free circulation of blood and spirits, do not more certainly infer languishings in the natural body, than the want of such a diffusive love shuts up and shrivels the destitute parts and hinders the diffusion of a nutritive vital influence in the body of Christ.

2. It would inspire Christians generally with a sacred courage and fortitude, when they should know and even feel themselves knit together in love. How doth the revolt of any considerable part of an army discourage the rest! or if they be not entire and of a piece! Mutual love animates them, as nothing more, when they are prepared to live and die together, and love hath before joined whom now their common danger also joins. They otherwise signify but as so many single persons, each one but caring and contriving how to shift for himself. Love makes them significant to one another, so as that every one understands himself to be the common care of all the rest. It makes Christians the more resolute in their adherence to truth and goodness when, from their not doubted love, they are sure of the help, the counsels, and prayers of the Christian community, and apprehend by their declining they shall grieve those whom they love, and who they know love them. If any imagine themselves intended to be given up as sacrifices to the rage of the common enemy, their hearts are the apter to sink, they are most exposed to temptations to prevaricate; and the rest will be apt to expect the like usage from them, if themselves be reduced to the like exigency and be liable to the same temptations.

3. It would certainly, in our present case, extinguish or abate the so contrary unhallowed fire of our anger and wrath towards one another, as the celestial beams do the baser culinary fire, which burns more fervently when the sun hath less power. Then would debates, if there must be any, be managed without intemperate heat. We should be remote from being angry that we cannot convey our own sentiments into another's mind; which when we are, our business is the more remote; we make ourselves less capable of reasoning

aply to convince, and (because anger begets anger, as love doth love) render the other less susceptible of conviction. Why are we yet to learn that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God? What is gained by it? So little doth angry contention about small matters avail, that even they that happen to have the better cause lose by it, and their advantage cannot recompense the damage and hurt that ensues to the Church and to themselves. Our famous Davenant,¹ speaking of the noted controversy between Stephen, Bishop of Rome, who, he says, as much as in him lay, did with a schismatical spirit tear the Church, and Cyprian, who with great lenity and Christian charity professes that he would not break the Lord's peace for diversity of opinion, nor remove any from the right of communion, concludes that erring Cyprian deserved better of the Church of Christ than orthodox Stephen. He thought him the schismatic whom he thought in the right, and that his orthodoxy, as it was accompanied, was more mischievous to the Church than the other's error. Nor can a man do that hurt to others, without suffering it more principally. The distemper of his own spirit, what can recompense! and how apt is it to grow in him; and, while it grows in himself, to propagate itself among others! Whereupon, if the want of love hinders the nourishment of the body, much more do the things which, when it is wanting, are wont to fill up its place. For as naturally as love begets love, so do wrath, envy, malice, calumny, beget one another, and spread a poison and virulency through the body, which necessarily wastes and tends to destroy it. How soon did the Christian Church cease to be itself, and the early vigour of primitive Christianity degenerate into insipid, spiritless formality, when once it became contentious! It broke into parties, sects multiplied, animosities grew high, and the grieved Spirit of love retired from it, which is grieved by nothing more than by bitterness, wrath, anger, &c., as the connection of these two verses intimates, Eph. iv. 30, 31—"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.—Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice." And to the same purpose is that, 1 Pct. ii. 1, 2, "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile; and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." By this means religion, once dispirited, loses its majesty and awfulness, and even tempts and invites the assaults and insultations of enemies.

4. It would oblige us to all acts of mutual kindness and friendship. If such a love did govern in us, we should be always ready to serve one another in love, to bear each other's burdens, to afford our mutual counsel and help to one another, even in our private affairs if called thereto; especially in that which is our common concern, the preserving and promoting the interest of religion, and to our uttermost strengthen each other's hands herein. It would engage us to a free, amicable conversation with one another upon this account; would not let us do so absurd a thing as to confine our friendship to those of our own party, which we might as

reasonably to men of our own stature, or to those whose voice and hair and look and mien were likest our own. It would make us not be ashamed to be seen in each other's company, or be shy of owning one another. We should not be to one another as Jews and Samaritans that had no dealing with one another, or as the poet notes they were to other nations: "*Non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti*" (Not so much as to show the way to one not of their religion). There would be no partition-wall through which love would not easily open a way of friendly commerce, by which we should insensibly slide, more and more, into one another's hearts. Whence also,

5. Prejudices would cease, and jealousies concerning each other. A mutual confidence would be begotten. We should no more suspect one another of ill designs upon each other, than lest our right hand should wait an opportunity of cutting off the left. We should believe one another in our mutual professions, of whatsoever sort, both of kindness to one another, and that we really doubt and scruple the things which we say we do.

6. This would hence make us earnestly covet an entire union in all the things wherein we differ, and contribute greatly to it. We are too prone many times to dislike things for the disliked persons' sake who practise them. And a prevailing disaffection makes us unapt to understand one another, precludes our entrance into one another's mind and sense, which if love did once open, and inclined us more to consider the matters of difference themselves than to imagine some reserved meaning and design of the persons that differ from us, 'tis likely we might find ourselves much nearer to one another than we did apprehend we were, and that it were a much easier step for the one side to go quite over to the other. But if that cannot be,

7. It would make us much more apt to yield to one another and abate all that ever we can in order to as full an accommodation as is any way possible, that if we cannot agree upon either extreme, we might at least meet in the middle. It would cause an emulation who should be larger in their grants to this purpose; as it was professed by Luther when so much was done at Marburg towards an agreement between him and the Helvetians, that he would not allow that praise to the other party that they should be more desirous of peace and concord than he. Of which amicable conference, and of that afterwards at Wittenberg, and several other negotiations to that purpose, account is given by divers; and insisted on by some of our own great divines, as precedential to the concord they endeavoured between the Saxon and the Helvetian Churches of later time, as Bishop Morton,² Bishop Hall, Bishop Davenant, in their several sentences or judgments written to Mr. Dury³ upon that subject.

And indeed when I have read the pacific writings of those eminent worthies, for the composing of those differences abroad, I could not but wonder that the same peaceable spirit did not endeavour with more effect the composing of

² Thomas Morton, born at York in 1564, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was made chaplain to James I. in 1606. Bishop of Chester in 1615, of Lichfield and Coventry in 1618, and of Durham in 1632. He died in retirement in 1659 aged ninety-five.

³ John Dury (or Duraeus) was a Scotch divine who spent forty years in the vain endeavour to reconcile Lutherans and Calvinists. He travelled to confer with divines in England, Geneva, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, &c., and wrote much to advance the idea of Christian union, which he made it the work of his life to strive for in a true spirit of brotherhood. His works were published between 1634 and 1674. One of them was "A Model of Church Government" (1647). He is not to be confounded with John Dury (or Duraeus), a Jesuit, who published in 1582 a reply to William Whitaker's answer to Edmund Campian.

¹ John Davenant was born in Watling Street in 1576, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, of which he became Master in 1614. He was a Divinity Professor at Cambridge, was sent by James I. to the synod of Dort, and in 1621 was made Bishop of Salisbury. He was a liberal Calvinist, and offended James I. by a discourse on Predestination. He died of consumption. John Howe is here quoting from a Latin exhortation to Christian unity published by Davenant at Cambridge in 1640, the year before his death, "*Ad fraternal Communionem inter Evangelicas Ecclesias restaurandam Adhortatio.*" There was an English edition in the year of his death, 1641.

our own much lesser differences at home. But the things of our peace were (as they still are) hid from our eyes, with the more visibly just severity by how much they have been nearer us and more obvious to the easy view of any but an averse eye. It is not for us to prescribe (as was said) to persons that are now in so eminent stations as these were at that time; but may we not hope to find with such (and where should we rather expect to find it?) that compassion and mercifulness in imitation of the blessed Jesus, their Lord and ours, as to consider and study the necessities of souls in these respects, and at least willingly to connive at and very heartily approve some indulgences and abatements in the administrations of the inferior clergy, as they may not think fit themselves positively to order and enjoin? Otherwise I believe it could not but give some trouble to a conscientious conforming minister, if a sober pious person, sound in the faith and of a regular life, should tell him he is willing to use his ministry in some of the ordinances of Christ, if only he would abate or dispense with some annexed ceremony which in conscience he dare not use or admit of. I believe it would trouble such a minister to deal with a person of this character as a pagan because of his scruple, and put him upon considering whether he ought not rather to dispense with man's rule than with God's. I know what the same Bishop Davenant hath expressly said, that "He that believes the things contained in the Apostles' Creed,¹ and endeavours to live a life agreeable to the precepts of Christ, ought not to be expunged from the roll of Christians, nor be driven from communion with the other members of any Church whatsoever." However, truly Christian love would do herein all that it can, supplying the rest by grief that it can do no more.

8. It would certainly make us abstain from mutual censures of one another as insincere for our remaining differences. Charity that thinks no evil would make us not need the reproof, Rom. xiv. 4, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" The common aptness hereunto among us shows how little that divine principle rules in our hearts, that in defiance of our rule and the authority of the great God and our blessed Redeemer, to whom all judgment is committed, and who hath so expressly forbidden us to judge lest we be judged (Matt. vii. 1), we give ourselves so vast a liberty, and set no other bounds to our usurped licence of judging, than nature hath set to our power of thinking—*i.e.* think all the mischievous thoughts of them that differ from us that we know how to devise or invent, as if we would say, "Our thoughts (and then, by an easy advance, our tongues) are our own, who is Lord over us?" I animadvert not on this as the fault of one party; but wheresoever it lies, as God knows how diffused a poison this is among them that are satisfied with the public constitutions towards them that dissent from them, and with these back again towards them, and with the several parties of both these towards one another. This uniting, knitting love would make us refrain, not merely from the restraint of God's laws in this case, but from a benign disposition, as that which the temper of our spirits would abhor from. So that such as are well content with the public forms and rites of worship, would have no inclination to judge them that apprehend not things with their understandings, nor relish with their taste, as persons that therefore have cut themselves off from Christ, and the body of Christ. They might learn better from the Cassandrian moderation and from the avowed sentiments of that man

whose temper is better to be liked than his terms of union, who speaking of such as, being formerly rejected (meaning the Protestants) for finding fault with abuses in the Church, had by the urgency of their conscience altered somewhat in the way of their teaching and the form of their service, and are therefore said to have fallen off from the Church and are numbered among heretics and schismatics. It is, saith he, to be enquired how rightly and justly this is determined of them. For there is to be considered, as to the Church, the head and the body. From the head there is no departure but by doctrine disagreeable to Christ the head; from the body there is no departure by diversity of rites and opinions, but only by the defect of charity. So that this learned Romanist neither thinks them heretics that hold the head, nor schismatics, for such differences as ours are, from the rest of the body, if love and charity towards them remain. And again, where this love remains, and bears rule, it can as little be, that they who are unsatisfied with the way of worship that more generally obtains should censure them that are satisfied, as insincere merely because of this difference. It cannot permit that we should think all the black thoughts we can invent of them, as if because they have not our consciences they had none, or because they see not with our eyes they were therefore both utterly and wilfully blind.

Thomas Browne, born in Cheapside in 1605, was educated at Winchester School and Pembroke College, Oxford. He travelled in France and Italy, graduated in physic at the University of Leyden, and published, in 1634, after his return to London, a quaint, thoughtful book, entitled "*Religio Medici*" (*The Religion of a Physician*). Two years afterwards Dr. Browne settled at Norwich, where he became the leading physician. He was not knighted until thirty-seven years after his "*Religio Medici*" was published, and he died in 1682. His books on "*Urn Burial*," and on "*Vulgar Errors*," are not less interesting than his "*Religio Medici*," from which this passage is taken:—

TRUE AFFECTION.

There are wonders in true affection; it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles; wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all: when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces; and it is no wonder: for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will, in a competent degree, affect all. Now, if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found the true object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which, though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not

¹ Jeremy Taylor also, in his "*Liberty of Prophesying*," recommended this basis of Christian union. (See pages 285, 286.)

procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heard the toll of a passing-bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession and call unto God for his soul. I cannot see one say his prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who, perhaps, is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of my unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian: our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To do no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my former years, and impatient affections, seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years, and Christian constitution, have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another, is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself.

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, was born in 1624 at Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire. Christopher Fox, his father, was a weaver, known for his integrity as "righteous Christie." George Fox, as a child, found his chief pleasure in reading the Bible. As a youth he was placed with a shoemaker, who also kept sheep, and in September, 1643, he wandered away for quiet meditation, exercised in mind upon religious questions. To save himself thought about clothes he made himself a durable suit of leather garments, which he wore for some years. In 1647 he began to preach in Dukinfield and Manchester, and at other places in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire; followers gathered about him who called themselves "Friends," in sign of brotherly love, and resolved on strict obedience to the Bible in all things, and the separation of plain spiritual truth from external forms that sometimes usurped its place. One characteristic of his teaching was a strong sense of the need of the Spirit of God to enlighten those who interpret the voice of the same Spirit in others.

GEORGE FOX'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION.

Of all the sects of Christendom with whom I discoursed, I found none that could bear to be told that they should come to Adam's perfection, into that image of God, that righteousness and holiness that Adam was in before he fell. Therefore, how should they be able to bear being told that any should grow up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, when they cannot bear to hear that any shall come, whilst upon earth, into the same power and spirit that the prophets and apostles were in? Though it be a certain truth that none can understand these writings

aright without the aid of the same Spirit by which they were written.

The Lord God opened to me by his invisible power how "every man was enlightened by the divine light of Christ." I saw it shine through all, and that they who believed in it came out of condemnation to the light of life, and became the children of it; but they that hated it and did not believe in it were condemned by it, though they made profession of Christ. This I saw in the pure openings of the light, without the help of any man; neither did I then know where to find it in the Scriptures, though afterwards, searching the Scriptures, I found it. For I saw in the Light and Spirit, which was before the Scriptures were given forth, and which led the holy men of God to give them forth, that all must come to that Spirit if they would know God or Christ or the Scriptures aright, which Spirit they that gave them forth were led and taught by.

I was sent to turn people from darkness to the light, that they might receive Christ Jesus; for to as many as should receive Him in His light, I saw He would give power to become the sons of God, which I had obtained by receiving Christ. I was to direct people to the Spirit that gave forth the Scriptures, by which they might be led unto all truth, and up to Christ and God, as those had been who gave them forth. I was to turn them to the grace of God, and to the truth in the heart, which came by Jesus; that by this grace they might be taught what would bring them salvation, that their hearts might be established by it, their words might be seasoned, and all might come to know their salvation nigh. I saw Christ died for all men, was a propitiation for all, and enlightened all men and women by His divine and saving light, and that none could be true believers but those that believed therein. I saw that the grace of God which brings salvation had appeared to all men, and that the manifestation of the Spirit of God was given to every man to profit withal. These things I did not see by the help of man, nor by the letter, though they are written in the letter; but I saw them in the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by His immediate Spirit and power, as did the holy men of God by whom the Scriptures were written. Yet I had no slight esteem of the Holy Scriptures; they were very precious to me, for I was in that Spirit by which they had been given forth, and what the Lord opened in me I afterwards found was agreeable to them. I could speak much of those things, and many volumes might be written, but all would prove too short to set forth the infinite love, wisdom, and power of God, in preparing, fitting, and furnishing me for the service He had appointed me to; letting me see the depths of Satan on one hand, and opening to me on the other hand the divine mysteries of His own everlasting kingdom.

When the Lord God and His Son Jesus Christ sent me forth into the world to preach His everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was glad that I was commanded to turn people to that inward light, spirit, and grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God; even that divine Spirit, which would lead them into all truth, and which I infallibly knew would never deceive any.

With and by this divine power and Spirit of God, and the light of Jesus, I was to bring people off from all their own ways, to Christ the new and living way; from their churches which men had made, and gathered to the Church of God, the general assembly written in heaven, which Christ is the head of: and off from the world's teachers made by men, to learn of Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, of whom the Father said, 'This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him;' and off from all the world's worships,

to know the Spirit of truth in the inward parts; and to be led thereby, that in it they might worship the Father of Spirits, who seeks such to worship Him, which Spirit they that worshipped not in knew not what they worshipped. I was to bring people off from all the world's religions which are in vain, that they might know the pure religion, might visit the fatherless, the widows, and the strangers, and keep themselves spotless from the world; then there would not be so many beggars—the sight of whom often grieved my heart, as it denoted so much hard-heartedness.

I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power, that their fellowship might be in the Holy Ghost, the eternal Spirit of God; that they might pray in the Holy Ghost, sing in the Spirit, and with the grace that comes by Jesus; making melody in their hearts to the Lord, who hath sent His beloved Son to be their Saviour, caused His heavenly sun to shine upon all the world, and through them all, and His heavenly rain to fall upon the just and the unjust (as His outward rain doth fall, and His outward sun doth shine upon all), which is God's unspeakable love to the world.

I was to bring people off from Jewish ceremonies, from heathenish fables, from man's inventions and windy doctrines, by which they blow the people about this way and the other way from sect to sect, and from all their beggarly rudiments, with their schools and colleges for making ministers of Christ—who are indeed only ministers of their own making, but not of Christ's; and from all their images, crosses, and sprinkling of infants, with their holy days (so called), and all their vain traditions, which they had got up since the apostles' days, which the Lord's power was against. In the dread and authority thereof I was moved to declare against them all, and against all that preached and not freely, as such who had not received freely from Christ.

Moreover, when the Lord sent me into the world, he forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I travelled up and down I was not to bid good-morrow or good-evening, neither might I bow or scrape with my leg to any one; this made the sects and professions rage. . . .

In fairs also, and in markets, I was made to declare against their deceitful merchandise, cheating and cozening, warning all to deal justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea, and their nay be nay, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them; forewarning them of the great and terrible day of the Lord, which would come upon them all. I was moved also to cry against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks upon their stages, for they burdened the pure life, and stirred up people's minds to vanity. I was much exercised, too, with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, warning them to teach children sobriety in the fear of the Lord, that they might not be nursed and trained up in lightness, vanity, and wantonness. I was made to warn masters and mistresses, fathers and mothers, in private families, to take care that their children and servants might be trained up in the fear of the Lord, and that themselves should be therein examples and patterns of sobriety and virtue to them. . . .

But the black earthly spirit of the priest wounded my life; and when I heard the bell toll to call people together in the steeple-house, it struck at my life, for it was like a market-bell to gather people together, that the priest might set forth his wares for sale. Oh! the vast sums of money that are got by the trade they make of selling the Scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest. What one trade in the world is comparable

to it? Notwithstanding the Scriptures were given forth freely, Christ commanded his ministers to preach freely. and the prophets and apostles denounced judgment against all covetous hirelings and diviners for money. But in this free spirit of the Lord Jesus was I sent forth to declare the word of life and reconciliation freely, that all might come to Christ, who gives freely, and renews us into the image of God, which man and woman were in before they fell.

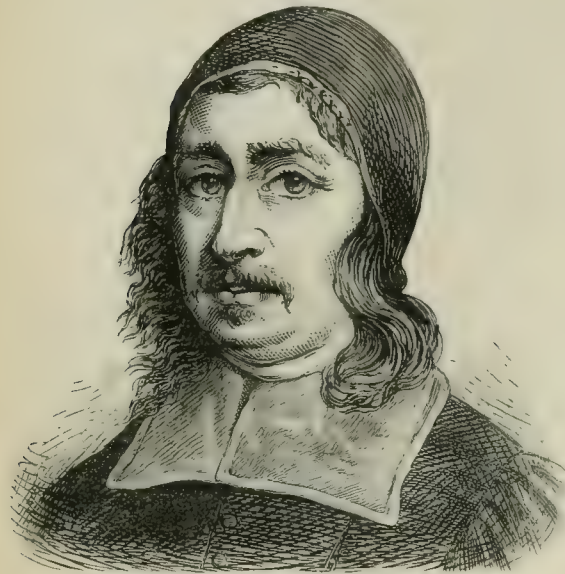
The persecution brought on themselves, and borne with heroic simplicity, by Fox and his followers, through the zeal with which they carried out their protest against all that they accounted insincere or unscriptural, forms an interesting passage in English religious history. Fox died in 1690.

John Hales, born in 1584, was made Greek Professor at Oxford in 1612, had afterwards an Eton Fellowship, and died at Eton in the time of the Commonwealth, 1656. His best writings were published in 1659 as "Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College." This is a prayer from John Hales for peace in the English Church, closing a sermon on the text "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you" (John xiv. 27):—

PRAYER FOR PEACE IN THE CHURCH.

When our friends and enemies do both jointly consent to lay open our shame, to whose judgment shall we appeal, or whither shall we fly? Whither? Even to thee, O Lord Christ; but not as to a judge: too well we know thy sentence. Thou hast sent us messengers of peace, but we, like Jerusalem, thy ancient love, have not understood the things belonging to our peace. O Lord, let us know them in this our day, and let them no longer be hidden from our eyes. Look down, O Lord, upon thy poor dismembered Church, rent and torn with discords, and even ready to sink. Why should the neutral or atheist any longer confirm himself in his irreligion by reasons drawn from our dissensions? Or why should any greedy-minded worldling prophesy unto himself the ruins of thy sanctuary, or hope one day to dip his foot in the blood of thy Church? We will hope, O Lord (for what hinders?), that notwithstanding all supposed impossibilities, thou wilt one day in mercy look down upon thy Sion, and grant a gracious interview of friends so long divided. Thou that wroughtest that great reconciliation between God and man, is thine arm waxen shorter? Was it possible to reconcile God to man? To reconcile man to man is it impossible? Be with those, we beseech thee, to whom the persecution of Church controversies is committed, and, like a good Lazarus, drop one cooling drop into their tongues and pens, too, too much exasperated each against other. And if it be thy determinate will and counsel that this abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not, continue unto the end, accomplish thou with speed the number of thine elect, and hasten the coming of thy Son our Saviour, that He may himself in person sit and judge, and give an end to our controversies, since it stands not with any human possibility. Direct thy Church, O Lord, in all her petitions for peace, teach her wherein her peace consists, and warn her from the world, and bring her home to Thee; that all those that love thy peace may at last have the reward of the sons of peace,

and reign with Thee in thy kingdom of peace for ever. Grant this, O God, for thy Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be ascribed all praise, might, majesty, and dominion, now and for ever.



RICHARD BAXTER. (From a Portrait taken in 1677.)

Richard Baxter was born in November, 1615, at High Ercal, in Shropshire. He was the son of a small freeholder. Part of his boyhood was spent at Eaton Constantine, about five miles from Shrewsbury. The best part of his education he received at the free school of Wroxeter, and thence he went to be taught for a time by Mr. Richard Wickstead, chaplain to the Council at Ludlow. But Mr. Wickstead taught him little, and Baxter considered the year and a half at Ludlow to have been unprofitably spent. Then he taught for a time at Wroxeter, to help his old schoolmaster there, who was dying of consumption. Hindered himself by much ill-health, young Baxter studied privately for the ministry. For two years after he had attained the age of twenty-one Richard Baxter had his religious thoughts intensified by expectation of death from violent cough with spitting of blood. He presented himself to the Bishop of Worcester for examination for orders, was ordained, and licensed to teach in a newly-founded free school at Dudley, where he often preached in the town and the neighbouring villages. From Dudley he removed in less than a year to assist the minister at Bridgenorth. There he was somewhat troubled by "the Et-cetera Oath" framed by the Convocation then sitting, which obliged the clergy, on pain of expulsion, to swear "that they would never consent to the alteration of the present government of the Church by Archbishops, Deans, Archdeacons, &c." This set Baxter on the study of Episcopacy, and in the same year, 1640, he was invited to be preacher at Kidderminster, where the vicar had been declared insufficient by the townspeople and reduced to the reading of the prayers and the payment of £60

a year, out of his £200, for a preacher who would satisfy his people. During the sixteen years of Baxter's work at Kidderminster he never occupied the vicarage house, though authorised to do so by the Parliament, but left the old vicar there to end his days in peace. The vicar was deprived by Parliament, and although Baxter would not take his place or receive more than a maintenance of a hundred a year and a house, the inhabitants, to keep to themselves the benefit of the sequestration, secretly got an order to settle Baxter in the title. To the deprived vicar they gave forty pounds a year with the vicarage that Baxter would not take.

Questions in Church and State were being argued by main force while Richard Baxter was at Kidderminster.

William Laud, son of a clothier at Reading, was born in 1573, and educated at Reading free school and St. John's College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in 1594. He was small of stature, eager and confident of spirit. His health was very bad before and after the time of his taking his M.A. degree, which he received in July, 1598. He was ordained priest in 1601, and in 1602, in a divinity lecture read at St. John's College, he maintained against Puritan opinions the Church as Elizabeth established it. About six weeks after the Queen's death, William Laud, then in his thirtieth year, was chosen Proctor for his University, and took part in the "Answer of the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, Proctors, &c., in the University of Oxford, to the Petition of the Ministers of the Church of England desiring Reformation." Towards the close of the same year, Laud was appointed chaplain to the Earl of Devonshire. In July, 1604, he took the degree of B.D., and in the public exercise on that occasion maintained—as his opponents said, with arguments drawn from the writings of Cardinal Belarmin—the necessity of baptism to salvation, and that there could be no true Church without bishops. In December, 1605, on St. Stephen's Day, Laud married the divorced Lady Rich—Sidney's Stella—to her old and constant lover, formerly Sir Charles Blount, then Charles Lord Mountjoy, and next created Earl of Devonshire for his conduct in the Irish wars. James was offended by the act of marriage to a divorced wife in her husband's lifetime. The Earl of Devonshire was in disgrace at court, and Laud lost royal favour. A sermon preached by Laud in 1606, at St. Mary's Church, before his University, revived the charge of Popery against his doctrine on church matters, and Peter Heylin says Laud told him that it was then reckoned a heresy to speak to him, and a suspicion of heresy to salute him in the street. Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, wrote to Laud at this time, "I would I knew where to find you, then I could tell how to take direct arms, whereas now I must pore and conjecture. To-day you are in the tents of the Romanists, to-morrow in ours; the next day between both; against both. Our adversaries think you ours, we theirs, your conscience finds you with both, and neither; I flatter you not. This of yours is the

worst of all tempers." In November, 1607, Laud, aged thirty-four, received his first preferment—the vicarage of Stamford, in Northamptonshire; and in the April following, the advowson of North Kilworth, in Leicestershire. In the summer of 1608 he proceeded to the degree of D.D., and was made chaplain to Dr. Neile, Bishop of Rochester. To be near him he exchanged his living of North Kilworth in October, 1609, for the rectory of West Tilbury, in Essex. In May, 1610, he was presented by the Bishop of Rochester to the living of Cuckstone in Kent. He then resigned his fellowship in St. John's and lived at Cuckstone, but the place was unhealthy, and he was laid up with ague. Bishop Neile was translated to Lichfield, and, before leaving Rochester, obtained from the king for his friend Laud a prebend's stall in Westminster. Dr. Neile's successor at Rochester was another hearty friend of Laud's—his old tutor, Dr. Buckeridge, who left the Presidency of St. John's College to take the bishopric. Dr. Buckeridge and Dr. Neile exerted all their influence to secure Dr. Laud's election to the vacant Presidency, and obtained it in May, 1611, against strong opposition based on the opinion that Laud was "a Papist at heart, and cordially addicted to Popery." King James presently appointed Dr. Laud one of his chaplains. After the death, in November, 1610, of Archbishop Richard Bancroft, he was succeeded in the primacy by George Abbot, a man moderate of temper and strict Calvinist in his opinions, who reversed, as far as he could, the policy by which Bancroft had driven many of the clergy from the Church. The new primate considered Laud's opinions too near to those of the Roman Church. It was he, indeed, who in opposing Laud's election to the Presidency of St. John's, had described him as a Papist at heart. Laud was neglected at court for some time, but his friend Dr. Neile gave him a prebend in Lincoln, and in December, 1615, the archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and in 1616 King James made Dr. Laud Dean of Gloucester. Dr. Miles Smith, one of the producers of King James's authorised version of the Bible, was then Bishop of Gloucester, and openly expressed his indignation at the proceedings of the new Dean in changing the place of the communion-table, and so ordering the services that tumult arose against Popish revival, the civil authority had to interfere, and some rioters had to be sent to prison. Laud then returned to court, and took part in action against the Oxford Puritans. In 1617 Dr. Laud went with King James to Scotland, and urged the enforcement of a Liturgy upon the Scotch. Five Articles were then forced by King James on an unwilling people. These were, kneeling at sacrament, observation of Christmas and other holy days, episcopal confirmations, private baptism, and private communion. In June, 1618, King James's declaration concerning lawful sports and games on the Lord's Day was also introduced into Scotland. It would need force to supersede among the Scottish people one prejudice with another, and this was not tried till the reign of Charles. The outward conflict was about symbols that many on both sides held to be in themselves indifferent, but to the ignorant the symbols were in place of the things

signified. "Yet was there great confusion," wrote David Calderwood, "great confusion and disorder in many kirks, by reason of the late innovation. In some kirks the people went out and left the minister alone; in some, when the minister would have them to kneel, the ignorant and simple sort cried out, 'The danger, if any be, light upon your own soul, and not upon ours.' Some, when they could not get the sacrament sitting, departed, and besought God to be judge between them and the minister. It is not to be passed over in silence, how that when John Lauder, minister at Cockburnspeth, was reaching the bread till¹ one kneeling, a black dog start² up to snatch it out of his hand."

King James used to say to Laud that he had given him nothing but the Deanery of Gloucester, "a shell without a kernel;" but in 1621 Laud was nominated to the bishopric of St. David's. Archbishop Abbot in that year, while on a visit to Lord Zouch at Bramhill, by chance hit one of the gamekeepers, who was concealed in a thicket, when he had levelled his crossbow at a deer. The man died, and although the Archbishop, deeply afflicted, was cleared of blame by a Commission, and received a full pardon under the Great Seal, declaring him capable of exercising his ecclesiastical authority as if the accident had not occurred, Laud and three other nominated bishops objected to be consecrated by him. They were consecrated by a commission of five bishops appointed to act in the place of the Primate.

When Laud was thus made bishop the "Pilgrim Fathers," first driven from this country by the policy of Archbishops Whitgift and Bancroft, had just established themselves at New Plymouth. A separatist or Brownist congregation—following the counsel of Robert Brown to form, apart from the authorised worship, separate and independent Churches on a Scripture model—had met at the village of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, on the Yorkshire border. It met at an episcopal manor house which had come to be used as a station for post-horses, and was occupied by William Brewster as postmaster. John Robinson was its minister, William Brewster its ruling elder, and a youth named William Bradford walked in from the neighbouring hamlet of Austerfield to worship there. Bradford's heart had been first stirred by the preaching of Richard Clifton, rector of Babworth, near Scrooby. When Clifton was silenced as a Puritan, young Bradford, indignant at this act of oppression, declared himself a Separatist, and joined the congregation of John Robinson at Scrooby, where his energy soon made him the civil head of the community, and he took afterwards his place in history as Governor Bradford of New Plymouth. John Smith, pastor of a Separatist congregation at Gainsborough, had removed his church to Amsterdam to avoid persecution, and he had been preceded by another minister—his tutor, Johnson. Disputes arose among the people at Amsterdam, and when the refugee Church of Scrooby joined them in 1608, the dissension caused John Robinson to remove with his followers to Leyden,

¹ Till, to.

² Start, for started; the *ed* being dropped after the ending in *t*.

where they remained eleven years in peace. But the desire grew in them to found an easier and happier society than they could have as exiles in a foreign town, where men bred to English husbandry must learn town ways of earning their bread among strangers; William Bradford had become a silk dyer, William Brewster a printer. Colonisation was then, in England and elsewhere, occupying energetic thought. John Robinson and his congregation of three hundred resolved to live no longer among foreigners, but to go out and found in the New World an English province in which their religion should be free. They sought in vain an Act of toleration from the king. While they were negotiating, the Puritans of Lancashire were forced, by a royal declaration, to conform, or leave the kingdom; but by the help of Sir Edwin Sandys (to whose brother the Scrooby manor house belonged), the English congregation at Leyden obtained a patent from the Virginia Company. They bought in London the *Speedwell*, a vessel of about sixty tons, and hired in England the *Mayflower*, a vessel of 180 tons, brought these little ships to Delft Haven, and there embarked in them, on the 22nd of July, 1620, as many of the congregation as they would contain. William Brewster went as their leader, William Bradford and Miles Standish being of the company. John Robinson, their pastor, stayed with those who were left, and blessed the departing vessels from the shore. "I charge you," he said, in his solemn farewell, "I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in Religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their Reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your Church-covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." On the 11th of December, 1620, after various explorations for a fitting place of settlement, the Pilgrims landed where they could resolve to moor the *Mayflower* and begin a settlement, which they called—after the last bit of England they had received kindness from at their departure—Plymouth. Every man of them built his own house in hard winter weather. The Governor first appointed was among its victims; his son died when they landed, he died himself soon after, and the bereaved wife and mother quickly followed. At the end of March, 1621, William Bradford became his successor. Until the harvest of 1623 the infant colony that was to develop into a new world of English energy and freedom suffered much from want. Food was obtained from ships at famine prices, and there is a tradition that at one time there was only a pint of corn in the place, and that, being divided with strict justice, gave to each inhabitant five kernels.

In November, 1621, Laud was consecrated Bishop of St. David's. After maintaining his cause in

Parliament, he went to his see, and had its income improved by the king's presentation to a rectory—that of Creeke in Northamptonshire—which was to be held with it. In August, 1622, he was at court again, ready with aid and encouragement to any contest against Puritanism. Laud was thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly honest, and as religious as a man can be who battles for that which he holds to be the highest truth in a breast-plate of righteousness that is not tempered with charity. Bulstrode Whitelock said of him truly, that "he was too full of fire, though a just and good man; and his want of experience in State matters, and his too much zeal for the Church, and heat, if he proceeded in the way he was then in, would set this nation on fire." When, in May, 1622, John Fisher, the Jesuit who had been hoping to convert the Duchess (then the Marchioness) of Buckingham to Romanism, was invited to argue openly before the Duke with an English divine, Dr. Francis White was the divine appointed. They argued twice, and as, on both occasions, nothing had been said on the dogma of an infallible church, the king appointed a third meeting, at which Laud was appointed to argue, and was held to have confuted Fisher. He wrote of his argument afterwards: "The Catholic Church of Christ is neither Rome nor a conventicle; out of that there is no salvation, I easily confess it; but out of Rome there is, and out of a conventicle too. Salvation is not shut up into this narrow conclave. In this discourse I have, therefore, endeavoured to lay open those wider gates of the Catholic Church, confined to no age, time, or place, not knowing any bounds, but that faith which was once, and but once for all, delivered to the saints. And in my pursuit of this way, I have searched after, and delivered with a single heart, that truth which I profess." In June, 1622, the Marquis of Buckingham appointed Laud his chaplain, who became his confidential agent in London during the secret visit to Spain with Prince Charles, arising out of the question of the Spanish match. After the death of James I., on the 24th of March, 1625, Laud remained firm in the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, who was the new king's favourite. Thus Laud became upon church matters the chief adviser of Charles I. He drew up the list from which the new king was to appoint chaplains free from Puritanism. He preached at the opening of Parliament, and as the Archbishop of Canterbury, who would place the crown on Charles's head, happened to be also Dean of Westminster, and in that character had also duties at the coronation, Laud was appointed to supply his place as dean. It was afterwards urged against him that at the coronation he caused a silver crucifix found among the regalia to be placed upon the altar, and modified, in two places, the coronation oath. Laud preached, four days after the coronation, at the opening of the second Parliament. He dwelt upon unity. "Would you," he said, "keep the State in unity? In any case, take heed of breaking the peace of the Church. The peace of the State depends much upon it: for, divide Christ in the minds of men, or divide the minds of men about their hopes of salvation in Christ, and then tell me where will be the unity?"

And so he gave his influence in aid of the old policy of compulsion. In 1626 William Laud was translated from his see of St. David's to that of Bath and Wells, was made also Dean of the Chapel Royal, and a Privy Councillor. In July, 1628, he was translated from the bishopric of Bath and Wells to that of London; in April, 1630, Laud was made Chancellor of the University of Oxford; in July, 1630, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, he baptized the infant who afterwards became Charles II. In the same year, a Scotch minister, Alexander Leighton, father to the more famous Robert Leighton, personally presented to members of the House of Commons a book he had written, called "An Appeal to Parliament, or Zion's Plea again Prelacy." He was sentenced by the Star Chamber to a fine of £10,000 and imprisonment for life, then transferred to the High Court of Commission to be degraded from his ministerial office, because the Star Chamber could not pass sentence of corporal punishment upon a man in orders. Having been degraded by the High Commission, he was returned to the Star Chamber, where he was further sentenced to be pilloried at Westminster during the sitting of the court, and there whipped; after the whipping to have one of his ears cut off, his nose slit, his forehead branded with S.S. for Seditious Slanderer,¹ and then to be taken to his prison, whence at another time he was to be conveyed to the pillory in Cheapside, where his other ear was to be cut off and he was again to be whipped. Leighton's imprisonment lasted for ten years, until he was released by the Long Parliament in 1640. Alexander Leighton was then made keeper of Lambeth Palace, after Laud had been imprisoned in the Tower; but Leighton died insane in 1645. In 1633, William Prynne, a Puritan barrister, published against stage plays, masques, and dances his "Histriomastix." It denounced masques and dances in terms that could be said to involve the queen in their condemnation. Therefore he was committed to the Tower. In the same year, 1633, Laud, Bishop of London, went with Charles I. into Scotland, and helped to impose a liturgy upon the Scottish Church against the will of the people; and in August of that year Dr. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose resistance to the policy of compulsion had withdrawn him from royal favour, died. Laud was immediately appointed his successor. At the same time he had secret offer of a cardinal's hat through a person to whom he records in his diary that he answered, "Something dwelt within him which would not suffer that, till Rome was otherwise than it was at the present time." Laud at once pursued his policy with excess of zeal. The "Declaration concerning

Lawful Sports to be used on Sundays," first issued by James I. in 1618, was revived and extended, with requirement upon all clergy to publish it in their churches on pain of cognizance by the High Com-



WILLIAM LAUD. (From the Portrait by Vandyke.)

mission. The Declaration, commonly known as "The Book of Sports," is here given exactly as it was printed for general use at the time of its promulgation by Charles I. in 1633.

THE KING'S MAJESTIES DECLARATION TO HIS SUBJECTS,
CONCERNING LAWFULL SPORTS TO BEE VSED.

¶ By the King.

Ovr Deare Father of blessed Memory, in his returne from Scotland, comming through *Lancashire*, found that his Subjects were debarred from Lawful Recreations vpon Sundayes after Euening Prayers ended, and vpon Holy dayes: And Hee prudently considered, that if these times were taken from them, the meaner sort who labour hard all the weeke, should haue no Recreations at all to refresh their spirits. And after His returne, Hee farther saw that His loyall Subjects in all other parts of His Kingdome did suffer in the same kinde, though perhaps not in the same degree: And did therefore in His Princely wisdom, publish a Declaration to all his louing Subjects concerning lawfull Sports to be vsed at such times, which was printed and published by His royall Commandement in the yeere 1618. In the Tenor which hereafter followeth.

¶ By the King.

Whereas vpon Our returne the last yere out of Scotland, We did publish Our Pleasure touching the recreations of Our people in those parts vnder Our hand: For some causes Vs thereunto mouing, Wee haue thought good to command these Our Directions then giuen in *Lancashire* with a few words thereunto added, and most applicable to these parts of Our Realmes, to bee published to all Our Subjects.

Whereas Wee did iustly in Our Progresses through *Lancashire*, rebuke some Puritanes and precise people, and tooke order that the like vnlawfull carriage should not bee vsed by any of them hereafter, in the prohibiting and vnlawfull punishing of Our good people for vsing their lawfull Recrea-

¹ Or Sower of Sedition. When Prynne had been branded on the cheek with S. L. (Seditious Libeller), he made these lines on his way back in a boat to the Tower:

"S. L. STIGMATA LAUDIS.

"Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Laudis
Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo."

Which was Englished:

"S. L. LAUD'S SCARS.

"Triumphant I return, my face describes
Laud's scorching scars, God's grateful sacrifice."

tions, and honest exercises vpon Sundayes and other Holy dayes, after the afternoone Sermon or Service: Wee now finde that two sorts of people wherewith that Countrey is much infected, (Wee meane Papists and Puritanes) haue maliciously traduced and calumniated those Our iust and honourable proceedings. And therefore lest Our reputation might vpon the one side (though innocently) haue some aspersion layd vpon it, and that vpon the other part Our good people in that Countrey be misled by the mistaking and misinterpretation of Our meaning: We haue therefore thought good hereby to cleare and make Our pleasure to be manifested to all Our good People in those parts.

It is true that at Our first entry to this Crowne, and Kingdome, Wee were informed, and that too truely, that Our County of *Lancashire* abounded more in Popish Recusants then any County of England, and thus hath still continued since to Our great regret, with little amendmēt, saue that now of late, in Our last riding through Our said County, Wee find both by the report of the Iudges, and of the Bishop of that diocesse, that there is some amendment now daily beginning, which is no small contentment to Vs.

The report of this growing amendment amongst them, made Vs the more sorry, when with Our owne Eares We heard the generall complaint of Our people, that they were barred from all lawfull Recreation, & exercise vpon the Sundayes afternoone, after the ending of all Diuine Service, which cannot but produce two euils: The one, the hindering of the conuersion of many, whom their Priests will take occasion hereby to vexe, perswading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawfull or tolerable in Our Religion, which cannot but breed a great discontentment in Our peoples hearts, especially of such as are peraduerture vpon the point of turning; The other inconuenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from vsing such exercises as may make their bodies more able for Warre, when Wee or Our Successours shall haue occasion to vse them. And in place thereof sets vp filthy tiplings and drunkennesse, & breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their Alehouses. For when shall the common people haue leaue to exercise, if not vpon the Sundayes & holydaies, seeing they must apply their labour, & win their living in all working daies?

Our expresse pleasure therefore is, that the Lawes of Our Kingdome, & Canons of Our Church be as well obserued in that Countie, as in all other places of this Our Kingdome. And on the other part, that no lawfull Recreation shall bee barred to Our good People, which shall not tend to the breach of Our aforesayd Lawes, and Canons of Our Church: which to expresse more particularly, Our pleasure is, That the Bishop, and all other inferiour Churchmen, and Churchwardens, shall for their parts bee carefull and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant, and conuince and reforme them that are mis-led in Religion, presenting them that will not conforme themselves, but obstinately stand out to Our Iudges and Iustices: Whom We likewise command to put the Law in due execution against them.

Our pleasure likewise is, That the Bishop of that Diocesse take the like straight order with all the Puritanes and Precisians within the same, either constraining them to conforme themselves, or to leaue the County according to the Lawes of Our Kingdome, and Canons of Our Church, and so to strike equally on both hands, against the contemners of Our Authority, and aduersaries of Our Church. And as for Our good peoples lawfull Recreation, Our pleasure likewise is, That after the end of Diuine Service, Our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawfull recreation, Such as dauncing, either men or women, Archery for

men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmelesse Recreation, nor from hauing of May-Games, Whitson Ales, and Morris-dances, and the setting vp of Maypoles & other sports therewith vsed, so as the same be had in due & conuenient time, without impediment or neglect of Diuine Service: And that women shall haue leaue to carry rushes to the Church for the decorating of it, according to their old custome. But withall We doe here account still as prohibited all vnlawfull games to bee vsed vpon Sundayes onely, as Beare and Bull-baitings, Interludes, and at all times in the meaner sort of people by Law prohibited, Bowling.

And likewise We barre from this benefite and liberty, all such knowne recusants, either men or women, as will abstaine from comming to Church or diuine Service, being therefore vnworthy of any lawfull recreation after the said Service, that will not first come to the Church, and serue *God*: Prohibiting in like sort the said Recreations to any that, though conforme in Religion, are not present in the Church at the seruice of *God*, before their going to the said Recreations. Our pleasure likewise is, That they to whom it belongeth in Office, shall present and sharply punish all such as in abuse of this Our liberty, will vse these exercises before the ends of all Diuine Seruices for that day. And We likewise straightly command, that euery person shall resort to his owne Parish Church to heare Diuine Service, and each Parish by it selfe to vse the said Recreation after Diuine Service. Prohibiting likewise any Offensiu weapons to bee carried or vsed in the said times of Recreations. And Our pleasure is, That this Our Declaration shall bee published by order from the Bishop of the Diocesse, through all the Parish Churches, and that both Our Iudges of Our Circuit, and Our Iustices of Our Peace be informed thereof.

Given at Our Mannour of Greenwich the foure and twentieth day of May, in the sixteenth yeere of Our Raigne of England, France and Ireland, and of Scotland the one and fiftieth.

Now out of a like pious Care for the seruice of God, and for suppressing of any humors that oppose trueth, and for the Ease, Comfort, & Recreation of Our well deseruing People, Wee doe ratife and publish this Our blessed Fathers Declaration: The rather because of late in some Counties of Our Kingdome, Wee finde that vnder pretence of taking away abuses, there hath been a generall forbidding, not onely of ordinary meetings, but of the Feasts of the Dedication of the Churches, commonly called Wakes. Now our expresse will and pleasure is, that these Feasts with others shall bee obserued, and that Our Iustices of the peace in their seuerall Diuisions shall looke to it, both that all disorders there, may be preuented or punished, and that all neighbourhood and freedome, with manlike and lawfull Exercises bee vsed. And Wee farther Command Our Iustices of Assize in their seuerall Circuits, to see that no man doe trouble or molest any of Our loyall and duetifull people, in or for their lawfull Recreations, having first done their duetie to God, and continuing in obedience to Vs and Our Lawes. And of this Wee command all our Iudges, Iustices of the Peace, as well within Liberties as without, Maiors, Bayliffes, Constables, and other Officers, to take notice of, and to see obserued, as they tender Our displeasure. And Wee farther will, that publication of this Our Command bee made by order from the Bishops through all the Parish Churches of their seuerall Diocesse respectively.

Given at Our Palace of Westminster the eighteenth day of October, in the ninth yeere of Our Reigne.

God saue the King

Laud, as Bishop of London, had severely censured the Lord Mayor for prohibiting a woman from selling apples on Sunday in St. Paul's Churchyard. His enforcement of the reading of this "Book of Sports" in all the English churches was resisted by many of the clergy, who were therefore silenced. Some who read it, read the Fourth Commandment after it. Some read it unwillingly, with forced compliance to preserve their livings. William Prynne, after a year's imprisonment in the Tower, was sentenced to a fine of £5,000, to be expelled from his University, his Inn of Court, and his profession of the law; to be pilloried, first at Palace Yard, Westminster, then at Cheapside, and in each place to lose an ear; to have his book burnt before his face by the common executioner; and to be imprisoned for life. In 1637 eight ships in the Thames prepared to carry to New England refugees from the rule of compulsion, were stopped, and an Order of Council prohibited "all ministers unconformable to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England; and that no clergyman should be suffered to pass to the foreign plantations without the approbation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London." On the 30th of June in the same year Prynne, the lawyer, stood in the pillory again, to lose what remained of his ears, with the Rev. Henry Burton and Dr. John Bastwick, a physician, sentenced also to fine, branding, mutilation, and imprisonment. But as they went to the pillory the people had strewed sweet herbs on the way.

There had been old antagonism between William Laud and John Williams, who in 1621 succeeded Bacon as Lord Keeper, and was at the same time made Bishop of Lincoln. His opinions on public questions did not please the Court of Charles. The Duke of Buckingham had been his enemy, and he had both Charles and Laud against him. As early as 1627 an attempt had been begun to charge him with betrayal of the king's secrets. In 1637 this accusation was shifted to a charge of tampering with the king's witnesses. He was condemned, and sentenced to a fine of £10,000, suspension by the High Commission Court from all his offices, and imprisonment during the king's pleasure. His palace was entered to seize goods to the value of the fine, and a letter was there found from Lambert Osbaldestone, Master of Westminster School, in which Laud, small of stature, was referred to as "the little urchin," and "the little meddling hocus pocus." Upon this letter further proceedings were taken, and Dr. Williams was sentenced to pay £5,000 more to the king and £3,000 to the Archbishop of Canterbury; while the writer of the letter was fined £5,000 to the king, £5,000 to the Archbishop of Canterbury, deprived of his preferments, condemned to imprisonment during the king's pleasure, and to stand in the pillory with his ear nailed to the posts. Dr. Williams was not released until 1640, when he was reconciled to the king, who made him, in 1641, Archbishop of York. Laud was then in the Tower, to which he was conveyed on the 1st of March, 1641. He had tried force against force stronger than his own, and raised a tumult against prelacy. He was stripped of his revenues, heavily fined, and

harshly treated during three years of imprisonment, that ended in his trial and his execution on the 10th of January, 1645. From the scaffold Laud, seventy-one years old, delivered his last words to man in the form of his own funeral sermon, on a text from the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." The sermon ended, this was

LAUD'S LAST PRAYER.

O Eternal God and merciful Father, look down upon me in mercy; in the riches and fulness of all thy mercies look down upon me, but not till thou hast nailed my sins to the cross of Christ. Look upon me, but not till thou hast bathed me in the blood of Christ; not till I have hid myself in the wounds of Christ; that so the punishment that is due to my sins may pass away and go over me: and since thou art pleased to try me to the uttermost, I humbly beseech thee, give me now in this great instant full patience, proportionable comfort, a heart ready to die for my sins, the King's happiness, and the preservation of this Church; and my zeal to these (far from arrogance be it spoken) is all the sin, human frailty excepted, and all incidents thereunto, which is yet known of me in this particular, for which I now come to suffer; but otherwise my sins are many and great. Lord, pardon them all, and those especially which have drawn down this present judgment upon me; and when thou hast given me strength to bear it, then do with me as seems best to thee; and carry me through death that I may look upon it in what visage soever it shall appear to me, and that there may be a stop of this issue of blood in this more than miserable kingdom. I pray for the people, too, as well as for myself. O Lord, I beseech thee, give grace of repentance to all people that have a thirst for blood; but if they will not repent, then scatter their devices, and such as are or shall be contrary to the glory of thy great name, the truth and sincerity of religion, the establishment of the King, and his posterity after him in their just rights and privileges, the honour and conservation of Parliament, in their ancient and just power, the preservation of this poor Church in the truth, peace, and patrimony, and the settlement of this distracted and distressed people under their ancient laws and in their native liberties. And when thou hast done all this in mere mercy for them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulness, and with religious dutiful obedience to thee and thy commandments all their days. Amen, Lord Jesus, and I beseech thee receive my soul into thy bosom, Amen.

If any think it strange that a good man, engaged in intense controversy about sacred things, could err as Laud erred in attempting to enforce that unity within the Church of Christ for which all true hearts laboured and still labour, let him remember that the Pilgrim Fathers were good men, and that in the free church which they crossed the wide Atlantic to secure they were, after a few years, banishing those fellow-Christians whom they termed heretics. One of their leaders was exclaiming, "God forbid, that our love of the truth should be grown so cold that we should tolerate errors!" Another averred that "to say men ought to have liberty of conscience is

impious ignorance." Another urged that "Religion admits of no eccentric notions." Every member of the congregation of a tolerant Baptist of Rhode Island was fined twenty or thirty pounds, and one who refused to pay the fine was whipped unmercifully. There was a fine on absence from "the ministry of the Word;" to deny that any book in the Old or New Testament was throughout the infallible Word of God, was blasphemy, punishable by fine and flogging, and in case of obstinacy, by exile or death. A devout woman, hearing of such things, travelled all the way from London to warn the leaders of the new church against persecution, and they flogged her. She was sentenced to twenty stripes. At home, when Laud's friends ceased to be the persecutors, they became the persecuted. Each party was full of zeal in either character, and we can only look with equal eye, whether argument be of the seventeenth or nineteenth century, on imperfections common to humanity. John Robinson uttered a great truth when, in his farewell to the little band that left Delft in the *Mayflower*, he said, "The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word." Are we not waiting yet for the acceptance of its leading truth, that of the three abiding virtues of the Christian the greatest is charity? "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." So St. Paul interpreted the teaching of Him who based His Church upon two articles: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

In this sense many a true man of many a creed has sought the peace of God, and Richard Baxter laboured towards peace. He was gentle, without cowardice or weakness, and he sought unity for the distracted Church as earnestly as William Laud. Baxter was reckoned among the Puritans, and shared the Presbyterian sympathies of the Long Parliament, whose members voted, in May, 1641, approval "of the affection of their brethren of Scotland, in their desire of a conformity in the Church government between the two nations." The Grand Committee of the whole House for Religion, appointed three days after the assembling of the Parliament, had originated in King James's time, but soon became a new energy for the inquiry into accusations against loyal clergy. It had a sub-committee, which divided itself into several lesser committees, and the first sentence of sequestration was passed by the Grand Committee itself as early as the 16th of January, 1641. As the work grew on the hands of the sequestrators, committees were appointed under Parliament in all parts of the country. They were to consist of from five to ten members, each paid five shillings a day for his attendance, and were enjoined to be "speedy and effectual" in their inquiry into the lives, doctrine,

and conversation of all ministers and schoolmasters. These local courts were first instituted in 1643, and remained instruments of tyranny for the next ten years. A fifth of the sequestrated income might be granted to the expelled man, on conditions that even a word of resentment might be held to break, and the number of the clergy thus ejected has been reckoned by the historian of their sufferings at seven thousand.

When Cromwell first raised his troop, he had invited Baxter to become its pastor. Baxter refused, and reasoned against the appeal to arms. But when war was so far afoot that the only question could be of having or not having the religious life maintained among the combatants, Baxter consented to become, and was for two years, chaplain to a regiment. Thus he was at the taking of Bridgewater, the siege of Bristol and of Sherborne Castle. He was three weeks at the siege of Exeter, six weeks before Banbury Castle, and eleven weeks at the siege of Worcester. In the army he opposed the various forms of free opinion in religion to be found among the soldiers, and somewhat lost their confidence by his zeal on behalf of unity; for he flinched from the religious disputations that had cast out love, and chiefly on that ground held with the Presbyterians of those days, who desired uniform Church government not less than Laud, but sought to give it a shape which they regarded as more Biblical than the machinery of archbishops and bishops. In their desire also to separate their church as much as possible from the traditions of the Church of Rome, they scrupulously avoided naming children after saints. Most of the names in the New Testament, and many more, being thus associated with saint worship, Old Testament names, as Elijah, Jonathan, Obadiah; or the names of Christian gifts, Grace, Faith, Hope, Charity; or even religious phrases, were given as Christian names to their children by pious parents. Towards the end of the civil war Baxter had a severe illness, and it was at that time that he wrote that one of his many books which is most widely read, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," first published in 1653. He says:—

"Whilst I was in health, I had not the least thought of writing books, or of serving God in any more public way than preaching. But when I was weakened with great bleeding, and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cook's in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance but my servant about me, and was sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the everlasting rest which I apprehended myself to be just on the borders of; and that my thoughts might not too much scatter in my meditation, I began to write something on that subject, intending but the quantity of a sermon or two (which is the cause that the beginning is, in brevity and style, disproportionate to the rest); but being continued long in weakness, where I had no books, nor no better employment, I followed it on till it was enlarged to the bulk in which it is published. The first three weeks I spent in it was at Mr. Nowell's house at Kirby Mallory, in Leicestershire; a quarter of a year more, at the seasons which so great weakness would allow, I bestowed on it at Sir Tho. Rouse's house, at Rouse Lench, in Worcester-shire; and I finished it shortly after at Kidderminster. The first and last parts were first done, being all that I intended

for my own use; and the second and third parts came afterwards in besides my first intention."

Under the Commonwealth, Richard Baxter spoke his mind freely to Cromwell, and told him that he was a usurper, while admitting that he sought to use his false position for the maintenance of godliness, and that, where his own interest was not at stake, he sought more to do good than any who had gone before.

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH TO THE REVOLUTION.—
RICHARD BAXTER, JOHN BUNYAN, JOHN MILTON,
RALPH CUDWORTH, ROBERT LEIGHTON, THOMAS
KEN, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1689.



INITIAL. From Clarendon's Answer to
"Leviathan" (1673).

N no small degree Charles II. owed his crown to the division between Presbyterians and Independents. At Kidderminster Richard Baxter had set up during the Commonwealth an Association for Catholicism against Parties, of which he wrote :—

"As we hindered no man from following his own judgment in his own congregation, so we evinced, beyond denial, that it would be but a partial, dividing agreement to agree on the terms of Presbyterian, Episcopal, or any one party, because it would unavoidably shut out the other parties; which was the principal thing which we endeavoured to avoid; it being not with Presbyterians only, but with all orthodox, faithful pastors and people, that we are bound to hold communion, and to live in Christian concord, so far as we have attained. Hereupon, many counties began to associate, as Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, Essex, and others; and some of them printed the articles of their agreement. In a word, a great desire of concord began to possess all good people in the land, and our breaches seemed ready to heal. And though some thought that so many associations and forms of agreement did but tend to more division, by showing our diversity of apprehensions, the contrary proved true by experience; for we all agreed on the same course, even to unite in the practice of so much discipline as the Episcopal, Presbyterians, and Independents are agreed in, and as crosseth none of their principles."

Baxter, who had always held by the monarchy, welcomed the Restoration, and his great hope for a measure of compromise that would bring again into one church the Episcopal and Presbyterian Christians seemed at last attainable. The best Independents desired fellowship without the pale of a church to which, however they might be parted from it upon matters of opinion, they could be joined in the

brotherhood of Christian charity. "I have credibly heard," says Baxter, "that Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Philip Nye, and Dr. Owen, the leaders of the Independents, did tell the king that, as the Pope allowed orders of religious parties in mere dependence on himself, all that they desired was, not to be masters of others, but to hold their own liberty of worship and discipline in sole dependence on the king, as the Dutch and French churches do, so they may be saved from the bishops and ecclesiastical courts." Before the arrival of Charles II. he had been visited in Holland by English Presbyterians. His Declaration from Breda had included in these words the promise of an end of persecution for religion :—

"And because the passion and uncharitableness of the times have produced several opinions in religion, by which men are engaged in parties and animosities against each other; which when they shall hereafter unite in a freedom of conversation, will be composed, or better understood; we do declare a liberty to tender consciences; and that no man shall be disquieted, or called in question, for differences of opinion in matters of religion which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom; and that we shall be ready to consent to such an act of Parliament as, upon mature deliberation, shall be offered to us, for the full granting that indulgence."

The king, whom Presbyterians had helped to the throne, after his arrival in London, named ten or twelve Presbyterians, including Baxter, chaplains in ordinary. Baxter counselled his king not less faithfully than he had counselled Cromwell, and still laboured above all things to establish spiritual union among English Christians. Baxter and other Presbyterians in London discussed measures of compromise with Episcopal clergy, and began by offering to accept Archbishop Usher's scheme of church government, that made each bishop the head of a Presbytery which shared his powers, and a revised Liturgy that did not forbid extemporary prayer. They accepted the king as supreme "in all things and causes, as well ecclesiastical as civil." They proposed also that of the church ceremonies in question, some should be abolished as occasions of dispute upon indifferent matters, and that use of others should be optional. Upon every point the Presbyterians were met with resistance by the bishops, but in October, 1660, the king signed a Declaration on ecclesiastical affairs, which conceded very much to Presbyterian desires. Had it been acted upon, much strife and division would have been at an end; but there can be no end to strife without change in the minds of combatants. The House of Commons in November, 1660, rejected the Declaration by a majority of twenty-six.

Among enthusiasts of the time was a small body of Fifth-Monarchy men, so called from their interpretation of the prophecy in the seventh chapter of Daniel. The four beasts had always been interpreted to mean the four great monarchies of the world; the ten horns of the fourth beast were said to be the ten European kingdoms, and the "little horn" (verses 8, 20, 21,) was now read to mean William the Conqueror and his successors, who "made war with the

saints, and prevailed against them, until the Ancient of Days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High." This prophecy was said to be fulfilled by the trial and condemnation of Charles I.; "and the time came that the saints possessed the Kingdom." This was the Fifth Monarchy, and by 1666 (verses 24—27), having overthrown the power of Rome, it was to be visible on earth, terribly and suddenly, for the redemption of the people from all bondage, ecclesiastical and civil. Sixty Fifth Monarchy men on Sunday, January 6th, 1661, issued from their meeting-house at Swan Alley, in Coleman Street, led by a wine-cooper named Venner, who had conspired in Cromwell's time, carried arms, declaring for King Jesus, and killed several people. They repulsed some files of the train-bands hastily collected by the

whom Baxter had the foremost place, argued that "limiting of Church communion to things of doubtful disputation hath been in all ages the ground of schism and separation." They asked for modifications of the Prayer Book that would add to the number of those who used it many who before had conscientious scruples. Baxter even drew up a reformed Liturgy. The reply to this and to the desire for removal of ceremonies that had served as occasions for dispute was, "If pretence of conscience did exempt from obedience, laws were useless; whoever had not list to obey might pretend tenderness of conscience, and be thereby set at liberty." The conference was ineffectual.

The Parliament that met in May, 1661, ordered the Covenant to be burnt by the hangman, recalled



BAXTER'S CHURCH AT KIDDERMINSTER.

Lord Mayor, each fanatic believing that he would be miraculously sustained although a thousand came against him. When they heard that the Life Guards were bearing down upon them, they escaped to Caen Wood between Hampstead and Highgate, but at dawn on Wednesday entered London again, and hoped to capture the Lord Mayor. Venner and about sixteen of his followers were taken and hanged in different parts of the town, denouncing judgment on the king, the judges, and the city. This incident was followed by a proclamation "prohibiting all unlawful and seditious meetings and conventicles under pretence of religious worship," in which the unresisting Quakers were named with the Fifth Monarchy men. The Quakers worshipped as they held that their duty to God required, and paid tribute also to Cæsar by accepting quietly the imposed pain of imprisonment for conscience' sake. Few understood their point of view, and even Baxter reckoned them with sectaries for whom he did not intercede.

In April, 1661, the conference was held at the Savoy Palace in the Strand, between twelve bishops and twelve Presbyterians. The Presbyterians, among

the bishops to the House of Lords, established an unmodified Episcopal Church, and passed, on the 19th of May, 1662, the Act of Uniformity, through which no Presbyterian minister could pass into the ministry of the Church without ordination by a bishop, "assent and consent to everything contained and prescribed in and by" the Prayer Book, with declaration that the Covenant was an unlawful oath, and that it is unlawful to take arms against the king for any cause whatever. This Act came into force on the 24th of August, 1662, and those who suffered by it remembered that this was St. Bartholomew's Day, an anniversary already associated with religious hatreds.

Richard Baxter, of course, was among the ministers then shut out of the Church. He might not return to Kidderminster. The same conformity was required from all teachers of the young, both public and private. Two thousand ministers refused compliance with the Act, and at once resigned, or were deprived of their livings. The same Parliament passed a long Act against liberty of the press, for the suppression of "heretical, seditious, schismatical, or

offensive books or pamphlets, wherein any doctrine or opinion should be asserted or maintained contrary to the Christian faith, or the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England; or which might tend or be to the scandal of religion, or the Church, or the Government, or governors of the Church, State, or Commonwealth, or of any corporation or person whatsoever." On the 21st of May, 1662, the king married Catharine of Portugal, a Roman Catholic princess. The king wished to obtain from Parliament a power dispensing with the penalties incurred by Roman Catholics and Dissenters, but in 1663 the Commons voted an address, in which they replied to him "that it is in no sort advisable that there be any indulgence to persons who presume to dissent from the Act of Uniformity, and religion established." In 1664 the first Act against conventicles was passed. Any meeting for religious worship at which five persons were present, more than the family, was declared a conventicle. Every person above the age of sixteen found at a conventicle was subject for the first offence to three months' imprisonment, or a fine of five pounds; for the second, to six months' imprisonment, or a fine of twenty pounds; for the third, to banishment to any plantation except New England or Virginia. Exile to one of these colonies might turn punishment into a favour by giving a Presbyterian the religious fellowship he sought.

In the year 1665 there was a great plague, of which, in August and September, eight thousand were dying every week. Because the plague was busy in London, Parliament met at Oxford on the 31st of October, 1665. Many Nonconformists, who had bravely stayed among the plague-stricken in London and other towns, occupied the pulpits left vacant by those of the conforming clergy who had fled. In their preaching they sometimes dwelt on the corrupt life at court, and the persecution of their brethren. Use is said to have been made of this fact by promoters of one of the first acts passed by the Parliament at Oxford, the "Five Mile Act," which was strongly but ineffectually opposed in the House of Lords. It enacted that all persons "in holy orders or pretended holy orders," who had not fulfilled the requirements of the Act of Uniformity, and who should take upon them to preach in any unlawful assembly, conventicle, or meeting, should not, unless only in passing on the road, come or be within five miles of any city or town corporate or borough that sent members to Parliament; or of any parish, town, or place wherein, since the Act of Oblivion, they had been parson, vicar, curate, stipendiary lecturer, or had taken on them to preach in unlawful assembly, conventicle, or meeting, on pain of a penalty of £40 for every offence. Every person who had not first taken and subscribed the oath, and who did not frequent divine service as established by law, was also subject to the same penalty if he or she should "teach any public or private school, or take any boarders or tablers that were taught or instructed by him or her." It is clear, therefore, that whatever party was uppermost, the use made of power showed that England generally had not yet outgrown faith in the possibility of compelling peace by the enforcement of one rule of Christian discipline and doctrine.

Dr. John Owen was in those days the chief divine among the Independents. He was born in 1616, at Hadham, Oxfordshire, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, but left at the age of twenty-one to avoid the regulations of Laud. At the outbreak of civil war he was disinherited for his advocacy of the cause of the Parliament. In 1650, Cromwell made him Dean of Christ Church, and he was Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1652 until the death of Cromwell. At the Restoration he was deprived of office in the University, and for the next twenty-three years he lived in retirement, using his pen actively.

Baxter preached, on the 25th of May, 1662, his last sermon before he was silenced by the Act of Uniformity; and in September of the same year he, being then forty-seven years old, married Margaret Charlton, aged twenty-three. His wife, who was of good worldly position, had been born within three miles of his native village, and had removed with her mother to Kidderminster, where she received from Baxter her first strong impressions of religion. In July, 1663, he went to live at Acton, and then and always wrote much, advocating always peace, and seeking a church that would comprehend the Presbyterians, with addition of an indulgence for Independents and others who aided the religious life in forms of worship outside the enlarged pale of the Church. Some thought that he would himself conform, because he urged the laity who thought with him not to forsake the Church. But he was committed to Clerkenwell prison for preaching in his own house at Acton. His wife went to prison with him, and, as he tells us, "was never so cheerful a companion to me as in prison." He was released because of a flaw in the mittimus, but was then prevented by the Five Mile Act from return to Acton. He went, therefore, to Totteridge, near Barnet, where he had "a few mean rooms, which were so extremely smoky, and the place withal so cold, that he spent the winter with great pain." Here he followed up a passage in a book of Dr. Owen's, which suggested to him a chance of bringing Presbyterians and Independents to accord, and drew Dr. Owen into an endeavour to ascertain terms of a common understanding. It was the chief labour of Baxter's life to bring English religion into the way of peace. One of his many books (fifty-six publication had preceded it) was on "The Cure of Church Divisions." It was published in 1668, and gave sixty Directions to the People that applied practically the teaching of Christ to the distractions of the Church, with twenty-two additional Directions to the Pastors. It is a very practical book still. This, for instance, is one of the Directions:—

DIRECTION XLIX.

Take notice of all the good in others which appeareth, and rather talk of that behind their backs, than of their faults.

If there were no good in others, they were not to be loved; for it is contrary to man's nature to will or love anything, but *sub ratione boni*, as supposed to be good. The good of nature

is lovely in all men as men, even in the wicked and our enemies (and therefore let them that think they can never speak bad enough of nature take heed lest they run into excess); and the capacity of the good of holiness and happiness is part of the good of nature. The good of gifts and of a common profession, with the possibility or probability of sincerity, is lovely in all the visible members of the Church; and truly the excellent gifts of learning, judgment, utterance, and memory, with the virtues of meekness, humility, patience, contentedness, and a loving disposition inclined to do good to all, are so amiable in some, who yet are too strange to a heavenly life, that he must be worse than a man who will not love them.

To vilify all these gifts in others savoureth of a malignant contempt of the gifts of the Spirit of God; and so it doth to talk all of their faults, and say little or nothing of their gifts and virtues. Yea, some have so unloving and unlovely a kind of religiousness that they backbite that man as a defender of the profane, and a commender of the ungodly, who doth but contradict or reprehend their backbitings, and are ever gainsaying all the commendations which they hear of any whom they think ill of.

But if you would, when you talk of others (especially them who differ from you in opinions), be more in commendation of all the good which indeed is in them—1. You would shew yourselves much liker to God, who is love, and unliker to Satan the accuser. 2. You would shew an honest impartial ingenuity which honoureth virtue wherever it is found. 3. You would shew an humble sense of your own frailty, who dare not proudly condemn your brethren. 4. You would shew more love to God himself, when you love all of God whensoever you discern it, and cannot abide to hear his gifts and mercies undervalued. 5. You would increase the grace of love to others in yourselves by the daily exercise of it; when backbiting and detraction will increase the malignity from which they spring. 6. You would increase love also in the hearers, which is the fulfilling of the law, when detraction will breed or increase malice. 7. You will do much to the winning and conversion of them whom you commend, if they be unconverted. For when they are told that you speak lovingly of them behind their backs, it will much reconcile them to your persons, and consequently prepare them to hearken to the counsel which they need. But when they are told that you did backbite them, it will fill them with hatred of you, and violent prejudice against your counsel and profession.

Yet mistake me not. It is none of my meaning all this while that you should speak any falsehood in commendation of others; nor make people believe that a careless, carnal sort of persons are as good as those that are careful of their souls, or that their way is sufficient for salvation; nor to commend ungodly men in such a manner as tendeth to keep either them or their hearers from repentance; nor to call evil good, or put darkness for light, nor honour the works of the devil; but to shew love and impartiality to all, and to be much more in speaking of all the good which is in them than of the evil, especially if they be your enemies, or differ from you in opinions of religion. Titus iii. 1: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work, to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness to all men. For we ourselves were sometime foolish, &c." Grace is clean contrary to this detracting vice.

The volume ends with the following suggestive sketch of

THREE WAYS OF LIFE.

The way of Division by Violence. *The way of Peace by Love and Humility.* *The way of Division by Separation.*

I.

Depart from the apostolical primitive simplicity; and make things unnecessary seem necessary in doctrine, worship, discipline, and conversation.

II.

Endure no man that is not of your mind and way; but force all to concord upon these terms of yours, whatever it cost.

III.

Brand all dissenters with the odious names of schismatics, heretics, or seditious rebels; that they may become hateful to high and low.

IV.

When this hath greatly increased their disaffection to you, accuse their religion of all the expressions of that disaffection, to make it odious also.

V.

Take those for your enemies that are their friends, and those for your friends which are their enemies: And cherish those be they never so bad, that will be against them and help you to root them out.

But remember

I.

Adhere to the ancient simple Christianity, and make nothing necessary to your concord and communion, which is not necessary.

II.

Love your neighbours as yourselves; receive those that Christ receiveth, and that hold the necessities of communion, be they Episcopal, Presbyterian, Independents, Anabaptists, Arminians, Calvinists, &c., so they be not proved heretical or wicked.

III.

Speak evil of no man, and especially of dignities and rulers. Revile not when you are reviled: speak most of the good that is in dissenters; and do them all the good you can.

IV.

If any wrong you, be the more watchful over your passions, and opinions, and tongues, lest passion carry you into extremes. Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; and do not evil, that good may come by it.

V.

Impartially judge of men by God's interest in them, and not your own or your parties. Reprove the ways of love-killers and backbiters; and let not the fear of their wrath or censures carry you into a compliance with them, or cause you by silence to encourage them. But rejoice if you should be martyrs

I.

Depart from the apostolical primitive simplicity, on pretence of strict observing it; and make new duties and new sins, which Scripture makes not such.

II.

Account all those ungodly that use set prayers, or worship not God in the same manner as you do.

III.

Brand all dissenters with the odious names of graceless formalists. That you may make them all seem unlovely to others.

IV.

When this hath stirred them up to wrath, call them wicked persecutors, and have no communion with them.

V.

Backbite and reproach all those as compliers with sin, or such as strengthen the hands of the wicked and the persecutors, who would recall you to love and humility. And cherish all sects be they never so erroneous or passionate that will take your part, and speak against them. But first, when the wrath which you

*By Violence.**By Love.**By Separation.*

that for all this for love and peace: you must come For— to judgment.

thus kindled hath consumed you; secondly, or your divisions crumbled you all to dust; thirdly, and your scandals hardened men to scorn religion to their damnation; remember, woe to the world because of offences, and woe to him by whom offence cometh.

And read these following words of Mr. R. Hooker's, which he useth of some part of the history, which out of *Sulpitius* I before mentioned; *Eccles. Pol. Epist. Dedic.*

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Read Acts 20. 30; 1 Cor. 1. 10, 13, and 3. 3; Rom. 16. 17, 18; Jam. 3. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. Study these on your knees.

"I deny not but that our antagonists in these controversies may peradventure have met with some not unlike to Ithacius, who mightily bending himself by all means against the heresy of Priscillian, (the hatred of which one evil was all the virtue he had) became so wise in the end, that every man careful of virtuous conversation, studious of the Scripture, and given to any abstinence in diet, was set down in his calendar for suspected Priscillianists: For whom it should be expedient to approve their soundness of faith, by a more licentious and loose behaviour. Such proctors and patrons the truth might spare. Yet is not their grossness so intolerable as on the contrary side, the scurrilous and more than satirical immodesty of Martinism; the first published schedules whereof being brought to the hands of a grave and very honourable knight, with signification given that the book would refresh his spirits; he took it, saw what the title was, read over an unsavoury sentence or two, and delivered back the libel with this answer: 'I am sorry you are of the mind to be solaced with these sports, and sorrier you have herein thought my affection like your own.'"

John Bunyan, born in 1628, at Elstow, within a mile of Bedford, was a tinker's son, and bred to his father's calling. What little reading he learnt at a free school he had lost till he married at nineteen. Of this he wrote afterwards in a sketch of his own life, called "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners."

Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was, to light upon a wife, whose father was counted godly: This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" and "The Practice of Piety;" which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; (but all this while I met with no conviction.) She also would be often telling of me what a

godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and among his neighbours; what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed.

Bunyan's imagination was fervid, and objects of thought sometimes became as real to his eye or ear. One Sunday he had heard in church a sermon against the sports encouraged on that day by those who opposed the Puritans. He felt guilty until he had dined, then shook the sermon from his mind, and followed his old custom.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.

After a little time, the religious feeling became very strong, but he says the change could only have been outward, because he was proud of his godliness. It cost him a year to give up dancing, and much struggle to give up his pleasure in bell-ringing.

Now you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered, wherefore I would go to the steeple-house, and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, how if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then, rebounding upon me, might kill me, for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough, for if the bell should now fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door. But then it came into my head, how if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

He tells how he was one day in Bedford streets, plying his trade as tinker, when he was moved by hearing some poor women talk of their experiences in religion. He records some of his own struggles to win perfect faith in God:—

Wherefore while I was thus considering, and being put to a plunge about it, (for you must know, that as yet I had not in this matter broken my mind to any one, only did hear and

consider), the tempter came in with this delusion, that there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracles: urging those scriptures that seemed to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day, as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me, to try if I had faith, by doing some miracle; which miracle at this time was this: I must say to the puddles that were in the horse-pads, "Be dry;" and to the dry places, "Be you puddles:" And truly one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind, "But go under yonder hedge, and pray first, that God would make you able." But when I concluded to pray, this came hot upon me; that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then to be sure I had no faith, but was a castaway, and lost; nay, thought I, if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer.

So I continued at a great loss; for I thought, if they only had faith, which could do such wonderful things, then I concluded, that for the present I neither had it, nor yet for the time to come were ever like to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the devil and my own ignorance, and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do.

About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

About this wall I bethought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein, but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw as it were a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

Now this mountain, and wall, &c., was thus made out to me: The mountain signifieth the church of the living God: the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of His merciful face on them that were therein; the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. For Jesus said in his reply to Thomas, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not, but with great difficulty, enter in hereat, it showed me, that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin.

His anxieties of mind ended in serious illness, but he recovered, and became robust. In 1657 John

Bunyan was made deacon of his church at Bedford, and moved his fellow-worshippers so greatly with his prayers, that he was asked to take his turn in village preaching. That was against the law, and complaint was lodged; but it was not until after the Restoration that he was committed to Bedford jail for preaching in conventicles. He remained in prison until March, 1672; that is to say, from the age of thirty-two to the age of forty-four. At the close of this time Bunyan wrote some "Reflections upon my Imprisonment," in which he said: "I never had in all my life so great an inlet into the Word of God as now: those scriptures that I saw nothing in before were made in this place and state to shine upon me. Jesus Christ was never more real and apparent than now; here I have seen and felt Him indeed!" Thoughts of his wife, who had laboured in vain for his release, and for the little ones deprived of the breadwinner, one a blind daughter, Mary, frail of frame, whom he outlived, were the sharpest of his sorrows. And here he wrote—

The way not to faint is, "To look not on the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." And thus I reasoned with myself, If I provide only for a prison, then the whip comes at unawares, and so doth also the pillory. Again, if I only provide for these, then I am not fit for banishment. Further, if I conclude that banishment is the worst, then if death comes, I am surprised: so that I see, the best way to go through sufferings, is to trust in God through Christ, as touching the world to come; and as touching this world, "to count the grave my house, to make my bed in darkness: to say to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and sister:" that is, to familiarise these things to me.

But notwithstanding these helps, I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities; the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.

Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you: Oh! I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it: and now I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them.¹

But that which helped me in this temptation were divers considerations, of which, three in special here I will name: the first was the consideration of these two scriptures,

¹ 1 Samuel vi. 7—12. The tenderness of deep feeling in the whole passage enters with singular charm into this application of Old Testament reading. John Bunyan certainly read the Bible with his heart as well as his eyes.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me:" and again, "The Lord said, Verily it shall go well with thy remnant, verily I will cause the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil, and in time of affliction."



JOHN BUNYAN. (From a Painting by Saddler.)

It was during this imprisonment, when Christ was "seen and felt indeed," that John Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, delivered under the Similitude of a Dream, wherein is discovered the Manner of his Setting out, his Dangerous Journey, and safe Arrival at the Desired Country." It is the heavenward struggle against obstacles and dangers of this world vividly personified by the imagination of a man to whom spiritual life is the reality and earthly life the shadow. To those who questioned the fitness of his method of representing Divine truth, he said of allegory what he might have said of the earthly trial under which it was written: "Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright brings none." In the close to the author's rhymed apology for his book, which was not published until 1678, six years after his imprisonment, he thus indicates its purpose:—

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone, also what he does;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shows too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain;
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruléd be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand:

Yea, it will make the slothful active be;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a truth within a fable?
Art thou forgetful? Wouldest thou remember
From New-year's-day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies, they will stick like burrs,
And may be to the helpless, comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel strains.

Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read riddles, and their explanation?
Or else be drownéd in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
A man i' th' clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldest thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st thou read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

And thus begins John Bunyan's vision of the heavenward journey:—

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, What shall I do?

His city—the world—will be burned with fire from heaven. To his neighbours his strange trouble became worse and worse, as he cried, "What shall I do to be saved?" Then came Evangelist, and showed him the strait gate to which he was to make his way. He set off with speed; neighbour Obstinate could not persuade Christian to return, and soon turned back from following; but neighbour Pliable was persuaded to go on, talking by the way of everlasting life and crowns of glory.

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the Slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, Ah, Neighbour Christian, where are you now?

Chr. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

Pli. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave

country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone: but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back: but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

Chr. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chr. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

Help. Then said he, Give me thy hand: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place: and this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His labourers also have, by the direction of his majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here hath been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended, but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

True, there are by the direction of the law-giver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such time as this place doth much spue out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men through the dizziness of their heads, step besides; and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the gate.

The steps over the Slough of Despond are the promises of forgiveness and acceptance to life by faith in Christ. Then Christian met and talked with Mr. Worldly Wiseman from the town of Carnal Policy, who thought a visit to Mr. Legality, who lived in the Village of Morality, would answer their purpose better than making for the strait gate; and Christian was found by Evangelist on the wrong road, under Mount Sinai. Evangelist taught him, comforted him, and set him again in the right way. So he found the gate, and was admitted by Good-

will, and taken to the house of the Interpreter, who taught him spiritual truths by a succession of impressive figures and emblems.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Hast thou considered all these things?

Chr. Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

Inter. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the city. So Christian went on his way, saying,

"Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand;
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they show'd me was, and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee."

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall is called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death. Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with, Peace be to thee; so the first said to him, Thy sins be forgiven: the second stript him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate. So they went their way.

As Christian went on, he found three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, fast asleep in a valley, with fetters on their heels. He roused them, but they slept again. Next there came tumbling over the wall two men: the name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other was Hypocrisy. They justified the old custom of getting over the wall to save the journey by the strait gate, which was too far about; and, said they—

We see not wherein thou differest from us but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbours, to hide the shame of thy nakedness.

Chr. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me, for I had nothing

but rags before. And besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have his coat on my back; a coat that he gave me freely in the day that he stript me of my rags. I have moreover a mark in my forehead, of which perhaps you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you moreover, that I had then given me a roll sealed, to comfort me by reading as I go in the way; I was also bid to give it in at the celestial gate, in token of my certain going in after it; all which things I doubt you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the shining ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

The dreamer saw them travel on till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, where was a spring. Christian drank of the well, and went straight on; his companions, seeing two other ways that seemed to avoid the hill, took them. The name of one of these ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. Then Mistrust and Timorous, who had seen lions in the path, were met rushing back, but Christian, who had slept in an arbour on the hill-side, went on till he missed his roll, but he returned for it, and then proceeded, passing the lions; which were chained, though he saw not the chains; and discoursed with Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, in the House Beautiful. Then they supped, and all their talk at table was about the Lord of the Hill, a great warrior, who had fought and slain him that had power of death, and the Pilgrim then was laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace. Next day his hostesses took him to the armoury, and sent him forth armed. His way next was through the Valley of Humiliation.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground: but he considered again that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground: for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apol. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for

all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, for the wages of sin is death; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee: but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Chr. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apol. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me: do thou so too, and all shall be well.

But Christian remained firm against all enticement.

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.



CHRISTIAN AND APOLLYON.
(From the 13th Edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," 1692.)

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now: and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight, he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

The way then was through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from which Christian met men flying.

Chr. But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men. Seen! Why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit; we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons; and over that valley hangs the discouraging clouds of confusion; Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.

Chr. Then said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

Men. Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours. So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out.

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oft-times, when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where, or upon what, he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley, I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now thought Christian, What shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before) that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer. So he cried in my hearing, O Lord, I beseech Thee deliver my soul. Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices,

"Poor man! where art thou now? Thy day is night.

Good man be not cast down, thou yet art right:

Thy way to heaven lies by the gates of hell;

Cheer up, hold out, with thee it shall go well;"

and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;" so they gave back, and came no further.

One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it. Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so much before; yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it: but he had not the discretion neither to stop his ears, nor to know from whence those blasphemies came.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear none ill, for Thou art with me."

The second part of the valley Christian found even more dangerous than the first, being full of snares and pitfalls, and, says Bunyan—

Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of

pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learned since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy, and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them.

After overcoming more perils, Christian overtook Faithful, who also had come out from the City of Destruction, and brought news from it, and told in a new form a Pilgrim's Progress in the story of his own adventures on the way. Then they met Talkative, who hath only what lieth on his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith. When they had parted from Talkative, Evangelist overtook and encouraged them, and warned them of the temptations they must face, for they were about to enter Vanity Fair.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing: I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair: a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through

this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities: yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might (if possible) allure that blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for,

First. The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish men.

Secondly. And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly. But that which did not a little amuse the merchants was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares, they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, inasmuch that all order was confounded.

So the pilgrims were brought before the great one of the fair, and despitefully used, and put in the cage (as it might be, in Bedford Jail), and some of the men of the fair were won to them, so that they fell to some blows among themselves, and the pilgrims were charged with being the cause of the hubbub. "So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf or join themselves unto them." Then they were brought before Judge Hategood, and their indictment was (like that of many a fellow-labourer of Bunyan, and Baxter, and George Fox), "that they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions in contempt of the law of their prince." Then Faithful answered for himself. Envy

and Superstition and Pickthank bore witness against him, and the judge (clearly a judge versed in Acts of Uniformity) thus charged the jury :—

Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town : you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him : also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life ; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lion's den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed : which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent ; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion ; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Lyar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable ; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is an heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Lyar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him ; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did ; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law ; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives ; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords ; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison ; so he there remained for a space. But He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his

own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

The dialogues with By-ends, Save-all, Money-love, and Hold-the-world are full of distinct reference to the worldly loss imposed on Nonconformist preachers, and the question of their dissent from some of their own principles that they might comply with what appeared to be imposed conditions of their usefulness. Such talk brought Christian to the Hill of Lucre, and more incidents followed, with more homely dialogues. The Pilgrims became prisoners to Giant Despair in Doubting Castle, but escaped by opening the prison lock with a key called Promise, that was in Christian's bosom. Christian met with Little-faith, was saved by a Shining One from the net of the Flatterer, but also chastised ; met with Atheist, Young Ignorance, and talked of Temporary, who dwelt in Graceless, next door to one Turnback, and had been much awakened till he dropped Christian's company for that of Save-self. So Christian at last came with Hopeful to the Gate of Death. There was a deep, unbridged river between them and it. They were told that there was no way but through the river. None but Enfoch and Elijah had been spared the passage. Angels were there, who could not help them ; but who told them they would find the water deeper or shallower as they believed in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water ; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters ; the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me, Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother ; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." The perils of the river were at last overcome.

Now upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them ; wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms ; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds.

Now, now, look how the holy pilgrims ride.

Clouds are their chariots, angels are their guide :

Who would not here for Him all hazards run.

That thus provides for His when this world's done ?

They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they

had safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

* * * * *

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, These are the men that have loved Our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name, and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiments, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as 'twere to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as 'twere in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

There yet followed the glory of admission through the gate by which they who keep truth shall enter into the joy of their Lord. But Ignorance found a ferryman named Vain-hope, to put him across the river, and came up to the gate without a saving scroll. "Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. So I awoke, and behold, it was a dream."

John Bunyan was not released from prison by any act of grace of which he was himself the object, but benefited in common with many others by the king's Declaration of Indulgence. Encouraged by the Cabal ministry, formed after the banishment of Clarendon, Charles II. usurped several powers not belonging to the Crown; and one of these was a dispensing power which he claimed as head of the Church, and by virtue of which, on the 15th of March, 1672, he suspended the general laws against nonconformists and recusants, granting "a sufficient number of places in all parts of the kingdom for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, to meet and assemble in, in order to their public worship and devotion." To the Roman Catholics he granted exemption from the penal laws, and their own form

of worship if exercised in private houses only. When Bunyan was released, in 1672, he acted as regular pastor to the congregation at Bedford. He came every year to London, and 3,000 persons sometimes gathered about the meeting-house at Southwark on a Sunday, 1,200 on a weekday, or dark winter morning at seven o'clock, to hear him preach. He preached also at Reading. One of his hearers there was about to disinherit his son. The son asked Bunyan to intercede for him: he did so, with success; but on his journey on horseback from Reading to London after his labour of love, Bunyan was drenched by heavy rain, which produced a fever, of which he died ten days afterwards. Over his grave in the burial-ground at Bunhill Fields the record ran,

"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'

Ob. 12 Aug., 1688, æt. 60.

The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished,

And Death has laid him in his earthly bed."

In 1671, the year before John Bunyan's release from prison, John Milton published, in one volume, two poems, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." Milton's "Paradise Lost," published in 1667, will be described in the volume of this Library which is set apart for illustration of the larger works in English Literature, and "Samson Agonistes" will have a place of its own in the volume illustrating English Plays. But there was significance in the joining of "Paradise Regained" with "Samson Agonistes" in one volume, produced at a time when many earnest men, who had thought their leaders under the Commonwealth solemnly elected to some great work, God's glory and the people's safety, which in part they effected, were cast into questioning of God's providence towards man. Why was it that in the noontide of their success the hand of God was changed towards those who had laboured for His glory? Why were they thrown lower than they had been exalted high, left to the hostile sword,

"—their carcases

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd,

Or to the unjust tribunals under change of times."

If others, who seemed to be living in the midst of a triumphant mockery of their best hopes, felt that what they regarded as "the good old cause" was become as Samson shorn of his power, blind, captive, the sport of the Philistines, betrayed into their hands by Delilah—as many Independents felt that they had been given up by their yoke-fellows the Presbyterians—Milton took up for their encouragement the parable of Samson. Applying it to their case as an encouragement to trust in God, he expressed in the chorus, "God of our Fathers, what is man," the questionings he made it his last care to meet, and, while suggesting that

"Patience is more oft the exercise

Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,

Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict,"

he ended his play, and his life as a poet, with the lesson of a firm and absolute reliance upon God, however evil seem the days on which we fall.

"All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants He, with new acquit
Of true experience, from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent."

While "Samson Agonistes" thus pointed directly to those ills of which some were impatient, the other poem published with it, "Paradise Regained," drew in a kindred spirit from the pattern of Christ one lesson, applied to all temptations of man's life, the lesson of a firm and quiet trust. The spirit of the thirty-seventh Psalm pervades "Samson Agonistes," and its tenderest thoughts are in "Paradise Regained," which breathes everywhere a placid music to one burden, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." The poem is a miniature epic, in four books, calm as its theme. In "Paradise Lost" there was a temptation yielded to, in "Paradise Regained" there is a temptation overcome; and the tempting of Christ in the wilderness is so told as to teach, through Christ, how, under all trials and temptations of life, and all suggestion of doubt, the one safeguard is an abiding faith and quiet trust in our Father who is in heaven.

In "Paradise Regained" the epic treatment of the theme is subdued in every feature to the tone of its main thought. There is the opening statement of the subject, and the invocation of the Holy Spirit by which this glorious hermit was led into the desert. Then the narrative opens with the baptism of Christ, where

"—on Him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From heaven pronounced Him His beloved Son.
That heard the adversary—"

and as the host of Satan since the Fall have become powers of air drawing near to man, he now

"To council summons all his mighty peers
Within thick clouds and tenfold dark involved,"

and goes forth from it to tempt that "one greater man," as he went forth from the council of the fiends in Pandemonium to tempt Adam and Eve. And as in "Paradise Lost" Satan proceeded on his way, but did not begin his attempt before the poet had

shown God supreme, foreknowing all, and source only of good; so here, while Satan sought Jesus by the coast of Jordan, the Eternal Father declares to Gabriel the fulness of His purpose, and the scene in heaven closes here also with the harmonies of heaven, as the angels

"—into hymns,
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved."

Christ entered the wilderness with meditations that in calmest form represent one part of the epic episode by which we are made acquainted with events preceding the main action of the poem. Then, after the forty days of fasting in the desert, Satan approached in the form of

"—an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve."

Satan addressed Christ with hypocrisy and temptation to doubt,

"To whom the Son of God:—'Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.'"

Satan still tempting to doubt was met by declaration of firm faith and knowledge of the tempter. Then the archfiend acknowledged himself, but claimed to be still able to love what he sees excellent in good, or fair, or virtuous, and pleaded that he helps man with oracles, portents, and dreams. Christ answered with rebuke, and declared that now the oracles are dumb.

"God hath now sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final will;
And sends His Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know."

The fiend dissembles, and excuses falsehood.

"Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must submit, endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song.
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore. Permit me
To hear thee when I come—since no man comes—
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread His sacred courts, and minister
About His altar, handling holy things,

Praying or vowing; and vouchsafed His voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspired. Disdain not such access to me.'

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:
'Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou findest
Permission from above; thou canst not more.'

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert: fowls in their clay nests were couched;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam."

So ends the first book of "Paradise Regained." In the opening of the second book Jesus has been missed by the disciples Andrew and Simon, who, after vain search, lament the failure of their expectations.

"Then on the banks of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call.)
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints outbreathed."

In the moment of their highest hope all seemed to be lost. The Messiah, the deliverer who was to free the chosen people from oppression, was rapt from them. But their short plaint ends with a glad faith in Him upon whose Providence they lay their fears.

"He will not fail,
Nor will withdraw Him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with His blest sight, then snatch Him hence;
Soon we shall see our Hope, our Joy, return."

Mary also, when

"Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of Him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts."

The course of them, by recalling more passages in the earlier life of Christ, completes the work of episode in the construction of the poem, and the doubts of Mary, as the doubts of Andrew and Simon, lead only to the constant burden of the poem "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him."

"Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.—
But where delays He now? Some great intent
Conceals Him. When twelve years He scarce had seen,
I lost Him, but so found as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business. What He meant I mused.
Since understand; much more His absence now
Thus long to some great purpose He obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed

Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling."

Christ meanwhile tracing the desert

"Sole, but with holiest meditation fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All His great work to come before Him set."

Satan rejoined the council of his potentates, and without sign of boast or sign of joy, solicitous and blank, sought aid of them all. Then "Belial the dissolutes spirit that fell, the sensualest" counselled "Set women in his eye." The poem is planned for the strengthening of men's hearts through the example of Christ against all the chief temptations of the world. What was perhaps the foremost temptation to many in the days of Charles II. is skilfully included by giving to Belial the suggestion, disdained by Satan, of the lure of Circe, a temptation inapplicable to Christ, although among those which have to be resisted by the Christian.

"Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftentimes wrecked;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.—
And now I know He hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
No advantage, and His strength as oft assay."

The first temptation shall be through hunger, absolute want. The poem then turns to Christ hungering, and represents Christ's holy thoughts, that still find rest in God. He sleeps, and hunger suggests sinless dreams of food, in which the recognition of God's providence blends even with dream thoughts "of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet."

"Him thought, He by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought.
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared.
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Eliah He partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

When morning came, Christ saw from a hill a pleasant grove, and was met by Satan

"Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,"

with suggestion that He had been forgotten by God, and with subtle pleading to His brief answer of

content. Then Satan spread a table in the wilderness with all that could entice the appetite. The spirits Satan brought with him there waited as attendant youths, sweet odours and sweet music graced the splendour of the feast. Then Satan asked, "What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?" but to his solicitation he received temperate answer of unbroken confidence in God, and the table vanished to the sound of harpies' wings. The next temptation was by the desire for wealth as means to great ends. "Riches are mine," said Satan, "fortune is in my hand,"—

"They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain;
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

And Jesus patiently replied that wealth without these three is impotent to gain or keep dominion; but men endued with them have often attained in lowest poverty to highest deeds.

"Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumberance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What, if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms! yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king:
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly: this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

Thus closes the second book, and Satan, mute for a time, confounded what to say, renews his efforts in the opening of the third book with soothing words, that suggest temptation through the love of fame.

"Wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at Thy acts, Thyself
The fame and glory? glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame

Of most-erected spirits, most-tempered pure,
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest."

Calmly Christ answered; and to men who for earthly glory may be tempted to swerve from the heavenward path this answer speaks:

"For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the
praise?
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extolled,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk?
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,—
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all His Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises.¹ Thus He did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,
—As thou to thy reproach mayest well remember—
He ask'd thee: "Hast thou seen my servant Job?"
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave,
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors? Who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy:
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice.
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure.
Who names not now with honour patient Job?

¹ "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much Fame in heaven expect thy meed."

(Milton's "Lycidas," 1637.)

Poor Socrates—who next more memorable?—
 ly what he taught, and suffered for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffered: if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.'"

To Satan's plea that God Himself seeks glory, Christ fervently replies, leaving the tempter struck with guilt of his own sin, for he himself, insatiable of glory, had lost all. But next he urges upon Christ His right to the throne of David, and that for love of His enslaved people He should reign soon. "The happier reign, the sooner it begins: Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?" The reply is that all things are best fulfilled in their due time. God's time is to be waited for, His trials borne.

"What if He hath decreed that I shall first
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that He may know
 What I can suffer, how obey! Who best
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
 Well hath obeyed; just trial, ere I merit
 My exaltation, without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee, when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
 Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
 Knowest thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

Satan replies that he is eager for the worst, but why should Christ be slow to seek the best. He does not know what the World means. Let Him see it. Then Satan takes Christ up a high mountain, and shows the martial power of the Parthians. Rome and Parthia are the two great powers outside Judea. He must ally himself with one. Christ answers that when His time has come He shall not need Satan's

"—politic maxims, or that cumbersome
 Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength."

The closing thought is still of waiting God's own time for the deliverance of His people.

"To His due time and providence I leave them.
 So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, and made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends."

The third book of "Paradise Regained" thus ending, the fourth and last opens with Satan passing from perplexed pause to renewal of his efforts. From the

west side of the same mountain he shows imperial Rome, and tempts with a fuller mastery. Tiberius is lost in lust at Capreae.

"With what ease,
 Endued with regal virtues as Thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Mightest Thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
 A victor people free from servile yoke!
 And with my help Thou mayest; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it Thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world;
 Aim at the highest: without the highest attained,
 Will be for Thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

Christ replies unmoved; but Satan then impudently exalts his gift, offers the whole world, but claims worship for it. To the rebuke thus brought upon himself, Satan replies abashed, but he next seeks to tempt with fame for wisdom.

"As Thy empire must extend,
 So let extend Thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend."

He shows Athens, and dilates upon its intellectual pre-eminence. The wisdom of Christ answers that

"He who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true."

But these, what can they teach, and not mislead?

"Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;
 Rather accuse Him, under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True Wisdom, finds her not, or, by delusion,
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
 An empty cloud. However, many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 —And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?—
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

Sir Isaac Newton applied that last line to his own sense of the relation between all he knew and all the knowable. Though it was knowable, few knew that he was quoting Milton. In its subdued tone and ethical purpose "Paradise Regained" has to "Paradise Lost" in some sense a relation like that of the story of the wanderings of Ulysses to the story of the Fall of Troy, but the song is of a wisdom beyond that of Ulysses, and its calm note of trust in God attunes all the chief relations of man's life to earth and heaven. Looking to its theme and purpose, as

the light struck in dark days for England that had caused some to despair, Milton might at the end of his life dwell especially upon "Paradise Regained," with the especial regard he is said to have had for it. We who can interpret the events of Milton's latter days by help of those which followed, and which Milton could not have foretold, know that his quiet trust in God was justified. In that which seemed the very hopelessness of the situation lay the elements of a safe rescue. Had Charles II. been a better and a wiser man, and had his brother



JOHN MILTON.

(From a Portrait in Crayon taken about 1666.)

James not helped to dissipate faith in an absolute monarchy, England could not have passed, fourteen or fifteen years after the death of Milton, through a bloodless Revolution to a settlement of the relations between Crown and People that allowed development, with growth of culture, into the full powers of civil liberty.

But we have yet to speak of the close of "Paradise Regained." Of Christ firm against every temptation, Satan asks,

" 'Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases Thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost Thou in this world? "

Life of affliction was then contrasted with the ease refused, and the patient Son of God was left alone in a dark night compassed with terrors.

" 'Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate
Attends Thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death.
A kingdom they portend Thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set.' "

So saying he took—for still he knew his power
Not yet expired—and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left Him there,
Feigning to disappear."

"And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast Thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest
Unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terror there;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies round
Environed Thee; some howled, some yelled, some
shrieked,

Some bent at Thee their fiery darts, while Thou
Satest unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

Thus passed the night so foul; till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim-steps, in amice¹ gray,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun, with more effectual beams,
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn."

Satan also returns and tempts vainly to impatience, then angrily admits Jesus to be proof against temptation, but will try whether indeed He be "worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven."

"So saying he caught Him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers;
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topped with golden spires.
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:

'There stand, if Thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask Thee skill. I to Thy Father's house
Have brought Thee, and highest placed; highest is best.
Now shew Thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast Thyself down; safely, if Son of God:
For it is written, "He will give command
Concerning Thee to His Angels, in their hands
They shall uplift Thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash Thy foot against a stone.' "

To whom thus Jesus:—"Also it is written,
"Tempt not the Lord thy God." He said, and stood;
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.'

¹ Amice, a priest's robe of fine linen. See Note 1, page 200. Used also for any light flowing robe. Latin "amictus," an outer garment.

Satan returned in dismay to his joyless band, while angels bore the Saviour to a table of celestial food, and hymned His victory. Man now can prevail through Christ, and by vanquishing temptation can regain lost Paradise. But the last lines of the poem pass from the angels' song of triumph to the meekness of the Saviour.

"Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refreshed
Brought on His way with joy: He, unobserved,
Home to His mother's house private returned."

Not only among maintainers of what they held to be the "good old cause" were questionings here and there that touched their faith in God. Among those who during the Commonwealth had lived in France, influenced by a polite society that affected criticism and wit, while wanting the essentials of both, the spirit of reverence was often weakened. The newly-developed middle class was showing the energies of France in writers of its own, whom the polite world claimed as theirs, but whose lead the polite world was too weak to follow; and the corruption of society in Church and State was already prompting the new generation of bold thinkers to doubts aiming at a search for truth by testing all beliefs, doubts lightly accepted by the triflers as indications in them of a fashionable sort of wit. It was to meet this spirit of doubt that Edward Stillingfleet, then Rector of Sutton in Bedfordshire, produced early in the reign of Charles II. his "*Origines Sacrae*; or, a Rational Account of the Grounds of Christian Faith, as to the Truth and Divine Authority of the Scriptures, and the matters therein contained." This book was published in 1662, when Stillingfleet was twenty-seven years old. He was born in 1635, at Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire, graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and obtained his rectory of Sutton in 1657. In 1659 Edward Stillingfleet published "*Irenicum, a Weapon Salve for the Church's Wounds, or the Divine Right of Particular Forms of Church Government discussed.*" In the dedication of his "*Origines Sacrae*" to his most honoured friend and patron Sir Roger Burgoyne, Stillingfleet wrote:—

Were all who make a show of religion in the world really such as they pretend to be, discourses of this nature would be no more seasonable than the commendations of a great beauty to one who is already a passionate admirer of it; but on the contrary, we see how common it is for men first to throw dirt in the face of religion, and then persuade themselves it is its natural complexion; they represent it to themselves in a shape least pleasing to them, and then bring that as a plea why they give it no better entertainment.

It may justly seem strange, that true religion, which contains nothing in it but what is truly noble and generous, most rational and pleasing to the spirits of all good men, should yet suffer so much in its esteem in the world, through those strange and uncouth vizards¹ it is represented under: some accounting the life and practice of it, as it speaks of subduing our wills to the will of God (which is the substance

of all religion), a thing too low and mean for their rank and condition in the world; while others pretend a quarrel against the principles of it as unsatisfactory to human reason. Thus religion suffers with the Author of it between two thieves, and it is hard to define which is more injurious to it, that which questions the principles, or that which despiseth the practice of it. And nothing certainly will more incline men to believe that we live in an age of prodigies, than that there should be any such in the Christian world who should account it a piece of gentility to despise religion, and a piece of reason to be Atheists. For if there be any such things in the world as a true height and magnanimity of spirit, if there be any solid reason and depth of judgment, they are not only consistent with, but only attainable by, a true generous spirit of religion. But if we look at that which the loose and profane world is apt to account the greatest gallantry, we shall find it made up of such pitiful ingredients, which any skilful and rational mind will be ashamed to plead for, much less to mention them in competition with true goodness and unfeigned piety. For how easy is it to observe such who would be accounted the most high and gallant spirits, to quarry on such mean prey which only tend to satisfy their brutish appetites, or flesh revenge with the blood of such who have stood in the way of that airy title, honour!

In the following "Preface to the Reader," the plan of the book is thus stated:—

As the tempers and geniuses of ages and times alter, so do the arms and weapons which Atheists employ against religion; the most popular pretences of the Atheists of our age have been the irreconcilableness of the account of times in Scripture with that of the learned and ancient heathen nations; the inconsistency of the belief of the Scriptures with the principles of reason; and the account which may be given of the origin of things from principles of philosophy without the Scriptures: these three therefore I have particularly set myself against, and directed against each of them a several book.

In the first I have manifested that there is no ground of credibility in the account of ancient times given by any heathen nations different from the Scriptures, which I have with so much care and diligence inquired into, that from thence we may hope to hear no more of men before Adam to save the authority of the Scriptures by, which yet was intended only as a design to undermine them. But I have not thought the frivolous pretences of the author of that hypothesis worth particular mentioning, supposing it sufficient to give a clear account of things without particular citation of authors, where it was not of great concernment for understanding the thing itself.

In the second book I have undertaken to give a rational account of the grounds, why we are to believe these several persons who in several ages were employed to reveal the mind of God to the world; and with greater particularity than hath yet been used, I have insisted on the persons of Moses and the prophets, our Saviour and his apostles, and in every of them manifested the rational evidences on which they were to be believed, not only by the men of their own age, but by those of succeeding generations.

In the third book I have insisted on the matters themselves which are either supposed by, or revealed in, the Scriptures; and have therein not only manifested the certainty of the foundations of all religion which lie in the being of God and immortality of the soul, but the undoubted truth of those particular accounts concerning the origin of the universe, of evil, and of nations, which were most liable to the Atheist's

¹ Vizards, masks.

exceptions, and have therein considered all the pretences of philosophy, ancient or modern, which have seemed to contradict any of them; to which (*mantisse loco*),¹ I have added the evidence of Scripture history in the remainder of it in heathen mythology, and concluded all with a discourse of the excellency of the Scriptures.

This is a passage from the third book of Stillingfleet's argument against the Atheism of his time. It forms section eight of the first chapter:—

THE CONCURRENCE OF ATOMS.

As the Atheist must admit those things himself which he rejects the being of God for, so he admits them upon far weaker grounds than we do attribute them to God. If anything may be made evident to man's natural reason concerning the existence of a being so infinite as God is, we doubt not but to make it appear that we have great assurance of the being of God; but how far must the Atheist go, how heartily must he beg, before his hypothesis either of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms or eternity of the world will be granted to him. For if we stay till he proves either of these by evident and demonstrative reasons, the world may have an end before he proves his atoms could give it a beginning; and we may find it eternal, *à parte post*,² before he can prove it was so *à parte ante*. For the proof of a Deity, we appeal to his own faculties, reason and conscience; we make use of arguments before his eyes: we bring the universal sense of mankind along with us: but for his principles, we must wholly alter the present stage of the world, and crumble the whole universe into little particles; we must grind the sun to powder, and by a new way of interment turn the earth into dust and ashes, before we can so much as imagine how the world could be framed. And when we have thus far begged leave to imagine things to be what they never were, we must then stand by in some infinite space to behold the friskings and dancings about of these little particles of matter, till by their frequent rencounters and jostlings one upon another, they at last link themselves together, and run so long in a round till they make whirlpools enough for sun, moon, and stars, and all the bodies of the universe to emerge out of it. But what was it which at first set these little particles of matter in motion? Whence came so great variety in them to produce such wonderful diversities in bodies as there are in the world? How came these casual motions to hit so luckily into such admirable contrivances as are in the universe? When once I see a thousand blind men run the point of a sword in at a key-hole without one missing: when I find them all frisking together in a spacious field, and exactly meeting all at last in the very middle of it: when I once find, as Tully speaks, the Annals of Ennius fairly written in a heap of sand, and as Kepler's wife told him, a room full of herbs moving up and down, fall down into the exact order of sallets, I may then think the atomical hypothesis probable, and not before. But what evidence of reason or demonstration have we that the great bodies of the world did result from such a motion of these small particles? It is possible to be so, saith Epicurus; what if we grant it possible? can no things in the world be, which it is possible might have been otherwise? What else thinks Epicurus of the genera-

tions of things now? they are such certainly as the world now is, and yet he believes it was once otherwise. Must therefore a bare possibility of the contrary make us deny our reason, silence conscience, contradict the universal sense of mankind by excluding a Deity out of the world? But whence doth it appear possible? Did we ever find anything of the same nature with the world produced in such a manner by such a concurrence of atoms? Or is it because we find in natural beings, how much these particles of matter serve to solve the phenomena of nature? But doth it at all follow, because now under Divine providence which wisely orders the world, and things in it, that these particles with their several affections and motion, may give us a tolerable account of many appearances as to bodies, that therefore the universe had its original merely by a concretion of these without any Divine hand to order and direct their motion? But of this more, when we come to the creation of the world; our design now is only to compare the notion of a Deity and of the Atheist's hypothesis, in point of perspicuity and evidence of reason: of which let any one who hath reason judge. Thus we see how the Atheist in denying a Deity must assert something else instead of it, which is pressed with the same, if not greater difficulties, and proved by far less reason.

In 1665 Stillingfleet became Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and he had risen to be Dean of St. Paul's and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, when, in opposition to Dr. Owen, Richard Baxter, and others, he published, in 1681, a volume on "The Unreasonableness of Separation; or an Impartial Account of the History, Nature, and Pleas of the Present Separation from the Communion of the Church of England." In the long controversial preface to this book, he declared his judgment, "That a causeless breaking the peace of the Church we live in, is really a great and as dangerous a sin as murder, and in some respects aggravated beyond it." One of Stillingfleet's adversaries had been tempted by this spirit in a sermon of his to recall his more tolerant writing in earlier days, and compare the Rector of Sutton with the Dean of St. Paul's. One of the fears he now expressed as a check upon altering the laws against Dissent, was "the danger of breaking all in pieces by toleration." In 1689 Edward Stillingfleet was made Bishop of Worcester. He died in 1699, and the last incident in his literary life was a controversy with John Locke, whom he accused of undermining Christian faith.

John Wilkins was a divine with a strong interest in scientific studies. He was born in 1614, the son of a goldsmith at Oxford, graduated in the University of Oxford, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, and signed the Covenant. He was made warden of Wadham College at the end of the reign of Charles I., and in 1656 married a sister of Oliver Cromwell. He became master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1659. From this office he was ejected at the Restoration, and he was the appointed preacher to the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn and minister of St. Lawrence Jewry. He was one of the first fellows of the Royal Society and member of the Council. He had written, at the age of twenty-four, an argument to show that the moon was probably inhabited, and he did not hold it impossible that the

¹ *Mantisse loco*, by way of over-weight. *Mantisa* or *mantissa* was a Tuscan word meaning an addition to the weight in the scale. Thence it took the second sense of gain or profit.

² *À parte post*, from the close of the argument; *à parte ante*, from the beginning.

inhabitants of this earth might discover a way of getting to the moon. John Wilkins also wrote to maintain the Copernican system, and prove the earth a planet. In 1641 he had published an ingenious system of cipher-writing, and his house was crowded as a museum with scientific curiosities. The Duke of Buckingham having become his friend at court, Dr. Wilkins was made Dean of Ripon, and in 1668 Bishop of Chester. In the same year he published the most ingenious of his books—an attempt to apply philosophy to the establishment of a language common to all nations—"An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language. Bishop Wilkins died in 1672, the year after the publication of "Paradise Regained." A volume of sermons by him was collected and published in 1682. He sought to reconcile the contending parties in the Church, and devised a plan for the reception of Presbyterian ministers into the Church of England by a form of ordination to which they might be willing to assent. In the same spirit he preached peace. This passage is from a sermon by Bishop Wilkins, on the text, "Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand," Philippians iv. 5.

THE DUTY OF MODERATION.

'Tis the duty of Christians to give signal testimony of their equity and moderation upon all occasions of difference and contest with one another: not to insist upon the utmost rigour of things, but to be ready to comply with all such gentle and prudent expedients as may help to heal and accommodate the differences amongst them.

Though this word moderation do but seldom occur in Scripture, being scarce anywhere else used but here: yet that which is the substance and meaning of it is frequently commanded, and the contrary thereunto prohibited, under different expressions in other places of Scripture. This some conceive to be the sense of that place, Eccles. vii. 16, "Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise, why shouldst thou destroy thyself" (i.e.,) insist not upon the utmost extremity of things, as if it were wisdom to take all the advantages you could from the strict letter of the law. This were the readiest way to destroy yourself by teaching other men to do the like against you; there being no safety for any one, if every one must use another according to the utmost rigour. Prov. xix. 11, "It is the glory of a man to pass over a transgression." Men may think to get the repute of strictness and zeal by being rigid and severe towards the failings of others: but 'tis a much more glorious thing to show gentleness and forbearance towards them; it argues a man to have a noble and generous mind, and a real sense of humanity.

There are several other expressions to this purpose in the New Testament. As Ephes. iv. 1, 2, "I beseech you that ye walk worthy of that vocation wherewith ye are called, in all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love." Verse 32, "And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Phil. ii. 3, "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves." Ver. 14.

Gentleness is reckoned as "the fruit of the Spirit," Gal. v. 22. A mark of that "wisdom which is from above," Jam. iii. 17, an inseparable property of "the servant of the Lord,

who must not strive, but be gentle, shewing all meekness to all men," 2 Tim. ii. 24.

"Finally, brethren, having compassion one of another, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing," 1 Pet. iii. 8, 9.

It were easy to back these precepts by several examples out of Scripture. That of Abraham's carriage in the contest betwixt him and his nephew Lot, who for peace' sake was willing to recede from his own right, and give him his choice, that "there might be no strife betwixt them, because they were brethren," Gen. xiii. 8.

That of our Saviour in his yielding to pay tribute for the avoiding of offence, to which in strictness he was not obliged, Mat. xvii. 27. He was the Great Exemplar, as of all others so particularly of this Christian grace. "I beseech you, brethren, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," 2 Cor. x. 1.

St. Paul himself was as eminent for the practice of this duty as for the pressing of it upon others: in his "becoming all things to all men," 1 Cor. ix. 22, and in "pleasing all men in all things, not seeking his own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved," 1 Cor. x. 33.

Suitable to this was that carriage of the council of the Apostles, Act. xv., in their not insisting upon the strict right of things, but accommodating those controversies of the Primitive times about the Jewish rites, by such a moderate expedient as might most effectually heal and compose those differences.

Among the friends of John Wilkins, and also of John Milton, was Robert Boyle, born in 1626, the year of Bacon's death, and a leader among those who in the next generations applied to the advance of science Bacon's method of experimental search into nature. Robert Boyle was the seventh son of Richard Boyle, who died Earl of Cork, having founded the fortune of the family by acquiring enormous wealth in Ireland. Richard Boyle had seven sons and eight daughters, and was able to leave a handsome estate to each of them. Robert remained unmarried; lived with his eldest sister, Lady Ranelagh, for companion and housekeeper; withdrew from the strife of parties; and pursued the study of chemistry so energetically, that he made for himself a distinguished place in the history of its progress. He published many scientific treatises, and was the honoured friend of the chief men of science of his day, who would have made him president of the Royal Society if he had not refused to bind himself by the test and oaths required on taking office. He refused also to take orders, though profoundly religious, and assured of rapid promotion in the Church. He never named God without reverent pause, he was active in societies formed for diffusion of the Gospel, enabled Burnet to write his "History of the Reformation," blended a living religion with his scientific writing, and in his "Sceptical Chemist" reasoned with those men of science who "are wont to endeavour to evince their salt, sulphur, and mercury as the true principles of things." Of some of his books religion only was the theme. Robert Boyle lived until 1691. This passage is from a volume on "the Style of the Holy Scriptures," published in 1663:—

PROFANE WIT.

Here I thought to pass on to another argument, but (to express myself in David's words) while I was musing, the fire burned, and my zeal for the Scripture, together with the charity it has taught me to exercise even towards its opposers, suffers me not, with either silent or languid resentments, to see how much that incomparable book loses of the opinion of less discerning men, upon the account of their disrespect who are (whether deservedly or not) looked upon as wits. And therefore, to what I have represented to invalidate the authority of those few persons, otherwise truly witty, that undervalue the Scripture, I am obliged to add, that besides them, there is a number of those that slight the Scripture, who are but looked upon as wits, without being such indeed: nay, who many of them would not be so much as mistaken for such, but for the boldness they take to own slighting of the Scripture, and to abuse the words of it to irreligious senses, and perhaps, passing to the impudence of perverting inspired expressions, to deliver obscene thought. But to knowing and serious men, this prevaricating with the Scripture will neither discredit it, nor much recommend the profane prevaricator; for a book being capable of being so misused, is too unavoidable to be a disparagement to it. Nor will any intelligent reader undervalue the charming poems of Virgil or of Ovid, because by shuffling and disguising the expressions some French writers have of late been pleased out of rare pieces to compose whole books of what they call, *Vers Burlesques*,¹ designed by their ridiculousness to make their readers sport. And on the other side, to abuse dismembered words and passages of any author to meanings he never dreamed of, is a thing so easy, that almost any man may have the wit to talk at that profane rate, that will but allow himself the sauciness to do so. And indeed experience shows, that if this vice itself do not make its practisers suspected of the being necessitous of the quality they put it on to be thought masters of, yet at least persons intelligent and pious will not be apt to value any discourse as truly witty that cannot please the fancy without offending the conscience, and will never admire his plenty that cannot make an entertainment, without furnishing out the table with unclean meats: and considering persons will scarce think it a demonstration of a man's being a wit, that he will venture to be damned to be thought one. And that which aggravates these men's profaneness, and leaves them excuseless in it, is, that there are few of these fools (for so the wise man calls them that "make a mock of sin") that "have said in their hearts that there is no God," or that the Scripture is not His word; their disrespect to the Scripture springing from their vanity, not their incredulity. They affect singularity, for want of

anything else that is singular; and finding in themselves strong desires of conspicuousness, with small abilities to attain it, they are resolved with Erostratus, that fired Diana's temple, to be talked of for having done so, to acquire that considerableness by their sacrilege, which they must despair of from their parts. And indeed there want not many who have so little wit as to cry up all this sort of people for great wits. And as withes,² whilst they are sound grow unregarded trees; but when they once are rotten, shine in the night: so many of these pretenders, whilst they were not very profane, were (and that justly) esteemed very dull; but now that their parts are absolutely polluted and perverted, they grow conspicuous, only because they are grown depraved: and I shall make bold to continue the comparison a little further, and observe, that as this rotten wood shines but in the night, so many of these pretenders pass for wits but amongst them that are not truly so. For persons really knowing can easily distinguish betwixt that which exacts the title of wit from our judgments, and that which but appears such to our corruptions. And how often the discourse we censure is of the latter sort, they need not be informed that have observed, how many will talk very acceptably in derogation of religion, whom upon other subjects their partiallest friends acknowledge very dull; and who are taken notice of for persons that seldom say anything well, but what 'tis ill to say.

Gilbert Sheldon, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1663, and died, nearly eighty years old, in 1677, published nothing but one sermon. He spent sixty-six thousand pounds in beneficence and charity. One monument of his liberality is the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, in which the University now holds annual commemoration of its benefactors. Archbishop Sheldon was of the mind of those who believed that Church unity should be enforced, and he had two successive chaplains, who published extreme opinions in that direction. One was Thomas Tomkyns, who hesitated over the licensing of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*" when he came to these lines in the first book, describing Satan:—

"His form hath not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

Mr. Tomkyns, as Archbishop's chaplain and licenser, was in some loyal perplexity about these lines. As his contribution to the Church controversy, Thomas Tomkyns wrote a tract entitled "*The Inconveniences of Toleration*," and was succeeded in his office of chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon by Samuel Parker, who published in 1670 a "*Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity*," designed, as he said, to defend "the authority of the Civil Magistrate over the consciences of his subjects in matters of religion," and to show "the mischief and inconveniences of

¹ Virgil was travestied by Paul Scarron, who died in 1660. Scarron was imitated in England by Charles Cotton, who published in 1664 the first book, and in 1672 the first and fourth books of "*Virgile Travestie*." There is not much to be said for its wit. Thus Charles Cotton travestied, in the fourth book, Dido's pledge to Æneas "*Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem*," &c.

"With that she set it to her nose,
And off at once the rumkin goes;
No drops beside her muzzle falling,
Until that she had supped it all in:
Then turning 't topsey on her thumb,
Says, Look, here's supernaculum.
Æneas, as the story tells,
And all the rest did bless themselves
To see her troll off such a pitcher,
And yet to have her face no richer.
By Jove, quoth he, knocking his knuckles,
I'd not drink with her for shoe buckles."

² *Withe* (First-English "*witLie*"), willow, twisted rod.

toleration." This and a preface by Parker to Archbishop Bramhall's "Vindication of the Bishops from the Presbyterian Charge of Popery," were the writings answered on behalf of liberty of conscience by Andrew Marvell¹ in a prose satire, with a title taken from the popular new play of its time, the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal." When threatened for this—it was called "The Rehearsal Transposed"—Marvell published a second part, with the threat printed on his title-page. The courtiers whom Marvell wished to influence were only to be reached by satire, and were more likely to read a book if it were named after a play than if it had a more serious title. On the other hand, when advocates of supreme authority desired to get a hearing from the other side, they found use in a title derived from the Bible. In 1675 Dr. Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, attacked Dr. Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford, for having written a tract called "The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Primitive Church," in which he urged that the attempts to compel uniformity in details had failed, that as a confession of faith the Apostles' Creed had sufficed for the Primitive Church, and that we ought to ask no more. Dr. Fell, also, Bishop of Oxford, wrote against Bishop Croft, comparing him to Judas. Marvell satirised Dr. Turner's attack upon "The Naked Truth" in a piece named after a character in what then was the new play,² "Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode," and it is noticeable that although master of satire, and using it as the weapon for truth most effective against his antagonists in a frivolous time, Marvell ended each of his two satires with earnest expression of his sense of its unworthiness. At the close of the second part of "The Rehearsal Transposed," he quoted, with warm approbation, Bacon's protest against the intermixture of Scripture and scurrility in the Marprelate controversies; and at the close of "Mr. Smirke," he quoted from the Preface to the "Ecclesiastical Polity," Hooker's saying that "the time will come when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit."

Thus men were debating while the House of Commons, not wholly on patriotic grounds, forced the king to withdraw his Declaration of Indulgence. The House also passed, in March, 1673, a Test Act, requiring all persons who bore any office, civil or military, to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, and to receive the Sacrament according to the usages of the Church of England, within three months after their admittance, in some public church, upon Sunday, immediately after divine service and sermon. This act deprived the king's brother, the Duke of York, of his office of Lord High Admiral. In 1677 the pretended discovery of a Popish Plot by the infamous Titus Oates led to increased severity

against the Roman Catholics. In spite of the efforts made for his exclusion, the king's brother, the Duke of York, succeeded him in February, 1685, as James II.; and by his endeavours to override the law, brought on, in about three years, the final expulsion of the Stuarts, and settlement of the limitation of the English crown.

Richard Baxter, who, in 1672, was free for a time to preach, settled in London, and built a meeting-house in Oxendon Street, but after the Indulgence was withdrawn, the preaching was forbidden. In 1682, he says, newly risen from extremity of pain, he was suddenly seized in his house by a poor violent informer and many constables and officers, who rushed in and apprehended him, and served on him one warrant to seize on his person for coming within five miles of a corporation, and five more warrants to distrain for a hundred and ninety pounds, for five sermons. His physician, Dr. Cox, then saved him from imprisonment by representing the infirmity of his health. In 1685, after a trial before Judge Jeffreys, who addressed him brutally from the bench, Baxter was condemned to two years' imprisonment for sedition, but, by the interference of Lord Powis, was discharged after six months' confinement. He died in 1691, aged seventy-six.

In 1676 Robert Barclay, then twenty-eight years old, was confined as a Quaker in a prison so dark that he and his fellow-prisoners could not see the food given to them, unless a door were set open or a candle brought. In the same year appeared in Latin at Amsterdam, and afterwards in English, Robert Barclay's "Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, being a full Explanation and Vindication of their Principles and Doctrines."



ISAAC BARROW.

From the Portrait prefixed to his "Sermons against Evil-Speaking" (1678).

Isaac Barrow died in 1677 at the age of forty-nine. He had been not only Professor of Greek at Cambridge, but also Lucasian Mathematical Lecturer, in

¹ Andrew Marvell. See Shorter English Poems, pages 319, 320.

² Sir George Etherege's "Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutterm," in which there is a very small part for Mr. Smirke, a subservient chaplain.

which office he was succeeded by Isaac Newton. In 1672 Barrow was made Master of his College, Trinity, and he was Vice-Chancellor of the University at the time of his death. He was mathematician as well as divine. "Several Sermons against Evil-Speaking," by Isaac Barrow, D.D., were published in 1678, the year after his death. The sermons are ten in number, and full of true wisdom. Their texts tell their subjects. (1) "If any man offend not in word, he is a perfect man," James iii. 2. (2) "Nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient," Ephes. v. 4. This is a discrimination of the fit and unfit forms of the "facetiousness" much aimed at in Charles II.'s time. (3) "But above all things, my brethren, swear not," James v. 12. (4) "To speak evil of no man," Titus iii. 2. (5 and 6) "He that uttereth slander is a fool," Prov. x. 18. (7) "Speak not evil of one another, brethren," James iv. 11. (8) "Judge not," Matthew vii. 1. (9 and 10) "And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business," 1 Thess. iv. 11. The following passage is from the fourth sermon:—

THE STYLE OF CONTROVERSY.

In defence of truth, and maintenance of a good cause, we may observe, that commonly the fairest language is most proper and advantageous, and that reproachful or foul terms are most improper and prejudicial. A calm and meek way of discoursing doth much advantage a good cause, as arguing the patron thereof to have confidence in the cause itself, and to rely upon its strength; that he is in a temper fit to apprehend it himself, and to maintain it; that he propoundeth it as a friend, wishing the hearer for his own good to follow it, leaving him the liberty to judge, and choose for himself. But rude speech, and contemptuous reflections on persons, as they do signify nothing to the question, so they commonly bring much disadvantage and damage to the cause, creating mighty prejudices against it. They argue much impotency in the advocate, and consequently little strength in what he maintains; that he is little able to judge well, and altogether unapt to teach others. They intimate a diffidence in himself concerning his cause, and that, despairing to maintain it by reason, he seeks to uphold it by passion; that, not being able to convince by fair means, he would bear down by noise and clamour; that, not skilling to get his suit quietly, he would extort it by force, obtruding his conceits violently as an enemy, or imposing them arbitrarily as a tyrant. Thus doth he really disparage and slur his cause, however good and defensible in itself.

A modest and friendly style doth suit truth; it, like its author, doth usually reside (not in the rumbling *wind*, nor in the shaking *earthquake*, nor in the raging *fire*, but) in the *small still voice*: sounding in this, it is most audible, most penetrant, and most effectual: thus propounded, it is willingly hearkened to; for men have no aversion from hearing those who seem to love them, and wish them well. It is easily conceived; no prejudice or passion clouding the apprehensive faculties: it is readily embraced; no animosity withstanding or obstructing it. It is the *sweetness of the lips*, which (as the wise man telleth us) *increaseth learning*; disposing a man to hear lessons of good doctrine, rendering him capable to understand them, insinuating and impressing them upon the mind. The affections being thereby unlocked, the passage becomes open to the Reason.

But it is plainly a very preposterous method of instructing,

of deciding controversies, of begetting peace, to vex and anger those concerned by ill language. Nothing surely doth more hinder the efficacy of discourse, and prevent conviction, than doth this course, upon many obvious accounts. It doth first put in a strong bar to attention: for no man willingly doth afford an ear to him whom he conceiveth disaffected toward him; which opinion harsh words infallibly will produce. No man can expect to hear truth from him whom he apprehendeth disordered in his own mind, whom he seeth rude in his proceedings, whom he taketh to be unjust in his dealing; as men certainly will take those to be who presume to revile others for using their own judgment freely and dissenting from them in opinion. Again, this course doth blind the hearer's mind, so that he cannot discern what he that pretends to instruct him doth mean, or how he doth assert his doctrine. Truth will not be discerned through the smoke of wrathful expressions; right being defaced by foul language will not appear; passion being excited will not suffer a man to perceive the sense, or the force of an argument. The will also thereby is hardened, and hindered from submitting to truth. In such a case, *non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris*;¹ although you stop his mouth, you cannot subdue his heart; although he can no longer fight, yet he never will yield: animosity raised by such usage rendereth him invincibly obstinate in his conceits and courses. Briefly, from this proceeding men become unwilling to mark, unfit to apprehend, indisposed to embrace any good instruction or advice: it maketh them indocile and intractable, averse from better instruction, pertinacious in their opinions, and refractory in their ways.

Every man (saith the wise man) *shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer*: but no man surely will be ready to kiss those lips which are embittered with reproach, or defiled with dirty language.

It is said of Pericles, that *with thundering and lightning he put Greece into confusion*: such discourse may serve to confound things, it seldom tendeth to compose them. If Reason will not pierce, Rage will scarce avail to drive it in. Satirical virulency may vex men sorely, but it hardly ever soundly converts them. *Few become wiser or better by ill words*. Children may be frightened into compliance by loud and severe increpations; but men are to be allured by rational persuasion backed with courteous usage: they may be sweetly drawn, they cannot be violently driven to change their judgment and practice. Whence that advice of the Apostle, *With meekness instruct those that oppose themselves*, doth no less savour of wisdom than of goodness.

Ralph Cudworth, who was two years younger than Baxter, was in 1644 Master of Clare Hall, and in 1654 Master of Christ's College, Cambridge. He published in 1678 a folio of more than 900 pages, containing the first part—there were to have been three parts—of "The Intellectual System of the Universe." In this first part the title-page set forth that "All the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated." The root of the whole book was a desire to reason against "the Fatal Necessity of all actions and events, which upon whatever grounds or principles maintained, will serve the design of Atheism, and undermine Christianity and all religion; as taking away all

¹ "You will not persuade, even though you may have persuaded"—will not persuade to a duty of which you may have persuaded him.

guilt and blame, punishments and rewards, and plainly rendering a Day of Judgment ridiculous; and it is evident," says Cudworth, "that some have pursued it of late in order to that end." The volume published is a very learned one, in which Cudworth traces the reasonings for and against the existence of God through all ancient philosophies. I quote a passage, in which, after proposing the three principal Attributes of the Deity, which are, Infinite Goodness, with Fecundity; Infinite Knowledge and Wisdom; Infinite Active and Perceptive Power, Cudworth thus expands

THE IDEA OF GOD.

Nevertheless, if we would not only attend to what is barely necessary for a dispute with Atheists, but also consider the satisfaction of other free and devout minds, that are hearty and sincere lovers of this most admirable and most glorious Being, we might venture, for their gratification, to propose a yet more full, free, and copious description of the Deity, after this manner. God is a being absolutely perfect, unmade, or self-originated, and necessarily existing, that hath an infinite fecundity in Him, and virtually contains all things; as also an infinite benignity or overflowing love, uninvincibly displaying and communicating itself, together with an impartial rectitude or nature of justice: who fully comprehends Himself and the extent of His own fecundity; and therefore all the possibilities of things, their several natures and respects, and the best frame or system of the whole: who hath also infinite active and perceptive power: the fountain of all things, who made all that could be made, and was fit to be made, producing them according to His own nature (His essential goodness and wisdom), and therefore according to the best pattern, and in the best manner possible, for the good of the whole; and in reconciling all the variety and contrariety of things in the universe, into one most admirable and lovely harmony.

Lastly, who contains and upholds all things, and governs them after the best manner also, and that without any force or violence they be all naturally subject to His authority, and readily obeying His laws. And now we see that God is such a being, as that if He could be supposed not to be, there is nothing whose existence a good man could possibly more wish or desire.

Dr. Cudworth died in 1688, leaving one daughter, who inherited her father's papers, married Sir Francis Masham, and was one of the most cordial friends of John Locke in his latter years.

Robert Leighton, son of the Alexander Leighton who suffered cruelly for writing "Zion's Plea" and "The Looking Glass of the Holy War," was born in 1613, and educated in Edinburgh. In 1643 he became minister of Newbottle, near Edinburgh, then left the Presbyterian for the Episcopal Church, became Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and then Bishop of Dumblane. The heat of dissension between Episcopal and Presbyterian Christians drove Leighton to London, but he was persuaded to go back as Archbishop of Glasgow. A year's experience of the feuds associated with that office caused him to withdraw finally, and he spent his last years quietly in

Sussex, where he died in 1684. Robert Leighton was one of the best preachers of his time, if not the best after Jeremy Taylor died, in the year of the publishing of "Paradise Lost," 1667. This passage is from a sermon of Leighton's, upon

HOPE AMIDST BILLOWS.¹

"I will not be afraid, though ten thousands of the people set themselves against me round about," says David; and lest you think him singular, in the 46th Psalm it is the joint voice of the whole Church of God: "We will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." This is the way to be immovable in the midst of troubles, as a rock amidst the waves. When God is in the midst of a kingdom or city, He makes it firm as Mount Sion, that cannot be removed. When He is in the midst of the soul, though calamities throng about it on all hands and roar like the billows of the sea, yet there is a constant calm within, such a peace as the world can neither give nor take away. On the other side, what is it but want of lodging God in the soul, and that in His stead the World is in the midst of men's hearts, that makes them shake like the leaves of trees at every blast of danger? What a shame is it, seeing natural men, by the strength of nature and by help of moral precepts, have attained such undaunted resolution and courage against outward changes, that yet they who would pass for Christians, are so soft and fainting, and so sensible of the smallest alterations! The advantage that we have in this regard is infinite. What is the best ground-work of a philosopher's constancy, but as moving sands in comparison of the rock that we may build upon? But the truth is, that either we make no provision of faith for times of trial, or, if we have any, we neither know the worth nor the use of it, but lay it by as a dead unprofitable thing, when we should most use and exercise it. Notwithstanding all our frequenting of God's House and our plausible profession, is it not too true, that the most of us either do not at all furnish ourselves with those spiritual arms that are so needful in the militant life of a Christian, or we learn not how to handle them, and are not in readiness for service?—as was the case of that improvident soldier, whom his commander found mending some piece of his armour when they were to give battle. It were not amiss, before afflictions overtake us, to try and train the mind somewhat by supposing the very worst and hardest of them; to say, What if the waves and billows of adversity were swelled and flowing in upon me? could I then believe? God hath said, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee," with a heap of negations; "In no wise, I will not." He hath said, "When thou passest through the fire and through the water, I will be with thee." These I know, and can discourse of them; but could I repose and rest upon them in the day of trial? Put your souls to it. Is there any thing or person that you esteem and love exceedingly?—say, What if I should lose this? Is there some evil that is naturally more contrary and terrible to you than many others? Spare not to present that to the imagination too, and labour to make Faith master of it beforehand, in case it

¹ Its text is, "Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." (Ps. xlii. 8.)

should befall you; and if the first thought of it scare you, look upon it the oftener, till the visage of it become familiar to you, that you start and scare no more at it. Nor is there any danger in these thoughts. Troubles cannot be brought the nearer by our thus thinking on them, but you may be both safer and stronger by breathing and exercising of your faith in supposed cases. But if you be so tender-spirited that you cannot look upon calamities so much as in thought or fancy, how would you be able for a real encounter? No, surely. But the soul that hath made God his stay can do both. See it in that notable resolution of the prophet, Hab. iii. 17: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord is my strength"—and in that saying of David, Ps. xxiii. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." You see how faith is as cork to his soul, keeping it from sinking in the deeps of afflictions. Yea, that big word which one¹ says of his morally just man, is true of the believer: "Though the very fabric of the world were falling about him, yet would he stand upright and undaunted in the midst of its ruins."

In this confidence, considered in itself, we may observe (1) the object of it, "The loving kindness of the Lord;" (2) the manner or way by which he expects to enjoy it, "The Lord will command it;" (3) the time, "In the day." The object; "His loving kindness." He says not, "The Lord will command my return to the House of God," or, "will accomplish my deliverance from the heavy oppression and sharp reproaches of the enemy," which would have answered more particularly and expressly to his present griefs, but, "will command His loving kindness." And the reason of his thus expressing himself, I conceive to be two-fold. First, in the assurance of this, is necessarily comprised the certainty of all other good things. This special favour and benignity of the Lord, doth engage His power and wisdom, both which you know are infinite, to the procurement of every thing truly good for those whom He so favours. Therefore it is, that David chooses rather to name the streams of particular mercies in this their living source and fountain, than to specify them severally. Nor is it only thus more compendious, but the expression is fuller too, which are the two great advantages of speech. And this I take to be the other reason—a man may enjoy great deliverances and many positive benefits from the hand of God, and yet have no share in "His loving kindness." How frequently doth God heap riches, and honour, and health on those He hates; and the common gifts of the mind too, wisdom and learning; yea, the common gifts of His own Spirit; and give a fair and long day of external prosperity to those on whom He never vouchsafed the least glance of His favourable countenance! Yea, on the contrary, He gives all those specious gifts to them with a secret curse. As He gave a king in wrath to His people, so He often gives kingdoms in His wrath to kings. Therefore

David looks higher than the very kingdom which God promised him and gave him, when he speaks of "His loving kindness." In a word, he resolves to solace himself with the assurance of this, though he was stripped of all other comforts, and to quiet his soul herein, till deliverance should come; and when it should come, and whatsoever mercies with it, to receive them as fruits and effects of this loving kindness; not prizing them so much for themselves, as for the impressions of that love which is upon them. And it is that image and superscription that both engages and moves him most to pay his tribute of praise. And truly this is everywhere David's temper. His frequent distresses and wants never excite him so much to desire any particular comfort in the creature, as to entreat the presence and favour of God Himself. His saddest times are when, to his sense, this favour is eclipsed. "In my prosperity I said, I shall not be moved." And what was his adversity that made him of another mind? "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." This verifies his position in that same psalm, "In thy favour is life." Thus, in the 63rd Psalm, at the beginning, "My soul thirsteth for Thee, in a dry land where no water is;" not for water where there is none, but, "for Thee, where no water is." Therefore he adds in verse 3, "Thy loving kindness is better than life." And all that be truly wise are of this mind, and will subscribe to his choice. Let them enjoy this loving kindness and prize it, because, whatever befalls them, their happiness and joy is above the reach of all calamities. Let them be derided and reproached abroad, yet still this inward persuasion makes them glad and contented; as a rich man said, though the people hated and taunted him, yet when he came home and looked upon his chests, "Egomet mihi plaudo domi."² With how much better reason do believers bear our external injuries! What inward contentment is theirs, when they consider themselves as truly enriched with the favour of God! And as this makes them condemn the contempts that the world puts upon them, so likewise it breeds in them a neglect and disdain of those poor trifles that the world admires. The sum of their desires is, as the cynic's was of the sunshine, that the rays of the love of God may shine constantly upon them. The favourable aspect and large proffers of kings and princes would be unwelcome to them, if they should stand betwixt them and the sight of that sun. And truly they have reason. What are the highest things the world affords? What are great honours and great estates, but great cares and griefs well dressed and coloured over with a show of pleasure, that promise contentment and perform nothing but vexation? That they are not satisfying is evident; for the obtaining of much of them doth but stretch the appetite, and teach men to desire more. They are not solid neither. Will not the pains of a gout, of a strangury, or some such malady, to say nothing of the worst, the pains of a guilty conscience, blast all these delights? What relish finds a man in large revenues and stately build-ings, in high preferments and honourable titles, when either his body or his mind is in anguish? And besides the emptiness of all these things, you know they want one main point, continuance. But the loving kindness of God hath all requisites to make the soul happy. "O satisfy us early with

¹ Horace, Odes, iii. 3.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quati solida . . .
* * * * *
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

² "—— ut quidam memoratur Athenis,
Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemtor in arca."
(Horace, Sat. I., i. 64—67.)

(As it is recorded that one among the Athenians, sordid and rich, was thus used to contemn the voices of the people: The people hisses me, but at home I applaud myself, and contemplate the money in my chest).

Thy goodness or mercy," says Moses, "that we may rejoice and be glad all our days," Ps. xc. 14. There is fulness in that for the vastest desires of the soul—"satisfy us;" there is solid contentment—that begets true joy and gladness; and there is permanency—"all our days." It is the only comfort of this life, and the assurance of a better.

John Dryden—in whose mind, with a bias towards authority, opinion tended towards Absolutism in the State and Catholicism in the Church—in accordance with his natural bent, became avowedly a Roman Catholic in James II.'s reign. Already, in November, 1682, his point of view was Roman Catholic, when his "Religio Laici" closed with these lines:—

"Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they ne
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven than all the Church before;
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will,
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone;
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern."

There is the natural issue of this reasoning in Dryden's surrender of private judgment in the "Hind and Panther," published in April, 1687, a dialogue between beasts upon the questions of the Churches; between the milk-white Hind, type of the Church of Rome, and the spotted Panther, type of the Church of England.

"What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One!"

Thomas Ken, author of one of the most familiar pieces of English sacred verse, the "Evening Hymn,"

was one of the seven bishops who in May, 1688, protested against a repetition by King James II. of his illegal Declaration of Indulgence. The king ordered it to be read in all places of worship in London on Sunday, the 20th of May, and in the country on the 3rd of June. On the 18th of May, a protest was signed on behalf of a great body of the clergy by William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and six bishops, of whom one was Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Ken, born in 1637, was the son of an attorney. His eldest sister became Izaak Walton's second wife. He lived, when a boy, with Izaak Walton, and was helped in life by George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, Izaak Walton's son-in-law, who died in 1684. Young Thomas Ken went to Winchester School, and thence to Oxford. He was already, as an Oxford student, poet and musician, playing on the lute, viol, and organ. Soon after the Restoration Ken became Rector of Easton Parva, in Essex, and chaplain to Bishop Morley, with whom Izaak Walton and his family were then domesticated. Ken obtained also a fellowship of Winchester College. In 1667, year of the publication of "Paradise Lost," the Bishop of Winchester gave Ken the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, and it was in the Isle of Wight that the Rector of Brightstone wrote the Morning and Evening Hymns for his own use. He sang them himself to his lute, morning and evening.



THOMAS KEN. (From a Contemporary Print.)

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul! and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear; 10
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King— 20

I wake, I wake!—ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
Oh may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply; 30
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed. 40

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
Oh never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say; 50
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed; 10
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest. 20

Dull sleep!—of sense me to deprive;
I am but half my time alive.
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds; 30
Oh may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.

Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Oh may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical distil,
Stop all the avenues of ill. 40

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In 1681, Ken published a "Manual of Prayers for the Scholars of Winchester College." He was made Bishop of Bath and Wells not many days before the death of Charles II. On the 8th of June, 1688, he was among the seven bishops committed to the Tower for seditious libel. On the 30th of June, the day of the acquittal of the seven bishops, a messenger was sent to invite William of Orange, who landed in Torbay on the 5th of November. William and Mary became King and Queen of England on the 13th of February, 1689. But

William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and four more of the seven, including Ken, refused to take the oaths of allegiance to the new sovereigns, and, with about four hundred clergymen and members of the university, they were deprived. Ken was housed and cared for by his friend Lord Weymouth, at Longleat House, until his death in 1711. In these latter years he was suffering excruciating pain from chronic disease, and "for many years travelled with his shroud in his portmanteau, as what he often said might be as soon wanted as any other of his habiliments." During these years of suffering he wrote several poems entitled "Anodynes," of which these are two :—

PAIN.

Since 'tis God's will, Pain, take your course,
Exert on me your utmost force—
I well God's truth and promise know.
He never sends a woe,
But His supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind—
Though me no feeble bruised reed
In weakness can exceed—
My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impreguably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by His light,
Give me victorious might :
No pang can me invade
Beneath His wing's propitious shade.

EASE.

In pity my most tender God
Now takes from me His rod ;
And the transporting Ease I feel,
Enkindles in me ardent zeal,
That love, joy, praise, may all combine,
To sing infinity of love divine.

My love, joy, praise, all powers within,
Your heavenly task begin !
My love shall ever keep on wing,
Incessantly shall heaven-ward spring ;
Love, the beloved still keeps in mind,
Loves all day long, and will not be confined.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.—TILLOTSON, LOCKE, BURNET, STEELE, ADDISON, BLACKMORE, ISAAC WATTS, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1689 TO A.D. 1714.

JOHN DRYDEN remained firm to his principles, and died a Roman Catholic, on May-day of the year 1700. There is a paraphrase by him of the hymn to the Holy Ghost, "Veni, Creator Spiritus," said to

have been written in the fourth century by St. Ambrose, for Pentecost. In the year 1100 it was inserted in the office for the consecration of a bishop, and afterwards into that for the ordination of priests. It was retained, as opening part of the same ceremony, in the Lutheran churches. This is Dryden's Paraphrase :—

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crownst Thy gift with eloquence ;
Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

The religious aspect of the Revolution as it was regarded by a leader among the clergy who most favoured it, may be found in "A Thanksgiving-Sermon for our Deliverance by the Prince of Orange," preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, by Dr. John Tillotson, on the 31st of January, 1689.

John Tillotson (whose great-grandfather had changed the family name from Tilston to Tillotson) was eldest of three sons of a clothier at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, and was born there in 1630. He entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1647, commenced B.A. in 1650, and M.A. in 1654. His tutor had been a Nonconformist who was among those in controversy with Stillingfleet. Writings of Chillingworth had much influence upon his mind, and he had a long personal friendship with Dr. John Wilkins. In

1656 or the beginning of 1657 Tillotson left college to be tutor at Ford Abbey, Devonshire, to the son of Edmund Prideaux, who was then Cromwell's Attorney-General. At the Restoration, Tillotson had been ordained, and acted with the Presbyterians, but he submitted to the Act of Uniformity. Tillotson was curate at Cheshunt from 1661 to 1672, with which office he held others, including that of preacher at Lincoln's Inn. To this he was elected in November, 1663, and he liked it so well that he made Lincoln's Inn his head-quarters. He took great



JOHN TILLOTSON. (From the Portrait before his Works: 1701.)

pains with his sermons, endeavouring to make them clear and unaffected in their style and reasoning. Several of his early sermons, like that of 1664, on "The Wisdom of being Religious," which he enlarged before publication into a small treatise, were directed against the growing tendency to Atheism. Under Charles II., Tillotson became Dean of Canterbury, and chaplain to the king, who did not like him. Dean Tillotson warmly supported the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York, yet both he and his friend Gilbert Burnet sought to persuade Lord William Russell, before his execution, to acknowledge the unlawfulness of resistance to authority, and as Lord Russell's chaplain, Mr. Samuel Johnson, afterwards put it, "to bequeath a legacy of slavery to his country." But Tillotson recovered ground, and became a trusted friend of Lady Russell. At the Revolution this is the reference to political events in his Thanksgiving-Sermon, on a text from Ezra ix. 13, 14:—"And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great trespass, seeing that Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve, and hast given us such deliverance as this; should we again break thy commandments, and join in affinity with the people of these abominations, wouldst not Thou be angry with us till Thou hadst consumed us, so that there should be no remnant nor escaping?"

THE GREAT DELIVERANCE OF 1688.

The case in the text doth very much resemble ours. And that in three respects. God hath sent great judgments upon us for our evil deeds and for our great trespasses: He hath punished us less than our iniquities have deserved, and hath given us a very great and wonderful deliverance.

1. God hath inflicted great judgments upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great trespasses. Great judgments, both for the quality, and for the continuance of them. It shall suffice only to mention those which are of a more ancient date. Scarce hath any nation been more calamitous than this of ours, both in respect of the invasions and conquests of foreigners, and of our own civil and intestine divisions. Four times we have been conquered; by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. And our intestine divisions have likewise been great and of long continuance. Witness the Barons' Wars, and that long and cruel contest between the two Houses of York and Lancaster.

But to come nearer to our own times, what fearful judgments and calamities of war, and pestilence, and fire, have many of us seen? and how close did they follow one another? What terrible havoc did the sword make amongst us for many years? And this not the sword of a foreign enemy, but a civil war; the mischiefs whereof were all terminated upon ourselves, and have given deep wounds, and left broad scars upon the most considerable families in the nation.

*Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextra.*¹

This war was drawn out to a great length, and had a tragical end, in the murder of an excellent king; and in the banishment of his children into a strange country, whereby they were exposed to the arts and practices of those of another religion; the mischievous consequences whereof we have ever since sadly laboured under, and do feel them at this day.

And when God was pleased in great mercy at last to put an end to the miserable distractions and confusions of almost twenty years, by the happy restoration of the royal family, and our ancient government; which seemed to promise to us a lasting settlement, and all the felicities we could wish: yet how soon was this bright and glorious morning overcast, by the restless and black designs of that sure and inveterate enemy of ours, the Church of Rome, for the restoring of their religion amongst us. And there was too much encouragement given to this design, by those who had power in their hands, and had brought home with them a secret goodwill to it.

For this great trespass, and for our many other sins, God was angry with us, and sent among us the most raging pestilence that ever was known in this nation, which in the space of eight or nine months swept away near a third part of the inhabitants of this vast and populous city, and of the suburbs thereof; besides a great many thousands more in several parts of the nation.² But we did not return to the Lord, nor seek Him for all this.

And therefore the very next year after, God sent a terrible and devouring fire, which in less than three days' time laid the greatest part of this great city in ashes. And there is too

¹ Lucan's "Pharsalia," bk. i., line 32—

"Nor thou, fierce Pyrrhus, nor the Punic bands,
This waste have made; no sword could reach so far;
Deep pierce the wounds received in civil war."

(May's "Lucan.")

Tillotson, quoting from memory, wrote "manent" for "sedent."

² The plague of 1665: in which year there were 97,306 funerals in the City of London within the Bills of Mortality; and of these, 68,596 were of persons who died of the plague, besides many of whom no account was given by the parish clerks, and who were privately buried.

much reason to believe that the enemy did this: that perpetual and implacable enemy of the peace and happiness of this nation.¹

And even since the time of that dreadful calamity, which is now above twenty years ago, we have been in a continual fear of the cruel designs of that party, which had hitherto been incessantly working underground, but now began to show themselves more openly; and especially since a prince of that religion succeeded to the crown, our eyes have been ready to fail us for fear, and for looking after those dreadful things that were coming upon us, and seemed to be even at the door. A fear which this nation could easily have rid itself of, because they that caused it were but a handful in comparison of us, and could have done nothing without a foreign force and assistance; had not the principles of humanity, and of our religion too, restrained us from violence and cruelty, and from everything which had the appearance of untidiness to the government which the providence of God had set over us. An instance of the like patience, under the like provocations, for so long a time, and after such visible and open attempts upon them, when they had the laws so plainly on their side, I challenge any nation or church in the world, from the very foundation of it, to produce. Insomuch, that if God had not put it into the hearts of our kind neighbours, and of that incomparable prince who laid and conducted that great design with so much skill and secrecy, to have appeared so seasonably for our rescue, our patience had infallibly, without a miracle, been our ruin. And I am sure if our enemies had ever had the like opportunity in their hands, and had over-balanced us in numbers but half so much as we did them, they would never have let it slip; but would long since have extirpated us utterly, and have "made the remembrance of us to have ceased from among men."

And now if you ask me, for what sins more especially God hath sent all these judgments upon us? it will not, I think, become us to be very particular and positive in such determinations. Thus much is certain, that we have all sinned and contributed to these judgments; every one hath had some hand, more or less, in pulling down this vengeance upon the nation. But we are all too apt to remove the meritorious cause of God's judgments as far as we can from ourselves and our own party, and upon any slight pretence to lay it upon others.

Yet I will venture to instance in one or two things which may probably enough have had a more particular and immediate hand in drawing down the judgments of God upon us.

Our horrible contempt of religion on the one hand, by our infidelity and profaneness; and our shameful abuse of it on the other, by our gross hypocrisy, and sheltering great wickedness and immoralities under the cloak and profession of religion.

And then, great dissensions and divisions, great uncharitableness and bitterness of spirit among those of the same religion; so that almost from the beginning of our happy Reformation the enemy had sown these tares, and by the unwearied malice and arts of the Church of Rome, the seeds of dissension were scattered very early amongst us; and a sour humour had been fermenting in the body of the nation, both upon account of religion and civil interests, for a long time before things broke out into a civil war.

And more particularly yet; that which is called the great trespass here in the text, their joining "in affinity with the people of these abominations," by whom they had been detained in a long captivity, this, I say, seems to have had, both from the nature of the thing, and the just judgment of God, no small influence upon a great part of the miseries and calamities which have befallen us. For had it not been for the countenance which Popery had by the marriages and alliances of our princes, for two or three generations together, with those of that religion, it had not probably had a continuance among us to this day. Which will, I hope, now be a good warning to those who have the authority to do it, to make effectual provision by law for the prevention of the like inconvenience and mischief in this nation for ever.

2. Another parallel between our case and that in the text is, that God hath punished us less than our iniquities did deserve. And this acknowledgment we have as much reason to make for ourselves, as Ezra had to do it in behalf of the Jews; "Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." Thou, our God, hast punished us; there is the reason of so much mercy and mitigation. It is God, and not man, with whom we have to do; and therefore it is that we, the children of men, are not consumed. And it is our God likewise, to whom we have a more peculiar relation, and with whom, by virtue of our profession of Christianity, we are in covenant. "Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." He might justly have poured forth all His wrath, and have made His jealousy to have smoked against us, and have blotted out the remembrance of us from under heaven: He might have given us up to the will of our enemies, and into the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelty: He might have brought us into the net which they had spread for us, and have laid a terrible load of affliction upon our loins, and suffered insolent men to ride over our heads, and them that hated us with a perfect hatred to have had the rule over us: but He was graciously pleased to remember mercy in the midst of judgment, and to repent Himself for His servants, when He saw that their power was gone, and that things were come to that extremity, that we were in all human probability utterly unable to have wrought out our own deliverance.

3. The last parallel between our case and that in the text is the great and wonderful deliverance which God hath wrought for us. And whilst I am speaking of this, "God is my witness, whom I serve in the Gospel of His Son," that I do not say one word upon this occasion in flattery to men, but in true thankfulness to Almighty God, and constrained thereto from a just sense of His great mercy to us all, in this marvellous deliverance, in this mighty salvation which He wrought for us. So that we may say with Ezra, "Since Thou our God hast given us such a deliverance as this:" so great that we know not how to compare it with anything but itself. God hath given us this deliverance. And therefore, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name be the praise." For Thou knowest, and we are all conscious to ourselves, that we did nowise deserve it; but quite the contrary. God hath given it, and it ought to be so much the welcomer to us, for coming from such a hand. "It is the Lord's doing," and therefore ought to be the more "marvellous in our eyes." It is a deliverance full of mercy, and I had almost said, full of miracle. The finger of God was visibly in it; and there are plain signatures and characters upon it, of a more immediate divinity interposition. And if we will not wisely consider the Lord's doings, we have reason to stand in awe of the threatenings of His: "Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of His hands, He shall destroy them, and not build them up."

¹ The report was that the Roman Catholics had plotted to burn London. Pope expressed his indignation at this in his reference to the inscription on the Monument, cut in 1681, erased under James II., re-cut under William III., and finally erased in 1831.

"Where London's column, pointing at the skies,

Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies."

(*On the Use of Riches.*)

It was a wonderful deliverance indeed, if we consider all the circumstances of it: the greatness of it; and the strangeness of the means whereby it was brought about; and the suddenness, and easiness of it.

The greatness of it: it was a great deliverance from the greatest fears, and from the greatest dangers: the apparent and imminent danger of the saddest thralldom and bondage, civil and spiritual; both of soul and body.

And it was brought about in a very extraordinary manner, and by very strange means: whether we consider the greatness and difficulty of the enterprise; or the closeness and secrecy of the design, which must of necessity be communicated at least to the chief of those who were to assist and engage in it; especially the Estates of the United Provinces, who were then in so much danger themselves, and wanted more than their own forces for their own defence and security: a kindness never to be forgotten by the English nation. And besides all this, the difficulties and disappointments which happened, after the design was open and manifest, from the uncertainties of wind and weather and many other accidents impossible to be foreseen and prevented. And yet in conclusion a strange concurrence of all things on all sides, to bring the thing which the providence of God intended to a happy issue and effect.

And we must not here forget the many worthies of our nation, who did so generously run all hazards of life and fortune, for the preservation of our religion and the asserting of our ancient laws and liberties.

These are all strange and unusual means; but, which is stranger yet, the very counsels and methods of our enemies did prepare the way for all this, and perhaps more effectually than any counsel and contrivance of our own could have done it. For even the Jesuits, those formal politicians by book and rule, without any consideration or true knowledge of the temper, and interest, and other circumstances of the people they were designing upon, and had to deal withal; and indeed without any care to know them: I say, the Jesuits, who for so long a time, and for so little reason, have affected the reputation of the deepest and craftiest statesmen in the world, have upon this great occasion, and when their whole kingdom of darkness lay at stake, by a more than ordinary infatuation and blindness, so outwitted and overreached themselves in their own counsels, that they have really contributed as much, or more, to our deliverance from the destruction which they had designed to bring upon us, than all our wisest and best friends could have done.

And then, if we consider further, how sudden and surprising it was, so that we could hardly believe it when it was accomplished: and like the children of Israel, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dreamed." When all things were driving on furiously, and in great haste, then God gave an unexpected check to the designs of men, and stopped them in their full career. Who among us could have imagined, but a few months ago, so happy and so speedy an end of our fears and troubles? God hath at once scattered all our fears, and outdone all our hopes by the greatness and suddenness of our deliverance. "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

And lastly, if we consider the cheapness and easiness of this deliverance. All this was done without a battle, and almost without blood. All the danger is, lest we should loathe it, and grow sick of it, because it was so very easy. Had it come upon harder terms, and had we waded through a red sea of blood, we would have valued it more. But this surely is great wantonness and, whatever we think of it, one of the highest provocations imaginable: for there can

hardly be a fouler and blacker ingratitude towards Almighty God, than to slight so great a deliverance, only because it came to us so easily and hath cost us so very cheap.

I will mention but one circumstance more, which may not be altogether unworthy our observation: that God seems, in this last deliverance, in some sort to have united and brought together all the great deliverances which he hath been pleased to work for this nation against all the remarkable attempts of Popery, from the beginning of our Reformation. Our wonderful deliverance from the formidable Spanish invasion designed against us, happened in the year 1588. And now just a hundred years after, God was pleased to bring about this last great and most happy deliverance. That horrid gunpowder conspiracy, without precedent and without parallel, was designed to have been executed upon the fifth day of November; the same day upon which his Highness the Prince of Orange landed the forces here in England which he brought hither for our rescue. So that this is a day every way worthy to be solemnly set apart and joyfully celebrated by this church and nation, throughout all generations, as the fittest of all other to comprehend, and to put us in mind to commemorate all the great deliverances which God hath wrought for us, from Popery, and its inseparable companion, Arbitrary Power. And we may then say with the holy psalmist, "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it."

As Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Tillotson exercised archiepiscopal jurisdiction after suspension of the primate, Dr. Sancroft, for refusal of the oaths appointed by the Act of Parliament of the 24th of April. The same oaths were refused by Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and by the Bishops of Worcester, Gloucester, Peterborough, Chichester, Ely, and Norwich. Sancroft was deprived of his office in 1690, and Tillotson succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1691. Tillotson's age was then sixty-one, and he died in 1694.

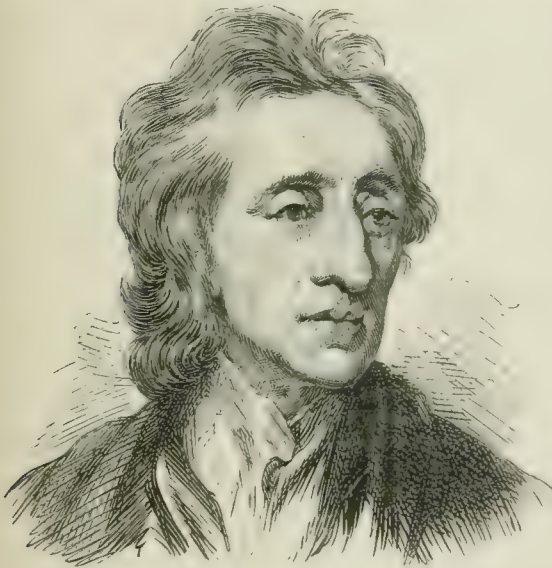
King William offered in Parliament to excuse the oath to the non-juring clergy on condition that Dissenters might be excused the sacramental test; but the legislature overruled his wish for an even-handed policy of toleration. The old discord about Unity continued, and a small series of non-juring bishops, in a separate free church, continued to exercise their functions and consecrate non-juring priests down to the year 1779, when Dr. Gordon, the last of the line of non-juring bishops, died. The breach might have been healed after the death of James II. in 1701, if the Act of Abjuration had not required acknowledgment of William as king by right of law as well as by fact of possession.

George Hickes, best known in literature for his studies of First English and the Northern languages of Europe, was one of the chiefs of the non-jurors. He was born in 1642 at Newsham, Yorkshire, educated at Northallerton School and St. John's College, Oxford, became D.D. both of St. Andrews and of Oxford, and in 1683 was made Dean of Worcester. One of the most energetic of the non-jurors, he was deprived of his church offices at the Revolution, openly opposed the government, and had to leave the country. In 1694 he was consecrated by three of the non-juring bishops to a new bishopric

in the separate church, that of Thetford. Before the end of the century all proceedings against Dr. Hickes were stayed, out of respect to his position as a scholar. He died in 1715.

Another of the non-jurors, an earnest and energetic writer, was Jeremy Collier, born in 1650, and educated in Ipswich school and at Caius College, Cambridge. He had a rectory in Suffolk, and was lecturer at Gray's Inn before he got into trouble by his opposition to the Revolution. He died outlawed in 1726. At the close of the century Jeremy Collier led an attack upon the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage, and this controversy continued for two or three years. Jeremy Collier also wrote some good "Moral Essays" and an Ecclesiastical History.

William Penn, born in 1644, son of an admiral, and educated at Christchurch, Oxford, had suffered persecution in his earlier life for turning Quaker, and wrote in prison at the age of twenty-five "No Cross no Crown." In 1670 he inherited his father's estate, and in 1681 obtained a grant of New Netherlands, thenceforward called Pennsylvania. In 1694 Penn published "A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," and there was published in the same year the "Journal of George Fox," the founder of their brotherhood, who died in 1690. Penn died in 1718.



JOHN LOCKE. (From the Portrait prefixed to his Works in 1703.)

John Locke was nearly of the same age as Dryden, John Dryden having been born in August, 1631, and John Locke in August, 1632. Locke was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire; his father served in the Parliamentary wars under Colonel Popham, by whose advice the boy was sent to Westminster School. From Westminster he passed, in 1651, to Christchurch, Oxford, where he felt the impulse then given to scientific research by Bacon's philosophy. He made medicine his study, and by accident was brought into close friendly relation to Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. In 1668

Locke became one of the Fellows of the Royal Society, and in 1673 he was Secretary to a Commission of the Board of Trade over which Shaftesbury was President. He was with Shaftesbury when Charles II. was seeking his life, and afterwards went to Holland. Shaftesbury died in 1683, but Locke remained at Amsterdam, and for a time at Rotterdam, in close association with Philip Van Limborch, Jean le Clerc, and other leaders of the Church of the Remonstrants, which had been established by Jacob Harmensen (Arminius).¹ He was writing upon "Toleration" at the time of the English Revolution, and returned to England in the ship that brought the Princess Mary. He then published his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," and his "Two Treatises of Government," in which he laid down the principles of the Revolution. In 1691 Locke, whose health was very delicate, found a pleasant home at Oates, in Essex, the residence of Sir Francis Masham and his wife. Lady Masham had been known to Locke some years before as his friend Dr. Cudworth's only daughter Damaris. In 1693 he published "Some Thoughts concerning Education," which had a great and wholesome influence upon home-life in England, while his wisdom and honesty were made serviceable to the state. The later writings of Locke, until his death in 1704, were chiefly religious. In 1695 he published a treatise on "The Reasonableness of Christianity"—this drew its evidence chiefly from the Gospel narrative; and his last work came of an endeavour to ground his faith also upon study of the Epistles of St. Paul—"An Essay for the Understanding of St. Paul's Epistles by consulting St. Paul himself."

In the first year of the Revolution John Locke drew up for himself and some of his friends these

RULES FOR A SOCIETY OF PACIFIC CHRISTIANS.

1. We think nothing necessary to be known or believed for salvation, but what God hath revealed.
2. We therefore embrace all those who, in sincerity, receive the word of truth revealed in the Scripture, and obey the light which enlightens every man that comes into the world.
3. We judge no man in meats, or drinks, or habits, or days, or any other outward observances, but leave every one to his freedom in the use of those outward things which he thinks can most contribute to build up the inward man in righteousness, holiness, and the true love of God and his neighbour, in Christ Jesus.
4. If any one find any doctrinal parts of Scripture difficult to be understood, we recommend him—1st, The study of the Scriptures in humility and singleness of heart; 2nd, Prayer to the Father of lights to enlighten him; 3rd, Obedience to what is already revealed to him, remembering that the practice of what we do know is the surest way to more knowledge; our infallible guide having told us, "If any man will do the will of him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine." 4th, We leave him to the advice and assistance of those whom he thinks best able to instruct him; no men or society of men having any authority to impose their opinions or interpretations on any other, the meanest

¹ See Note 1, page 263

Christian, since, in matters of religion, every man must know and believe and give an account for himself.

5. We hold it to be an indispensable duty for all Christians to maintain love and charity in the diversity of contrary opinions: by which charity we do not mean an empty sound, but an effectual forbearance and goodwill, carrying men to a communion, friendship, and mutual assistance one of another, in outward as well as spiritual things; and by debarring all magistrates from making use of their authority, much less their sword (which was put into their hands only against evil-doers), in matters of faith or worship.

6. Since the Christian religion we profess is not a notional science, to furnish speculation to the brain or discourse to the tongue, but a rule of righteousness to influence our lives, Christ having given Himself "to redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people zealous of good works," we profess the only business of our public assemblies to be to exhort, thereunto laying aside all controversy and speculative questions, instruct and encourage one another in the duties of a good life, which is acknowledged to be the great business of true religion, and to pray God for the assistance of His Spirit for the enlightening our understanding and subduing our corruptions, that so we may return unto Him a reasonable and acceptable service, and show our faith by our works, proposing to ourselves and others the example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as the great pattern for our imitation.

7. One alone being our Master, even Christ, we acknowledge no masters of our assembly; but if any man in the spirit of love, peace, and meekness, has a word of exhortation, we hear him.

8. Nothing being so oppressive, or having proved so fatal to unity, love, and charity, the first great characteristical duties of Christianity, as men's fondness of their own opinions, and their endeavours to set them up, and have them followed, instead of the gospel of peace; to prevent those seeds of dissension and division, and maintain unity in the difference of opinions which we know cannot be avoided—if any one appear contentious, abounding in his own sense rather than in love, and desirous to draw followers after himself, with destruction or opposition to others, we judge him not to have learnt Christ as he ought, and therefore not fit to be a teacher of others.

9. Decency and order in our assemblies being directed, as they ought, to edification, can need but very few and plain rules. Time and place of meeting being settled, if anything else need regulation, the assembly itself, or four of the ancientest, soberest, and discreetest of the brethren, chosen for that occasion, shall regulate it.

10. From every brother that, after admonition, walketh disorderly, we withdraw ourselves.

11. We each of us think it our duty to propagate the doctrine and practice of universal goodwill and obedience in all places, and on all occasions, as God shall give us opportunity.

Gilbert Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643, and educated at Aberdeen; he studied also for a few months in Oxford and Cambridge, worked at Hebrew in Holland, and in 1665, at the age of twenty-two, became Divinity Professor in Glasgow. He was a hard worker, rose at four in the morning to his studies, and continued the practice until it was forbidden by the infirmities of age. His life was troubled by church dissensions and the strife of politics, in which he gave offence by opposition to in-

tolerance and despotism. Burnet was preacher at the Rolls Chapel when he began, with aid from Robert Boyle, his "History of the Reformation." He caused the dissolute Earl of Rochester to die a Christian, and was by his friend Lord Russell when he died on the scaffold. Then Burnet was deprived of his preacher-ship, and was abroad till he returned to England with William of Orange as his chaplain. In the next year he was made Bishop of Salisbury. His ability, industry, and warmth of feeling had made him a foremost man of his party. He could not avoid judging others as a partisan, and from partisans upon the other side he has suffered many a harsh judgment. As bishop, Burnet lived in his diocese, and paid close attention to its duties. He died in 1715, leaving evidence of his ability and industry and of his living interest in the great controversies of his time, not only in his "History of the Reformation of the Church of England," but also in a "History of his own Times," that is full of important detail, although bitterly ridiculed by Pope and Swift. It ends with the year 1713, and there is added to it an Address to Posterity, written in 1708, when Burnet thought that he was near the end of his labour. It closes with the following words on the

STUDY AND PRACTICE OF RELIGION.¹

I will conclude this whole Address to Posterity with that, which is the most important of all other things, and which alone will carry every thing else along with it; which is to recommend, in the most solemn and serious manner, the Study and Practice of Religion to all sorts of Men, as that which is both *the Light of the World*, and *the Salt of the Earth*. Nothing does so open our Faculties, and compose and direct the whole Man, as an inward Sense of God, of his Authority over us, of the Laws he has set us, of his Eye ever upon us, of his hearing our Prayers, assisting our Endeavours, watching over our concerns, and of his being to judge and to reward or punish us in another State, according to what we do in this: Nothing will give a Man such a Detestation of Sin, and such a Sense of the Goodness of God, and of our Obligations to Holiness, as a right Understanding and a firm Belief of the Christian Religion: Nothing can give a Man so calm a Peace within, and such a firm Security against all Fears and Dangers without, as the Belief of a kind and wise Providence, and of a future State. An Integrity of Heart gives a Man a Courage, and a Confidence that cannot be shaken: A Man is sure that, by living according to the Rules of Religion, he becomes the wisest, the best and happiest Creature, that he is capable of being: Honest Industry, the employing his Time well, and a constant Sobriety, an undefiled Purity and Chastity, with a quiet Serenity, are the best Preservers of Life and Health: So that, take a Man as a single Individual, Religion is his Guard, his Perfection, his Beauty, and his Glory: This will make him *the Light of the World*, shining brightly, and enlightening many round about him.

Then take a Man as a Piece of Mankind, as a Citizen of the World, or of any particular State, Religion is indeed *then the Salt of the Earth*: For it makes every Man to be to all the rest of the World, whatsoever any one can with

¹ This passage is printed as in the first edition (1724), reproducing capitals, italics, spelling, punctuation, &c., that it may serve for specimen of English as it was written early in the eighteenth century.

reason wish or desire him to be. He is true, just, honest and faithful in the whole Commerce of Life, doing to all others, that which he would have others do to him: He is a Lover of Mankind, and of his Country: He may and ought to love some more than others; but he has an Extent of Love to all, of Pity and Compassion, not only to the poorest, but to the worst; for the worse any are, they are the more to be pitied. He has a Complacency and Delight in all that are truly, tho' but defectively good, and a Respect and Veneration for all that are eminently so: He mourns for the Sins, and rejoices in the Virtues of all that are round about him: In every Relation of Life, Religion makes him answer all his Obligations: It will make Princes just and good, faithful to their Promises, and Lovers of their People: It will inspire Subjects with Respect, Submission, Obedience and Zeal for their Prince: It will sanctify Wedlock to be a State of Christian Friendship, and mutual Assistance: It will give Parents the truest Love to their Children, with a proper Care of their Education: It will command the Returns of Gratitude and Obedience from Children: It will teach Masters to be gentle and careful of their Servants, and Servants to be faithful, zealous, and diligent in their Master's Concerns: It will make Friends tender and true to one another; it will make them generous, faithful and disinterested: It will make Men live in their Neighbourhood, as Members of one common Body, promoting first the general Good of the Whole, and then the Good of every Particular, as far as a Man's Sphere can go: It will make Judges and Magistrates just and patient, hating Covetousness, and maintaining Peace and Order, without respect of Persons: It will make People live in so inoffensive a manner, that it will be easy to maintain Justice, whilst Men are not disposed to give Disturbance to those about them. This will make Bishops and Pastors faithful to their Trust, tender to their People, and watchful over them; and it will beget in the People an Esteem for their Persons, and their Functions.

Thus Religion, if truly received and sincerely adhered to, would prove the greatest of all Blessings to a Nation: But by Religion, I understand somewhat more than the receiving some Doctrines, tho' ever so true, or the professing them, and engaging to support them, not without Zeal and Eagerness. What signify the best Doctrines, if Men do not live suitably to them; if they have not a due Influence upon their Thoughts, their Principles, and their Lives? Men of bad Lives, with sound Opinions, are self condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated Guilt; nor will the Heat of a Party, arising out of Interest, and managed with Fury and Violence, compensate for the ill Lives of such false Pretenders to Zeal; while they are a Disgrace to that, which they profess and seem so hot for. By Religion I do not mean, an outward Compliance with Form and Customs, in going to Church, to Prayers, to Sermons and to Sacraments, with an external Shew of Devotion, or, which is more, with some inward forced good Thoughts, in which many may satisfy themselves, while this has no visible effect on their Lives, nor any inward Force to subdue and rectify their Appetites, Passions and secret Designs. Those customary performances, how good and useful soever, when well understood and rightly directed, are of little value, when Men rest on them, and think that, because they do them, they have therefore acquitted themselves of their Duty, tho' they continue still proud, covetous, full of Deceit, Envy and Malice: Even secret Prayer, the most effectual of all other means, is designed for a higher end, which is to possess our Minds with such a constant and present Sense of Divine Truths, as may make these live in us, and govern us; and may draw down such Assistances, as may exalt and sanctify our Natures.

So that by Religion I mean, such a Sense of divine Truth, as enters into a Man, and becomes a Spring of a new Nature within him; reforming his Thoughts and Designs, purifying his Heart, and sanctifying him, and governing his whole Deportment, his Words as well as his Actions; convincing him that, it is not enough, not to be scandalously vicious, or to be innocent in his Conversation, but that he must be entirely, uniformly and constantly pure and virtuous, animating him with a Zeal, to be still better and better, more eminently good and exemplary, using Prayers and all outward Devotions, as solemn Acts testifying what he is inwardly and at heart, and as Methods instituted by God, to be still advancing in the use of them further and further, into a more refined and spiritual Sense of divine Matters. This is true Religion, which is the Perfection of Human Nature, and the Joy and Delight of every one, that feels it active and strong within him; it is true, this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy alloy, hanging long even about a good Man: But, as those ill Mixtures are the perpetual Grief of his Soul, so it is his chief Care to watch over and to mortify them; he will be in a continual Progress, still gaining ground upon himself: And, as he attains to a good degree of Purity, he will find a noble Flame of Life and Joy growing upon him. Of this I write with the more Concern and Emotion, because I have felt this the true and indeed the only Joy, which runs thro' a Man's Heart and Life: It is that which has been for many Years my greatest Support; I rejoice daily in it; I feel from it the Earnest of that supreme Joy, which I pant and long for; I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or compleat Happiness. I have, considering my Sphere, seen a great deal of all, that is most shining and tempting in this World: The Pleasures of Sense I did soon nauseate; Intrigues of State, and the Conduct of Affairs have something in them, that is more specious; and I was, for some Years, deeply immersed in these, but still with Hopes of reforming the World, and of making Mankind wiser and better: But I have found, *That which is crooked cannot be made straight.* I acquainted myself with Knowledge and Learning, and that in a great Variety, and with more Compass than Depth: but tho' *Wisdom excelleth Folly, as much as Light does Darkness;* yet, as it is a *sore Travail*, so it is so very defective, that what is *wanting* to compleat it, *cannot be numbered.* I have seen that *two were better than one*, and that a *threefold Cord is not easily loosed*; and have therefore cultivated Friendship with much Zeal and a disinterested Tenderness: but I have found this was also Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, tho' it be of the best and noblest sort. So that, upon great and long Experience, I could enlarge on the Preacher's Text, *Vanity of Vanities, and all is Vanity*; but I must also conclude with him; *Fear God, and keep his Commandments, for this is the All of Man,* the Whole both of his Duty, and of his Happiness. I do therefore end all, in the Words of *David*, of the Truth of which, upon great Experience and a long Observation, I am so fully assured, that I leave these as my last Words to Posterity: "*Come ye Children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the Fear of the Lord; what Man is he that desireth Life, and loveth many Days, that he may see Good: keep thy Tongue from Evil, and thy Lips from speaking Guile; depart from Evil, and do Good, seek Peace and pursue it. The Eyes of the Lord are upon the Righteous, and his Ears are open to their Cry; but the Face of the Lord is against them that do Evil, to cut off the Remembrance of them from the Earth. The Righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their Troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken Heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite Spirit."*

Simon Patrick was Bishop of Chichester when, in 1691, he was translated to Ely. He wrote on the Lord's Supper "*Mensa Mystica*," and a book in support of their belief to satisfy believers, called "*The Witnesses of Christianity, or the Certainty of our Faith and Hope*." In 1691, when Simon Patrick was made Bishop of Ely, Thomas Tenison was made Bishop of Lincoln, and in 1694 Tenison succeeded Tillotson as Archbishop of Canterbury. Tillotson had recommended him as a successor, because he was liberal in spirit and had been proved faithful in the discharge of duty.

There began at this time an active controversy on the Doctrine of the Trinity. Thomas Firmin, a friend of Tillotson, and a benevolent and wealthy London merchant, became zealous for the diffusion of tracts favourable to Unitarian opinions. Two of these were answered by Dr. Sherlock, who was non-juror at the Revolution, but complied afterwards. In 1691, the year after his book on the Trinity appeared, Sherlock was made Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1707, aged sixty-six. William Sherlock argued that there was no salvation outside the Catholic faith, as set forth in the Athanasian Creed. The controversy spread. Dr. John Wallis entered into it as a mathematician. Dr. Robert South, in 1693, attacked Sherlock for the too sophisticated method of his explanation. In 1695 John Toland, an Irishman who had been bred as a Roman Catholic, published a tract called "*Christianity not Mysterious*," that spread the controversy farther. His book was burnt by order of the Irish House of Parliament, and he was called a Jesuit and a Socinian. As he had applied in his own way some principles of Locke's philosophy, the veteran Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, the most energetic controversial writer in the Church, attacked John Locke, making him answerable for doctrines that he had not taught, because they had been associated with first principles drawn from his "*Essay concerning Human Understanding*." Locke replied; Stillingfleet replied again; Locke answered a second and a third time. George Bull, a pious and amiable man, who was made Bishop of St. David's in 1705, and died in 1708, had written, in 1685, a Defence of the Nicene Creed, and he wrote again on the same subject. William Beveridge was made Bishop of St. Asaph in 1704, and died, aged seventy-one, in 1707. He left a large body of sermons, in which the active piety of his own life is reflected.

Dr. Samuel Clarke, son of an alderman of Norwich, educated at Norwich and at Caius College, Cambridge, published notes upon Newton's philosophy at the age of twenty-two. He was for twelve years chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, who gave him the living of Drayton in Norfolk. Robert Boyle died in 1691, a week after his sister and life-companion, Lady Ranelagh. By his will he left provision for annual lectures by divines who were to be "ready to satisfy real scruples, and to answer such new objections and difficulties as might be started, to which good answers had not been made." They were also to preach eight sermons in the year, on the first Monday of every month except June, July, August, and December, for the proof of the Chris-

tian religion against infidels, "not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians." The first Boyle lecturer was Richard Bentley, chosen when only twenty-eight years old. He gave, with great effect, a course in 1692, and another in 1694. Samuel Clarke gave the Boyle lectures in 1704, taking for subject the Being and Attributes of God, and he gave a course again in the following year, on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, argued from the "fitness of things." He afterwards pleased Newton greatly by a translation of his optics, and became chaplain to Queen Anne and Rector of St. James's, Westminster. He had been accused of Arianism, because he said that he had only read the Athanasian Creed once, and then by mistake; but in 1712 he published a work on the Doctrine of the Trinity. This was condemned by the Lower House of Convocation as unorthodox in its method of interpretation, and inconsistent with the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Clarke had no wish to excite division, and submitted himself in terms which were held to be no recantation of his views, although sufficient when accompanied with a promise to preach no more in the sense objected to. Dr. Clarke died in 1729.

The new and bolder questioning of religion and of God Himself, as well as of church doctrines, which becomes a feature of our literature in the times of which we are now speaking, had several sources. One was in the critical wit of a dissolute court in the time of Charles II., when men influenced by the French reaction against extravagance of style and thought in literature, followed the king's example in exalting pleasures of the sense. With minds thus lowered in aim, while trained in a form of critical acuteness that had its good as well as its bad use, they satirised extravagance, but fell also out of accord with all true exaltation of thought; for every libertine called himself a "man of parts" or "man of sense," and looked on a character for wit as inconsistent with a character for religious feeling or domestic worth. Thus in Sir George Etherege's comedy of the "*Man of Mode*," Dorimant, who represents the licentious fine gentleman of Charles II.'s day, says of his intimacy with Bellair, who is well bred, complaisant, seldom impertinent, and as he says "by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit," that they are intimate because "it is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the women think better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and I upon others for a very civil person." What the cant of the day thus called "good sense" was commonly parted from religion; and antagonism to the Puritans after the Restoration made it ungentlemanly to be known to pray. Richard Steele, in Queen Anne's reign, attacked in the "*Tatler*" this fashion which had been transmitted to his day, and spoke in playful earnest of a young gentleman who gave himself much trouble to be thought an atheist, though it could be proved upon him that every night before going to bed he said his prayers. But there was another form of doubt that instead of accompanying the degradation of man's life sprang from a generous reaction against it. This was the

form of scepticism that had power; and this could be met only by those who opposed to it, with respect for its sincere desire for truth, a frank sincerity and thorough earnestness. In France and elsewhere the prevalent corruptions of society extended to the Church, and doctrines were enforced by an authority too often itself contemptible in honest eyes. Self-seeking teachers, who lived evil lives, discredited the faith of which they made themselves the absolute dictators. They provoked doubts which they were utterly incompetent to answer, and already before the close of the seventeenth century the literature of Europe showed the clear beginnings of a revolt that afterwards prompted many, in extreme reaction against blind authority, to sweep from their minds all that they had been taught by rote, and seek by fearless exercise of reason to find out for themselves absolute truth. Strong reaction tends to excess. Resentment against superstition has caused many who have been very near to it to give themselves to infidelity. The first combat of the Red Cross Knight, when parted from Una, was with Sansfoy. Resentment against religion, plied as a trade, with greed and hypocrisy, drove into strong opposition many able, earnest men. Bold thinkers and enthusiasts urged reason and eloquence against the faith itself, which had been thus discredited. An argument was rising that no longer dealt with questions of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," but struck at the root of all belief in God. Men were asking whether the world, as it was, could be the work of a just God; whether there was a God. If they believed in God, they questioned with the boldest freedom whatever authority required them to believe as to His nature, or the revelation of His will to man.

In the "Tatlers" and "Spectators" of Queen Anne's reign, Steele and Addison sought to check the lower social influences that made war upon religion and an honest life. They wrote papers that battled against such fashions as the habitual scoffing against marriage, swearing, duelling, and this they did in a genial spirit that set the example of the wholesomer life they endeavoured to restore to honour among "men of sense." They dared to be religious, and showed that it was possible to be religious without groan, critical without sneer, witty without offence. Richard Steele had, under conditions that increase our honour for the little piece, begun his manly career as a writer with a pamphlet called "The Christian Hero; or, No Principles but those of Religion Sufficient to make a Great Man." In this he showed that the true Christian heroism, which dares take Christ for the great example, and live up to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, is far above the heroism of the ancients, who were just then lauded especially in French-classical literature. I take from "The Christian Hero," published in 1701, this passage containing, with comment, a short paraphrase of

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO PHILEMON.

It were endless to enumerate these excellences and beauties in his writings; but since they were all in his more public and ministerial office, let's see him in his private life. There is nothing expresses a man's particular character more fully

than his letters to his intimate friends; we have one of that nature of this great Apostle to Philemon, which in the modern language would perhaps run thus:—

"SIR,—It is with the deepest satisfaction that I every day hear you commended for your generous behaviour to all of that faith in the articles of which I had the honour and happiness to initiate you; for which, though I might presume to an authority to oblige your compliance in a request I am going to make to you, yet choose I rather to apply myself to you as a friend than an Apostle, for with a man of your great temper, I know I need not a more powerful pretence than that of my age and imprisonment. Yet is not my petition for myself, but in behalf of the bearer, your servant Onesimus, who has robbed you and ran away from you. What he has defrauded you of, I will be answerable for; this shall be a demand upon me; not to say that you owe me your very self. I called him your servant, but he is now also to be regarded by you in a greater relation, even that of your fellow-Christian; for I esteem him a son of mine as much as your self; nay, methinks it is a certain peculiar endearment of him to me, that I had the happiness of gaining him in my confinement. I beseech you to receive him, and think it an act of Providence that he went away from you for a season, to return more improved to your service for ever."

This letter is the sincere image of a worthy, pious, and brave man, and the ready utterance of a generous Christian temper. How handsomely does he assume, though a prisoner? How humbly condescend, though an Apostle? Could any request have been made, or any person obliged with a better grace? The very criminal servant is no less with him than his son and his brother. For Christianity has that in it, which makes men pity, not scorn the wicked, and by a beautiful kind of ignorance of themselves, think those wretches their equals; it aggravates all the benefits and good offices of life, by making them seem fraternal; and the Christian feels the wants of the miserable so much his own, that it sweetens the pain of the obliged, when he that gives does it with an air that has neither oppression or superiority in it, but had rather have his generosity appear an enlarged self-love than diffusive bounty, and is always a benefactor with the mien of a receiver.

Steele and Addison will be more fully represented in the volume of this Library answering to that of Shorter English Poems, which will contain a series of the best pieces of Prose that are short enough to be given complete. But the tone and purpose of their writing were so essentially religious, that each of them must be represented here. This is a paper of Addison's, written in July, 1714 (No. 574 of the "Spectator," and here given as printed in the first editions), on

CONTENT.

I was once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosicrusian* about the great Secret. As this kind of Men (I mean those of them who are not professed Cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended Discovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Lustre, says he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoak into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a single Ray of it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its Presence naturally changes every Place

into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for some Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the same Discourse, and that his great Secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This Virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those Effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the Desire of them. If it cannot remove the Disquietudes arising out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him easie under them. It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in respect of every Being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his Part to act in this World. It destroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein he is placed. It gives Sweetness to his Conversation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts.

Among the many Methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and Secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the Reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loss of a Farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three Farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish Men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their Eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleasures and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compass; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wishes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher Rank live in a kind of splendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid Pleasures of Life, they endeavour to outvie one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this silly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Desires, enjoy all that secret Satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great Source of those Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Estate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother who had left him a good Estate, was offered a great Sum of Money by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his Kindness, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In short, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty; or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Desires, an excellent Saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no Man has so much Cure, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness.*

In the second Place, every one ought to reflect how much

more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves easie; this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from the Mainmast, told the *Standers-by*, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his Calamity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this.* We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present Condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our Discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumstances; others, that whatever Evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal Necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the Man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the Harmony of the Universe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like Considerations, rather silence than satisfy a Man. They may shew him that his Discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give Despair than Consolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of these Comforters, as *Augustus* did to his Friend who advised him not to grieve for the Death of a Person whom he loved, because his Grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very Reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

On the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It prescribes to every miserable Man the Means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him easie here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented Mind is the greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the present Life his Happiness arises from the subduing of his Desires, it will arise in the next from the Gratification of them.

Addison's religious feeling raised his appreciation of Sir Richard Blackmore's poem on "The Creation," which owed also to its good purpose Samuel Johnson's endorsement of the praise of Addison. Sir Richard Blackmore, who died in 1729, had obtained his knighthood as physician to William III. He wrote several epics, and among other poems a "Paraphrase of the Book of Job," &c. Blackmore's "Creation: A Philosophical Poem, Demonstrating the Existence and Providence of a God," was published in 1712. In the first of its Seven Books of rhymed heroic couplets,

the poem opens with evidence of God's Existence from the marks of His Wisdom in the Earth and Sea. In the second book the same evidence is derived from the Stars, the Planets, and the Air. The third book treats of the speculations by which it has been sought to explain Creation without a Creator. The fourth book argues especially against the theory of Creation by a fortuitous concurrence of Atoms. The fifth book reasons man's need of a God from his sorrows upon earth, and argues against the Fatalists. The sixth book argues God's Existence from the Creation of Man, and the Supreme Wisdom displayed in his Structure. The seventh book asserts Evidence of the Creator in the Instincts of Animals and from the contemplation of the Mind of Man, and closes with a Hymn to the Creator. From the third book of the poem I take these lines upon

MIND IN CREATION.

Sometimes by Nature your enlightened school
Intends of things the universal whole.
Sometimes it is the order that connects,
And holds the chain of causes and effects.
Sometimes it is the manner and the way
In which those causes do their force convey
And in effects their energy display.
That she's the work itself you oft assert,
As oft th' artificer, as oft the art.
That is, that we may Nature clearly trace
And by your marks distinctly know her face,
She's now the building, now the architect,
And now the rule which does His hand direct.

But let this Empress be whate'er you please;
Let her be all, or any one of these,
She is with reason, or she's not, endued;
If you the first affirm, we thence conclude
A God, whose being you oppose, you grant;
But if this mighty queen does reason want,
How could this noble fabric be design'd
And fashion'd by a maker brute and blind?
Could it of art such miracles invent,
And raise a beauteous world of such extent?
Still at the helm does this dark pilot stand,
And with a steady, never-erring hand,
Steer all the floating worlds, and their set
course command?

That clearer strokes of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment shine
In all the parts of nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art:
And shall not those be judg'd th' effect of thought,
As well as these with skill inferior wrought?
Let such a sphere to India be convey'd,
As Archimede or modern Huygens¹ made;
Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
This work th' effect of wise design conclude?

¹ Archimedes, who lived B.C. 287-212, is said to have produced among his mechanical inventions a sphere showing the movements of the heavenly bodies. The famous philosopher, Christian Huygens, born at the Hague in 1629, died in 1695. He published in 1658 his invention of the pendulum clock. A Huygens clock that is said to have cost the Duke of Buckingham a thousand guineas, was sold at Stowe for fifty-one guineas in 1848.

Is there such skill in imitation shown,
And in the things we imitate, is none?
Are not our arts by artful nature taught,
With pain and careful observation sought?

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies,
See his whole soul exerted in his eyes!
He views her various scenes, intent to trace
The master lines that form her finish'd face:
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear?



ISAAC WATTS.

From a Painting (about 1714) in Dr. Williams's Library.

Isaac Watts published in Queen Anne's reign his "Horæ Lyricæ" and "Hymns." "The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament and applied to the Christian State and Worship," and his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," first appeared in 1719, and in 1720 his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." He was born at Southampton in 1674, the son of a Nonconformist schoolmaster. At the age of twenty-two he became tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, and in 1702 he succeeded Dr. Chauncey as a preacher in Mark Lane. His health failed in 1712, and after that year he lived chiefly with his friends Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at Stoke Newington and Theobalds. He was not "Dr." Watts until 1728, when he was made D.D. by the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. He died in 1748, the same year as the poet Thomson. This poem is among the "Horæ Lyricæ":—

SINCERE PRAISE.

Almighty Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the Creation's frame!

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand, 10
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due. 20

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to Thy cause, 30
And steal the honours of Thy Name
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love. 40

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Familiar as household words are some of the lines
from Watts's "Divine Poems for Children," as in
this, for example:—

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild: 10
Live like the blessed Virgin's son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of All he reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His Own. 20

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too; 10
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

From among Watts's adaptations of the Psalms of
David "to the Christian state and worship," this may
be taken as an example. It is the Seventy-first
Psalm rendered as the

PRAYER AND SONG

Of the Aged Christian.

God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart!

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age, 10
And leave a savour of Thy Name
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

PAUSE.

Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds. 20

Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief:
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with Thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

One of the "Hymns" is on the other column.

SONG FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.



ASPIRATION FETTERED.

(Ornament from the First Volume of Bunnet's "History of His Own Time," 1724.)

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—JOSEPH BUTLER. WHITEFIELD, WESLEY, SAMUEL JOHNSON, COWPER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1714 TO A.D. 1789.

THE "Psalms and Hymns" of Isaac Watts, from which quotation was made at the close of the last chapter, were published in the reign of George I. During this reign also other men, of whom we have already spoken, laboured still; but it was not a time rich in religious thought. Edward Young, whose "Night Thoughts" were written in the reign of George II., began his career as a religious poet in the reign of George I., and out of this reign we may pass at once, with a short recognition of Young's earlier verses. Edward Young was born in 1684 at Upham, in Hampshire. His father was a clergyman, who became chaplain to William and Mary, and Dean of Sarum; but he died in 1705, during his son Edward's boyhood. Young was educated at Winchester School, and went in 1703 to Oxford, where he was first at New College, and then at Corpus, which he left in 1708, on being nominated by Archbishop Tenison to a law Fellowship at All Souls'. In 1714 he took his degree of B.C.L. He became Doctor of Civil Law in 1719. His first serious poem was in three books, and had for its subject the Last Day. It was finished in 1710 and published in 1713. It was soon followed by a shorter poem founded on the story of Lady Jane Grey, called "The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love," which appeared a little while before Queen Anne

died. Young left the office of tutor to the young Lord Burleigh to enjoy the patronage of the Marquis Philip, who became, in 1718, Duke of Wharton. In 1719 Young published a Paraphrase of part of the Book of Job, and in 1725 he began to publish his satires upon "Love of Fame: the Universal Passion." The fifth of this series of satires was published in 1727, the sixth in 1728. From the fifth satire, addressed to Woman, I take these lines upon

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we grow old.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own but other's doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day;

Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

Oh how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! Her gray hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline;
Virtue's the paint can make the wrinkles shine.
That, and that only can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.

Then please the best; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.

In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause, be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind! that thirst
With which the age is eminently cursed.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire,
Take pain from life and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand and promise bliss to come.

When Henry Sacheverell was impeached for his two political sermons, preached at Derby and St. Paul's, in August and November, 1709, Benjamin Hoadly, rector of St. Peter's-le-Poor, was declared to have deserved well of the State for advocacy of those principles of the Revolution which Sacheverell attacked, and early in the reign of George I. Mr. Hoadly was made Bishop of Bangor. After the Jacobite rising of 1715, the new Bishop of Bangor wrote a treatise entitled "*A Preservative against the Principles and Practices of the Nonjurors in Church and State.*" It was directed against two principles—namely, that only hereditary princes in the direct line can have claim to the throne, and that the lay power cannot deprive bishops. This argument was followed, in March, 1717, by a sermon on "the Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ," preached before the king, upon the text "My kingdom is not of this world," in which he declared that no earthly body has right of restriction or interference by penalties in matters of faith. From this book and this sermon by Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, arose a hot argument known as the "*Bangorian Controversy.*" The Lower House of Convocation lost no time in issuing a "*Representation*" of what it regarded as the dangerous tendency of the Bishop of Bangor's arguments. The bishop who especially represented the form of opinion on civil and religious policy to which Hoadly opposed himself,

was Francis Atterbury. He had been chaplain to Queen Anne, Dean of Carlisle, and Dean of Christchurch, and in 1713 was made Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. After the accession of George I. he warmly opposed the Whig government, and, suspected as a zealous Jacobite of favouring the Pretender, he was sent to the Tower in August, 1722. In March of the following year he was arraigned before the House of Commons, and in May sentenced to deprivation of all his ecclesiastical preferments, and banishment for life. He left England in June, 1723, meeting at Calais Bolingbroke, who had then obtained leave to return. Atterbury died abroad in 1732. His sermons were published in 1740.

While the spirit of religion suffered much through bitterness of controversy on its forms, bold questioning continued, which looked more and more to the innermost life of religion and society. Authority, especially in France, associated with corruption, lost respect; and many earnest men were on their way to doubt whether the whole fabric of civilised society were not a helpless complication of untruths, and faith in God Himself a superstition. A wild stream of thought was broadening and rolling on towards a Revolution that would touch the interests of Europe. The reaction against formalism and insincerity affected the most vigorous minds, whatever their tendencies of thought. Pope, who under Queen Anne had written about writing, and spent wit on the theft of a lock of hair, after earning money in the reign of George I. by translation of Homer, grew with the time in which he lived, deepened in thought as the years passed over him, and under George II. dealt in Moral Essays with the higher duties of life, and in his "*Essay on Man*" sought, in accordance with the argument of Leibnitz's "*Theodicee*," to meet the new questioning of God's justice in the order of the world. In 1731 his Epistle to the Earl of Burlington on Taste satirised the misuse of wealth, in that false luxury against which many minds were then rebelling. It was followed in 1732 by another Moral Essay—his Epistle to Lord Bathurst on the Use of Riches. It was here that Pope paid honour to the memory of John Kyrle, of Ross, in Herefordshire, who died in 1724, aged eighty-seven, after a life spent in bettering that corner of the world in which he lived. His own estate was not large, but he could achieve much by awakening in those about him a will to assist his enterprises for the common good.

HIS NEIGHBOURS' FRIEND.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Wye! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga¹ echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

¹ Vaga, the Wye. Ross is a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, beautifully placed by the Wye, on the top of a precipice, twelve miles from Hereford. The tall, "heaven-directed spire" of the church, rising from among trees, is seen from afar. John Kyrle, who was born at Ross in 1637, in a house yet standing, cared for the beauty of the churchyard and planted elms. It is said that when two of the elms were afterwards cut down, by order of a dull churchwarden, the roots started off vigorous shoots that pierced the wall underground, and came up in the church within the pew that had been Kyrle's.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow,
 Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
 blaze,

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born, and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
 Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.

In the year of the publication of this Essay (1732) Pope published also the first two Epistles of his "Essay on Man;" in the following year the third Epistle of that series, and his Characters of Men. In 1734 followed the fourth Epistle of the "Essay on Man," and the series was closed in 1738 with

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do:
 This, teach me more than hell to shun;
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives;
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by Thy breath;
 Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's incense rise!

Pope's "Essay on Man" appeared in the years 1732-34, to be completed by the addition of "The Universal Prayer" in 1738. Butler's "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" was published in 1736, and represents endeavour of a different kind to meet the form of doubt against which the "Essay on Man" was directed.

Joseph Butler, the son of a Presbyterian tradesman, was born at Wantage in 1692. He was taught for a time by Jeremiah Jones, of Tewkesbury, under whom he had Isaac Watts for a schoolfellow. He was to be trained for the ministry outside the Established Church, but turned to the Church, and entered Oriel College, Oxford. Before he left school, Butler had written remarks on the argument of Dr. Samuel Clarke's first Boyle Lecture. At college he formed a close friendship with Edward Talbot, son of the Bishop of Durham, to whose good offices he was indebted for some of his steps towards advancement in the Church. In 1718 Joseph Butler became

preacher at the Rolls, and in 1724 rector of Stanhope. In 1726 he gave up his office at the Rolls Chapel, and went to live in his rectory. He next became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot, and in 1736 Clerk of the Closet to Queen Caroline. This was his position when he published his "Analogy," one of the most valued aids to the cause of religion furnished by the Church of England in the eighteenth century. Two years afterwards, in 1738, Joseph Butler was made Bishop of Bristol. He



JOSEPH BUTLER. (From a Portrait in Dr. Williams's Library.)

was made also Dean of St. Paul's, in 1746 Clerk of the Closet to the king, and in 1750 was translated to the bishopric of Durham. He died two years afterwards.

Joseph Butler's "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" is dedicated to Lord Chancellor Talbot, and consists of an Introduction and two Parts. A preliminary Advertisement to the reader thus refers to the fashion of thought against which Butler directed his reasoning:—

It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world. On the contrary, thus much, at least, will be here found, not taken for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured, as he is of his own being, that it is not, however, so clear a case that there is nothing in it. There is, I think, strong evidence of its truth; but it is certain no one can, upon principles of reason, be satisfied of the contrary. And the practical consequence to be drawn from this is not attended to by every one who is concerned in it.

The Introduction touches on the nature of probability from observations of likeness, and the degrees of presumption, opinion, or full conviction which it will necessarily produce in every human mind. "I shall not," Butler says—

I shall not take upon me to say how far the extent, compass, and force of analogical reasoning can be reduced to general heads and rules, and the whole be formed into a system. But though so little in this way has been attempted by those who have treated of our intellectual powers, and the exercise of them, this does not hinder but that we may be, as we unquestionably are, assured that Analogy is of weight, in various degrees, towards determining our judgment and our practice. Nor does it in any wise cease to be of weight in those cases, because persons, either given to dispute, or who require things to be stated with greater exactness than our faculties appear to admit of in practical matters, may find other cases in which 'tis not easy to say whether it be or be not of any weight; or instances of seeming analogies, which are really of none. It is enough to the present purpose to observe that this general way of arguing is evidently natural, just, and conclusive. For there is no man can make a question but that the sun will rise to-morrow; and be seen, where it is seen at all, in the figure of a circle, and not in that of a square.

Hence, namely, from analogical reasoning, Origen has with singular sagacity observed that "he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it, as are found in the constitution of Nature." And in a like way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God upon account of these difficulties, may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him. On the other hand, if there be an Analogy or likeness between that system of things and dispensation of Providence, which revelation informs us of, and that system of things and dispensation of Providence, which experience together with reason informs us of, *i.e.*, the known course of nature; this is a presumption that they have both the same author and cause; at least, so far as to answer objections against the former's being from God, drawn from anything which is analogical or similar to what is in the latter, which is acknowledged to be from Him: for an Author of Nature is here supposed."

It is just, he says, to argue from known facts to others that are like them; "from that part of the Divine Government over intelligent creatures which comes under our view, to that larger and more general government over them which is beyond it; and from what is present to collect what is likely, credible, or not incredible, will be hereafter." Some not attending to what is the fact in the constitution of nature, idly speculate on what the world might be had it been framed otherwise than it is. But we have not faculties for this kind of speculation. We are not even judges of "what may be the necessary means of raising and conducting one person to the highest perfection and happiness of his nature. Nay, even in the little affairs of the present life we find men of different educations and ranks are not competent judges of the conduct of each other." Let us turn then, says Butler, to experience,

And let us compare the known constitution and course of things with what is said to be the moral system of nature; the acknowledged dispensations of Providence, or that government which we find ourselves under, with what Religion teaches us to believe and expect; and see whether they are not analogous and of a piece. And upon such a comparison, it will I think be found that they are very much so, that both may be traced up to the same general laws, and resolved into the same principles of Divine conduct.

The Analogy here proposed to be considered is of pretty large extent, and consists of several parts; in some more, in others less, exact. In some few instances perhaps it may amount to a real practical proof; in others not so. Yet in these it is a confirmation of what is proved other ways. It will undeniably show, what too many want to have shown them, that the system of Religion, both natural and revealed, considered only as a system, and prior to the proof of it, is not a subject of ridicule, unless that of Nature be so too. And it will afford an answer to almost all objections against the system both of Natural and Revealed Religion; though not perhaps an answer in so great a degree, yet in a very considerable degree an answer, to the objections against the evidence of it; for objections against a proof, and objections against what is said to be proved, the reader will observe are different things.

Now the divine government of the world, implied in the notion of religion in general and of Christianity, contains in it: That mankind is appointed to live in a future state; that there, every one shall be rewarded or punished; rewarded or punished respectively for all that behaviour here, which we comprehend under the words virtuous or vicious, morally good or evil: that our present life is a probation, a state of trial, and of discipline, for that future one, notwithstanding the objections which men may fancy they have, from notions of necessity, against there being any such moral plan as this at all; and whatever objections may appear to lie against the wisdom and goodness of it, as it stands so imperfectly made known to us at present: that this world being in a state of apostacy and wickedness, and consequently of ruin, and the sense both of their condition and duty being greatly corrupted amongst men, this gave occasion for an additional dispensation of Providence; of the utmost importance; proved by miracles; but containing in it many things appearing to us strange and not to have been expected; a dispensation of Providence, which is a scheme or system of things; carried on by the mediation of a divine person, the Messiah, in order to the recovery of the world; yet not revealed to all men, nor proved with the strongest possible evidence to all those to whom it is revealed; but only to such a part of mankind, and with such particular evidence as the wisdom of God thought fit. The design, then, of the following treatise will be to shew, that the several parts principally objected against in this moral and Christian dispensation, including its scheme, its publication, and the proof which God has afforded us of its truth; that the particular parts principally objected against in this whole dispensation are analogous to what is experienced in the constitution and course of Nature or Providence; that the chief objections themselves which are alleged against the former are no other than what may be alleged with like justness against the latter, where they are found in fact to be inconclusive; and that this argument from Analogy is in general unanswerable, and undoubtedly of weight on the side of religion, notwithstanding the objections which may seem to lie against it, and the real ground which there may be for difference of opinion, as to the particular degree of weight which is to be laid upon it. This is a general account of what may be looked for in the following

treatise. And I shall begin it with that which is the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears; all our hopes and fears, which are of any consideration; I mean a future life.

Having thus explained the purpose and plan of his book, Butler proceeds to the work itself, which is in two parts, one treating of Natural, the other of Revealed Religion.

The First Part begins by inquiring what the Analogy of Nature suggests as to the effect which death may or may not have upon us, and whether it be not from thence probable that we may survive this change. Having reasoned out the credibility of a future life, he says, "That which makes the question to be of so great importance to us is our capacity for happiness and misery, and the supposition that our happiness and misery hereafter depends upon our actions here." His next chapter, therefore, argues from analogy "Of the Government of God by Rewards and Punishments; and particularly of the latter."

Reflections of this kind are not without their terrors to serious persons, the most free from enthusiasm, and of the greatest strength of mind; but it is fit things be stated and considered as they really are. And there is, in the present age, a certain fearlessness with regard to what may be hereafter under the government of God, which nothing but an universally acknowledged demonstration on the side of atheism can justify; and which makes it quite necessary that men be reminded, and if possible made to feel, that there is no sort of ground for being thus presumptuous, even upon the most sceptical principles. For may it not be said of any person upon his being born into the world, he may behave so as to be of no service to it but by being made an example of the woful effects of vice and folly? That he may, as any one may, if he will, incur an infamous execution from the hands of civil justice; or in some other course of extravagance shorten his days, or bring upon himself infamy and diseases worse than death? So that it had been better for him, even with regard to the present world, that he had never been born. And is there any pretence of reason for people to think themselves secure, and talk as if they had certain proof, that, let them act as licentiously as they will, there can be nothing analogous to this, with regard to a future and more general interest, under the providence and government of the same God?

The subject of the next chapter is the moral government of God in rendering to men according to their deeds; the next treats of a state of probation, as implying trials, difficulties, and danger.

The thing here insisted upon is, that the state of trial which Religion teaches us we are in is rendered credible by its being throughout uniform and of a piece with the general conduct of Providence towards us, in all other respects within the compass of our knowledge. Indeed, if mankind, considered in their natural capacity as inhabitants of this world only, found themselves from their birth to their death in a settled state of security and happiness, without any solicitude or thought of their own: or if they were in no danger of being brought into inconveniences and distress, by carelessness or the folly of passion, through bad example, the treachery of others, or the deceitful appearances of things: were this our natural condition, then it might seem strange,

and be some presumption against the truth of Religion, that it represents our future and more general interest, as not secure of course, but as depending upon our behaviour, and requiring recollection and self-government to obtain it. For it might be alleged, "What you say is our condition in one respect is not in any wise of a sort with what we find by experience our condition is in another. Our whole present interest is secured to our hands, without any solicitude of ours; and why should not our future interest, if we have any such, be so too?" But since, on the contrary, thought and consideration, the voluntary denying ourselves many things which we desire, and a course of behaviour far from being always agreeable to us, are absolutely necessary to our acting even a common decent and common prudent part, so as to pass with any satisfaction through the present world, and be received upon any tolerable good terms in it: since this is the case, all presumption against self-denial and attention being necessary to secure our higher interest is removed. Had we not experience, it might, perhaps speciously, be urged, that it is improbable anything of hazard and danger should be put upon us by an Infinite Being, when everything which is hazard and danger in our manner of conception, and will end in error, confusion, and misery, is now already certain in his fore-knowledge. And indeed, why anything of hazard and danger should be put upon such frail creatures as we are, may well be thought a difficulty in speculation, and cannot but be so till we know the whole, or, however, much more of the case. But still the Constitution of Nature is as it is. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. Somewhat, and, in many circumstances, a great deal too, is put upon us, either to do or to suffer as we choose. And all the various miseries of life, which people bring upon themselves by negligence and folly, and might have avoided by proper care, are instances of this, which miseries are beforehand just as contingent and undetermined as their conduct, and left to be determined by it.

These observations are an answer to the objections against the credibility of a state of trial, as implying temptations, and real danger of miscarrying with regard to our general interest, under the moral government of God; and they shew, that if we are at all to be considered in such a capacity, and as having such an interest, the general Analogy of Providence must lead us to apprehend ourselves in danger of miscarrying, in different degrees, as to this interest, by our neglecting to act the proper part belonging to us in that capacity. For we have a present interest under the government of God which we experience here upon earth. And this interest, as it is not forced upon us, so neither is it offered to our acceptance, but to our acquisition; in such sort as that we are in danger of missing it, by means of temptations to neglect, or act contrary to it, and without attention and self-denial, must and do miss of it. It is then perfectly credible that this may be our case with respect to that chief and final good which Religion proposes to us.

The fifth chapter continues the consideration of the state of Probation, by turning to the question how we came to be placed in it, and arguing from the Analogy of Nature that it was intended for moral discipline and improvement. The sixth chapter argues that the opinion of the Fatalist, who sees necessity in Nature, judged by the Analogy between Nature and Religion, does not warrant the opinion that there is no such thing as Religion; that if upon the supposition of freedom the evidence of Religion

be conclusive, it remains so upon the supposition of necessity. The last chapter of the First Book is related to the argument of Pope's "Essay on Man," in showing reason from Analogy to believe that we misjudge through ignorance of the great whole, whereof we see only a part. It is "of the Government of God, considered as a Scheme or Constitution, imperfectly comprehended," and it opens thus:—

Though it be, as it cannot but be, acknowledged, that the Analogy of Nature gives a strong credibility to the general doctrine of religion, and to the several particular things contained in it, considered as so many matters of fact; and likewise that it shows this credibility not to be destroyed by any notions of necessity: yet still, objections may be insisted upon, against the wisdom, equity, and goodness of the divine government implied in the notion of Religion, and against the method by which this government is conducted; to which objections Analogy can be no direct answer. For the credibility or the certain truth of a matter of fact does not immediately prove anything concerning the wisdom or goodness of it; and Analogy can do no more, immediately or directly, than show such and such things to be true or credible, considered only as matters of fact. But still, if, upon supposition of a moral constitution of nature and a moral government over it, Analogy suggests and makes it credible, that this government must be a scheme, system, or constitution of government, as distinguished from a number of single unconnected acts of distributive justice and goodness; and likewise, that it must be a scheme, so imperfectly comprehended, and of such a sort in other respects, as to afford a direct general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it: then Analogy is remotely of great service in answering those objections, both by suggesting the answer, and showing it to be a credible one.

Now this, upon inquiry, will be found to be the case. For, first, upon supposition that God exercises a moral government over the world, the analogy of His natural government suggests and makes it credible that His moral government must be a scheme quite beyond our comprehension; and this affords a general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it. And, secondly, a more distinct observation of some particular things contained in God's scheme of natural government, the like things being supposed, by analogy, to be contained in His moral government, will farther shew how little weight is to be laid upon these objections.

The Second Part of Butler's "Analogy" turns from Nature to Revelation, reasoning first of its necessity, and of the importance of Christianity, whereof natural religion is the foundation and principal part, but not in any sense the whole. The argument in the second chapter is "Of the supposed Presumption against a Revelation considered as miraculous." Butler here gives reasons for saying,

I find no appearance of a presumption, from the Analogy of Nature, against the general scheme of Christianity, that God created and invisibly governs the world by Jesus Christ, and by Him also will hereafter judge it in righteousness, *i.e.*, render to every one according to his works: and that good men are under the secret influence of His Spirit. Whether these things are, or are not, to be called miraculous, is, perhaps, only a question about words; or, however, is of no moment in the case. If the Analogy of Nature raises any

presumption against this general scheme of Christianity, it must be either because it is not discoverable by reason or experience, or else because it is unlike that course of nature which is. But Analogy raises no presumption against the truth of this scheme upon either of these accounts.

The next chapter argues that Analogy makes credible that a revelation must appear liable to objections; and the next considers Christianity by Analogy with the course of Nature as, like it, a scheme or constitution imperfectly comprehended. The fifth chapter of this Second Part argues from Analogy the probability "of the particular system of Christianity; the appointment of a Mediator, and the redemption of the world by Him." The next subjects of like argument are the want of universality in Revelation, and the supposed deficiency in the proof of it; the particular evidence for Christianity; and, lastly, of the objections which may be made against arguing from the Analogy of Nature to Religion. In the course of his answer to these objections, Butler says—

The design of this treatise is not to vindicate the character of God, but to show the obligations of men; it is not to justify His Providence, but to show what belongs to us to do. These are two subjects, and ought not to be confounded. And though they may at length run up into each other, yet observations may immediately tend to make out the latter, which do not appear, by any immediate connection, to the purpose of the former, which is less our concern than many seem to think. For, first, it is not necessary we should justify the dispensations of Providence against objections any farther than to shew that the things objected against may, for aught we know, be consistent with justice and goodness. Suppose, then, that there are things in the system of this world, and plan of Providence relating to it, which taken alone would be unjust; yet it has been shewn unanswerably, that if we could take in the reference which these things may have to other things present, past, and to come, to the whole scheme, which the things objected against are parts of, these very things might, for aught we know, be found to be, not only consistent with justice, but instances of it. Indeed, it has been shewn, by the Analogy of what we see, not only possible that this may be the case, but credible that it is. And thus objections drawn from such things are answered, and Providence is vindicated, as far as religion makes its vindication necessary.

One cause of the decline of faith, against which these arguments were directed, was a lowering of the chief aims of life. Among those whose example had influence, French influence in and after the time of Charles II. had quickened the development of a vain code of "honour" that made certain forms of lust and murder gentlemanly, displaced personal religion, and debased men instead of raising them. Religious life counted for little, even among theologians; it was almost lost in the conflict about forms. A deep sense of this evil led in England to another form of reaction, which had John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield for its leaders.

John Wesley was the second son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the father of Samuel Wesley had been a John, who suffered persecution as a

Nonconformist clergyman. Samuel Wesley studied in his youth at an academy for Dissenters kept by Mr. Veal, in Stepney; but while there, he turned to the Established Church, gave up the support he was receiving, walked to Oxford, and entered himself as a "poor scholar" at Exeter College. He supported himself by teaching and writing, and was a curate when he married Susannah Annesley, who, like Samuel Wesley, had a Nonconformist minister for father, and had turned to the Established Church. Of the nineteen children of this marriage, three sons and three daughters grew up. When the Revolution was effected, Samuel Wesley wrote in its defence, and obtained the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire. His wife did not accept the Revolution, but said nothing. It was only in the year before King William died, that her husband missed her "Amen" to the prayers for the king. He questioned her, and found that she would not recognise William III. as the true king; whereupon Samuel Wesley refused to live with her till she was loyal, left her, and did not return to her until after King William's death. John Wesley, eleven years younger than his brother Samuel, was the first child born after this period of separation. He was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. When John Wesley was six years old, his father's house was burnt in the night, and all of the household, including parents and eight children, were with difficulty saved. Little John had been left forgotten in the nursery, scrambled on a chest to the window, and was saved—for the house was a low one—by a man's climbing to him upon the shoulders of another. The moment after he had been rescued the roof fell in. Remembering this, John Wesley afterwards had a house on fire engraved under one of his portraits, with the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

At the time of the fire, John's younger brother Charles, who lived to share his spiritual work, was an infant two months old.

John Wesley's mother was a devout woman, and when her husband left his parish and went to London to attend Convocation she read prayers at home, to which parishioners were gradually drawn, until her husband objected that her ministration "looked particular." She replied, "I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit or in the common way of conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence has been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as confessing ourselves to be Christians." The narrow escape of her son John from fire made his mother resolved to take especial pains with his religious training.

John Wesley was educated at Charterhouse School, and Charles at Westminster, when one of the ushers there was Samuel, the eldest brother, who had been to Christ Church, Oxford. At seventeen, John Wesley went from Charterhouse School to Christ Church. He was lively, acute in argument, and, like his father and his two brothers, could write

verse. As the time came for taking orders, his mother urged him to make religion the business of his life. He applied himself then closely to the study of divinity. The book by which he was most influenced was Jeremy Taylor's "Rules for Holy Living and Dying." He ascribed to the influence of Jeremy Taylor the resolve to dedicate all his life to God, "all my thoughts and words and actions; being thoroughly convinced there was no medium, but that every part of my life (not *some* only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself." John Wesley, whose younger brother Charles had followed him to Christ Church, was ordained in 1725, and obtained a fellowship at Lincoln College in 1726. The change of college enabled him to break with the acquaintances at Christ Church who had ceased to be congenial, and to know none in Lincoln College but such as, he afterwards said, "I had reason to believe would help me on the way to heaven." In his new college he was appointed Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes. There were disputations six times a week, which caused him to observe closely the process of argument, and gave him skill in the detection of fallacies. His religious feeling had deepened, and he desired seclusion for devout thought, when the growing infirmities of his father called John Wesley to Wroote to act as his father's curate. He held the curacy two years, and during this time he took priest's orders, but the conditions of his fellowship then recalled him to Lincoln College. Before his return he had been impressed by the words of a friend, who said to him, "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone; you must therefore find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion."

When John returned to Oxford, he found that his younger brother Charles had already formed for him such a body of companions. Just before Charles Wesley went to Christ Church he had declined an offer of adoption by a namesake in Ireland on condition of his living with his patron. The fortune he thus lost went to the grandfather of the Duke of Wellington, who took the name of Wesley or Wellesley, and was first Earl of Mornington. Charles was of a lively temper, and when John left Oxford for Wroote he had not succeeded in bringing his brother into his own state of religious fervour. But while John was curate at Wroote, Charles at Oxford suddenly became strict in religious observances, and at once associated himself with others who agreed to live by Christian rule and take the sacrament every week. These associates were soon ridiculed as "Sacramentarians," "Bible-moths," the "Godly Club." One of the names given to them had been applied sometimes before in a sense like that given to "Precisian" and "Puritan," and this was "Methodist." John Wesley thought that the name had been given with reference to an ancient sect of physicians that had been so called. When John Wesley returned to Lincoln College, his standing at the University, his religious earnestness, and his seniority to Charles, caused him to become the leader of this new society, and he was styled by those who laughed at it, "the Father of the Holy Club." It was a society of about fifteen, who visited the sick and the prisoners,

fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, practised strict examination, and strove "for a recovery of the image of God." When, after a while, the question arose whether John Wesley should not apply for the next presentation to his father's living of Epworth, to keep the house for his mother and sisters, and take his position in the Church, his enthusiasm was already straining towards a larger field of action, and no family reasoning, however prudent, conquered his resolve to go on in the way of life to which his heart was given. John Wesley's father died in April, 1735.

Of the young Oxford Methodists who shared the enthusiasm of the Wesleys, the most famous in after years was George Whitefield, whose sketch of his own life begins with an account of the frowardness of his childhood, from the time of his birth in Gloucester in the month of December, 1714, at the Bell Inn. But, he says,—

I had early some convictions of sin, and once I remember, when some persons (as they frequently did) made it their business to tease me, I immediately retired to my room, and kneeling down, with many tears, prayed over that psalm wherein David so often repeats these words, "But in the Name of the Lord will I destroy them." I was always fond of being a Clergyman, used frequently to imitate the Ministers' reading prayers, &c. Part of the money I used to steal from my parent I gave to the poor, and some books I privately took from others (for which I have since restored fourfold) I remember were books of devotion.

About the tenth year of my age, it pleased God to permit my Mother to marry a second time. It proved what the World would call an unhappy match, but God overruled it for good.

When I was about twelve, I was placed at a school called St. Mary de Crypt, in Gloucester, the last Grammar School I ever went to. Having a good elocution, and memory, I was remarked for making speeches before the corporation at their annual visitation. But I cannot say I felt any drawings of God upon my soul for a year or two, saving that I laid out some of the money that was given me on one of those fore-mentioned occasions in buying Ken's "Manual for Winchester Scholars," a book that had much affected me when my brother used to read it in my mother's troubles, and which, for some time after I bought it, was of great benefit to my soul.

Before he was fifteen George Whitefield asked that he might be taken from school, since he had no hope of a University education.

My mother's circumstances being much on the decline, and being tractable that way, I from time to time began to assist her occasionally in the public-house, till at length I put on my blue apron and my snuffers, washed mops, cleansed rooms, and, in one word, became a professed and common drawer.

Notwithstanding I was thus employed in a large inn, and had sometimes the care of the whole house upon my hands, yet I composed two or three sermons, and dedicated one of them in particular to my elder brother. One time I remember I was very much pressed to self-examination, and found myself very unwilling to look into my heart. Frequently I read the Bible when sitting up at night. Seeing the boys go by to school has often cut me to the heart. And a dear youth (now with God) would often come entreating me, when serving at the bar, to go to Oxford. My general answer was, "I wish I could."

After Whitefield had spent a year in this way, his mother failed, and was obliged to leave the inn; but it was made over to a son who had been bred to the business, and who then married. George remained at the "Bell" as an assistant, until he found that he could not agree with his brother's wife; for that cause he left, and went to his eldest brother at Bristol. There his religious enthusiasm deepened for a time, and he resolved never again to serve in a public-house. He kept this resolve when he returned to Gloucester, "and therefore," he says, "my mother gave me leave, though she had but a little income, to have a bed upon the ground, and live at her house, till Providence should point out a place for me."

Having lived thus for some considerable time, a young student who was once my schoolfellow, and then a Servitor of Pembroke College, Oxford, came to pay my Mother a visit. Amongst other conversation, he told her how he had discharged all College expenses that quarter, and received a penny. Upon that my Mother immediately cried out, "That will do for my Son." Then turning to me, she said, "Will you go to Oxford, George?" I replied, "With all my heart." Whereupon, having the same friends that this young student had, my Mother, without delay, waited on them. They promised their interest to get me a Servitor's place in the same College. She then applied to my old master, who much approved of my coming to school again.

When near his seventeenth year, Whitefield resolved to prepare himself for taking the Sacrament on Christmas Day.

I began now to be more and more watchful over my thoughts, words, and actions. The following Lent I fasted Wednesday and Friday thirty-six hours together. Near this time I dreamed that I was to see God on Mount Sinai, but was afraid to meet him. This made a great impression upon me; and a gentlewoman to whom I told it, said, "George, this is a Call from God."

For a twelvemonth I went on in a round of duties, receiving the Sacrament monthly, fasting frequently, attending constantly on public worship, and praying often more than twice a day in private. One of my brothers used to tell me, "He feared this would not hold long, and that I should forget all when I came to Oxford."

At eighteen Whitefield went to Pembroke College, Oxford, in the desired way, a friend lending ten pounds to pay the first expense of entering.

Soon after my admission I went and resided, and found my having been used to a public-house was now of service to me. For many of the Servitors being sick at my first coming up, by my diligent and ready attendance I ingratiated myself into the gentlemen's favour so far, that many who had it in their power chose me to be their Servitor. This much lessened my expense; and indeed God was so gracious that with the profits of my place, and some little presents made me by my kind tutor, for almost the first three years I did not put all my relations together to above £24 expense.

I now began to pray and sing psalms thrice every day, besides morning and evening, and to fast every Friday, and to receive the Sacrament at a parish church near our College, and at the Castle, where the despised Methodists used to receive once a month.

The young men so called because they lived by Rule and Method, were then much talked of at Oxford. I had heard of and loved them before I came to the University; and so strenuously defended them when I heard them reviled by the students, that they began to think that I also in time should be one of them.

For above a twelvemonth my soul longed to be acquainted with them, and I was strongly inclined to follow their good example, when I saw them go through a ridiculing crowd to receive the holy Sacrament at St. Mary's. At length God was pleased to open a door. It happened that a poor woman in one of the workhouses had attempted to cut her throat, but was happily prevented. Upon hearing of this, and knowing that both the Mr. Wesleys were ready to every good work, I sent a poor aged apple-woman of our College to inform Mr. Charles Wesley of it, charging her not to discover who sent her. She went; but, contrary to my orders, told my name. He having heard of my coming to the Castle and a Parish Church Sacrament, and having met me frequently walking by myself, followed the woman when she was gone away, and sent an invitation to me by her, to come to breakfast with him the next morning.

I thankfully embraced the opportunity. He put into my hands Professor Franks' Treatise against the Fear of Man; and in a short time let me have another book entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man."

At my first reading it, I wondered what the author meant by saying, "That some falsely placed Religion in going to Church, doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet, and now and then reaching out their hands to give alms to their poor neighbours." Alas! thought I, "If this be not Religion, what is?" God soon shewed me. For in reading a few lines further, that "true Religion was an Union of the Soul with God, or Christ formed within us," a ray of divine light instantaneously darted in upon my soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature.

Upon this I had no rest till I wrote letters to my relations, acquainting them there was such a thing as the New Birth. I imagined they would have gladly received them. But, alas! they thought that I was going beside myself, and by their letters confirmed me in the resolutions I had taken not to go down into the country, but continue where I was, lest that by any means the good work which God had begun in my soul might be obstructed.

Charles Wesley, now become Whitefield's friend, introduced him to the rest of the Methodists. Like them he lived by rule, and sought to gather up the fragments of his time that none might be lost. He took the sacrament every Sunday at Christ Church, fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, visited the sick and the prisoners, and made it a custom to spend an hour every day in outward acts of charity. Then, he says,—

I daily underwent some contempt from the Collegians. Some have thrown dirt at, and others took away their pay from me. And two friends, that were very dear to me, soon grew shy of and forsook me. My inward sufferings were of a more exercising nature. God only knows how many nights I have lain upon my bed, groaning under what I felt. Whole days and weeks have I spent lying prostrate on the ground, in silent or vocal prayer; and having nobody to shew me a better way, I thought to get peace and purity by outward austerities. Accordingly by degrees I began to

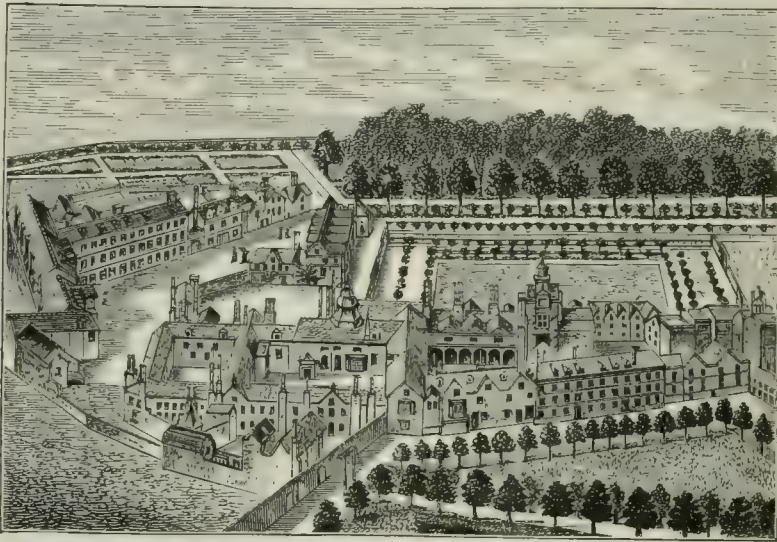
leave off eating fruits and such like, and gave the money I usually spent in that way to the poor. Afterwards I always chose the worst sort of food, though my place furnished me with variety.

Then he detected spiritual pride in this kind of humility, and began to seclude himself, even from his religious friends, to leave all for Christ's sake. At last Charles Wesley came to his room, warned him of the danger he was running into if he would not take advice, "and recommended me to his brother John, Fellow of Lincoln College, as more experienced than himself. God gave me," says Whitefield, "a teachable temper; I waited upon his brother, who advised me to resume all my externals, though not to depend on them in the least, and from time to time he gave me directions as my pitiable state required."

espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and as it were overflowed the banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing of psalms almost aloud.

The buoyancy of returning health settled again into the natural and wholesome course of life, or as Whitefield wrote, "Afterwards it became more settled, and, blessed be God, saving a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since."

Samuel Wesley, the elder, died in 1735, when the age of his son John was thirty-two, and George Whitefield's age was about twenty-one. After his father's death, John Wesley came to London to present to Queen Caroline the Dissertations upon Job, which the old gentleman had scarcely lived to finish.



THE CHARTERHOUSE IN WESLEY'S TIME. (From Matland's "History of London," 1739.)

Soon after this the Lent came on, which our friends kept very strictly, eating no flesh during the six weeks, except on Saturdays and Sundays. I abstained frequently on Saturdays also, and ate nothing on the other days (except on Sunday) but sage-tea without sugar, and coarse bread. I likewise constantly walked out in the cold mornings, till part of one of my hands was quite black. This, with my continued abstinence, and inward conflicts, at length so emaciated my body, that at Passion week, finding I could scarce creep upstairs, I was obliged to inform my kind tutor of my condition, who immediately sent for a physician to me.

This caused no small triumph amongst the gownsmen, who began to cry out "What is his fasting come to now?" But, however, notwithstanding my fit of sickness continued six or seven weeks, I trust I shall have reason to bless God for it through the endless ages of eternity.

It was at the end of the seventh week from the beginning of this illness that Whitefield felt like Christian when his burden fell in presence of the Cross.

The weight of sin went off; and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul. Surely it was the day of my

To the close of his life it was a delight of John Wesley when he came to London to pay a visit to the old school-buildings and playground of the Charterhouse, where he had been under-fed and fagged, but not the less had left the place peopled for all his after days with happy recollections of a boy's life among boys. As Wesley advanced in years and grew in spiritual life, outward austerity abated, and his gentleness of heart must have made pleasant to the boys of a new generation these occasional visits from an old Carthusian who was making great stir in the world. Times had changed since the first old Carthusians—twenty-four monks of a rigid order—were settled here in a priory built upon ground bought for interment of the plague-stricken in 1349, and in which there had actually been buried fifty thousand of the victims of that memorable pestilence. The dissolved priory, with a great house built on its site by the Duke of Norfolk, was bought of the Duke of Norfolk's son by Thomas Sutton, and refounded by him in James I.'s reign as a school for boys and a home for eighty decayed gentlemen—in this country the noblest private benefaction of its day or any day before it. The history of the place

itself might join with his own boyish recollections of it in making for John Wesley a visit to Charterhouse always one incident of a return to London.

Soon after his return to London, in the year 1735, Wesley's attention was drawn very strongly to James Oglethorpe's plan of a settlement in Georgia. James, third son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, was born in the year 1689, completed his early education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and appears then, while still very young, to have served as a gentleman volunteer abroad, before entering the English army as an ensign in 1710. In 1714 he was Captain-Lieutenant of the first troop of the Queen's Life Guards, and afterwards he served abroad as aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene. In 1718 he returned to England, and soon afterwards, on the death of a brother, succeeded to the family estate at Westbrook, near Godalming. In October, 1722, he entered Parliament as member for Haslemere. In 1729, he began his career of beneficence as a reformer of prisons. A friend of Oglethorpe's who fell into poverty had been carried to a sponging-house attached to the Fleet Prison. While he could fee the keeper, he was allowed the liberty of the rules; when he could do so no more, he was forced into the sponging-house, at a time when small-pox raged among its inmates. Oglethorpe's friend, an accomplished man, had never had small-pox, and pleaded for his life that he might be sent to another sponging-house, or to the jail. His petition was refused; he was forced in, caught small-pox, and died, leaving a large family in distress. The member for Haslemere then brought the subject before Parliament, obtained a Jail Committee, and was named its chairman. Painful disclosures were made in the reports of the committee, and some vigorous action was taken upon them. It is to the labour of this Jail Committee in 1729 that James Thomson referred in the following passage then added to his "Winter," a poem which had been first published in 1726, followed by "Summer" in 1727, "Spring" in 1728, and "Autumn" in 1730; when the four poems were collected as "The Seasons," and followed by the closing Hymn.¹ It was then that Thomson added his tribute to the labours of Oglethorpe's Jail Committee in 1729:—

And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice?
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.

O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal:
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade),
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

After such effectual following of that doctrine of Christ which had caused the Wesleys and their companions at Oxford to make prison visiting a part of the service of God,² Oglethorpe proceeded to the enterprise that brought the Wesleys into close relation with him.

The borderland in North America between the English province of South Carolina and the Spanish province of Florida was a debatable ground on which there had been schemes for forming a new colony from England, as one of the schemes said, "in the most delightful country of the universe." Such scheming suggested to Oglethorpe a plan of his own that he had energy and ability enough to carry out. He would form a colony on this ground, south of the Savannah River, for the restoration to social happiness and usefulness of ruined gentlemen who had in this country become poor debtors. With this object in view, Oglethorpe obtained the support of men with influence and money, and procured, in June, 1732, a charter for the settlement of the proposed colony, which was to be called Georgia, in honour of King George II. Parliament granted £10,000; and the associates who formed the corporation caused themselves to be shut out by their charter from all personal profit. All money obtained was to be applied to the maintenance, transport, and establishment of the selected colonists, on fertile land that cost them nothing and would repay abundantly their labour. A pamphlet published by James Oglethorpe to explain his scheme, thus tells who were to be

THE FIRST COLONISTS OF GEORGIA.

Let us cast our eyes on the multitude of unfortunate people in this kingdom, of reputable families and liberal education: some undone by guardians, some by lawsuits, some by accidents in commerce, some by stocks and bubbles, some by suretyship; but all agree in this one circumstance that they must either be burthensome to their relations, or betake themselves to little shifts for sustenance which, it is ten to one, do not answer their purposes, and to which a well-educated person descends with the utmost constraint. These are the persons that may relieve themselves and strengthen Georgia by resorting thither, and Great Britain by their departure.

I appeal to the recollection of the reader—though he be opulent, though he be noble—does not his own sphere of acquaintances furnish him with some instances of such

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 364, 365.

² Matthew xxv. 34—45.

persons as have been here described? Must they starve? What honest heart can bear to think of it? Must they be fed by the contributions of others? Certainly they must, rather than be suffered to perish. I have heard it said, and it is easy to say so, 'Let them learn to work; let them subdue their pride, and descend to mean employments; keep ale-houses, or coffee-houses, even sell fruit, or clean shoes, for an honest livelihood.' But alas! these occupations, and many others like them, are overstocked already by people who know better how to follow them than do they whom we have been talking of. As for labouring, I could almost wish that the gentleman or merchant who thinks that another gentleman or merchant in want can thrash or dig to the value of subsistence for his family, or even for himself; I say I could wish the person who thinks so were obliged to make trial of it for a week, or—not to be too severe—for only a day. He would then find himself to be less than the fourth part of a labourer, and that the fourth part of a labourer's wages could not maintain him. I have heard a man may learn to labour by practice; 'tis admitted. But it must also be admitted that before he can learn he may starve. Men whose wants are importunate must try such expedients as will give immediate relief. 'Tis too late for them to begin to learn a trade when their pressing necessities call for the exercise of it.

Prisons were visited by a committee of the trustees of the colony, to obtain the discharge of poor debtors who deserved their help. Another committee selected colonists, who were put through military drill, that they might be able to hold their own in their new home, and serve also the political purpose of fixing an unsettled frontier. There was to be no slave-labour in the colony. When the first shipload of colonists, thirty-five families, numbering one hundred and twenty persons, was ready to sail from Gravesend, Oglethorpe resolved to give up ease at home, and go with them to secure the success of his undertaking. Having made it a condition that he should receive no payment in any form, he was empowered to act as a colonial governor, and left for Georgia in November, 1732. The writer of a published account of a voyage from Charleston to Savannah, in March, 1733, thus tells how he found the governor laying the foundations of his colony:—

Mr. Oglethorpe is indefatigable, and takes a vast deal of pains. His fare is indifferent, having little else at present but salt provisions. He is extremely well beloved by all the people. The title they give him is *Father*. If any of them are sick, he immediately visits them, and takes great care of them. If any difference arises, he is the person who decides it. Two happened while I was there and in my presence; and all the parties went away to outward appearance satisfied and contented with the determination. He keeps a strict discipline; I neither saw one of his people drunk nor heard one swear all the time I have been here. He does not allow them rum, but in lieu gives them English beer. It is surprising to see how cheerfully the men go to work, considering they have not been bred to it. There are no idlers here; even the boys and girls do their part. There are four houses already up, but none finished; and he hopes, when he has got more sawyers, to finish two houses a week. He has ploughed up some land, part of which is sowed with wheat, which is come up and looks promising. He has two or three gardens, which he has sowed with divers sorts of seeds, and planted thyme, with other pot-herbs, and several sorts of fruit-trees.

He was palisading the town round, including some part of the Common. In short, he has done a vast deal of work for the time, and I think his name deserves to be immortalized.

The eight tribes of the Lower Creek Indians who were settled beside Oglethorpe's colony were very friendly. They were well-grown men, great hunters, and worshippers without idolatry of a Supreme Being whom they called Sotolycaté, He-who-sitteth-above. They welcomed the white brothers who offered friendship, and believed they had come for the good of the red brothers, to whom they could bring knowledge. One of the chiefs, Tomo Chachi, said at the treaty-making:—

When these white men came, I feared that they would drive us away, for we were weak; but they promised not to molest us. We wanted corn and other things, and they have given us supplies; and now, of our small means, we make them presents in return. Here is a buffalo skin, adorned with the head and feathers of an eagle. The eagle signifies speed, and the buffalo strength. The English are swift as the eagle, and strong as the buffalo. Like the eagle they flew hither over great waters, and, like the buffalo, nothing can withstand them. But the feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify kindness; and the skin of the buffalo is covering, and signifies protection. Let these, then, remind them to be kind, and protect us

Having successfully laid the foundations of the state of Georgia, James Oglethorpe returned to England in the spring of 1734, bringing with him Tomo Chachi, with his wife and nephew, and some other native chiefs. They reached England in June. Tomo Chachi went to court, and presented eagle-feathers to King George II. Poems were written, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* offered a prize for a medal to commemorate Mr. Oglethorpe's benevolence and patriotism. They were introduced also to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to him Tomo Chachi expressed the desire of his people for religious knowledge. After a stay of four months in England these natives were sent home to spread the impression they had received of English culture and of English kindness. Their coming had also in this country drawn friendly attention to their people, and Oglethorpe's desire now was to bring the Gospel home to them. John Wesley's father had received personal kindness from Oglethorpe, who also at this time put down his name as a subscriber for seven large paper copies, at three guineas each, of the old gentleman's "*Dissertationes in Librum Jobi*," with a portrait of the author seated in the character of Job. In the last year of his life, Samuel Wesley, the elder, wrote from Epworth, on the 6th of July, 1734, "Honoured Sir, may I be admitted, while such crowds of our nobility and gentry are pouring in their congratulations, to press my poor mite of thanks into the presence of one who so well deserves the title of Universal Benefactor of Mankind. It is not only your valuable favours, on many accounts, to my son, late of Westminster" (Samuel, the eldest son), "and myself, when I was a little pressed in the world, nor your extreme charity to the poor prisoners; it is not these only that so much demand my warmest acknow-

ledgements, as your disinterested and unmovable attachment to your country, and your raising a new colony, or rather a little world of your own, in the midst of a wild wood and uncultivated desert, where men may live free and happy, if they are not hindered by their own stupidity and folly, in spite of the unkindness of their brother mortals." In August, 1735, John Wesley, being in London, after his father's death, with copies of the Latin Dissertations on the Book of Job, was urged by a friend, Dr. Burton, of Corpus Christi College, who was one of the trustees for the colony of Georgia, to aid Oglethorpe in his good work, by going out as missionary to the settlers and Indians. He was introduced to Oglethorpe by Dr. Burton, hesitated, but was persuaded even by his widowed mother to assent. Wesley then took counsel with William Law, the author of the "Serious Call," whose counsel in a former time had influenced his life. William Law, born in Northamptonshire in 1686, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but had been prevented by some scruples from taking orders. He lived a retired life until his death in 1761, and acquired great influence as a writer on religious subjects. His most popular book was "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." John Wesley depended much upon Law's counsel in the earlier part of his career, but afterwards thought his religious teaching insufficient. Having now taken advice from Law, Wesley agreed to go to Georgia with his brother Charles and two young men, one of them another of the young Oxford Methodists, Benjamin Ingham. Charles Wesley had meant to spend his life as a college tutor, but was now ordained, and went to Georgia, as secretary to the governor. In October, 1735, Oglethorpe and the Wesleys sailed from England with two vessels carrying 220 carefully selected English emigrants, and about sixty Salzburgers who had been expelled by their Roman Catholic Government, and other poor Protestants from Germany, among whom were twenty-six Moravians, led by David Nitschmann. The Moravians went to join some of their brethren from Herrnhut, who had gone out the preceding year. The calm and simple piety of these Moravians drew John Wesley into close companionship with them. They never resented injury or insult, and were without fear of death. In a storm that set many screaming, and made Wesley fear because he doubted whether he was fit to die, the Moravians calmly sang their psalms. "Are you not afraid?" Wesley asked one of them. He replied, "I thank God, no." "Are not your women and children afraid?" "No; our women and children are not afraid to die." From the Moravians Wesley drew lasting impressions of what the spirit of a religious community should be and could be. At Savannah, John Wesley observed their behaviour in the settlement. "We were in one room with them," he says, "from morning to night, unless for the little time spent in walking. They were always employed, always cheerful themselves, and in good humour with one another. They had put away all anger, and strife, and wrath, and bitterness, and clamour, and evil speaking." John Wesley had been unwilling to part from his friends in England, but in Georgia he wrote, "From ten friends

I am awhile secluded, and God hath opened me a door into the whole Moravian Church."

John Wesley drew attentive congregations to his preaching in Savannah, and caused them to abstain from fine dressing for church and come in plain clean linen or woollen. He and one of his friends taught each a school. Some of the boys in the other school went barefoot, and were looked down upon by those who were shod. Wesley asked his friend to change schools for a time, and astonished the boys of the school tainted with vanity by coming among them himself without any shoes and stockings. A little persistence in this lesson caused bare feet to be no longer a mark for scorn. The Wesleys abstained from meat and wine, and caused some difficulty by their asceticism, by insisting upon baptism with immersion and by rigid adherence to the letter of the rubric of the English Church; but John was also forming the most serious of his parishioners into a society for strictest observance of religious duties.

His conscientious strictness caused John Wesley at last to leave Georgia. He had been tempted to wish for marriage with the niece of the chief magistrate of Savannah. The young lady for a time courted him by affecting tenderness of conscience that called for ghostly counsel, but at last gave up the thought of becoming Mrs. Wesley, took another husband, and then became, in the chaplain's opinion, so worldly that, on one Sunday, he publicly refused to admit her to the communion. This caused much scandal in Savannah, and the lady's husband obtained a warrant against John Wesley for defamation of character. The case was prolonged, and managed with the purpose of obliging Wesley to quit Georgia, and he was thus really driven to leave the colony, after having preached there for a year and nine months. When he arrived at Deal, early in February, 1738, he had been absent from England two years and four months. George Whitefield had just left Deal for Georgia, and narrowly missed meeting Wesley.

Whitefield, during Wesley's absence in Georgia, and after the illness which left him with a sense of religion happier than it had been, although not less intense, was helped by a Sir John Philips, in London, with promise of an annuity of £30 a year if he stayed in Oxford and carried on the work which otherwise might fail through the departure of John and Charles Wesley. For change of air while seeking complete recovery from illness, he went home to Gloucester, where he still visited the poor and prayed with the prisoners. Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, observed him and asked his age. It was little more than twenty-one, and although he had resolved not to ordain any below the age of twenty-three, the bishop ordained Whitefield, helped him with a little money, and let him return to Oxford, with the annuity from Sir John Philips in place of a cure. But now that Whitefield was ordained, occasions arose for his preaching, and when he preached, his youth and fair presence—for when young, he was slender, somewhat tall, fair, and well-featured, with dark blue eyes—aided the charm of his native eloquence and devout zeal towards the spiritual. He called upon his hearers to be born again, and shape

God's image within themselves, in musical accents, with charm of a graceful manner and fit action, while none could doubt that his whole soul, full of love to God and man, was uttering itself from his lips. Often his tears flowed and his body quivered with emotion; always he preached with power, "like a lion," as one said, like a prophet who does not doubt that the message he delivers is from God. When at last he had been moved by letters from those men of his Oxford community who had gone to preach in Georgia, Whitefield resolved to follow them and join their work. He parted from his friends at Gloucester, and preached in Bristol to larger congregations on the week-days than at other times could be gathered on Sundays. When he went a second time to Bristol, he was met by a crowd a mile out of the city, led in with rejoicing, and blessed as he passed through the street. In London, constables had to be placed at the door of churches to control the throng that pressed to hear the heavenly-minded youth. He preached for the charity children, and added to their funds a thousand pounds. He was embraced in church aisles, beset for his autograph in religious books, and at his last sermon in London, before he left for Georgia, the congregation wept aloud.

Whitefield landed at Savannah on the 7th of May, 1738, and then wrote in his journal,—

Though we have had a long, yet it has been an exceeding pleasant voyage. God, in compassion to my weakness, has sent me but few trials; and sanctified those he hath sent me. I am now going forth as a sheep amongst wolves; but he that protected Abraham when he went out not knowing whither he went, will also guide and protect me; and therefore I cannot close this part of my journal better than with Mr. Addison's translation of the 23rd Psalm:—

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presents shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

"Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

"Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around."

Addison had died in 1719, aged forty-seven.

Arrived at Savannah, Whitefield took the place of Wesley, sat by the death-bed of Tomo Chachi, taught there, and visited for a few days Frederica, at the other end of the colony. At the end of August Whitefield left Savannah, with a promise to return. He went home to receive priest's orders, and obtain money for an Orphan House. The congregation at Savannah had grown, and although he had service twice a day, there was never a night in which the church-house was not nearly full. On the voyage home, storms and contrary winds delayed the vessel, and caused its officers to lose their reckoning. Provisions failed, and daily rations were reduced to an ounce or two of salt beef, a pint of water, and a cake made of flour and skimmings of the pot. Upon this Whitefield wrote in his diary:—

Blessed be God for these things, I rejoice in them daily. They are no more than what I expected, and I know they are preparatives for future mercies. God of His infinite mercy humble and try me, till I am rightly disposed to receive them. Amen, Lord Jesus, amen.

It pities me often to see my brethren, lying in the dust, as they have done these many weeks, and exposed to such straits; for God knows both their souls and bodies are dear unto me. But thanks be to God, they bear up well, and I hope we shall all now learn to endure hardships, like good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Sunday, Nov. 12.—This morning the doctor of our ship took up the Common-Prayer Book, and observed that he opened upon these words, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people." And so indeed He has, for about 8 o'clock this morning news were brought that our men saw land, and I went and was a joyful spectator of it myself. The air was clear, and the sun arising in full strength, so that 'tis the most pleasant day I have seen these many weeks. Now know I that the Lord will not always be chiding, neither keepeth He his anger for ever. For these two or three days last past, I have enjoyed uncommon serenity of soul, and given up my will to God. And now He hath brought us deliverance. From whence I infer, that a calmness of mind, and entire resignation to the Divine will, is the best preparative for receiving divine mercies. Lord, evermore make me thus minded!

As soon as I had taken a view of the land, we joined together in a prayer and psalm of thanksgiving, and already began to reflect with pleasure on our late straits. Thus it will be hereafter: the storms and tempests of this troublesome world will serve to render our haven of eternal rest doubly agreeable.

The land seen was the coast of Ireland. On the 8th of December, 1738, George Whitefield reached London again, and he ends the section of his journal published in 1739, which tells these experiences, with the following

HYMN.

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness to my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the Word of God most high?

How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger hear?

No; let man rage! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

Saviour of men! thy searching eye
Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise?
Or the world's favour, or its praise?

The love of Christ does me constrain,
To seek the wand'ring souls of men:
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gasping grave.

For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord:
Thy will be done! thy name ador'd!

Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be—
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee!

Whitefield published in the same year (1739) a "Continuation" of his journal "from his Arrival in London to his Departure from thence on his way to Georgia." This is prefaced by lines from Charles Wesley

TO THE REVEREND MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Brother in Christ, and well belov'd,
Attend, and add thy pray'r to mine;
As Aaron call'd, yet inly mov'd,
To minister in things divine.

Faithful, and often own'd of God,
Vessel of grace, by Jesus us'd;
Stir up the gift on thee bestow'd,
The gift by hallow'd hands transfus'd.

Fully thy heavenly mission prove,
And make thy own election sure;
Rooted in faith, and hope, and love,
Active to work, and firm t' endure.

Scorn to contend with flesh and blood,
And trample on so mean a foe;
By stronger fiends in vain withstood,
Dauntless to nobler conquests go.

Go where the darkest tempest low'rs,
Thy foes, triumphant wrestle, foil;
Thrones, principalities, and powers,
Engage, o'ercome, and take the spoil.

The weapons of thy warfare take,
With truth and meekness arm'd ride on;
Mighty, through God, hell's kingdom shake,
Satan's strong holds, through God, pull down.

Humble each vain aspiring boast,
Intensely for God's glory burn;
Strongly declare the sinner lost,
Self-righteousness o'erturn, o'erturn;

Tear the bright idol from his shrine,
Nor suffer him on earth to dwell,
T' usurp the place of blood divine,
But chase him to his native hell.

Be all into subjection brought;
The pride of man let faith abase,
And captivate his every thought,
And force him to be sav'd by grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Whitefield now found that the Wesleys had been spreading their own religious fervour. They had but lately found the rest of soul which they attributed to an actual conversion of which the exact time could be assigned. Charles Wesley first attained the efficient faith that gave assurance of his justification, after a second return of pleurisy, and his bodily strength grew from the same hour. John Wesley was still weighed down by a sense of sin, until the evening of the 24th of May, when he was at a meeting in Aldersgate Street, where Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans was being read. Then Wesley writes:—

About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, "This cannot be Faith, for where is thy joy?"

But in the contest of mind that followed Faith prevailed. John Wesley, after his New Birth, sought evidence of the power of faith by walking on foot through Germany to the settlement of the Moravians at Herrnhut, and on the way talked with their chief, Count Zinzendorf, and his company of disciples at Marienborn. After a fortnight's stay at Herrnhut, Wesley returned to London, and found that his brother Charles had gathered about him a society of thirty-two persons, much troubled within and without by questionings. John Wesley then strengthened his brother's work. They were still firm members of the Church, even urging on the Bishop of London the propriety of the re-baptism of Dissenters. Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury at this time, in an interview with John Wesley, gave him counsel, upon the value of which he laid stress in his later years: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against

such things as are of a disputable nature; but in testifying against open notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness."

When George Whitefield, now twenty-four years old, returned to London, and joined in the work of the Wesleys, he found opposition, was refused by some clergy the leave he asked to preach in their pulpits for his Orphan House, but again stirred thousands by his preaching. On one Sunday, after preaching to twelve thousand people, he spent the night in religious communion at a love-feast in Fetter Lane till four in the morning, when he went to pray with a sick woman. Whitefield went to Oxford in January, 1739, to be ordained, and preached, surrounded by attentive gownsmen of all degrees. When he returned to London he read a pamphlet written against himself by a clergyman, and his record on the following Sunday is—

Sunday, January 21.—Went this morning and received the sacrament at the hands of the minister who wrote against me. Blessed be God, I do not feel the least resentment against, but a love for him. For I believe he has a zeal for God, though, in my opinion, not according to knowledge. Oh that I could do him any good!

Preached twice with great power and clearness in my voice to two thronged congregations, especially in the afternoon, when I believe near a thousand people were in the churchyard, and hundreds more returned home that could not come in. Thus God magnifies his power, most when most opposed.

Expounded twice afterwards, where the people pressed most vehemently to hear the Word. God enabled me to speak with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, and the remainder of the evening filled me with a humble sense of His infinite mercies. I think I am never more humble than when exalted. By the grace of God I am what I am. Oh that I could be thankful!

In February, Whitefield went to Bristol, and on the 17th preached his first sermon in the open air to colliers at Kingswood. The hearers were then upwards of two hundred; a week later he had in the same place four or five thousand hearers. He had returned at ten in the morning from a visit to Bath, and records—

About eleven, went, as usual, and preached a written sermon at Newgate, and collected two pounds five shillings for the prisoners. Many, I believe, were much affected. To God be all the glory.

After dinner, I was taken very ill, so that I was obliged to lie upon the bed; but, looking upon it only as a thorn in the flesh, at three I went, according to appointment, and preached to near four or five thousand people, from a mount in Kingswood, with great power. The sun shone very bright, and the people standing in such an awful manner round the mount, in the profoundest silence, filled me with an holy admiration. Blessed be God for such a plentiful harvest. Lord, do Thou send forth more labourers into thy harvest.

This done, God strengthened me to expound to a society without Lawford's Gate, and afterwards to another in the city, and afterwards to a third. And I spoke with more freedom the last time than at the first. When I am weak, then am I strong.

This is Whitefield's record of a Sunday at Bristol nine days later:—

Sunday, March 4.—Rose much refreshed in spirit, and gave my early attendants a warm exhortation as usual. Went to Newgate, and preached with great power to an exceedingly thronged congregation. Then hastened to Hannam Mount, three miles from the city, where the colliers live altogether. God highly favoured us in the weather. Above four thousand were ready to hear me; and God enabled me to preach with the demonstration of the Spirit. The ground not being high enough, I stood upon a table, and the sight of the people who covered the green fields, and their deep attention pleased me much. I hope that same Lord, who fed so many thousands with bodily bread, will feed all their souls with that bread which cometh down from heaven: for many came from far.

At four in the afternoon I went to the mount on Rose-green, and preached to above fourteen thousand souls; and so good was my God, that all could hear. I think it was worth while to come many miles to see such a sight. I spoke, blessed be God, with great freedom; but thought all the while, as I do continually when I ascend the mount, that hereafter I shall suffer as well as speak for my Master's sake. Lord, strengthen me against that hour. Lord, I believe (O help my unbelief!) that Thy grace will be more than sufficient for me.

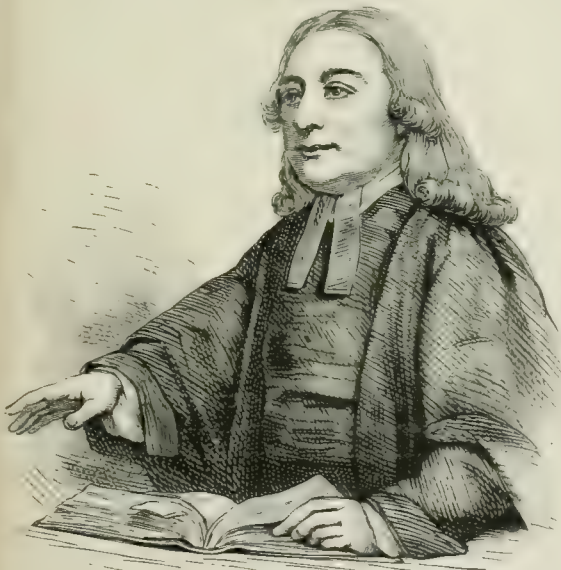
In the evening I expounded at Baldwin Street Society, but could not get up to the room without the utmost difficulty, the entry and court were so much thronged. Blessed be God, the number of hearers much increases; and as my day is, so is my strength. To-night I returned home much more refreshed in my spirits than in the morning when I went out. I was full of joy, and longed to be dissolved, and to be with Jesus Christ; but I have a baptism first to be baptised with. Father, Thy will be done. This has been a Sabbath indeed to my soul!

Whitefield excited like enthusiasm among the Welsh, whom he visited before his return to London at the close of April. Open-air preaching was continued as part of his system. He was preparing for his return to Georgia when the number of listeners to his open-air preaching on Kennington Common and Moorfields began to be reckoned by tens of thousands. On Sunday, April 29, he preached in the morning to a great concourse at Moorfields, then went to church as a worshipper, heard a sermon against himself on the text "Be not righteous over-much," and then preached in the evening on Kennington Common to an audience of thirty thousand. "The wind being for me, it carried the voice to the extremest part of the audience." I give one entry more:—

Sunday, May 6.—Preached this morning in Moorfields to about twenty thousand people, who were very quiet and attentive, and much affected. Went to public worship morning and evening; and at six preached at Kennington. But such a sight never were my eyes blessed with before. I believe there were no less than fifty thousand people, near four-score coaches, besides great numbers of horses; and what is most remarkable, there was such an awful silence amongst them, and the Word of God came with such power, that all, I believe, were pleasingly surprised. God gave me great enlargement of heart. I continued my discourse for an hour and a half; and when I returned home, I was filled

with such love, peace, and joy, that I cannot express it. I believe this was partly owing to some opposition I met with yesterday. It is hard for men to kick against the pricks. The more they oppose, the more shall Jesus Christ be exalted. Our adversaries seem to be come to an extremity, while for want of arguments to convince, they are obliged to call out to the civil magistrate to compel me to be silent; but I believe it will be difficult to prove our assemblies in the fields to be either disorderly or illegal. But they that are born after the flesh, must persecute those that are born after the Spirit. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

John Wesley followed Whitefield to Bristol, where he was received and introduced by him. The physical results of the emotion caused by Wesley's preaching—ecstasies that were always excited by him—seemed miraculous to many, and distinct manifestations of the New Birth. Wesley formed male and female bands of Christians, who were to meet weekly for prayer and confession of their faults to one another, and since a larger room than could be had was needed for the meetings of the societies, on the 12th of May, 1739, the first stone of the first Methodist meeting-house was laid at Bristol; but this was without any thought of separation from the services of the Established Church. The first separation was from the Moravians, between whom and Wesley differences of opinion and practice became manifest. Whitefield returned to Georgia in 1739, visited several provinces in America, preaching to great audiences, and returned in 1741. During his absence there was some correspondence between Wesley and Whitefield upon points in the doctrine of election, Whitefield holding it and Wesley not holding it in Calvinistic form. This caused them to work thenceforward apart



JOHN WESLEY. (From the Portrait by J. Jackson, R.A.)

from one another. Then followed the erection of more buildings for prayer-meetings, and their settlement not on trustees, which would have made the preachers dependent on the people, but on John

Wesley himself as acknowledged head and director of the Christian society he had established. All orthodox Christians might join the society. Methodism did not aim at establishment of a separate church, but at the knitting of Christians into a bond of unity which should consist in the resolve really to forsake the world wherever its requirements were in conflict with known Christian duty. It was a society of men who bound themselves to help each other to form really, as far as man is able, the image of God within the soul.

The following hymn was written by John Wesley for the Kingswood colliers, to whom he preached when at Bristol:—

HYMN FOR THE KINGSWOOD COLLIERS.

Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,¹
Called us to stand before His face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.

The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight,
Hast made the reprobates thine own
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great Salvation brought,
Thy Word, thine all-creating Word,
That spake at first the World from nought.

For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to Thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice:
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this, no longer sons of night,
To Thee our thanks and hearts we give;
To Thee, who called us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language filled our tongues,
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sung the drunkard's songs.

But O the power of Grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange Hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise.

Praise God, from whom pure blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

¹ When Whitefield preached to these colliers, he said, "The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which fell plentifully down their black cheeks as they came from their coalpits."

And this is a hymn of Wesley's

ON THE ADMISSION OF ANY PERSON INTO THE
SOCIETY.

Brother in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and shew thyself approved,
Enter, and find that God is here.

'Scaped from the World, redeemed from sin,
By fiends pursued, by men abhorred,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.

Welcome from Earth!—Lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give;
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partaker of the joys above.

Jesu attend; Thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great Name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

Thou God, who answerest by fire,
The spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

Truly our fellowship below
With Thee and with our Father is:
In Thee eternal life we know
And Heaven's unutterable bliss.

In part we only know Thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,—
And I shall then behold Thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love.

The following passages are from a tract by John Wesley, printed and published at Bristol in 1747, and sold for a penny, under the title of

THE CHARACTER OF A METHODIST.

To the Reader.

Since the name first came abroad into the world, many have been at a loss to know what a Methodist is: What are the Principles and Practice of those who are commonly called by that name; and what the distinguishing marks of this sect, which is everywhere spoken of?

And it being generally believed that I was able to give the clearest account of these things (as having been one of the first to whom that name was given, and the person by whom the rest were supposed to be directed), I have been called upon, in all manner of ways and with the utmost earnestness, so to do. I yield at last to the continued importunity, both of friends and enemies; and do now give the clearest account I can, in the presence of the Lord and Judge of Heaven and Earth, of the Principles and Practice whereby those who are called Methodists are distinguished from other men.

I say, those who are called Methodists; for let it be well observed, that this is not a name which they take to themselves, but one fixed upon them by way of reproach, without their approbation or consent. It was first given to three or four young men at Oxford by a student of Christchurch: either in allusion to the ancient sect of physicians so called (from their teaching that almost all diseases might be cured by a specific method of diet and exercise), or from their observing a more regular method of study and behaviour than was usual with those of their age and station.

I shall still rejoice (so little ambitious am I to be at the head of any sect or party) if the very name might never be mentioned more, but be buried in eternal oblivion. But if that cannot be, at least let those who will use it know the meaning of the word they use. Let us not always be fighting in the dark. Come, and let us look one another in the face. And perhaps some of you who hate what I am called, may love what I am (by the Grace of God): or, rather what I follow after, if that I apprehend that for which I am also apprehended of Christ Jesus.

1. The distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or that scheme of religion, his embracing any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man or another, are all quite wide of the point. Whosoever, therefore, imagines that a Methodist is a man of such or such an opinion, is grossly ignorant of the whole affair; he mistakes the truth totally. We believe, indeed, that all Scripture is given by Inspiration of God; and herein we are distinguished from Jews, Turks, and infidels. We believe this written Word of God to be the only and sufficient Rule, both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Romish Church. We believe Christ to be the Eternal Supreme God; and herein are we distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

2. Neither are Words or Phrases of any sort. We do not place our Religion, or any part of it, in being attached to any peculiar mode of speaking, any quaint or uncommon set of expressions. The most obvious, easy, common words wherein our meaning can be conveyed, we prefer before others both on ordinary occasions and when we speak of the things of God. We never, therefore, willingly or designedly deviate from the most usual way of speaking, unless when we express Scripture truths in Scripture words (which, we presume, no Christian will condemn). Neither do we affect to use any particular expressions of Scripture more frequently than others, unless they are such as are more frequently used by the inspired writers themselves. So that it is as gross an error to place the marks of a Methodist in his Words as in Opinions of any sort.

3. Nor do we desire to be distinguished by actions, customs, or usages of any indifferent nature. Our religion does not lie in doing what God has not enjoined, or abstaining from what He hath not forbidden. It does not lie in the form of our apparel, in the posture of our body, or the covering of our heads; nor yet in abstaining from marriage, nor from meats and drinks, which are all good if received with thanksgiving. Therefore, neither will any man, who knows whereof he affirms, fix the mark of a Methodist here; in any actions or customs purely indifferent, undetermined by the Word of God.

4. Nor, lastly, is he to be distinguished by laying the whole stress of religion upon any single part of it. If you say,

"Yes, he is; for he thinks we are saved by faith alone," I answer, you do not understand the terms. By salvation, he means holiness of heart and life. And this he affirms to spring from true faith alone. Can even a nominal Christian deny it? Is this placing a part of religion for the whole? Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid! Yea, we establish the law. . . .

5. What then is the mark? Who is a Methodist, according to your own account? I answer: A Methodist is one who has the love of God in his heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength. . . .

6. He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in Him a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. . . . He rejoiceth, also, whenever he looks forward, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed. . . .

7. And he who hath this hope thus full of immortality, in everything giveth thanks, as knowing that this (whatsoever it is) is the will of God, in Christ Jesus, concerning him. From Him, therefore, he cheerfully receives all, saying, Good is the will of the Lord, and whether the Lord giveth or taketh away, equally blessing the name of the Lord. . . .

8. For, indeed, he prays without ceasing. It is given him always to pray and not to faint. Not that he is always in a house of prayer, though he neglects no opportunity of being there. Neither is he always on his knees, although he often is, or on his face, before the Lord his God. Nor yet is he always crying aloud to God, or calling upon Him in words; for many times the Spirit maketh intercession for him with groans that cannot be uttered; but at all times the language of his heart is this: Thou brightness of the eternal glory, unto Thee is my mouth, though without a voice, and my silence speaketh to Thee. . . .

9. And while he thus always exercises his love to God by prayer without ceasing, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks, this commandment is written in his heart: that he who loveth God love his brother also; and he accordingly loves his neighbour as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. . . .

10. For he is pure in heart. The love of God has purified his heart from all revengeful passions, from envy, malice, and wrath, from every unkind temper or malign affection; it hath cleansed him from contention. . . . For all his desire is unto God, and to the remembrance of His name.

11. Agreeable to this, his one desire is the one design of his life, namely, not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him. . . .

12. And the tree is known by its fruit; for as he loves God, so he keeps His commandments. . . . It is his daily crown of rejoicing to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven.

13. Whatsoever he doth, it is all to the glory of God. . . . Nor do the customs of this world hinder his running the race which is set before him. He knows that vice does not lose its nature, though it become ever so fashionable; and remembers that every man is to give an account of himself to God. He cannot, therefore, even follow a multitude to do evil; he cannot fare sumptuously every day, or make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. He cannot lay up treasures upon earth, no more than he can take fire into his bosom. He cannot adorn himself on any pretence with gold or costly apparel. He cannot join in or countenance any diversion which has the least tendency to vice of any kind. He cannot speak evil of his neighbour, no more than he can lie, either for God or man. He cannot utter an unkind word of any

one; for love keeps the door of his lips. He cannot speak idle words; no corrupt communication ever comes out of his mouth. . . .

Lastly, as he has time, he does good unto all men, unto neighbours and strangers, friends and enemies, and that in every possible kind. . . .

These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do those who are in derision so called desire to be distinguished from other men. If any man say, "Why, these are only the common fundamental principles of Christianity!" thou hast said: so I mean; this is the very truth, I know they are no other; and I would to God both thou and all men knew that I and all who follow my judgment do vehemently refuse to be distinguished from other men by any but the common principles of Christianity. . . . By these marks, by these fruits of a living faith, do we labour to distinguish ourselves from the unbelieving world, from all those whose minds or lives are not according to the Gospel of Christ. But from real Christians, of whatsoever denomination they be, we earnestly desire not to be distinguished at all, nor from any who sincerely follow after what they know they have not yet attained.

George Whitefield having established in 1740 his Orphan House at Savannah, under the name of Bethesda, made another tour in America, and returned to England in March, 1741. He then began to form societies of Calvinistic Methodists, his separation from Wesley having been occasioned by Wesley's rejection of the doctrine of predestination in its Calvinistic form. Wesley inclined rather to the views of Harmensen.¹ The first meeting-houses



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

From the Portrait before his Works published in 1771.

built for the societies that Whitefield founded were the Tabernacles in Moorfields and Tottenham Court road. Continuing his work as an itinerant preacher, Whitefield founded societies in many parts of Eng-

¹ See Note 1, page 263.

land and Scotland. In 1742 he visited Wales, which is still a stronghold of his followers. At Abergavenny he married a Welsh lady, a widow, who died in 1768. The marriage was unhappy.

At the age of forty-one Charles Wesley was married happily in Brecknockshire to Miss Sarah Gwynne. John married, about 1750, a widow with four children and a fortune, which he caused to be settled on herself. This lady plagued Wesley for twenty years with violent and causeless jealousy, and then abruptly left him. She lived ten years after the separation.

Between 1744 and 1748 Whitefield was again absent on a visit to America. He then became chaplain to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Before his return from a seventh visit to America, George Whitefield died, twenty years before John Wesley, of an asthmatic attack, at Boston, in 1770.

John Wesley died on the 2nd of March, 1791, in the sixty-fifth year of his ministry, and eighty-eighth year of his age. During more than fifty years that he had spent in carrying his influence for good from place to place, he travelled about four thousand five hundred miles a year, chiefly on horseback. He had also for more than fifty years preached two, three, or four sermons a day, that is to say, more than forty thousand during his ministry; and he left behind him an organised religious society of 550 itinerant preachers and 140,000 members, in the United Kingdom and America.

Pope's "Essay on Man,"¹ Butler's "Analogy," and Wesley's preaching, all arose out of the reaction against stagnant religion, and the scepticism which had that for one of its sources. Wesley's success was due to the living power of an intense faith brought directly into contact with large masses of the people. His plea for lives that really worked out into actions the essential duties of a Christian had not only its hundred and forty thousand answers from men who understood and felt this direct way of bringing the Bible home to them, but among thousands of those who disapproved of Wesley's teaching, by the image of a living faith that he upheld with enthusiasm unabated during half a century of public work, religious life insensibly was quickened.

"The Ruins of Rome," by the Rev. John Dyer, whose "Grongar Hill" had been published in 1726, appeared about the time when Wesley began to preach, and three or four years after the "Essay on Man" and Butler's "Analogy." The date is 1740, and its quiet, religious spirit represents culture and taste thoughtfully spent upon reflection on the transitory glories of the world. John Dyer, who earlier in life had trained himself for a career in art, and visited Rome, sketched with his pencil what he better illustrated with his pen at a time when he was about to enter the Church as a clergyman. He began in 1740, at Calthorp, in Lincolnshire, with a living of £80 a year. For ten years he had no better income, and at his richest, Dyer received from two livings only £250 a year. The following lines contain the main thought of his poem:—

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pp. 368—70.



RUINS OF ROME.
From the Illustration in Dyer's Poems (1761).

RUINS OF ROME.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.²
And there the temple, where the summon'd state
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, Ambition sinks her crest,
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall Treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo the wretch, abashed,
Self-betray'd Catiline!

O Liberty,
Parent of Happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her, secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosom kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel: to sculptur'd stone

² Compare line 51 of "Grongar Hill":—

"Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires."

Give with superior skill the living look ;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board :
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway ;
To quell the proud ; to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.

Inestimable good ! who giv'st us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,
Array'd in ev'ry charm : whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property : O nobly hailed of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchancing Greece,
Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoiced around her lyre ; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And planned imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Reared up her tow'ry battlements in strength ;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer ;
And thine those piles undecked, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Dispensed her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts
To slake the clammy lip ; adown they fall,
Musical ever ; while from yon blue hills
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figured rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works :
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit. More late the rest ;
At various times their turrets chanced to rise,
When impious tyranny vouchsafed to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome
Couches beneath the ruins : there of old
With arms and trophies gleamed the field of Mars :
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rushed emulous ; to fling the pointed lance ;
To vault the steed ; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;
Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads and distant feet ;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets : there they formed
Their ardent virtues : in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verged, the solemn paths of Fame :
Deserve they not regard ? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have rolled, so many storms of war ;
So many pomps ; so many wond'ring realms :
Yet still thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er valleys rais'd,
In even state to distant seas around

They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the trust of power
Was honest, the delight of human kind.
Three nodding aisles remain ; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds ; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter : on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils ; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now concealed, entombed
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
The Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crowned
Of ancient towns ; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides
The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoiced, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame :
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls,
Appear but tufts ; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumbered, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces ; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowdon's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest ; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums ; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep.
Its hero to the skies ; and his dark tower
Whose execrable hand the city fired,
And while the dreadful conflagration blazed,
Played to the flames ; and Phœbus' lettered dome ;
And the rough reliques of Carina's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed ; as erst
There piped the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When the humble roof Anchises' son explored
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets. So revolves the scene ;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell ;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together ; where the slave
Rests from his labours ; where the insulting proud
Resigns his power ; the miser drops his hoard ;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wakening call to health and ease.
How musical ! when all-devouring Time,

Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs: away, my Muse,
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figured sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effaced. The traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let him lie, with pleasing fancy soothed:
Here flowed his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Framed the celestial song, or social walked
With Horace and the ruler of the world.
Happy Augustus! who so well inspired
Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! Then revered,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose to tune the ennobling rime
Melodious; e'en the rugged sons of war,
E'en the rude hinds revered the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours.
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountains asks
The o'erflowing wave. Enough—the plaint disdain.

Dr. Edward Young, who took orders in 1727, and became chaplain to George II., was presented by his college, in 1730, to the rectory of Welwyn, Herts, and married, in 1731, Lady Elizabeth Lee, the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. Young's wife had, by her former marriage, a daughter, who was married, in 1735, to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. She died at Lyons, of consumption, when on the way to Nice for warmer climate, in the following year, 1736. Young was with her at the time; as he says in the "Night Thoughts:"

"I flew, I snatched her from the rigid north,
And bore her nearer to the sun."

This step-daughter is the Narcissa of the third book of Young's "Night Thoughts." The Philander

of the poem is her husband, Mr. Temple, to whom Dr. Young was warmly attached, and who, after marrying again, died in 1740. The poet's wife, Lady Elizabeth, followed in 1741, and these three deaths were the occasion of the "Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality." Of the nine books, eight are headed "The Complaint," and the ninth is "The Consolation." Thus the whole poem opens:—

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short, for my distress! and Night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars
Exulted, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose Word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe),
Lead it through various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears.
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? with the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? my hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity, how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man?
How passing wonder He, who made him such?
Who centred in our make such strange extremes?
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm!—a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave:
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my Soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields! or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod:
Active, ærial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance. The reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

All through our lives we look towards a future:—

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage; when young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves: and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan:
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.

And why? because he thinks himself immortal:
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found:
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange;
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

Memory of Philander animates the thoughts of
Night the Second, on Time, Death, and Friendship.
Night the Third dwells on Narcissa's memory. The
subject of the Fourth Night is the Christian Triumph
over Death:—

Oh, ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here!
Shall Heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm phrase?
Rise odours sweet from incense unflamed?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven,
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heaven's orchestra chaunts Amen to man.

The theme of the Fifth Night is the Relapse into
grief:—

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where grief detained me prisoner, mounting high
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And called mankind to glory, shook off pain,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And struck the stars: now feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledged with flaxen wings,
In sorrow drowned—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourned!
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves;
Takes all the torment and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives Heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

The Sixth and Seventh Nights of the poem dwell in two parts on the nature, proof, and importance of Immortality, under the title of "The Infidel Reclaimed." The poem here rises to the consequences of Man's Immortality; and the Eighth Night has for its theme "Virtue's Apology, or the Man of the World Answered; in which are considered the Love of This Life, the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom, of the World:—"

And has all nature, then, espoused my part?
Have I bribed heaven, and earth, to plead against thee?
And is thy soul immortal?—what remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—what can shock us more?
And yet, Lorenzo still affects the world;
There stows his treasure; thence his title draws,
Man of the World! (for such wouldst thou be called:)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days, and Christian;—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of Heav'n,
Fired their ambition, as it crowned their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

The "Night Thoughts" are, in fact, only another form of the reply to failing faith; and though their tone is not that of a deep enthusiasm, they have a manifest affinity to other forms of the religious reasoning and feeling of their day. Lines like these might express thoughts of Wesley:—

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here:
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n:
Hence, are they studious of sequestered scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blessed,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast
As folly might mistake for want of joy.
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation swelling high;
Which, like land floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

The Ninth and Last Night, the "Consolation," is

occupied with contemplation of God in the visible heavens, and of man as part of the great harmony:—

Amidst my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."
'Tis Heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When pain can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart:
Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.
May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and make it safe to smile!
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands;
The Consolation cancels the Complaint.
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-laboured, and inclined to breathe,
A panting traveller, some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gained, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vale,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has past;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endeared by distance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The Muse has gained, review the paths she trod;
Various, extensive, beaten but by few;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of moral, and divine,
The Muse has strayed; and much of sorrow seen
In human ways; and much of false and vain;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss
O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept;
Of love divine the wonders she displayed;
Proved man immortal; showed the source of joy;
The grand tribunal raised; assigned the bounds
Of human grief: in few, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadowed out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael stroke,
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains?—Much, much! a mighty debt
To be discharged: these thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows veiled, soft-sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less,
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence!—Where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,
To soothe their goddess?

These are the closing lines of the "Night Thoughts:—"

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has out-winged,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,

Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes?
'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when Heaven's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determined to reclaim;
Which sets that title high, within thy reach.
Awake, then; thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entombed;
And midnight, universal midnight, reigns.

A poem on "The Grave," by Robert Blair, cousin of Hugh Blair, who wrote upon Rhetoric, was produced at the same time as the "Night Thoughts," with like purpose, and published in 1743. Its author was minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, and was succeeded in that ministry by John Home, author of the play of "Douglas." Blair's "Grave" was as popular as the "Night Thoughts," and went in a few years through eight editions. Those dead forms of the time, which provoked many an effort to revive the soul within them, or to sweep them away and replace them with a young vigorous life, produced a gloom, often passing into sickness of mind, that is manifest in life and literature during the half century before the French Revolution. There was an appetite for sombre thought, and among Englishmen of genius more of insanity, or of a state of mind that bordered on insanity, than at any time before or since. Young failed to describe in cheerful notes religious cheerfulness; and Blair, however healthy his desire to paint death as the gate of life, is very conscious of the churchyard gloom, although he may not share the instinct he thus paints:—

The wind is up. Hark, how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud.
Quite round the pile a row of reverend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
Long lashed by the rude winds; some rift half down
Their branchless trunks: others so thin at top
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again and walked about;
And the great bell has tolled, unring, untouched.
Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown,
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts; and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something passing at his heels.

Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition.

William Collins, who died insane in 1759, published his Odes in 1747, at the age of six-and-twenty. When, in April, 1746, the rising of '45 in Scotland for the young Pretender was crushed on Culloden Moor, and cruel executions for rebellion followed, with the disembowelling of victims and the burning of their hearts, Collins expressed sympathy for the fellow-countrymen fallen in battle, and desire for mercy to the vanquished, in two of his Odes.

ODE,

Written in the beginning of the year 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

ODE TO MERCY.

Strophe.

O thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's armed and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth, who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a wound.

Antistrophe.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature joined his yoke,
And rushed in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road.
And stopped his wheels, and looked his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to salvage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower
To thee we build a roseate bower; [throne!
Thou, thou shalt rule, our Queen, and share our monarch's

Samuel Johnson, after publishing, in 1749. — The

Vanity of Human Wishes,"¹ began, on the 20th of March, 1750, the *Rambler*, a series of essays in the form established by the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, but in spirit and substance all his own. It was continued every Tuesday and Saturday until the 17th of March, 1752, when the approaching death of his wife disabled him for work. She died eleven days afterwards. The English of the *Rambler* represents that earlier manner of his in which Johnson developed to its utmost the theory of style then dominant. He was not the founder of the custom of employing long words, Latin in origin, constructing periods and balanced sentences, avoiding the familiarities of speech as low. That writers should do so was the doctrine of the day, established by the ascendancy of a French criticism born in artificial times. In the *Rambler* Johnson only pushed the current doctrine as to style to its legitimate conclusion. As the times changed he grew with them, and the prose of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," written late in life, was as distinctly prose of 1780 as the *Rambler* was the prose of a date thirty years earlier. But at no period of Samuel Johnson's life was his sincerity affected by the part of the vocabulary from which he drew his language: whether long or short as to their syllables, his words as to their meaning were measured to his thought with a conscientious desire



SAMUEL JOHNSON. (From a Portrait by Reynolds, 1756.)

for truth. He prayed before writing; and although so unlike Milton in tendencies of thought that he failed in an endeavour thoroughly to understand him, there is perhaps not another man in literature of whom it is so evident that, like Milton, he endeavoured to "do all as in his great Taskmaster's eye." This was Johnson's prayer before he began the *Rambler* :—

PRAYER ON THE "RAMBLER."

Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all

wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech Thee, that in this my undertaking, thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation both of myself and others; grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The concern of the *Rambler* is with the true wisdom of life. Its essays reproduce, with a grave kindliness and scholarly variety of thought, the essentials of Christian duty. All that he saw in the world concerned Johnson only as it touched the life of man. Two Christmas Days occurred during the issue of this series of essays. The first fell on a Tuesday, one of his publishing days, and the theme of that essay was a practical discussion of Christ's doctrine, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them." "Of the divine Author of our religion," he said in that essay, "it is impossible to peruse the evangelical histories without observing how little he favoured the vanity of inquisitiveness, how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy curiosity than to relieve distress, and how much he desired that his followers should rather excel in goodness than in knowledge."

In the following year his Tuesday *Rambler* appeared on the day before Christmas Day, and his topic then was

THE FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

No vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of pusillanimity.

For this reason scarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which He commands His followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and pursue offences to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become Him, at whose birth peace was proclaimed to the earth. For what would so soon destroy all the order of society, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompense for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to favour himself too much in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which thousands are wishing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self-love, prefer himself to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 375—8.

For it can never be hoped that he who first commits an injury will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required: the same haughtiness of contempt or vehemence of desire that prompt the act of injustice, will more strongly incite its justification; and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy?

Since, then, the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that, of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty, as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with every idea: a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage and irritate revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an igno-

rant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but from insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the Divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind. Whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

These are three prayers by Johnson:—

ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE.

April 24, 1752.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who lovest those whom Thou punishest, and turnest away thy anger from the penitent, look down with pity upon my sorrows, and grant that the affliction which it has pleased Thee to bring upon me may awaken my conscience, enforce my resolutions of a better life, and impress upon me such conviction of thy power and goodness, that I may place in Thee my only felicity, and endeavour to please Thee in all my thoughts, words, and actions. Grant, O Lord, that I may not languish in fruitless and unavailing sorrow, but that I may consider from whose hand all good and evil is received, and may remember that I am punished for my sins, and hope for comfort only by repentance. Grant, O merciful God, that by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit I may repent, and be comforted, obtain that peace which the world cannot give, pass the residue of my life in humble resignation and cheerful obedience; and when it shall please Thee to call me from this mortal state, resign myself into Thy hands with faith and confidence, and finally obtain mercy and everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

April 25, 1752.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, almighty and most merciful God, in whose hands are life and death, who givest and takest away, castest down and raisest up, look with mercy on the affliction of thy unworthy servant, turn away thine anger from me, and speak peace to my troubled soul. Grant me the assistance and comfort of thy Holy Spirit, that I may remember with thankfulness the blessings so long enjoyed by me in the society of my departed wife; make me so to think on her precepts and example, that I may imitate whatever was in her life acceptable in thy sight, and avoid all by which she offended Thee. Forgive me, O merciful Lord, all my sins, and enable me to begin and perfect that reformation which I promised her, and to persevere in that resolution, which she implored Thee to continue, in the purposes which I recorded in thy sight, when she lay dead before me, in obedience to thy laws, and faith in thy word. And now, O Lord, release me from my sorrow, fill me with just hopes, true faith, and holy consolations, and enable me to do my duty in that state of life to which Thou hast been pleased to call me, without disturbance from fruitless grief, or tumultuous imaginations; that in all my thoughts, words, and actions, I may glorify thy Holy Name, and finally obtain, what I hope Thou hast granted to thy departed servant, everlasting joy and felicity, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

May 6, 1752.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, without whom all purposes are frustrate, all efforts are vain, grant me the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that I may not sorrow as one without hope, but may now return to the duties of my present state with humble confidence in thy protection, and so govern my thoughts and actions, that neither business may withdraw my mind from Thee, nor idleness lay me open to vain imaginations; that neither praise may fill me with pride, nor censure with discontent; but that in the changes of this life, I may fix my heart upon the reward which Thou hast promised to them that serve Thee, and that whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever are pure, whatever are lovely, whatever are of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise, I may think upon and do, and obtain mercy and everlasting happiness. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Our Father, &c.—The grace, &c.

May 6.—I used this service, written April 24, 25, May 6, as preparatory to my return to life to-morrow.

The following note, made eighteen years later, on the anniversary of her death, represents Johnson's life-long fidelity to his wife's memory:—

Wednesday, March 28, 1770.

This is the day on which, in 1752, I was deprived of poor dear Tetty. Having left off the practice of thinking on her with some particular combinations, I have recalled her to my mind of late less frequently; but when I recollect the time in which we lived together, my grief for her departure has not abated; and I have less pleasure in any good that befalls me, because she does not partake it. On many occasions, I think what she would have said or done. When I saw the sea at Brighthelmstone, I wished for her to have seen it with me. But with respect to her, no rational wish is now left, but that we may meet at last where the mercy of God shall make

us happy, and perhaps make us instrumental to the happiness of each other. It is now eighteen years.

After his wife's death, in March, 1752, Johnson had still the care of his old mother at Lichfield. In 1755, when his age was forty, his Dictionary was published, and for the good of its title-page, to satisfy the booksellers, a degree of M.A. was now given to him by Oxford, and Dublin made him LL.D. From that date he was "Dr. Johnson" to his friends. In April, 1758, he began, under the name of "The Idler," a series of weekly essays in the *Universal Chronicle*. In January, 1759, his mother died, at the age of ninety. This was his prayer:—

Jan. 23.

The day on which my dear Mother was buried.

Almighty God, merciful Father, in whose hands are life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow which I now feel. Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly. Make me to remember her good precepts and good example, and to reform my life according to thy Holy Word, that I may lose no more opportunities of good. I am sorrowful, O Lord; let not my sorrow be without fruit. Let it be followed by holy resolutions, and lasting amendment, that when I shall die like my mother, I may be received to everlasting life.

I commend, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful, into thy hands, the soul of my departed mother, beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is most beneficial to her in her present state.

O Lord, grant me Thy Holy Spirit, and have mercy upon me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

And, O Lord, grant unto me that am now about to return to the common comforts and business of the world, such moderation in all enjoyments, such diligence in honest labour, and such purity of mind, that, amidst the changes, miseries, or pleasures of life, I may keep my mind fixed upon Thee, and improve every day in grace, till I shall be received into thy kingdom of eternal happiness.

Johnson was poor, and to pay for his mother's funeral, and clear the little debt she left behind her, he wrote, in the spring of 1759, his tale of "Rasselas," which has been called a "Vanity of Human Wishes" in prose.

The worth of Samuel Johnson had made him, though poor and ungainly, a power in literature, and in society his outward roughness of manner could not hide from any who came near to him the real tenderness of his nature. Indignant at the prevalent corruption, he had defined a "pension" in his Dictionary as "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hiring for treason to his country." And he had defined "Pensioner" as "a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master." But to friends of Johnson his poverty seemed a reproach to the country he had served, and interest was made, without his knowledge, that secured for him in 1762 a pension of £300. It was a difficult duty to break this news to him. After a pause of deep thought, he recalled his definition of a pensioner, and was told that "he, at least, did not come under it." He then deferred his answer for

a day. Next day he accepted the pension, and the use he made of it showed what had been the current of his thought. He had felt in his earlier career the hard gripe of poverty, and had not been soured by his experience. It made him compassionate to others in like strait. No man, said one who knew him, loved the poor like Dr. Johnson. His own personal expenses did not reach £100 a year, but his house in Bolt Court after the receipt of the pension became a home for as many helpless as he could support and aid. In the garret was Robert Levet, who had been waiter at a French coffee-house, and had become a poor surgeon to the poor. He was unable to help himself, when Johnson became his friend, and gave him a share of his home, with freedom to exercise his art freely in aid of the poor. Levet was Johnson's companion at breakfast, lived with him for thirty years, and died under his sheltering care, never allowed to think of himself as a poor dependent, never so regarded by true-hearted Samuel Johnson. When he died, Johnson, who himself drew near his end and saw friend after friend passing away, thus tenderly recalled the memory of poor Robert Levet :—

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor lettered arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unlight, uncounted, glided by :
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forced his soul the nearest way.

On the ground-floor of his house in Bolt Court, Johnson provided a room for Anne Williams, who had been a friend of his wife's. She was blind. When Johnson's wife was alive and they lived in Gough Square, Miss Williams, the daughter of an old Welsh doctor, came to London for an operation on her eyes, and stayed with the Johnsons. The result was complete blindness, and Johnson's active compassion. For thirty years he stood between her and all worldly distress. She scolded and stuttered, but had a cultivated mind. Her temper was so bad that Johnson bribed the maid to bear it patiently with an extra half-crown a week. He himself bore it without thinking it a trial, and said of Anne Williams after her death, "Had she possessed good humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all who knew her."

Dr. Samuel Swinfen, who had lodged with Johnson's father at Lichfield, had been the godfather from whom Johnson took his Christian name, and had been kind to him in his youth. Dr. Swinfen's daughter, having married Mr. Desmoulins, a writing-master, who died, became a widow struck with poverty ; and to her also, in her affliction, Dr. Johnson held out a helping hand. He drew her into his ark at Bolt Court, gave her a home and half-a-guinea a week, and listened benignly to her quarrels with Miss Williams and Robert Levet. There was a Miss Carmichael also sheltered, and a negro Frank.

Though a stout Tory on the religious side of his nature, for with intense feeling of the need of religion he was sensitive to every cry of danger to the Church, a sturdy sense of independence caused his reverence for authority to be all subordinated to his highest reverence for the authority of Christ. All men were brethren to him, and his abhorrence of negro slavery caused him to startle a company in which he was, when asked for a toast, by drinking "To the next insurrection of the negroes." Johnson's friend, Dr. Bathurst, had indulged in a negro boy footman, Frank, whom he became too poor to retain. Johnson took him, nominally as his black servant, actually as his black friend. He would show that the despised negro had a soul within him ; sent Frank to school, wrote to him as "Dear Francis," and signed himself "affectionately yours." When he was older, Frank was seized one day by the press-gang, and with extreme anxiety Johnson used all energies to secure his recovery.

Not one of these companions was allowed to feel dependence ; most of them had soured tempers. and they quarrelled with one another, but each felt the whole sweetness of Johnson's nature. When he was asked why he bore with them so quietly, his answer was, "If I did not shelter them no one else would, and they would be lost for want." There was another "pensioner" in his household, the cat. He observed that she liked oysters, and he would go out himself to buy them for her, lest if

servants were put to the trouble they should grudge the cat her enjoyments, dislike her, and use her ill.

When Johnson took his walk in Fleet Street, he found his way into sad homes of distress which had been made known to him by Levet, or found by his own kind eyes. He visited the sick and the sad, helped them, and interceded for them with his friends. He always carried small change in his pocket for the beggars; and if told that they would only spend it upon gin, thought it not wonderful that they should be driven even in that way to take the bitterness of life out of their mouths. He was slow to blame those who were tried by adversity. He himself had been tried sorely, and had risen nobly above every degrading influence; but he knew what trial meant, and he wrote from his heart at the close of his life of Savage, "Those are no proper judges of his conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage.'" When Johnson was himself sometimes in want of a dinner, after his first coming to London, he would slip pennies into the hands of ragged children asleep at night on the door-sills, that when they woke in the morning they might find the possibility of breakfast. One night he found a wretched and lost woman so lying, worn by sickness; carried her on his back to his own home; had her cared for until health was restored; and then found her an honest place in life. Thus it was that Samuel Johnson had learnt Christ.

A scrofulous constitution, that had from early life tended towards affection of the brain, made Johnson from youth onward dread insanity. The frequent accessions of involuntary melancholy, the twitches of his limbs, even his way of feeding, were physical, beyond his control, and noted by him as symptoms of a possible extinction of his reason. Of his eating he said to Boswell, "Madmen are all sensual in the lower stages of the distemper; they are eager for gratifications to soothe their minds, and divert their attention from the misery they suffer." For a large part of Johnson's life the manful struggle was against poverty without and disease within. When relieved of the pressure of poverty, there remained always the other battle. The health of a vital religion was sustained in him; and it is not improbable that this was the stay which kept his mind from failing. It cleared life of the irritation of small feuds. The wit-combat of conversation in which Johnson was eager, and through eagerness seemed overbearing, was a pleasure to him. It bred no resentments. If he gave offence, and thought he had been really rude, he would ask pardon, even with tears. If, after that, a grudge was shown to him, he paid no heed to it, feeling with Shakespeare's Valentine—

"Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for those are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased."

His rectitude also kept Johnson from vain repinings. The physical hypochondria he could not banish, but he could deny it aid from his own nature. "I hate

a complainer," he said; and he was intolerant of those complaints about small personal discomforts or privations that implied a want of thought for the distress of others. Mrs. Thrale, after a drought, once wished for rain to lay the dust. "I cannot bear," said Johnson to her, "when I know how many families will perish next winter from the scarcity of bread that the present dryness will occasion, to hear ladies sighing for showers only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat, or their cloth from the dust."

In 1765, Johnson wrote in his diary on Easter Day, "My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me. Good Lord, deliver me!" His Shakespeare appeared in that year, and in the next, aged fifty-eight, he was confined to his room for weeks together, and declared himself on the verge of insanity. In 1770, he published his first political pamphlet. In April, 1774, he lost a friend he loved by the death of Oliver Goldsmith. In 1777, when his age was sixty-nine, he was asked by a deputation from the booksellers to write lives of poets, to be prefixed to new editions of their works, and name his price. He asked only two hundred pounds. "But," said Boswell, "if they ask you to preface the works of a dunce, will you do it?"—"Yes, sir, and say that he was a dunce." In 1781, at the age of seventy-three, Johnson finished his "Lives of the Poets;" his chief thought about them was that he "hoped they had been penned in such a manner



SAMUEL JOHNSON. (From the Bust by Nollekens, 1761.)

as might tend to the promotion of piety." In 1782 Levet died. In 1783 Miss Williams died, and Johnson had a stroke of palsy. In 1784 he died himself, suffering much from dropsy.

This was Johnson's prayer on taking the sacrament for the last time in life, on Sunday, December 5, 1784, eight days before his death:—

Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last

time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

To the last he strove anxiously to hold his reason firm. He turned his prayers into Latin for assurance that he still retained his faculties. When opium was given, he asked whether it would prolong life, because, if so, he was bound to take it. He was told that it was given only to assuage pain, and said, "Then I will take no more, for I wish to meet my God with an unclouded mind." On the 13th of December, 1784, he pronounced the words, "*Jam moriturus*" ("Now about to die"), and fell into a soft sleep; and in that sleep he died.

In the year of Johnson's death, William Cowper finished his poem of "The Task." Cowper was born in 1731, son of the Rev. John Cowper, rector of Great Berkhamstead, and chaplain to George II. After the death of his mother, when he was six years old, he had a sensitive boy's experience of school life; left Westminster School in 1748, and was articled to a solicitor. His leisure time was often spent at the house of an uncle in Southampton Row, and he was after a time half-engaged to Theodora, one of his cousins there. In the chambers he took in the Temple, at the age of twenty-one, the tendency to insanity presently began to show itself, and it always appeared in the form of religious despondency, with impulse to self-destruction. In an account of his early life written after 1765, he says:—

I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached; the classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it.

At length, I met with Herbert's poems; and, gothic and uncouth as they are, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not in them what I might have found—a cure for my malady—yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him. At length, I was advised by a very near and dear relative to lay him aside, for he thought such an author more likely to nourish my disorder than to remove it.

In this state of mind I continued near a twelvemonth, when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. Such is the rank our Redeemer holds in our esteem, that we never resort

to Him but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succour us! My hard heart was at length softened, and my stubborn knees brought to bow. I composed a set of prayers, and made frequent use of them. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me.

A change of scene was recommended to me, and I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town. The morning was clear and calm, the sun shone bright upon the sea, and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at the end of that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport, had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of His life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies for this unexpected blessing, and that I ascribed it to His gracious acceptance of my prayers. But Satan and my own wicked heart quickly persuaded me that I was indebted for my deliverance to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place.

In 1754, when Cowper was called to the Bar, Theodora's father refused to sanction an engagement to his daughter.

Cowper had only a small post as Commissioner of Bankrupts, which provided him with £60 a year, and he was evidently unable to make way as a barrister. But a cousin, Major Cowper, offered him, in 1763, the offices of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, and of Reading Clerk and Clerk of Committees, to which he had a right of presentation. Cowper tells the nervous anxieties with which he accepted the offer. He had said to a friend that if the Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords should die, he hoped to succeed him, and the recollection of this hope weighed on him as murder. There was opposition to the nomination, and Cowper was called upon to prove his fitness; preparation for this loaded him with misery. He went to Margate, and almost recovered health. He came back, had again to prepare himself, by acquiring knowledge of his duties, for some questioning upon them, and again his reason began to fail. Then there appeared that symptom of his insanity which afterwards became associated with it—a tendency to self-destruction. William Cowper himself thus recalled the painful experience:—

I considered life as my property, and therefore at my own disposal. Men of great name, I observed, had destroyed themselves, and the world still retained the profoundest respect for their memories. But above all, I was persuaded to believe that if the act were ever so unlawful, and even supposing Christianity to be true, my misery in hell itself would be more supportable.

I well recollect, too, that when I was about eleven years of age, my father desired me to read a vindication of self-

murder, and give him my sentiments upon the question. I did so, and argued against it. My father heard my reasons, and was silent, neither approving nor disapproving; from whence I inferred that he sided with the author against me; though, all the time, I believe the true motive for his conduct was that he wanted, if he could, to think favourably of the state of a departed friend, who had some years before destroyed himself, and whose death had struck him with the deepest affliction. But this solution of the matter never once occurred to me, and the circumstance now weighed mightily with me.

At this time I fell into company, at a chop-house, with an elderly, well-looking gentleman, whom I had often seen there before, but had never spoken to. He began the discourse, and talked much of the miseries he had suffered. This opened my heart to him: I freely and readily took part in the conversation. At length, self-murder became the topic; and in the result we agreed that the only reason why some men were content to drag on their sorrows with them to the grave, and others were not, was that the latter were endued with a certain indignant fortitude of spirit, teaching them to despise life, which the former wanted. Another person whom I met at a tavern told me that he had made up his mind about that matter, and had no doubt of his liberty to die as he saw convenient; though, by the way, the same person, who has suffered many and great afflictions since, is still alive. Thus were the emissaries of the throne of darkness let loose upon me. Blessed be the Lord, who has brought much good out of all this evil! This concurrence of sentiment in men of sense, unknown to each other, I considered as a satisfactory decision of the question, and determined to proceed accordingly.

One evening in November, 1763, as soon as it was dark, affecting as cheerful and unconcerned an air as possible, I went into an apothecary's shop, and asked for a half-ounce phial of laudanum. The man seemed to observe me narrowly; but if he did, I managed my voice and countenance so as to deceive him. The day that required my attendance at the bar of the House being not yet come, and about a week distant, I kept my bottle close in my side-pocket, resolved to use it when I should be convinced there was no other way of escaping. This, indeed, seemed evident already; but I was willing to allow myself every possible chance of that sort, and to protract the horrid execution of my purpose till the last moment. But Satan was impatient of delay.

The day before the period above mentioned arrived, being at Richards' coffee-house at breakfast, I read the newspaper, and in it a letter, which, the further I perused it, the more closely it engaged my attention. I cannot now recollect the purport of it; but before I had finished it, it appeared demonstratively true to me that it was a libel or satire upon me. The author appeared to be acquainted with my purpose of self-destruction, and to have written that letter on purpose to secure and hasten the execution of it. My mind, probably, at this time, began to be disordered. However it was, I was certainly given up to a strong delusion. I said within myself, "Your cruelty shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge." And flinging down the paper in a fit of strong passion, I rushed hastily out of the room, directing my steps towards the fields, where I intended to find some house to die in; or, if not, determined to poison myself in a ditch, when I should meet with one sufficiently retired.

Before I had walked a mile in the fields, a thought struck me that I might yet spare my life; that I had nothing to do but to sell what I had in the funds (which might be done in an hour), go on board a ship, and transport myself to France. There, when every other way of maintenance

should fail, I promised myself a comfortable asylum in some monastery, an acquisition easily made by changing my religion. Not a little pleased with this expedient, I returned to my chambers to pack up all that I could at so short a notice; but while I was looking over the portmanteau my mind changed again, and self-murder was recommended to me once more in all its advantages.

Not knowing where to poison myself—for I was liable to continual interruption in my chambers from my landress and her husband—I laid aside that intention, and resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I immediately took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to the Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom-house Quay. It would be strange should I omit to observe here how I was continually hurried away from such places as were most favourable to my design, to others where it was almost impossible to execute it: from the fields, where it was improbable that anything should happen to prevent me, to the Custom-house Quay, where everything of that kind was to be expected; and this by a sudden impulse, which lasted just long enough to call me back to my chambers, and which was then immediately withdrawn. Nothing ever appeared more feasible than the project of going to France, till it had served its purpose, and then, in an instant, it appeared impracticable and absurd even to a degree of ridicule.

My life, which I had called my own, and claimed as a right to dispose of, was kept for me by Him whose property indeed it was, and who alone had a right to dispose of it. This is not the only occasion on which it is proper to make this remark; others will offer themselves in the course of this narrative so fairly that the reader cannot overlook them.

I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned to the coach, and ordered the man to drive back again to the Temple. I drew up the shutters, once more had recourse to the laudanum, and determined to drink it off directly; but God had otherwise ordained. A conflict that shook me to pieces suddenly took place; not properly a trembling, but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me in a manner of the use of my limbs; and my mind was as much shaken as my body. Distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; and even at the time it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as often as I set it against my lips. I well remember that I took notice of this circumstance with some surprise, though it effected no change in my purpose. Panting for breath, and in an horrible agony, I flung myself back into a corner of the coach. A few drops of the laudanum which had touched my lips, besides the fumes of it, began to have a stupefying effect upon me.

Regretting the loss of so fair an opportunity, yet utterly unable to avail myself of it, I determined not to live; and, already half-dead with anguish, I once more returned to the Temple. Instantly I repaired to my room, and having shut both the outer and inner door, prepared myself for the last scene of the tragedy. I poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bedside, half-undressed myself, and laid down between the blankets, shuddering with horror at what I was about to perpetrate. I reproached myself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice, for having suffered the fear of death to influence me as it had done, and was filled with disdain at my own pitiful timidity. But still something

seemed to overrule me, and to say, "Think what you are doing! Consider, and live."

At length, however, with the most confirmed resolution, I reached forth my hand towards the basin, when the fingers of both hands were so closely contracted as if bound with a cord, and became entirely useless. Still, indeed, I could have made shift with both hands, dead and lifeless as they were, to have raised the basin to my mouth, for my arms were not at all affected. But this new difficulty struck me with wonder; it had the air of a Divine interposition. I lay down in bed again to muse upon it, and while thus employed I heard the key turn in the outer door, and my laundress's husband came in. By this time the use of my fingers was restored to me. I started up hastily, dressed myself, hid the basin, and affecting as composed an air as I could, walked out into the dining-room. In a few minutes I was left alone; and now, unless God had evidently interposed for my preservation, I should certainly have done execution upon myself, having a whole afternoon before me.

Both the man and his wife being gone, outward obstructions were no sooner removed than new ones arose within. The man had just shut the door behind him, when the convincing Spirit came upon me, and a total alteration in my sentiments took place. The horror of the crime was immediately exhibited to me in so strong a light, that, being seized with a kind of furious indignation, I snatched up the basin, poured away the laudanum into a phial of foul water, and, not content with that, flung the phial out of the window. This impulse, having served the present purpose, was withdrawn.

I spent the rest of the day in a kind of stupid insensibility, undetermined as to the manner of dying, but still bent on self-murder as the only possible deliverance. That sense of the enormity of the crime, which I had just experienced, entirely left me; and unless my eternal Father in Christ Jesus had interposed to disannul my covenant with death, and my agreement with hell—that I might hereafter be admitted into the covenant of mercy—I had at this time been a companion of devils, and the just object of His boundless vengeance.

In the evening a most intimate friend called upon me, and felicitated me on the happy resolution, which he had heard I had taken, to stand the brunt, and keep the office. I knew not whence this intelligence arose, but did not contradict it. We conversed awhile, with a real cheerfulness on his part, and an affected one on mine; and when he left me, I said in my heart, "I shall see thee no more." . . .

I went to bed, as I thought, to take my last sleep in this world. The next morning was to place me at the bar of the House, and I determined not to see it. I slept as usual, and awoke about three o'clock. Immediately I arose, and by the help of a rush-light, found my penknife, took it into bed with me, and lay with it for some hours directly pointed against my heart. Twice or thrice I placed it upright under my left breast, leaning all my weight upon it; but the point was broken off square, and it would not penetrate.

In this manner the time passed till the day began to break. I heard the clock strike seven, and instantly it occurred to me that there was no time to be lost. The chambers would soon be opened, and my friend would call upon me to take me with him to Westminster. "Now is the time," thought I, "this is the crisis; no more dallying with the love of life." I arose, and, as I thought, bolted the inner door of my chambers, but was mistaken; my touch deceived me, and I left it as I found it. My preservation indeed, as it will appear, did not depend upon that incident; but I mention it, to show that the good providence of God watched over me, to keep open every

way of deliverance, that nothing might be left to hazard. Not one hesitating thought now remained; but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the end: by the help of the buckle I made a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight, that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it. The other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short and let me down again. The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached within a foot of the ceiling; and by the help of a chair I could command the top of it; and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, "*'Tis over!*" Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me, or affect my resolution. I hung so long, that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard; and a feeling, like that produced by a flash of lightning, just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen with my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet, and reeling, and staggering, stumbled into bed again. By the blessed providence of God, the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was passed, broke, just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye, in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle about my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter; but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation; for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been, had I, in my fall, received one in so tender a part. And I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause; for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

Soon after I got into bed, I was surprised to hear a noise in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire. She had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask if I were well; adding she feared I had been in a fit. I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman, at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter, which lay in the middle of the room; and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were, "My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me; to be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate. Where is the deputation?" I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited; and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it away with him; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament House.

In December it became necessary to place Cowper in an asylum at St. Albans, where he remained for eighteen months under the care of Dr. Cotton, a

judicious and kind-hearted physician. During the first months of his stay there, he suffered under the terrible depression of such religious melancholy as is represented in the narrative just quoted, and in these verses, written by him under like conditions:—

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DELIRIUM.

Hatred and vengeance,—my eternal portion
Scarce can endure delay of execution,—
Wait with impatient readiness to seize my
Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas; more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice-betrayed Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest.

Man disavows and Deity disowns me,
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Hard lot! encompassed with a thousand dangers;
Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's.

Him the vindictive rod of angry Justice
Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb, am
Buried above ground.

In June, 1765, William Cowper left St. Albans. He had resolved, and others had resolved with him, that he was unfit for the stir of life in London. Therefore his small office of Commissioner of Bankrupts was resigned; and members of his family joined in a subscription for his maintenance, of which a lawyer, his dear friend and schoolfellow, Joseph Hill, acted as treasurer. Cowper's brother had a Fellowship at Cambridge, and found for him quiet lodgings at Huntingdon, where they could see each other every week by alternate visits of one to Huntingdon and the other to Cambridge. A keeper from St. Albans, to whom Cowper had become attached, went with him as servant. Thus William Cowper tells of his first days in Huntingdon:—

I repaired to Huntingdon the Saturday after my arrival at Cambridge. My brother, who had attended me thither, had no sooner left me than, finding myself surrounded by strangers, and in a strange place, my spirits began to sink, and I felt (such was the backslidings of my heart) like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to comfort or a guide to direct me. I walked forth towards the close of the day in this melancholy frame of mind, and having walked about a mile from the town, I felt my heart at length so powerfully drawn towards the Lord that, having gained a retired and secret nook in the corner of a field, I kneeled down under a bank, and poured forth my complaints before Him. It pleased my Saviour to hear me, in that this oppression was taken off, and I was enabled to trust in Him that careth for the stranger, to roll my burden upon Him, and to rest assured that, wheresoever He might cast my lot, the God of all consolation would still be with

me. But this was not all. He did more for me than either I had asked or thought.

The next day I went to church for the first time after my recovery. Throughout the whole service I had much to do to restrain my emotions, so fully did I see the beauty and the glory of the Lord. My heart was full of love to all the congregation, especially to them in whom I observed an air of sober attention. A grave and sober person sat in the pew with me. Him I have since seen and often conversed with, and have found him a pious man, and a true servant of the blessed Redeemer. While he was singing the psalm I looked at him, and observing him intent on his holy employment, I could not help saying in my heart, with much emotion, "Bless you, for praising Him whom my soul loveth!"

Such was the goodness of the Lord to me that He gave me "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and though my voice was silent, being stopped by the intenseness of what I felt, yet my soul sung within me, and even leapt for joy. And when the gospel for the day was read, the sound of it was more than I could well support. Oh, what a word is the Word of God, when the Spirit quickens us to receive it, and gives the hearing ear and the understanding heart! The harmony of heaven is in it, and discovers its Author. The parable of the prodigal son was the portion of Scripture. I saw myself in that glass so clearly, and the loving-kindness of my slighted and forgotten Lord, that the whole scene was realised to me, and acted over in my heart.

I went immediately after church to the place where I had prayed the day before, and found the relief I had there received was but the earnest of a richer blessing. How shall I express what the Lord did for me, except by saying that "He made all His goodness to pass before me?" I seemed to speak to Him "face to face, as a man converseth with his friend," except that my speech was only in tears of joy, and "groanings which cannot be uttered." I could say, indeed, with Jacob, not "how dreadful," but how lovely "is this place! This is none other than the house of God."

Four months I continued in my lodging. Some few of the neighbours came to see me, but their visits were not very frequent; and in general I had but little intercourse except with my God in Christ Jesus. It was He who made my solitude sweet, and the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose; and my meditations of Him were so delightful, that if I had few other comforts, neither did I want any.

One day, however, towards the expiration of this period, I found myself in a state of desertion. That communion which I had so long been able to maintain with the Lord was suddenly interrupted. I began to dislike my solitary situation, and to fear I should never be able to weather out the winter in so lonely a dwelling. Suddenly a thought struck me, which I shall not fear to call a suggestion of the good providence which brought me to Huntingdon. A few months before, I had formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Unwin's family. His son, though he had heard that I rather declined society than sought it, and though Mrs. Unwin herself dissuaded him from visiting me on that account, was yet so strongly inclined to it, that, notwithstanding all objections and arguments to the contrary, he one day engaged himself, as we were coming out of church after morning prayers, to drink tea with me that afternoon. To my inexpressible joy, I found him one whose notions of religion were spiritual and lively; one whom the Lord had been training up from his infancy for the service of the temple. We opened our hearts to each other at the first interview, and when we parted I immediately retired to my chamber, and prayed the Lord, who had been the Author, to be the Guardian of our friend-

ship, and to grant to it fervency and perpetuity even unto death; and I doubt not that my gracious Father heard this prayer also.

The Sunday following I dined with him. That afternoon, while the rest of the family was withdrawn, I had much discourse with Mrs. Unwin. I am not at liberty to describe the pleasure I had in conversing with her, because she will be one of the first who will have the perusal of this narrative. Let it suffice to say I found we had one faith, and had been baptized with the same baptism.

When I returned home, I gave thanks to God, who had so graciously answered my prayers by bringing me into the society of Christians. She has since been a means in the hand of God of supporting, quickening, and strengthening me in my walk with Him. It was long before I thought of any other connection with this family than as a friend and neighbour. On the day, however, above mentioned, while I was revolving in my mind the nature of my situation, and beginning for the first time to find an irksomeness in such retirement, suddenly it occurred to me that I might probably find a place in Mr. Unwin's family as a boarder. A young gentleman, who had lived with him as a pupil, was the day before gone to Cambridge. It appeared to me at least possible that I might be allowed to succeed him. From the moment this thought struck me, such a tumult of anxious solicitude seized me, that for two or three days I could not divert my mind to any other subject. I blamed and condemned myself for want of submission to the Lord's will; but still the language of my mutinous and disobedient heart was, "Give me the blessing, or else I die."

About the third evening after I had determined upon this measure, I at length made shift to fasten my thoughts upon a theme which had no manner of connection with it. While I was pursuing my meditations, Mr. Unwin and family quite out of sight, my attention was suddenly called home again by the words which had been continually playing in my mind, and were at length repeated with such importunity that I could not help regarding them—"The Lord God of truth will do this." I was effectually convinced that they were not of my own production, and accordingly I received from them some assurance of success; but my unbelief and fearfulness robbed me of much of the comfort they were intended to convey; though I have since had many a blessed experience of the same kind, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. I immediately began to negotiate the affair, and in a few days it was entirely concluded.

I took possession of my new abode November 11, 1765. I have found it a place of rest prepared for me by God's own hand, where He has blessed me with a thousand mercies and instances of His fatherly protection, and where He has given me abundant means of furtherance in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, both by the study of His own word, and communion with His dear disciples. May nothing but death interrupt our union!

Peace be with the reader, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!

In a letter written in October, 1766, Cowper thus describes the daily course of life with the Unwins at Huntingdon:—

I am obliged to you for the interest you take in my welfare, and for your inquiring so particularly after the manner in which my time passes here. As to amusements—I mean what the world calls such—we have none; the place indeed swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the *gentle* inhabitants of

Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessaries to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we *do not* spend our time, I will next say how we do. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve till three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where with Mrs. Unwin and her son I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon, and last of all the family are called to prayers. I need not tell *you* that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life; above all for a heart to like it.

In June of the next year, 1767, Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse, leaving a widow and two children—a son and daughter. The son was then in a curacy; the daughter soon afterwards married the vicar of Dewsbury. Mrs. Unwin resolved to move, and in the following September went with Cowper to live at Olney, where the incumbent was non-resident, and the curate was the Rev. John Newton.

John Newton has left a considerable body of published writings, but he is remembered chiefly for the relation in which he stood to William Cowper. His life was remarkable. He was born in 1725. His father was for many years master of a ship in the Mediterranean trade, and was Governor of York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, when he died in 1750. John Newton's mother was a Scottish Dissenter, who died when he was seven years old, but had taught him, he said, at the age of four, to read well and to "repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs; and all Dr. Watts' smaller catechisms and his children's hymns." When the child's father returned from sea, after the mother's death, he married again, had a son by his next wife, and neglected his son John. John was sent to a school at Stratford for two years only, suffered to run about the streets, and treated severely when at home. The son who was thus neglected said of the father—

I am persuaded he loved me, but he seemed not willing that I should know it. I was with him in a state of fear and

bondage. His sternness, together with the severity of my schoolmaster, broke and overawed my spirit, and almost made me a dolt; so that part of the two years I was at school, instead of making progress, I nearly forgot all my good mother had taught me.

The day I was eleven years old, I went on board my father's ship in Long Reach. I made five voyages with him to the Mediterranean. In the course of the last voyage, he left me some months at Alicant, in Spain, with a merchant, a particular friend of his, with whom I might have done well, if I had behaved well. But by this time my sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit: I was very wicked, and therefore very foolish; and being my own enemy, I seemed determined that nobody should be my friend.

My father left the sea in the year 1742. I made one voyage afterwards to Venice before the mast; and soon after my return, was impressed on board the *Harwich*.

His father's friend, the Liverpool merchant, had offered to send John Newton out to Jamaica, but before going he visited in Kent some friends of his mother's (at whose house she had died), and fell in love with the eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, for whom both the mothers in their hearts had destined him. He dared not tell his father that he could not go away for four or five years to Jamaica, but remained with his friends until the ship had sailed without him. Then he made a voyage to Venice as a common sailor. He came back in December, 1743, and went to his friends in Kent. Then he was taken by the press-gang on board the *Harwich*; and as the French fleet was hovering on our coasts, release was not to be obtained, but his father obtained recommendations that secured him the position of a midshipman. After a year or two, he deserted, was caught, flogged, and degraded from his rank of midshipman. After hard experiences on board the *Harwich*, Newton was exchanged at Madeira into a Guinea ship bound for Sierra Leone. The captain knew John Newton's father, and would have been kind if the youth had been well-behaved. Before leaving Sierra Leone the captain died. Newton had forfeited also the goodwill of the mate, who succeeded in command; and to avoid the risk of being put again on board a man-of-war in the West Indies, he resolved to remain in Africa, and hoped to thrive by buying slaves from the interior for sale to ships at an advanced price. He began by engaging himself in the service of such a slave-dealer.

My new master had formerly resided near Cape Mount, but he now settled at the Plantanes, upon the largest of the three islands. It is a low, sandy island, about two miles in circumference, and almost covered with palm-trees. We immediately began to build a house, and to enter upon trade. I had now some desire to retrieve my lost time, and to exert diligence in what was before me; and he was a man with whom I might have lived tolerably well, if he had not been soon influenced against me: but he was much under the direction of a black woman, who lived with him as a wife. She was a person of some consequence in her own country, and he owed his first rise to her interest. This woman (I know not for what reason) was strangely prejudiced against me from the first; and what made it still worse for me, was a severe fit of illness, which attacked me very soon, before I

had opportunity to show what I could or would do in his service. I was sick when he sailed in a shallop to Rio Nuna, and he left me in her hands. At first I was taken some care of; but, as I did not recover very soon, she grew weary, and entirely neglected me. I had sometimes not a little difficulty to procure a draught of cold water, when burning with a fever. My bed was a mat, spread upon a board or chest, and a log of wood my pillow. When my fever left me, and my appetite returned, I would gladly have eaten, but there was no one gave unto me. She lived in plenty herself, but hardly allowed me sufficient to sustain life, except now and then, when, in the highest good humour, she would send me victuals in her own plate, after she had dined; and this (so greatly was my pride humbled) I received with thanks and eagerness, as the most needy beggar does an alms. Once, I well remember, I was called to receive this bounty from her own hand; but, being exceedingly weak and feeble, I dropped the plate. Those who live in plenty can hardly conceive how this loss touched me; but she had the cruelty to laugh at my disappointment; and though the table was covered with dishes (for she lived much in the European manner), she refused to give me any more. My distress has been at times so great, as to compel me to go, by night, and pull up roots in the plantation (though at the risk of being punished as a thief), which I have eaten raw upon the spot, for fear of discovery. The roots I speak of are very wholesome food, when boiled or roasted, but as unfit to be eaten raw in any quantity as a potato. The consequence of this diet, which, after the first experiment, I always expected, and seldom missed, was the same as if I had taken tartar emetic; so that I often returned as empty as I went: yet necessity urged me repeat the trial several times. I have sometimes been relieved by strangers; nay, even by the slaves in the chain, who secretly brought me victuals (for they durst not be seen to do it) from their own slender pittance. Next to pressing want, nothing sits harder upon the mind than scorn and contempt: and of this likewise I had an abundant measure. When I was very slowly recovering, this woman would sometimes pay me a visit, not to pity or relieve, but to insult me. She would call me worthless and indolent, and compel me to walk, which when I could hardly do, she would set her attendants to mimic my motions, to clap their hands, laugh, throw limes at me; or, if they chose to throw stones (as I think was the case once or twice), they were not rebuked: but, in general, though all who depended on her favour must join in her treatment, yet, when she was out of sight, I was rather pitied than scorned, by the meanest of her slaves. At length my master returned from his voyage; I complained of ill usage, but he could not believe me; and, as I did it in her hearing, I fared no better for it. But in his second voyage he took me with him. We did pretty well for a while, till a brother-trader he met in the river persuaded him that I was unfaithful, and stole his goods in the night, or when he was on shore. This was almost the only vice I could not be justly charged with: the only remains of a good education I could boast of, was what is commonly called honesty: and as far as he had entrusted me, I had always been true; and though my great distress might, in some measure, have excused it, I never once thought of defrauding him in the smallest matter. However, the charge was believed, and I condemned without evidence. From that time he likewise used me very hardly. Whenever he left the vessel I was locked upon deck, with a pint of rice for my day's allowance; and if he stayed longer, I had no relief till his return. Indeed, I believe I should have been nearly starved, but for an opportunity of catching fish sometimes. When fowls were killed for his own use, I seldom was allowed any part but the entrails, to bait my

hooks with: and at what we call *slack water*, that is, about the changing of the tides, when the current was still, I used generally to fish (for at other times it was not practicable), and I very often succeeded. If I saw a fish upon my hook, my joy was little less than any other person may have found, in the accomplishment of the scheme he had most at heart. Such a fish, hastily broiled, or rather half burned, without sauce, salt, or bread, has afforded me a delicious meal. If I caught none, I might, if I could, sleep away my hunger till the next return of slack water, and then try again. Nor did I suffer less from the inclemency of the weather and the want of clothes. The rainy season was now advancing; my whole suit was a shirt, a pair of trousers, a cotton handkerchief instead of a cap, and a cotton cloth about two yards long, to supply the want of upper garments: and thus accoutred, I have been exposed for twenty, thirty, perhaps near forty hours together, in incessant rains, accompanied with strong gales of wind, without the least shelter, when my master was on shore. I feel to this day some faint returns of the violent pains I then contracted.

After a year of this experience, John Newton entered the service of another trader in the same island, whose confidence he won, and whose agent he became at a slave-station upon a river by the coast. Then he was found by a captain who had instructions to invite him home. On the way home, during a storm, in March, 1748, he believed that the work of his conversion was begun. They landed on the coast of Ireland when their very last victuals were boiling in the pot, and, said Newton, "About this time I began to know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer." This is a part of the account of the near danger of shipwreck given by him in an "Authentic Narrative" of his earlier life, forming a series of letters:—

But now the Lord's time was come, and the conviction I was so unwilling to receive, was deeply impressed upon me by an awful dispensation. I went to bed that night in my usual security and indifference, but was awakened from a sound sleep by the force of a violent sea which broke on board us; so much of it came down below as filled the cabin I lay in with water. This alarm was followed by a cry from the deck, that the ship was going down or sinking. As soon as I could recover myself, I essayed to go upon deck; but was met upon the ladder by the captain, who desired me to bring a knife with me. While I returned for the knife, another person went up in my room, who was instantly washed overboard. We had no leisure to lament him, nor did we expect to survive him long; for we soon found the ship was filling with water very fast. The sea had torn away the upper timbers on one side, and made a mere wreck in a few minutes. I shall not affect to describe this disaster in the marine dialect, which would be understood by few; and therefore I can give you but a very inadequate idea of it. Taking in all circumstances, it was astonishing, and almost miraculous, that any of us survived to relate the story. We had immediate recourse to the pumps; but the water increased against our efforts. Some of us were set to baling in another part of the vessel; that is, to lade it out with buckets and pails. We had but eleven or twelve people to sustain this service; and, notwithstanding all we could do, she was full, or very near it: and then, with a common cargo, she must have sunk of course; but we had a great quantity of bees-wax and wood on board, which were specifically lighter than

the water; and as it pleased God that we received this shock in the very crisis of the gale, towards morning we were enabled to employ some means for our safety, which succeeded beyond hope. In about an hour's time, the day began to break, and the wind abated. We expended most of our clothes and bedding to stop the leaks (though the weather was exceedingly cold, especially to us, who had so lately left a hot climate); over these we nailed pieces of boards, and at last perceived the water abate. At the beginning of this hurry, I was little affected. I pumped hard, and endeavoured to animate myself and companions: I told one of them, that in a few days this distress would serve us to talk of over a glass of wine; but he being a less hardened sinner than myself, replied, with tears, "No; it is too late now." About nine o'clock, being almost spent with cold and labour, I went to speak with the captain, who was busied elsewhere, and just as I was returning from him, I said, almost without any meaning, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us." This (though spoken with little reflection) was the first desire I had breathed for mercy for the space of many years. I was instantly struck with my own words; and as Jehu said once, "What hast thou to do with peace?" so it directly occurred, "What mercy can there be for me?"

Images of sea and storm often recurred afterwards in Newton's preaching and in his part of the "Olney Hymns," as here:—

THE STORM HUSHED.

'Tis past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I see returning light—
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

The tempter, who but lately said,
I soon should be his prey,
Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled
With shame and grief away.

Ah! Lord, since Thou didst hide Thy face,
What has my soul endur'd?
But now 'tis past, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cur'd!

Oh wondrous change! but just before
Despair beset me round,
I heard the Lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My comforts blasted fell;
And unbelief discover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

But Jesus pitied my distress,
He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

Beneath the banner of His love
I now secure remain;
The tempter frets, but dares not move,
To break my peace again.

Lord, since Thou thus hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to Thee.

But, however religious he became, John Newton went on with the slave-trade. He returned to Guinea as mate of a ship, and his business there was to sail in the long-boat from place to place and buy slaves. When he came home, he married, in February, 1750, the fair maid in Kent, and sailed again in 1750, commander of a slave-ship, on board which he studied Latin, and established public worship, on this as on other voyages. So completely did Newton accept the custom of his trade, that he writes, "I never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of Divine communion than in my two last voyages to Guinea, when I was either almost secluded from society on shipboard, or when on shore among the natives." In 1754, when about to sail on another voyage, John Newton had an apoplectic fit. He remained at home, and obtained, after a short time, the post of tide-surveyor in Liverpool. At last John Newton resolved to give himself entirely to religion, and enter the Church. He was refused ordination until 1764, when the curacy of Olney was offered to him, and he was examined and ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln. The Rev. Moses Brown, vicar of Olney, had a large family, and was in money difficulties; he, therefore, held the living, and let the vicarage, while he lived at Blackheath to earn a little more as Chaplain of Morden College.

Thus it happened that the Rev. John Newton, as curate of Olney, had sole charge of the parish, and had been there about three years when, in the month of September, 1767, Mrs. Unwin and Cowper became resident in the place. Cowper was much with Newton, assisted at his prayer-meetings, and assisted also in the charitable outlay of £200 a year given by a generous Russian merchant, Mr. John Thornton. But Cowper gradually fell again into religious melancholy. The death of his brother, in March, 1770, affected him deeply. He spoke of him afterwards in that book of "The Task" called "The Timepiece:"—

'I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too:
Of manner sweet as Virtue always wears
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.
He graced a college, in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honoured, loved, and wept
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there."

In 1771, the Rev. John Newton proposed to William Cowper that they should share in the composition of a book of hymns "for the promotion of the faith, and comforting sincere Christians." But they were not published until 1779, and before they appeared Cowper had once more suffered for a time the extinction of his reason. The loss was gradual, but in 1773 Cowper again attempted his life. A marriage with Mrs. Unwin had been agreed upon but a few months before. The return of insanity,

with the deep religious gloom that was in his case its accompaniment, a gloom unnatural to him when in health, put aside every possibility of marrying. It was not until 1776 that Cowper again used his pen. At the end of 1779 Mr. Newton left Olney for London to take the City living of St. Mary Woolnoth, and it was in the earlier part of the same year that the "Olney Hymns" appeared. Those contributed by Cowper (marked with a C) are full of touching reference to the condition from which he had escaped when he was writing them. This for example:—

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

In another hymn he repudiates the dread of Divine wrath that had been a part of his disease:—

PEACE AFTER A STORM.

When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will,
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

Here, again, Cowper hymns of his retirement from the world :—

RETIREMENT.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And—all harmonious names in one—
 My Saviour ! thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

Let us add to these one of the hymns written by Newton :—

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

In December, 1780, Cowper, at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin, who sought healthy occupation for his mind, began to write poems for publication in a book. "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," "Expostulation," were soon written. When the publisher—the Rev. John Newton's publisher, to whom Newton had recommended Cowper—asked for more verses to bring the volume to a proper size, because "The Progress of Error" concerned Faith, Cowper promptly added "Hope" and "Charity," both written in a fortnight. The book was finished in July, 1781. "Conversation" and "Retirement" were written and added while it was being printed. A preface was written by Mr. Newton, but this was so alarmingly serious that, at the request of the publisher, it was withdrawn, and first appeared before the fifth edition.

A lively human interest in all that concerned the true welfare of humanity fills Cowper's verse with references to topics of the time. His love of freedom was intense, and when not under the cloud of disease no man could feel more keenly the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free. In the dialogue of "Table Talk" Cowper wrote—

. . . B. Vigilant over all that He has made,
 Kind Providence attends with gracious aid,
 Bids equity throughout His works prevail,
 And weighs the nations in an even scale ;
 He can encourage Slavery to a smile,
 And fill with discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman and slave then, if the case be such,
 Stand on a level,—and you prove too much.
 If all men indiscriminately share
 His fostering power and tutelary care,
 As well be yoked by Despotism's hand,
 As dwell at large in Britain's chartered land.

B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
 The mind attains beneath her happy reign
 The growth that Nature meant she should attain ;
 The varied fields of science, ever new,
 Opening and wider opening on her view,
 She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
 While no base fear impedes her in her course.

Religion, richest favour of the skies,
 Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes;
 No shades of superstition blot the day,
 Liberty chases all that gloom away;
 The soul, emancipated, unoppressed,
 Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
 Learns much, and to a thousand listening minds
 Communicates with joy the good she finds
 Courage in arms; and, ever prompt to show
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe,
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,
 And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away,
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway:
 But they that fight for freedom, undertake
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake,—
 Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
 A blessing, freedom is the pledge of all.

In the poem on "Truth" Cowper thus asserts the sense that was always strong in him when relieved of physical depression, the sense of the cheerfulness of true religion:—

Artist, attend!—your brushes and your paint—
 Produce them—take a chair,—now draw a Saint.
 Oh, sorrowful and sad! the streaming tears
 Channel her cheeks,—a Niobe appears.
 Is this a saint? Throw tints and all away!
 True piety is cheerful as the day:
 Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan
 For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of Saints in view?
 Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew?
 To call up plenty from the teeming earth,
 Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth?
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
 From servile fear, or be the more enslaved?
 To loose the links that galled mankind before,
 Or bind them faster on, and add still more?
 The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love.
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
 What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.¹
 Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,
 Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought.
 His Master's interest and his own combined
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind;
 Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince,
 His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

Thus also in "Retirement," the closing poem of his book, published in March, 1782, Cowper contrasts his sickness with his health:—

Man is a harp whose cords elude the sight,
 Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
 The screws reversed (a task which if He please
 God in a moment executes with ease)

¹ "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love. . . . There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 8, 18, 19.

Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
 Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.
 Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
 As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
 Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
 Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
 Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
 Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
 Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves
 And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
 Can call up life into his faded eye
 That passes all he sees unheeded by.
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels;
 No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
 And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
 That yields not to the touch of human skill,
 Improve the kind occasion, understand
 A Father's frown, and kiss His chastening hand.
 To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
 The purple evening and resplendent moon,
 The stars, that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
 Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
 Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
 Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:—
 Yet seek Him, in His favour life is found;
 All bliss beside, a shadow or a sound.
 Then Heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull Earth,
 Shall seem to start into a second birth;
 Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
 Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
 Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
 Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before;
 Impart to things inanimate a voice,
 And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
 The sound shall run along the winding vales,
 And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

While busy upon this book, Cowper made Lady Austen's acquaintance, of which came "John Gilpin," and his chief poem, "The Task," produced in 1785—four years before the fall of the Bastille.² "The Task" caused Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, sister of his early love, to break a silence of nineteen years. Her husband, Sir Thomas Hesketh, had died in 1782, and in 1786 Lady Hesketh went to Olney. She persuaded Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to find Olney dull, and in November they moved to a more cheerful house at Weston Underwood, where they had a friend for landlord. An addition of £50 a year to his income came also from an unknown friend, who seems to have been Theodora. But in 1787 Cowper was ill again, from January to June, and then again attempted suicide. In 1788, Lady Hesketh again visited him; he was busy upon a translation of Homer into blank verse, which was published in 1791, and for which he was paid a thousand pounds. In the December of that year, Mrs. Unwin had an attack of paralysis. Cowper had been invited to work on an edition of Milton. William Hayley had been asked to write a "Life of Milton" for another edition of his works. Hayley and Cowper being, therefore, spoken of as rivals,

² See the volume in this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pp. 399—401.

Hayley wrote to Cowper, whom until then he had not known, and there was established friendly fellowship between them. Visits were exchanged, and Cowper spent six weeks with Hayley at Eartham. The best English translations of the Latin poems of Milton were the produce of this fellowship. But Mrs. Unwin became worse. Cowper sank again into insanity. The king granted him a pension of £300, when the sufferer hardly knew what it meant. In October, 1796, they removed to East Dereham, where Mrs. Unwin died. For the rest of his life Cowper's only chance of health was in the sustained care of his friends to support his mind by occupation of it. In March, 1799, he finished the revision of his Homer, and he died on the 25th of April, 1800.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—PRIESTLEY, PALEY, HEBER, CHALMERS, WORDSWORTH, KEBLE, AND OTHERS.
—A.D. 1789 TO A.D. 1837.

JOSEPH, the son of Jonas Priestley, who was a cloth-dresser at Birstal Fieldhead, near Leeds, was born in 1733. His mother died when he was six years old, and he was adopted by Mrs. Keighley, a sister of his father's. He learnt Latin and Greek at the local grammar-school, and Hebrew in the holidays. He worked also at Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, besides French, German, and Italian. His health was delicate; while he was a schoolboy his lungs were not sound. When nineteen he joined the academy at Daventry, now incorporated with New College, London. He was to enter the ministry, and had been trained in Calvinistic opinions, but as a youth inclined rather to the different opinions of Harmensen (Arminius). The minister of the congregation in which he attended with his aunt had refused young Priestley the communion, because he had doubts on the subject of original sin and on eternity of punishment. At the Daventry Academy, where he was trained for the ministry under the successor of Dr. Doddridge,¹ young men were required to study both sides of each argument; on many subjects there was division of opinion, and the side usually taken by Priestley was not the orthodox. As a student he began to write his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," of which the four parts were published in 1772-3-4, seventeen or eighteen years after he had left the Training College. Priestley began the ministry at Needham Market, in Suffolk, with a stipend of £30 a year, and sought pupils at half-a-guinea a quarter, who might be boarded for £12 a year. He was not orthodox enough for his congregation, and was the less successful as a preacher, because he had an impediment of speech. After three

years at Needham Market, Priestley moved in 1758 to Nantwich, where he had another congregation, and succeeded better in obtaining pupils. At Nantwich his interest in scientific inquiry deepened, and he saved money enough to buy an air-pump and an electrical machine. In 1761, Priestley, aged twenty-eight, left Nantwich to become teacher of languages and *belles lettres* in the academy at Warrington. At Warrington he married Miss Wilkinson, the daughter of a Welsh ironmaster. In 1767, Priestley, who had for his interest in science just been made a Fellow of the Royal Society, visited London, and was introduced to Benjamin Franklin, who aided him with books for his "History and Present State of Electricity, with Original Experiments," which appeared before the close of the same year. He obtained also at this time the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. It was in the same year 1767 that Priestley left Warrington, and was engaged for Mill-hill Chapel, Leeds. At Leeds, in the next year, he began the course of investigations that led to his discovery, in 1774, of oxygen gas, which he called dephlogisticated air. Other important discoveries followed. In 1773 Dr. Priestley had become librarian and literary companion to the Earl of Shelburne, with £250 a year and a house. He travelled with Lord Shelburne, and at Paris was introduced to the chief men of science, who told him he was the only sensible man they knew who believed in Christianity. In 1780 Lord Shelburne parted from Priestley, giving him an annuity of £150 a year, and Priestley then became minister to the chief Dissenting congregation at Birmingham. He was still publishing from time to time the results of his scientific inquiries, and in 1780 there appeared an answer to such arguments against religion as he had heard at Paris, in his "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever, containing an Examination of the Principal Objections to the Doctrines of Natural Religion, and especially those contained in the writings of Mr. Hume." In 1787, Priestley added a treatise on the "State of the Evidence of Revealed Religion, with Animadversions on the two last chapters of the first volume of Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Fifty-six years old, and the author of many scientific and religious books, this was Priestley's position at Birmingham at the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789.

William Paley was ten years younger than Joseph Priestley. He was born in July, 1743, at Peterborough, where his father was a minor canon. William Paley the elder presently resigned his minor canonry to become head-master of the school of Giggleswick, in Yorkshire. There William, his eldest son, was taught until November, 1758, when, at the age of fifteen, he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, as a sizar. He did not go into residence at once, but studied mathematics under a private tutor, and joined his college in October, 1759. In the following December he was appointed to a scholarship from Giggleswick school, and was also elected scholar on the college foundation, and appointed to the exhibition founded by Sir Walter Mildmay. In May, 1761, he was also elected to the Bunbury Scholarship. For two years he was a somewhat idle student; then

¹ Dr. Philip Doddridge, who died at the age of forty-nine, in 1751, was a close friend of Dr. Samuel Clarke. "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" was the most popular of his works, and some of the Hymns written by him are very good. His influence was great as a trainer of young men for the dissenting ministry, and several of his pupils abandoned the doctrine of the Trinity.

came a change, the manner of which he has thus himself described :—

I spent the first two years of my undergraduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside and said, "Paley, I have been thinking what a d—d fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead; you could do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society." I was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time its peculiar branch of study; and just before the closing of the gates (nine o'clock) I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton chop and a dose of milk-punch. And thus, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior wrangler.

This was in 1763, when Paley's age was twenty. As he was too young to take orders, he became assistant at Greenwich in a school which prepared pupils for the army and navy. He practised very strict economy to enable himself to pay some college debts that he brought with him. After three years of work in the academy, he left it and took deacon's orders; but he remained in Greenwich as private tutor to a widow's son, and became assistant-curate to the vicar. In 1766, Paley obtained a fellowship on the foundation of his college, and completed the degree of M.A., his age then being twenty-three. In October, 1767, when his pupil at Greenwich went to Cambridge, Paley returned to his college, took private pupils in Cambridge, was ordained priest, and in 1768 was made one of the two assistant-tutors of his college (the other being John, son of Edmund Law, the Bishop of Carlisle), under the sole tutor, Dr. Shepherd. In 1771 he was appointed one of the Whitehall preachers. In 1775 Paley was presented by his friend, Dr. Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, to the rectory of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, a living of £80 a year. In 1776 he vacated his fellowship by marrying Miss Jane Hewitt, of Carlisle, and was presented in December to the vicarage of Dalston, in Cumberland, worth £90 a year, holding Musgrave still. In 1777 he resigned Musgrave on being presented by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to the vicarage of Appleby, in Westmoreland, worth about £300 a year. He then resided for six months of the year at Appleby, and six at Dalston. In 1780 there was an addition of £400 a year to his income by his collation to the fourth prebendal stall in the church of Carlisle. His old fellow-tutor, John Law, had been presented by his father to the vicarage of Warkworth and to a prebendal stall at Carlisle, and in 1777 had been made Archdeacon of Carlisle. In 1782 Archdeacon Law became an Irish bishop, and

Paley, succeeding to the office Law vacated, became archdeacon at the age of thirty-nine. His time was now spent partly at Dalston, and partly at Carlisle, where, in 1785, the office of chancellor of the diocese was added to his preferments.

It was in this year, 1785, that Paley published his "Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy," a book formed by the recasting of lectures that he had formerly given at Christ's College. It provoked much controversy. One of its lines of thought was developed in 1788, when Archdeacon Paley wrote a letter advocating abolition of the slave-trade; and in 1789 he addressed to the committee formed to secure its abolition, "Arguments against the unjust pretensions of slave-dealers and holders to be indemnified by pecuniary allowances at the public expense in case the slave-trade should be abolished." This was not published.

In 1790 William Paley published his argument for the authenticity of the Scriptures, entitled, "Horæ Paulinæ; or, the Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced by a Comparison of the Epistles which bear his Name with the Acts of the Apostles, and with one another." In 1792 he was instituted to



WILLIAM PALEY.

From a Portrait by Sir William Beechey, prefixed to Paley's Works (1819).

the vicarage of Addingham, near Great Salkeld, worth about £140. He had at this time eight children, and had lost his wife in the preceding year.

The stir caused in England by the French Revolution led Paley to publish as a separate pamphlet the chapter on the British Constitution from his "Moral and Political Philosophy." Although it had been written ten years before the fall of the Bastille, and only set forth the doctrines illustrated by the English Constitution, there were many who regarded this reprint as a sign of sympathy with disorder. But Paley was not an enthusiast. He was an amiable, clear-headed Englishman, who had made the Church his profession, and was glad to rise in it; whose bent of mind was opposed to an undue exercise of authority

in politics and religion; who had no leaning towards technical theology, but sought in his writings, as far as his light served, to meet the deniers of God, who in his day abounded, by argument from Nature and by evidences of the truth of Revelation. He published in 1794 his "Evidences of Christianity," and was made sub-dean of Lincoln. In the following year he took his degree of D.D., and was presented to the valuable rectory of Bishop Wearmouth. He then divided his time between Lincoln and Bishop Wearmouth. He suffered much from ill health while writing his "Natural Theology; or, Evidence of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity collected from the appearances of Nature." This appeared in 1802, and Paley died in 1805, aged sixty-two.

Paley's "View of the Evidences of Christianity" is directed against that form of doubt which had its ablest expression among us in David Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles. Hume died in 1776. In the "Preparatory Considerations" to his "Evidences," Paley wrote:—

Mr. Hume states the case of miracles to be a contest of opposite improbabilities, that is to say, a question whether it be more improbable that the miracle should be true, or the testimony false; and this I think a fair account of the controversy. But herein I remark a want of argumentative justice, that, in describing the improbability of miracles, he suppresses all those circumstances of extenuation which result from our knowledge of the existence, power, and disposition of the Deity, his concern in the creation, the end answered by the miracle, the importance of that end, and its subserviency to the plan pursued in the work of nature. As Mr. Hume has represented the question, miracles are alike incredible to him who is previously assured of the constant agency of a Divine Being, and to him who believes that no such Being exists in the universe. They are equally incredible, whether related to have been wrought upon occasions the most deserving, and for purposes the most beneficial, or for no assignable end whatever, or for an end confessedly trifling or pernicious. This surely cannot be a correct statement. In adjusting also the other side of the balance, the strength and weight of testimony, this author has provided an answer to every possible accumulation of historical proof, by telling us that we are not obliged to explain how the story or the evidence arose. Now I think that we *are* obliged; not, perhaps, to show by positive accounts how it did, but by a probable hypothesis how it might so happen. The existence of the testimony is a phenomenon. The truth of the fact solves the phenomenon. If we reject this solution, we ought to have some other to rest in; and none even by our adversaries can be admitted, which is not consistent with the principles that regulate human affairs and human conduct at present, or which makes men *then* to have been a different kind of beings from what they are now.

But the short consideration which, independently of every other, convinces me that there is no solid foundation in Mr. Hume's conclusion is the following. When a theorem is proposed to a mathematician, the first thing he does with it is to try it upon a simple case; and if it produce a false result, he is sure that there must be some mistake in the demonstration. Now to proceed in this way with what may be called Mr. Hume's theorem. If twelve men, whose probity and good sense I had long known, should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible that they should be

deceived; if the governor of the country, hearing a rumour of this account, should call these men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal, either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet; if they should refuse with one voice to acknowledge that there existed any falsehood or imposture in the case; if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect; if it was at last executed; if I myself saw them, one after another, consenting to be racked, burnt, or strangled, rather than give up the truth of their account; still, if Mr. Hume's rule be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now, I undertake to say that there exists not a sceptic in the world who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity.

Instances of spurious miracles supported by strong apparent testimony undoubtedly demand examination. Mr. Hume has endeavoured to fortify his argument by some examples of this kind. I hope in a proper place to show that none of them reach the strength or circumstances of the Christian evidence. In these, however, consists the weight of his objection. In the principle itself I am persuaded there is none.

Paley's argument is divided into three parts. The first part treats "of the direct historical Evidence of Christianity, and wherein it is distinguished from the evidence alleged for other miracles;" and it argues for two propositions:

1. That there is satisfactory evidence that many, professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles, passed their lives in labours, dangers, and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of those accounts; and that they also submitted, from the same motives, to new rules of conduct.
2. That there is *not* satisfactory evidence that persons professing to be original witnesses of other miracles, in their nature as certain as these are, have ever acted in the same manner, in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and properly in consequence of their belief of those accounts.

Paley's second part treats of "the Auxiliary Evidences of Christianity in Prophecy, the Morality of the Gospel, the Candour of the Writers of the New Testament, the Identity and Originality of Christ's Character, the conformity of the facts occasionally referred to with the state of things in those times, undesigned coincidences, and the history of the Resurrection." The third part considers some popular objections.

Joseph Priestley, at the time of the fall of the Bastille, was settled in Birmingham as pastor of a congregation known as the New Meeting; he cultivated science and maintained the religious life, but with great boldness and acuteness of reasoning questioned doctrines that the Church held to be vital. In 1782 he had published at Birmingham, in two volumes, "An History of the Corruptions of Christianity," dedicated to the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. Theophilus Lindsey, born in Cheshire in 1723, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, resigned the vicarage of Catterick in 1773, because he could no longer teach the doctrine of the Trinity. He came to London, and established in Essex Street, Strand, a Unitarian Chapel, in which he conducted service with use of a liturgy altered by Dr. Samuel Clarke from that of

the Established Church. In this chapel Lindsey preached when Priestley dedicated to him his work on the "Corruptions of Christianity," and he was minister there until a few years before his death in 1808. In 1802 Lindsey published "Conversations on the Divine Government," showing that everything is from God, and for the good of all. His successor in the pulpit at Essex Street Chapel was Dr. Disney, another clergyman who had left the Established Church because he could not teach the doctrine of the Trinity; and in 1805 Dr. Disney was followed by Thomas Belsham, born in 1750, the son of a Presbyterian minister at Bedford. Thomas Belsham



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY. (From Charles Knight's "Gallery of Portraits.")

was trained for the Presbyterian ministry, and appointed tutor in its college at Daventry, but was convinced by the arguments of Priestley, and seceded in 1789. He was founder in 1791 of a "Unitarian Society for promoting Christian Knowledge and the Practice of Virtue." In 1794 he succeeded Priestley as Unitarian minister at Hackney, but left Hackney for Essex Street in 1805, and continued pastor there for twenty-one years. He was an active religious writer, and lived to the age of seventy-nine.

In the dedication of his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity" to Theophilus Lindsey, Priestley wrote :—

Dear Friend,—Wishing as I do that my name may ever be connected as closely with yours after death as we have been connected by friendship in life, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I dedicate this work (which I am willing to hope will be one of the most useful of my publications) to you. To your example of a pure love of truth, and of the most fearless integrity in asserting it, evidenced by the sacrifices you have made to it, I owe much of my own wishes to imbibe the same spirit; though a more favourable education and situation in life, by not giving me an opportunity of distinguishing myself as you have done, has likewise not exposed me to the temptation of acting otherwise; and for this I wish to be truly thankful. For since so very few of those who profess the

same sentiments with you have had the courage to act consistently with them, no person, whatever he may imagine he might have been equal to, can have a right to presume that he would have been one of so small a number.

No person can see in a stronger light than you do the mischievous consequence of the corruptions of that religion which you justly prize as the most valuable of the gifts of God to man: and therefore I flatter myself it will give you some pleasure to accompany me in my researches into the origin and progress of them, as this will tend to give all the friends of pure Christianity the fullest satisfaction that they reflect no discredit on the revelation itself; since it will be seen that they all came in from a foreign and hostile quarter. It will likewise afford a pleasing presage that our religion will, in due time, purge itself of everything that debases it, and that for the present prevents its reception by those who are ignorant of its nature, whether living in Christian countries, or among Mahometans and heathens.

The more opposition we meet with in these labours, the more honourable it will be to us, provided we meet that opposition with the true spirit of Christianity; and to assist us in this we should frequently reflect that many of our opponents are probably men who wish as well to the Gospel as we do ourselves, and really think they do God service by opposing us. Even prejudice and bigotry, arising from such a principle, are respectable things, and entitled to the greatest candour. If our religion teaches us to love our enemies, certainly we should love, and, from a principle of love, should endeavour to convince, those who, if they were only better informed, would embrace us as friends.

The time will come when the cloud which, for the present, prevents our distinguishing our friends and our foes, will be dispersed, even that day in which the secrets of all hearts will be disclosed to the view of all. In the meantime, let us think as favourably as possible of all men, our particular opponents not excepted; and therefore be careful to conduct all hostility with the pleasing prospect that one day it will give place to the most perfect amity.

You, my friend, peculiarly happy in a most placid, as well as a most determined mind, have nothing to blame yourself for in this respect. If, on any occasion, I have indulged too much in asperity, I hope I shall, by your example, learn to correct myself, and without abating my zeal in the common cause.

As we are now both of us past the meridian of life, I hope we shall be looking more and more beyond it, and be preparing for that world where we shall have no errors to combat, and consequently where a talent for disputation will be of no use; but where the spirit of love will find abundant exercise; where all our labours will be of the most friendly and benevolent nature, and where our employment will be its own reward.

Let these views brighten the evening of our lives, that evening which will be enjoyed with more satisfaction as the day shall have been laboriously and well spent. Let us then, without reluctance, submit to that temporary rest in the grave which our wise Creator has thought proper to appoint for all the human race, our Saviour himself not wholly excepted, anticipating with joy the glorious morning of the resurrection, when we shall meet that Saviour whose precepts we have obeyed, whose spirit we have breathed, whose religion we have defended, whose cup also we may, in some measure, have drank of, and whose honours we have asserted, without making them to interfere with those of His Father and our Father, His God and our God, that supreme, that great and awful Being to whose will He was always most

perfectly submissive, and for whose unrivalled prerogative he always showed the most ardent zeal.

Priestley's "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," written as a sequel to his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," was supplemented in 1787 with more detailed evidence, in four volumes, of "An History of Early Opinion concerning Jesus Christ, compiled from original writers; proving that the Christian Church was at first Unitarian." He gathered the material for this work by first reading the original writers from whom evidence was to be drawn, "without looking into any modern author whatever." Then, he says, "having collected and arranged these materials, furnished by these original authors, I applied myself to the reading of all the modern writers of any reputation for learning in ecclesiastical history, whether their opinions were the same with mine or not. But the addition that I made to my own collection of authorities by this means amounted to very little—not more than about twenty or thirty, and those, in general, of no great consequence."

In 1791, a mob at Birmingham, excited by denunciations against Priestley, upon occasion of a celebration of the fall of the Bastille, on the 14th of July, showed its "talent for disputation" by burning the meeting-house in which he preached, then another meeting-house of the Dissenters, then Priestley's dwelling-house, with his library and his MSS., his laboratory, and his philosophical instruments, and then burning or damaging the houses of some other Dissenters. William Cowper wrote from Weston on the 2nd of August following, to a clergyman, the Rev. W. Bagot, "You live, I think, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham,—what must you have felt on the late alarming occasion? You, I suppose, could see the fires from your windows. We, who only heard the news of them, have trembled. Never, sure, was religious zeal more detestably manifested, or more to the prejudice of its own cause." The fury passed, and Birmingham has since paid honour to the memory of Priestley, by raising to him a graceful statue which was uncovered with every circumstance that could be held to mark an emphatic recognition of his genius and worth.

Thus driven from Birmingham in 1791, Priestley went to London, and succeeded Dr. Richard Price as pastor of the Gravel-pit Meeting-house, at Hackney. Dr. Price had died in the preceding March. He was born in Glamorganshire, in 1723, and had distinguished himself not only as a preacher, but as a contributor to the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society." He was a friend of the Americans when they were forced into the war that led to Independence, and took deep interest, as his life closed, in the hopes awakened by the fall of the Bastille. As successor to Dr. Price, Priestley remained scarcely three years in London. Persecuted for his religious as well as for his political doctrines, Priestley, after coming to London, still battled with the scepticism that had spread from France. He published a series of "Letters to the Philosophers and Politicians of France on the subject of Religion," and a set of "Discourses on the Evidences of Revealed Religion."

But the spirit of controversy was fierce, even among men of science; for some Priestley believed too much, for some too little. Scientific friends dropped from him. Most of the members of the Royal Society, high as his place was among discoverers, avoided him; and in April, 1794, Dr. Priestley, with the wife and children who had always maintained peace and love within their home, left England for America. The last words of his last sermon at Hackney were addressed to the strangers present, and thus he closed: "Whether, then, you come as friends or as



THE STATUE OF PRIESTLEY AT BIRMINGHAM.¹

enemies, whether we shall ever see one another's faces again or not, may God, whose providence is over all, bless, preserve, and keep us. Above all, may we be preserved in the paths of virtue and piety, that we may have a happy meeting in that world where error and prejudice will be no more; where all the ground of the party distinctions which subsist here will be taken away; where every misunderstanding will be cleared up, and the reign of truth and of virtue will be for ever established." Dr. Priestley's home thenceforth was at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, until his death in February, 1804. When he was dying he had his grandchildren about him. In the evening, says their father, "after prayers

¹ From a photograph kindly lent for engraving by the sculptor, F. J. Williamson, of Esher.

they wished him a good night, and were leaving the room. He desired them to stay, spoke to each of them separately. He exhorted them all to continue to love each other. "And you, little thing," speaking to Eliza, "remember the hymn you learned, 'Birds in their little nests agree.' I am going to sleep as well as you; for death is only a good, long, sound sleep in the grave, and we shall meet again."

John Wesley himself did not insist more than Joseph Priestley upon love as the vital air without which Christianity could not exist. The best answer to scepticism was the endeavour really to set up the Christian life within the Christian Church. The young men at Oxford who were influenced like the Wesleys by William Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," and endeavoured against all ridicule of the world to carry it out to the full extent of Law's interpretation of a Christian's duty, placed love in the centre of their system. "If religion," said William Law, "teaches us anything concerning eating and drinking, or spending our time and money; if it teaches us how we are to use and condemn the world; if it tells us what tempers we are to have in common life, how we are to be disposed towards all people, how we are to behave towards the sick, the poor, the old, and destitute; if it tells us whom we are to treat with a particular love, whom we are to regard with a particular esteem; if it tells us how we are to treat our enemies, and how we are to mortify and deny ourselves; he must be very weak that can think these parts of religion are not to be observed with as much exactness as any doctrines that relate to prayers. It is very observable that there is not one command in the Gospel for public worship; and perhaps it is a duty that is least insisted on in Scripture of any other. The frequent attendance at it is never so much as mentioned in all the New Testament; whereas that religion or devotion which is to govern the ordinary actions of our life is to be found in almost every verse of Scripture." Law suggested three daily periods of private prayer besides the first morning and last evening devotions, and a theme for each. At nine o'clock the prayer should seek to quicken the spirit of humility. At noon the duty dwelt on should be universal love; and at three it should be resignation to the will of God. When dwelling upon this duty of love, Law wrote, "You will perhaps say, How is it possible to love a good and a bad man in the same degree? Just as it's possible to be as just and faithful to a good man as to an evil man. Now are you in any difficulty about performing justice and faithfulness to a bad man? Are you in any doubts whether you need be so just and faithful to him as you need be to a good man? Now why is it that you are in no doubt about it? 'Tis because you know that justice and faithfulness are founded upon reasons that never vary or change, that have no dependence upon the merits of men, but are founded in the nature of things, in the laws of God, and therefore are to be observed with an equal exactness towards good and bad men. Now do but think thus justly of charity, or love to your neighbour, that it is founded upon reasons that vary not, that have no dependence upon the merits of men, and then you will find it as possible to perform the same exact

charity as the same exact justice to all men, whether good or bad." This note had been taken up by the Wesleys and Whitefield, and its music was felt by Cowper and by many an earnest soul within and without the churches. Thousands whose forefathers had been Puritans of the Old Testament were now Puritans of the New.

We have seen how John Wesley was influenced early in his career as a reformer, by the New Testament Puritanism of the Moravian Brethren. John Cennick, a fellow-worker with Wesley and Whitefield in the Methodist school among the colliers at Kingswood, near Bristol, joined the Moravians and went to Ireland in 1746, where he founded a settlement of Moravian Brethren, called Grace Hill, at Ballymena, in the county of Antrim. Here he kindled a like zeal in the heart of a young man of the village, John Montgomery, who in 1757, at the age of twenty-three, was received into communion by the Moravians at Grace Hill, and became a preacher among them. He married, in 1768, Mary Blackley, daughter of another member of the same community, and the eldest son of this marriage, born in November, 1771, three months after the death of the first child, a daughter, was James Montgomery, the poet. When he was born, his father had just settled at Irvine, in Ayrshire, as pastor of a small Moravian congregation there, the first that had been formed in Scotland. When James Montgomery was little more than four years old, his parents returned with him and their newly-born second son Robert to the settlement at Grace Hill; and there was another infant brother, named Ignatius, when James, not seven years old, was taken to Yorkshire and put to school in the Moravian settlement, called, after a town in Moravia, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds. Six years afterwards, in 1783, the younger boys, Robert and Ignatius, were also left at Fulneck, because John Montgomery was going with his wife as missionary to the slave-drivers and slaves of Barbadoes. The Moravians are remarkable for the pure devotion of their missionaries, who have gone out alone and unpaid to Greenland, to the huts of the American Indians, or of the negro slave, and to the far wilds of Tartary.

James Montgomery, who was destined by his parents for his father's calling, received his first impulse towards poetry when he was with some of the boys at Fulneck, who sat under a hedge and heard one of the Brothers read Blair's "Grave." Devotion to poetry grew in him with little to feed it, because works of imagination are seldom admitted into a Moravian school. He began, indeed, by imitating hymns of the Moravian collection. Montgomery became occupied with his own thoughts, seemed indolent, and was at last held to be probably unfit for the ministry. For a time, at least, he should be put to a business, and in 1787, at the age of sixteen, he was placed with a Moravian who kept a small retail shop as a fine bread baker, at Mirfield, near Fulneck. Here James Montgomery wrote verse for a year and a half, having plenty of leisure, and from this place he departed with all his MSS. and a single change of linen. New clothes had been given to him, but as he did not think he had

fairly earned them. he went away in his old clothes, and had three shillings and sixpence in his pocket. When he had got as far as Wentworth, he found service again in a general store at Wath, with the consent of the kind-hearted Moravian he had left, who gave him a good character, supplied him with some money, and sent him the clothes he had left behind. James Montgomery was then a grave youth of eighteen, never absent from his duty in the shop, but filling up all leisure time with the production of MSS. His chief friend was a neighbouring stationer who had book parcels sometimes from Paternoster Row. He represented literature, approved of Montgomery's poems, and sent a parcel of them to "the Row" with recommendations of their author, who was following to find a publisher. Montgomery left Wath in 1790 for Paternoster Row, where Mr. Harrison, to whom he had been introduced, declined to publish his poems, but kindly offered him a situation in his shop. The poet still wrote. Advised to try prose, he tried a novel, tried an Eastern tale, failed, parted from the shelter he had found in Paternoster Row, and went back to the general store at Wath. His parents meanwhile were suffering hard fortunes at Barbadoes and Tobago. At Tobago there was, in the summer of 1790, a mutiny of soldiers, who set the town on fire, and in the following August a great hurricane. In October, the poor missionary's wife died of fever, after seven days' illness. In the following June, John Montgomery followed her, and the young poet in England became fatherless and motherless. Of the last days of the missionary in Tobago a comrade of the mission wrote home: "You may easily believe that our late brother's illness, which lasted sixteen weeks, put us to no small inconvenience. The room in which the negroes meet was the only place in which we could lodge him, and we have no other dining-room."

In March, 1792, Montgomery, who was twenty-one years old, read in the *Sheffield Register* an advertisement for a clerk in a counting-house. He answered it, and went in April to Sheffield as a clerk in the employment of Joseph Gales, publisher of the *Sheffield Register*, who was an enterprising printer, bookseller, and auctioneer. Montgomery was soon an active writer in the *Sheffield Register*, and shared the best hopes of young and ardent minds that saw in the French Revolution a great means for the regeneration of society. At a meeting of the "Friends of Peace and Reform" gathered in Sheffield on the Fast Day, in February, 1794, this hymn, written for the occasion by young James Montgomery, was distributed, and sung by the assembled thousands:—

HYMN.

O God of Hosts, Thine ear incline,
 Regard our prayers, our cause be Thine:
 When orphans cry, when babes complain,
 When widows weep, canst Thou refrain?

Now red and terrible, Thine hand
 Scourges with war our guilty land:
 Europe Thy flaming vengeance feels,
 And from her deep foundations reels.

Her rivers bleed like mighty veins,
 Her towers are ashes, graves her plains;
 Slaughter her groaning valleys fills,
 And reeking carnage melts her hills.

O Thou, whose awful word can bind
 The roaring waves, the raging wind,
 Mad tyrants tame, break down the high
 Whose haughty foreheads beat the sky,

Make bare Thine arm, great King of Kings:
 That arm alone salvation brings:
 That wonder-working arm which broke
 From Israel's neck the Egyptian yoke.

Burst every dungeon, every chain!
 Give injured slaves their rights again!
 Let truth prevail, let discord cease,
 Speak—and the world shall smile in peace!

In July, 1794, Joseph Gales left Sheffield to escape prosecution for a letter in the *Register*. James Montgomery, with help of money from a gentleman whom he had not before known, and who became a sleeping partner, bought the presses, types, and goodwill of the printing business, which was continued by the firm of James Montgomery and Co. On the 4th of July the *Sheffield Register* was born again, with an emblem of the world's hope in its new title, the *Sheffield Iris*. In January, 1795, Montgomery was tried at Doncaster, charged with printing, for a street-hawker, "A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast," which contained the stanza—

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
 Most important its issue will be:
 For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends;
 If she triumphs, the world will be free."



JAMES MONTGOMERY. (From a Portrait taken in 1806.)

Montgomery was sentenced for this to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and a fine of £20. In

York Castle he wrote the verses published in 1797 as "Prison Amusements;" and making Sheffield his home, as his judgment and power ripened, Montgomery not only made the *Sheffield Iris* one of the best journals in the provinces, but won more and more attention as a poet. After he had published other poems, "The Ocean" in 1805, and "The Wanderer in Switzerland" in 1806, the abolition of the African slave-trade in 1807 caused James Montgomery to write a poem in four parts on the "West Indies." The graves were there of his father and mother, who had died in the service of God; and while he painted in the first three books of this poem with generous sympathy the wrongs suffered by the negro in the rise and progress of the traffic that his country had put out her hand to stay, he opened the fourth book with lines that must come to the heart of those who remember what he knew of the devoted lives of the Moravian missionaries, to whom he thus paid honour:—

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

Was there no mercy, mother of the slave,
No friendly hand to succour and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppressed,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phoenix from the ashes of the first;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains' truth retired;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scattered, scorned, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorned the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toiled through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear:
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light:
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and passed away.

Agès rolled by, the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd;

No miracle proclaimed their power divine,
No kings adorned, no pilgrims kissed their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept:
But God remembered them:—their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in His appointed time,
The race revived at His almighty breath,
A seed to serve Him, from the dust of death.

"Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name:"
Thus spake the Lord; they heard and they obeyed;—
Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roamed, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed;
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.
And thou, poor Negro! scorn'd of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crushed by the curse on Adam to the grave;
The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stooped to thee.
The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deemed a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touched his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears;
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange,
He wept and wondered at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,
The angel came, his night was turned to day:
"Arise!" his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

A little later in the poem, after celebration of the men who had battled for the ending of this wrong—Granville Sharp (who established against opposition the law of the Constitution that there are no slaves in England, and a negro found in England must, therefore, be free), Clarkson, Wilberforce, Pitt, and Fox—Montgomery remembers the pure love of liberty in Cowper, and exclaims—

Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
O! that on me were thy meek spirit shed!
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine!
Peace to thy soul! thy God thy portion be;
And in His presence may I rest with thee!

¹ The Moravian Brethren trace their descent from the Bohemian reformers of the time of Huss. They had since that time endured in their own country many persecutions before they were organised in 1722 by Count Zinzendorf at a settlement which they called Herrnhut (the Lord's Shelter), in Upper Lusatia. Since that date they have been re-organised as a society of Brethren who hold property in common, and seek to live only as servants of God. The charm of their religious peace and their unselfish energy is felt by all who come much into contact with them.

James Montgomery's chief poem was "The World before the Flood," published in 1814. He died in April, 1854, his last work having been a volume of "Original Hymns."

Reginald Heber, who died in 1826, aged forty-three, is remembered among writers of a generation earlier than that with which some of the most vigorous of his contemporaries are associated. He was really three years younger than Dr. Chalmers, who lived more than twenty years longer, and seems, therefore, to us the younger man. Reginald Heber was born in April, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire. He was made familiar with the Bible from his earliest years, and it is said that he could, when five years old, generally tell where any passage quoted from it would be found. He was also from early years inquisitive for knowledge of all kinds, and was never seen in a passion. As a schoolboy, he found his chief recreation in books; but his liveliness and kindliness, and readiness as a teller of good stories, kept him always on the best terms with his schoolfellows. He was still studying the Bible daily, and at sixteen or seventeen considered Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" his favourite book. As a schoolboy, he was distinguished for his skill in composition. In 1800 he went to Oxford, and joined Brasenose College, where an elder brother was, as his father had been, a Fellow. In his first year he won the University prize for Latin verse with a "Carmen Seculare" upon the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Palestine was given as the subject for an extra prize in English verse. Heber worked so hard at it that he brought on an attack of illness, and was confined to his bed for a few days when the poem was only half done; but he finished it, and won the prize with one of the very best poems ever written by a young man upon such an inducement. Its quality, and the profound earnestness with which it was read by the young student in 1803—his age then being twenty—raised the audience to enthusiasm at the public recitation. This is the poem:—

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustres fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wot of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill;

114

If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you loved so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear);
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mould'ring wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill;¹
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glitt'ring marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.

¹ *Ardeni's rill.* In the days of poetic "diction," few geographical names escaped the disguise of false finery. If a man meant "Jordan" it did not follow that he would say "Jordan." The Hebrew letters "Yarden" would flow smoothly as Ardeni. Notes were in those days an essential part of the equipment of a published poem. The poet had, therefore, a place in which he informed the reader what he meant by "Almotana's tide" and "Ardeni's rill." Young Heber was only doing what the taste of the time required, and he could have quoted Aristotle on the elevating character of a few strange words in a composition. The old woman was of one mind with fine critics of her day when she found benefit to her soul from the mere hearing of "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia,'" which it was her good fortune not to understand.

No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
 And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :
 Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
 And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire. 80
 So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
 The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
 His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
 And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
 Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
 As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :
 For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
 And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
 Arabia's parent, clasped her fainting child, 90
 And wandered near the roof, no more her home,
 Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :
 My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
 And southward throws her half-averted sight.
 For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
 A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes :
 See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead !
 Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine ! 100
 'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
 And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
 Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
 Where waves on Kishon's bank the whisp'ring reed ;
 And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
 Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice ; 110
 While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
 Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
 Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
 With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
 Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power adored !
 If at Thy name the waves forgot their force,
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source ; 120
 If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretched her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?
 For this o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ? 130
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

O feeble boast of transitory power !
 Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !
 Not such their hope, when through the parted main
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :
 Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
 The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light :
 Not, when fierce conquest urg'd the onward war,
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car : 140

Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
 In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :
 Yes—in that hour by mortal accents stay'd,
 The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;
 The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld His might,
 And God's own darkness veiled her mystic height ;
 (He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd) : 150
 Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
 His praise, His power, eternal, infinite ?—
 Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,
 Or serve His altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watched o'er Israel's fate,
 And such the glories of their infant state.
 —Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
 Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
 No ;—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
 A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ; 160
 By him, the chief to farthest India known,
 The mighty master of the ivory throne ;
 In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
 Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :
 Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
 And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
 —And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
 Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd ;
 Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,
 And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ; 170
 To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
 The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
 The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
 And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
 Hence all his might ; for who could these oppose ?
 And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
 And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
 In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
 There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd ; 180
 Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wond'ring
 cars

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
 Still sound Arabia's legendary lays ;
 And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
 How lovely were thy tents, O Israel !

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore,
 And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore ;
 Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
 Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace. 190
 When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;
 Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
 Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone ;
 Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
 Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
 Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
 The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.¹

¹ Walter Scott, after the poem was finished, heard Heber read it, and enjoyed it greatly, but called attention to the omission of a point in the original narrative of the building of the Temple that was strikingly poetical : "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron beat in the house, while it was in building" (1 Kings vi. 7). Heber at once added the next reference to "majestic silence."

No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung. 200
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present
God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;— 210
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return,
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's
soul!

Nor vain their hope:—Bright beaming through the
sky.

Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high; 220
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hov'ring o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest; 230
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sick'ning sun, so dark, so deep, so red! 240
Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed, 250
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!

Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall. 260

Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retained his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguined plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own. 270
As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warmed the dying man!

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride; 280
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There barked the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid; 290
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequered twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial filled his transe'd eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charmed the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel? 300
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renewed her wealthy reign,
Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again.
There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen; 310
There barb'rous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bowed the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appalled before the Bactrian bow;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wand'ring hermit waked the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came: 320
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty motion and the glancing plume.

In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
The pond'rous falchion and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran : 330
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hov'ring vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien ad-
vance

Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance;
Here, linked with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band; 340
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous
blade!

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might; 350
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile, 360
Th' Apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hoped an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismayed?
What arm repelled the victor Renegade?¹
Britannia's champion!—bathed in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood:
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,— 369
E'en the pale crescent blessed the Christian's might.
O day of death! O thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting roar;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glowed above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that marked Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain. 380
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.

Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restor'd,
Not built in murder, planted by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring.
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing! 390
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign. 400

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And, hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that Time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there; 410
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise; 420
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong:—
“Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!”

Two years later, in 1805, Reginald Heber graduated, and obtained a Fellowship at All Souls'. Next year he obtained the prize for an English essay on “The Sense of Honour.” Then he extended his education by a period of travel in Germany and Russia, took orders in 1807, and was made rector of Hodnet, Shropshire, to which living his brother (for his father died in 1804) had the presentation. As Rector of Hodnet, Reginald Heber married in 1809, published a short poem on the war in Europe, and among other writings, began in 1811 the publication of his Hymns for the Sundays and chief Holidays of the Year in the *Christian Observer*. He became, about 1817, a prebendary of St. Asaph, where his wife's father was dean. It was in 1817 that Dr. Thomas Chalmers published his series of Discourses on “The Christian Revelation, viewed in connection with the modern Astronomy.” Heber was delighted with them, and wrote to a friend: “Have you read Chalmers' Sermons? I can at present read little

¹ Sir Sidney Smith relieved Acre in 1799, and after resisting twelve attempts by the French between March 16 and May 20, compelled Bonaparte to retire.

else; so much am I taken with the richness of the matter, in spite of one of the worst styles that ever matter was encumbered with, on this side of chaos. I heartily wish that somebody would translate him into French; his arguments would do infinite good to the cause of Christianity on the Continent; and his beauties are precisely of the kind which lose



REGINALD HEBER.

From the Portrait prefixed in 1827 to his Memoirs published by his Widow.

nothing by transfusion into another language, and which would be extremely popular abroad." In 1819, when Heber was paying a visit to his father-in-law, the dean was to preach at Wrexham on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and asked Heber to write for him a hymn to be sung at the close of the sermon. He did so, and the result was this

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
For vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewed;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone:

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

About this time also Heber accepted a publisher's commission to write a *Life of Jeremy Taylor* for an edition of his *Complete Works*. In 1822 Heber was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and in January, 1823, he was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta. He was now himself joined to the number of the missionaries. Of his life and travel in India Bishop Heber kept an interesting journal, which was published. But after only three years of his ministration there, on the 3rd of April, 1826, after an address to some native Christians at Trichinopoly, he went to a bath, which was filled by a spring beyond his depth. After half an hour, as he had not yet come out, his servant entered and found him lying dead under the water. His death was ascribed to apoplexy.

Thomas Chalmers was the sixth of fourteen children of a dyer and shipowner at Anstruther, in Fifeshire. He was born in March, 1780; educated first in the parish school at Anstruther, then at the University of St. Andrews, where he was trained in theology, and at the age of nineteen was licensed to preach. In 1799 and 1800 he studied at the University of Edinburgh, and showed a great interest in mathematics and natural science. He assisted a clergyman, assisted a mathematical professor, before May, 1803, when, at the age of twenty-three, he obtained a living of his own at Kilmany, in Fifeshire, and joined to his clerical duties the not less congenial work of a teacher of mathematics and chemistry at St. Andrews. In 1804 and 1805 he was an unsuccessful candidate for professorships; one of Natural Philosophy, at St. Andrews, and one of Science, at Edinburgh. In the winter of 1809-10 the minister of Kilmany narrowly escaped with his life from serious illness; he recovered with a sense of religion so much deepened by thought upon the sick-bed that a new intensity of feeling came into his preaching, and without putting away his pleasure in scientific inquiries, they also became thenceforth a part of his religious life. In 1812 he married, and in 1813 an article on Christianity, that he had been writing before his illness, appeared in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. It was then developed into a somewhat larger work, and published separately as a treatise on "The Evidences of Christianity." In 1815, at the age of thirty-six, Chalmers left Kilmany to become pastor of the Tron Church at Glasgow, and the University of Glasgow gave him, in the following

year, the degree of D.D. Chalmers was in Glasgow for eight years, from 1815 to 1823, as minister, first of the Tron parish, and then of St. John's. During this time his fame spread as that of the most powerful preacher in the kingdom. His was not the eloquence that only wins the ear. He was personally massive and large-headed, and there was in him a massive force of thought, a vigorous brain at work, and a heart stirred by his theme. He gave to his hearers, as he poured himself out in broad provincial Scotch, something to feel with him while he spoke, of which the greater part stayed to be thought of afterwards. The *Astronomical Discourses*, that we found Heber fascinated by, were delivered at Glasgow, in 1816, as a series of week-day lectures on "The Christian Revelation viewed in connection with the Modern Astronomy." When published in 1817 the book became almost as popular as one of the *Waverley Novels*, of which the series had commenced three years before. Its design was to meet astronomical objections to the truth of the Gospel, and, as Chalmers expressed it, to "strip Infidelity of those pretensions to enlargement and to a certain air of philosophical greatness, by which it has often become so destructively alluring to the young, the ardent, and the ambitious." The themes of the seven discourses are, "A Sketch of the Modern Astronomy;" "The Modesty of True Science;" "The Extent of the Divine Condescension;" "The Knowledge of Man's Moral History in the Distant Places of Creation;" "The Sympathy that is felt for Man in the Distant Places of Creation;" "The Contest for an Ascendancy over Man amongst the Higher Orders of Intelligence;" and "The Slender Influence of Mere Taste and Sensibility in Matters of Religion." The following passage is taken from the last of these discourses, which has its text from the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel:—"And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." The theme was apt for a time when there was still undue stress being laid in life and literature upon sentiment and sensibility.

RELIGIOUS SENSIBILITY.

Have you never heard any tell, and with complacency too, how powerfully his devotion was awakened by an act of attendance on the oratorio—how his heart, melted and subdued by the influence of harmony, did homage to all the religion of which it was the vehicle—how he was so moved and overborne, that he had to shed the tears of contrition, and to be agitated by the terrors of judgment, and to receive an awe upon his spirit of the greatness and the majesty of God—and that wrought up to a lofty pitch of eternity, he could look down upon the world, and by the glance of one commanding survey, pronounce upon the littleness and vanity of all its concerns? Oh! it is very possible that all this might thrill upon the ears of the man, and circulate a succession of solemn and affecting images around his fancy; and yet that essential principle of his nature, upon which the practical influence of Christianity turns, might have met with no reaching and no subduing efficacy whatever to arouse it. He leaves the exhibition, as dead in trespasses and sins as when he came to it. Conscience has not wakened upon

him. Repentance has not turned him. Faith has not made any positive lodgment within him of her great and constraining realities. He speeds him back to his business and to his family, and there he plays off the old man in all the entireness of his uncrucified temper, and of his obstinate worldliness, and of all those earthly and unsanctified affections which are found to cleave to him with as great tenacity as ever. He is really and experimentally the very same man as before; and all those sensibilities which seemed to bear upon them so much of the air and unction of heaven, are found to go into dissipation, and be forgotten with the loveliness of the song.

Amid all that illusion which such momentary visitations of seriousness and of sentiment throw around the character of a man, let us never lose sight of the test, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." It is not coming up to this test, that you hear and are delighted. It is that you hear and do. This is the ground upon which the reality of your religion is discriminated now; and on the day of reckoning, this is the ground upon which your religion will be judged then; and that award is to be passed upon you, which will fix and perpetuate your destiny for ever. You have a taste for music. This no more implies the hold and the ascendancy of religion over you than that you have a taste for beautiful scenery, or a taste for painting, or even a taste for the sensualities of epicurism. But music may be made to express the glow and the movement of devotional feeling; and is it saying nothing to say that the heart of him who listens with a raptured ear is through the whole time of the performance in harmony with such a movement? Why, it is saying nothing to the purpose. Music may lift the inspiring note of patriotism; and the inspiration may be felt; and it may thrill over the recesses of the soul, to the mustering up of all its energies; and it may sustain to the last cadence of the song the firm nerve and purpose of intrepidity; and all this may be realised upon him who in the day of battle, and upon actual collision with the dangers of it, turns out to be a coward. And music may lull the feelings into unison with piety; and stir up the inner man to lofty determinations; and so engage for a time his affections, that as if weaned from the dust, they promise an immediate entrance upon some great and elevated career, which may carry him through his pilgrimage superior to all the sordid and grovelling enticements that abound in it. But he turns him to the world, and all this glow abandons him; and the words which he hath heard, he doeth them not, and in the hour of temptation he turns out to be a deserter from the law of allegiance; and the test I have now specified looks hard upon him, and discriminates him amid all the parading insignificance of his fine but fugitive emotions, to be the subject both of present guilt and of future vengeance.

The faithful application of this test would put to flight a host of other delusions. It may be carried round amongst all those phenomena of human character, where there is the exhibition of something associated with religion, but which is not religion itself. An exquisite relish for music is no test of the influence of Christianity. Neither are many other of the exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to

walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom the charm of its regularity and its quietness. Religion has its accompaniments; and in these there may be a something to soothe and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family bereavement is not religion. The charm of all that sentimentalism which is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services, is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself. A mother's tenderness may flow most gracefully over the tomb of her departed little one; and she may talk the while of that heaven whither its spirit has ascended. The man whom death hath widowed of his friend may abandon himself to the movements of that grief, which for a time will claim an ascendancy over him; and amongst the multitude of his other reveries, may love to hear of the eternity where sorrow and separation are unknown. He who has been trained, from his infant days, to remember the Sabbath, may love the holiness of its aspect, and associate himself with all its observances, and take a delighted share in the mechanism of its forms. But, let not these think, because the tastes and sensibilities which engross them may be blended with religion, that they indicate either its strength or its existence within them. I recur to the test. I press its imperious exactions upon you. I call for fruit, and demand the permanency of a religious influence on the habits and the history. Oh! how many who take a flattering unction to their souls, when they think of their amiable feelings, and their becoming observations, with whom this touchstone would, like the head of Medusa, put to flight all their complacency! The afflictive dispensation is forgotten, and he on whom it was laid is practically as indifferent to God and to eternity as before. The Sabbath services come to a close, and they are followed by the same routine of week-day worldliness as before. In neither the one case nor the other do we see more of the radical influence of Christianity than in the sublime and melting influence of sacred music upon the soul; and all this tide of emotion is found to die away from the bosom, like the pathos or like the loveliness of a song.

Dr. Chalmers applied practical Christianity to his parish in Glasgow by forming organizations of workers to visit the poor, establish schools, and, as far as might be, bring religion into all its daily life. He held religion—a religion of duty, not of sentiment—to be the surest remedy for the chief social ills that men had sought in other ways to lessen. Like Wordsworth, he laid hold of the thought now underlying the best work of the nineteenth century, that the growth of all lies in the growth of each; that the way to the distant accomplishment of the best hope that preceded the French revolution, hope of a new era for humanity, is only by the development of each individual citizen; and in that development he held religion to be of all aids the one most needful. The result of his experiment within his parish (that was, among other things, to aid the poor without a poor-law), Chalmers published, together with the ideas upon which he based it, in quarterly tracts “On the Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns,” which appeared between 1819 and 1823. He wrote also in 1817 two articles on Pauperism in the *Edinburgh Review*, which belong to the same effort to join religion to the daily work of life. In 1823, Thomas

Chalmers left the pulpit, and became Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews; and after five years in this office, he became, in 1828, Divinity Professor at the University of Edinburgh. In that office he became a power in Edinburgh for the next fifteen years. In 1833, he contributed to the series of treatises called forth by the Earl of Bridgewater's bequest of £8,000 for treatises to be written in proof of the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, as manifested in the works of Creation. The argument was arranged under eight heads, and a fit writer was asked for a treatise illustrating each. The subject accepted by Chalmers was “The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.”

In 1843, Dr. Chalmers headed the secession of four hundred ministers from the Scottish Established Church to form a new Free Church. By this secession Chalmers gave up his Divinity Professorship at the University of Edinburgh, and became Principal and Divinity Professor at the new College, founded by the seceders. His was the master-spirit in the organization of the new Free Church of Scotland, and at the age of sixty-seven he was about to take part in one of its General Assemblies, when he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 31st of May, 1847.

The ground of separation of the Free Church from the Scottish Establishment was an attempt made by the party to which Dr. Chalmers belonged to put some check upon misuse of the patronage of church livings. Chalmers had been a power in the Scottish Church Assembly, and had succeeded there in passing, in the year 1834, an Act which allowed congregations to put a veto on the appointment of unwelcome ministers. This was regarded on the other side as an illegal interference with the rights of patrons, and a breach of established relations between Church and State. The end to the dispute was a resolve to recover at once the rights claimed, in a separate Free Church. Dr. Chalmers himself, at the time of the secession, thus stated his case in a letter to Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, dated the 15th of March, 1844, and since included in his published correspondence:—

THE SECESSION IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.

I shall undertake no more than to fill up this sheet by as succinct and synoptical a statement as I can possibly give within such narrow limits of our Scottish Church question. For the sake of brevity let me present you with the leading points in numerical order:—

1. The line of demarcation between the civil and the ecclesiastical was a great topic of contention between the Church and State in Scotland during nearly the whole of the seventeenth century, which at length, after the persecutions and the martyrdoms of twenty-eight years of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., was terminated by the Revolution Settlement.

2. By this Settlement, the relation in which the Church and State stood to each other was definitely laid down. It forms, in fact, the great charter of our constitutional law and liberties, and was solemnly renewed and ratified by the Articles of Union between the two kingdoms.

3. By this charter it is provided that the government of the Church is distinct from that of the civil magistrate, and the final jurisdiction in things spiritual was vested in our ecclesiastical Courts. But ours being an Established Church, questions occasionally arose which involved temporalities along with matters of purely ecclesiastical government; and so it was further provided that, where on those questions the decisions of the civil and ecclesiastical Courts conflicted with each other, the civil decisions should infer only civil effects, and the ecclesiastical only the ecclesiastical effects; and till within these few years nothing was of more familiar occurrence than the decisions of the Church Courts taking effect as to all matters of discipline, and ordination, and Church government, and the contrary decisions of the Law Courts taking effect by the forfeiture of the temporalities, and of consequence the separation of the emoluments from the duties of the pastoral office. This precluded the respective powers from ever coming into collision, while they operated powerfully and often wholesomely as a check upon each other.

4. In 1712, or twenty-two years after the Revolution Settlement, and five years after the Union, the Act of Queen Anne, for the restoration of patronage, was passed. But for more than a century after this, the great constitutional principle of the separate jurisdictions of the two sets of Courts—the civil and the ecclesiastical—and the confinement of each within their own proper sphere, was observed inviolable. Contrary decisions were sometimes given on the same question as before, but still the minister, whom the ecclesiastical Court admitted to any given cure, was charged with all its duties, though if, unfortunately, as it occasionally happened, the civil Court gave a decision adverse to his civil rights as a minister, he behaved to relinquish the temporalities of the office.

5. And not till within these three or four years has the discovery been made that the Act of Queen Anne did envelop a contradiction to the principles of the Revolution Settlement and the Articles of Union; a discovery which ran as counter to all the previous conceptions of the civilians as to the ecclesiastics in this country—and upon which the civil Courts now do what, for a hundred and fifty years, they had never offered to do—overrule the discipline, and ordinations, and all the other judgments of our Ecclesiastical Court; thus taking upon themselves the entire government of the Church of Scotland.

6. On this discovery being made, an application came from the Church to the Legislature—the object of which was to remodel that one law so as to bring it into union with that prior and original constitution, upon which our Church entered into union with the State in 1690, and Scotland entered into union with England in 1707. It was in fact asking of them nothing more than to rectify their own blunder, so that no subsequent act of theirs should be suffered to violate the prior constitution which they themselves had ratified.

7. The application to Parliament was disregarded; and when the Church was thus defeated in her attempts to obtain redress on the ground of the British Constitution, she had no other choice than to fall back on the ground of her original principles, appeal to her own conscience, and submit these anew to the decision of her own conscience—that conscience which bore her honourably through the struggles of the seventeenth century, and at length won for her a constitution in which she could acquiesce: and so she relinquishes her connection with the State, rather than submit to the government of the civil power in those matters which she deemed to be sacredly and peculiarly her own.

Parliament abolished patronage in the State Church of Scotland by an Act passed in June, 1874.



THOMAS CHALMERS.

From a Portrait by Andrew Geddes (1821). Engraved for Dr. Hanna's "Life of Chalmers."

We have followed Chalmers into the present reign, but, turning now to the poets, go back to the earlier years of the century for recognition of the religious spirit of James Grahame, author of a poem on the Sabbath. James Grahame, born in 1765, was five years older than Wordsworth, but he died early, at the age of forty-six, in 1811. He was born at Glasgow, educated at the University there, and bred to the law, which he practised for a short time. He inspired warm friendship in John Wilson, afterwards "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Grahame was profoundly religious; he is said to have had an outward aspect that suggested one of the stern old Puritans of the past, but to have been, as his poetry shows that he was, full of the sweet spirit of a Christian gentleness and love. He left the bar for the Church, and died in 1811 curate of Sedgfield, near Durham. His poem on the Sabbath, written in 1804, was followed in 1806 by a poem on the "Birds of Scotland," expressing his observation of nature, and tranquil enjoyment of the works of God. Of the man whom Byron sneered at as "sepulchral Grahame," and whose books he called "two volumes of cant," the healthy, vigorous John Wilson wrote in lines upon his death—

"Well I loved thee, even as one might love
An elder brother, imaged in the soul
With solemn features, half-creating awe,
But smiling still with gentleness and peace.
Tears have I shed when thy most mournful voice
Did tremblingly breathe forth that touching air
By Scottish shepherd haply framed of old,
Amid the silence of his pastoral hills,
Weeping the flowers on Flodden-field that died.
Wept too have I, when thou didst simply read

From thine own lays so simply beautiful
 Some short pathetic tale of human grief,
 Or orison or hymn of deeper love,
 That might have won the sceptic's sullen heart
 To gradual adoration, and belief
 Of Him who died for us upon the cross.
 Yea! oft when thou wert well, and in the calm
 Of thy most Christian spirit blessing all
 Who looked upon thee, with those gentlest smiles
 That never lay on human face but thine;
 Even when thy serious eyes were lighted up
 With kindling mirth, and from thy lips distilled
 Words soft as dew, and cheerful as the dawn,
 Then too I could have wept, for on thy face,
 Eye, voice, and smile, nor less thy bending frame
 By other cause impaired than length of years,
 Lay something that still turned the thoughtful heart
 To melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,
 Of death and burial, and the silent tomb."

Sepulchral in outward aspect as one marked for death, Grahame had the freshest life within him. Of the days when he began his career as a barrister his friend wrote—

"Yet even then,
 Thy life was ever such as well became
 One whose pure soul was fixed upon the Cross!
 And when with simple fervent eloquence,
 Grahame pled the poor man's cause, the listener oft
 Thought how becoming would his visage smile
 Across the house of God, how beautifully
 That man would teach the saving words of Heaven!"

The pure spirit of the writer adds an untaught grace to Grahame's poem on the Sabbath. He describes a Sabbath morning in the country, the sound of the church bells, the gathering to prayer; speaks his sympathy alike with the Scottish and the English service, and with solitary worship of the shepherd boy upon the hills; then paints the groups returning over the hills from church, and compares the scene of peace with the old days of persecution. Then his theme of religion widens; he sees worshippers in the hospital, in the prison; and condemns capital punishment of those who never have been taught their duty, condemns indiscriminate severity of criminal law. The teaching that should have averted crime suggests transition from the prison to the Sunday-school, and Grahame, dwelling on the comparative mildness of the Jewish law, sings next of the old Jewish year of Jubilee. Then he follows emigrants across the sea, and images the Scottish worship in the far wilds of America; the Sabbath of a man wrecked and alone upon a desert island, and his release by a missionary ship that approaches to the music of an old familiar hymn. Then follows praise of the self-denial of the missionary, and transition from this ship to the slave-ship, with an appeal to England against the encouragement of slavery. A strain of liberty follows, with a return to his much loved Scotland:—

"O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales;
 But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
 Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song

Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
 Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the grey-haired man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plat, or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer,—
 To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
 His children are about him. Sweet, meantime,
 The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
 Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
 When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
 Nor is the contrast between youth and age
 To him a painful thought; he joys to think
 His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
 More happy far that man, though bowed down
 Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
 Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
 Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
 The glorious promise of the life to come,—
 Clinging to death."

The poem closes with a blessing on the active life of Charity sustained by a true Sabbath spirit, and a comparison of the first joy of hope in the resurrection to the first hearing of the song of the lark by a man pent in cities:—

"How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
 When Hope arose to Faith! Faintly at first
 The heavenly voice is heard: then, by degrees,
 Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
 Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
 Has dwelt in city-crowds, wandering afieled
 Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
 Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
 The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
 Checked by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
 But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
 And still another soars on loftier wing,
 Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,
 Poised welkin high, harmonious fills the air,
 As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven."

There is no gloom in Grahame's poetry. Blair's "Grave" has little else, the hope beyond the grave is at the close faintly suggested in comparison with all the unctuous dwelling on its actual corruption. Grahame sees only in death "the Sabbath of the tomb." His love for man and bird and beast is everywhere in his writing. In his "Birds of Scotland" he celebrates the linnet and the mavis and the merle and all, and has nothing but goodwill to the cuckoo, who has, on the whole, been ill-befriended by the poets. One passage from the "Birds of Scotland" we may take as characteristic of its author:—

"I love the neighbourhood of man and beasts:
 I would not place my stable out of sight.
 No! close behind my dwelling, it should form
 A fence, on one side, to my garden plat.
 What beauty equals shelter, in a clime
 Where wintry blasts wit' summer breezes blend,
 Chilling the day! How pleasant 'tis to hear
 December's winds, amid surrounding trees,
 Raging aloud! how grateful 'tis to wake,
 While raves the midnight storm, and hear the sound

Of busy grinders at the well-filled rack ;
 Or flapping wing, and crow of chanticleer,
 Long ere the lingering morn : or bouncing flails,
 That tell the dawn is near ! Pleasant the path
 By sunny garden-wall, when all the fields
 Are chill and comfortless ; or barn-yard snug,
 Where flocking birds, of various plume, and chirp
 Discordant, cluster on the leaning stack,
 From whence the thresher draws the rustling sheaves.

O Nature ! all thy seasons please the eye
 Of him who sees a Deity in all.
 It is His presence that diffuses charms
 Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
 To think that He, who hears the heavenly choirs,
 Harkens complacent to the woodland song ;—
 To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
 Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky ;
 To mark His presence in the mighty bow
 That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
 Of tiniest flower, to hear His awful voice
 In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale ;
 To know, and feel His care for all that lives ;—
 'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
 A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
 Yes ! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
 Where no sweet song is heard ; the heath-bell there
 Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee !
 There would my gratefully uplifted eye
 Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night,
 When glows the firmament from pole to pole ;
 There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
 'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
 The firmament shews forth His handy work !'

But of all poets of this time it was Wordsworth
 who felt most deeply the relation of a love of outside
 nature to a love of man, and the place of man in the
 great harmony of creation. His work it was to show,
 as prophet of Nature—

"How the mind of man becomes
 A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
 On which he dwells, above this frame of things
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
 And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine."

We have seen in another volume¹ how Words-
 worth's active sympathy with the first hopes and
 efforts of the French Revolution developed into
 strong and quiet sense of the one path to the fulfil-
 ment of their aim. "Having gained," he said,

"A more judicious knowledge of the worth
 And dignity of individual man ;
 No composition of the brain, but man
 Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
 With our own eyes,—I could not but inquire—
 Not with less interest than heretofore,

But greater, though in spirit more subdued—
 Why is this glorious creature to be found
 One only in ten thousand ? What one is
 Why may not millions be ?"

The following ode was partly written in 1803, but
 there was an interval of two years in the writing
 between the first four stanzas and the rest of the
 poem :—

ODE.

*Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood.*²

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound 20
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 shepherd boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival, 40
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 O evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,

¹ "Shorter English Poems," pages 417, 418 ; 434.

² See Vaughan's "Retreat," pages 288, 289, of the present volume.

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :— 50
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, 60
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows 70
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a Mother's mind, 80
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes ! 90
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ; 100
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ; 110
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave, 120
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers 130
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
 Not for these I raise 140
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections, 150
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy, 160
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young Lambs bound 170
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find 180
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; 190
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won. 200
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

So little was Wordsworth's "Excursion" understood in the days when it was written that a single edition of 500 copies lasted the English public for six years. The next edition of 500 it took seven years to sell. Robert Southey heard of a critic who boasted that he had crushed the "Excursion," and cried, "He crush the 'Excursion!' Tell him he might as well fancy he could crush Skiddaw."

Wordsworth's friendship for Sir George Beaumont, which gave rise to the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," had its origin in 1803. Sir George was then staying with Coleridge, at Greta Hall, Keswick, and appreciated Coleridge's friend, Wordsworth, whom he had not seen. Knowing Coleridge's desire to have Wordsworth near him, Beaumont bought a piece of ground on a beautiful spot at Applethwaite, near Keswick, and gave it to Wordsworth as a site for a house that he might build there. Wordsworth wrote his thanks, and asked to be steward only of the land, and return it if he could not pitch his tent upon it. Thus began a friendship that lasted until Beaumont's death, in 1827. Sir George had afterwards a notion of building himself a house near Wordsworth, and bought Loughrigg Tarn. But this scheme also came to nothing, the tarn was re-sold, and the purchase-money placed at Wordsworth's disposal. He laid it out in the walling of Grasmere Churchyard and planting the yew-trees, in the shade of which his grave long afterwards was made. In 1821, when Wordsworth was staying with his friends, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, at Coleorton, Sir George was about to build a church on his estate. The church was the great daily topic of the house, and this led to conversations on church history. The impulse was thus given to the series of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," in which Wordsworth

traced the development of the English Church, and dwelt on the religious life of England. Wordsworth felt strongly the power of a calm religious influence in aid of that true individual development which was to him the chief hope of the future. His experience of the French Revolution led him to doubt the restless spirit of outward change, and he felt truly that the gains of civil liberty in England were due in large measure to the religious spirit that inspired the battle.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

The series of these "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" is closed with a bold glance forward, preluded by Sonnets on Church-building. These are upon Sir George Beaumont's new church, built amidst the grass and trees of his grounds. This, for example, is the Sonnet on the Consecration and Enclosure of its Churchyard:—

THE NEW CHURCHYARD.

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven,
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked, as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow:—
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

That is followed by Sonnets on English Cathedrals and such piles as the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared;
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrice your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles

Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!



THE NAVE AND WEST TRANSEPT, LINCOLN.

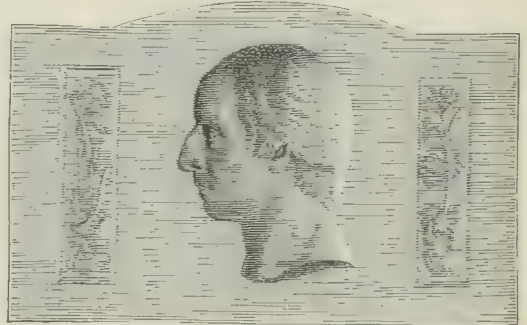
And this is Wordsworth's closing glance into the future:—

CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Word
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that stream behold,
THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty kings—look forth my Soul!
Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust.
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

Two years later, in 1823, Wordsworth addressed to Lady Le Fleming a poem in the chapel or church she was then building at Rydal, which was to be Wordsworth's place of public worship during the rest of his life, until his death in 1850. In that year, on Sunday, the 10th of March, he attended service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five in the evening he set out to walk to Grasmere in a keen north-east wind, lightly clad and looking feeble. He was about on the two next days in cold bright weather, called at a cottage, and sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. On the 14th came pain in the side; on the 20th his throat and chest were affected with severe inflam-

mation. His strength sank. On the 7th of April he was eighty years old, and was prayed for in Rydal Chapel. When his daughter Dora died in 1847 he wrote, "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life; but God's will be done." When he had now to be told that his own course was closing, his wife gave him the desired warning by whispering, "William, you are going to Dora." He died on the afternoon of the 23rd, and was buried in Grasmere Churchyard. A tablet to his memory with a medallion of his head in bas-relief was afterwards placed in Grasmere Church, over the pew he had once occupied there.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. (From the Tablet in Grasmere Church.)

John Keble was born in 1792 at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, the second child and eldest son of the Rev. John Keble, who was vicar of Coln St. Aldwin's, about three miles from Fairford, where he lived in a house of his own. Keble's mother had been Sarah Maule, daughter of the incumbent of Ringwood, in Hampshire. The father educated the son for college, and took him in 1806 to his own college in Oxford, Corpus Christi, where he obtained a scholarship when not quite fifteen. He obtained a Fellowship of Oriel, and took private pupils before he was ordained. Then he assisted his father as curate in charge of two small parishes, but was recalled to take a Tutorship at Oriel. In May, 1823, his mother died, and in that year John Keble left Oxford and joined his father at Fairford. Having been a Tutor at Oriel for five years, during which time he had twice served as Public Examiner, and once as Master of the Schools, he returned to the two little curacies, and to the aid and companionship of his father and his two sisters, whom he called playfully his wife and his sweetheart, Elizabeth and Mary Anne. Keble's father lived to the age of ninety, venerated by his son. The elder sister, Elizabeth, was delicate in health, gravely gentle and affectionate—her, Keble called his wife. The other sister, Mary Anne, with her own depths of earnestness, was cheerful and playful as John Keble himself could be; they lived in a half sportive companionship of love. In 1825 Keble became curate of Hursley, where the incumbent was Archdeacon Heathcote, who lived at Winchester. Sir William Heathcote, who had just succeeded to the property at Hursley, and recommended Keble to the curacy,

found him a house between his own park gates and the church, which he set in order for him. His brother Thomas, who had lately married, took his place in the curacies at home. His sister Mary Anne was one of his first visitors in his new home, and also an old college friend, who afterwards brought the purest spirit of religion into the teacher's work at Rugby, Thomas Arnold, then living with pupils at Nuneham. "I have tried," wrote Keble, "the cozie powers of the Hursley air, not only with Mary Anne, who has paid me a visit of five weeks ending the 9th January, but also with Tom Arnold, who ran down here like a good neighbour, and surveyed the premises and the neighbourhood presently after Christmas. How very unaltered he is, and how very comfortable and contented! he is one of the persons whom it does one good to think of when I am in a grumbling vein."

In September, 1826, John Keble's beloved play-fellow sister, his "sweetheart" Mary Anne, died. He had been writing for some years the poems which he was about to publish as "The Christian Year." Upon his sister's death he expressed his feeling in tender verses, which were printed in the *British Magazine* among those sacred poems by himself and others that were collected in 1836 into a volume published at Derby as the "Lyra Apostolica." To generalise the poem, he printed "brother" for "sister" in one of the closing stanzas, but the "happy soul" passed into the spirit world is that of the sister upon whose funeral Keble wrote, with a full heart, of

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I thought to meet no more, so dreary seemed
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar,

Friend of this worthless heart! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing: the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day:

The deep knell dying down, the mourners' pause
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate,—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustomed way
The hallowed porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,

Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve,
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid Faith,
That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
So many tokens dear
Of endless love begun.

Listen! It is no dream. Th' Apostle's trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's;—calmly now
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasure for a while:
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin-lid;
If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, "for ever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud, yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er;
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

Thou, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead;
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

Religious poems written at different times by John Keble had multiplied, and for some time past he had been writing others with the purpose of arranging them into a harmonious volume, designed to aid in the maintenance of a religious spirit in the English Church.

In June, 1827, was published the first edition of "The Christian Year," a series of meditative poems in which Keble dwelt on some incident or passage in the lessons for the day on each Sunday and Holyday of the year's service in the Church of England. There was no author's name upon the title-page, no pretension in the manner of the publication, and Keble was not a poet of the highest rank. But the religious music of the book is true. John Keble's devotion was deep and unaffected; his love of God and man, his pure domestic feeling that set his unambitious life in the midst of home associations of his childhood, his simple and pure sense of nature that had caused him to delight in Wordsworth's poetry even in his undergraduate days when it had few friends, all make themselves felt. He had a cultivated mind, poetic sensibilities, a natural grace in his whole nature, and the charm of his religious purity. He

was really the first moving cause of a reaction at Oxford that carried some over to Rome; but his devotion to the Church in all her ordinances was so inseparable from a life that in all its acts and utterances looked to heaven, that in the hottest strife of parties no man has supposed Keble to be an enemy. Within twenty-six years after the publication of the "Christian Year" 108,000 copies had been sold in forty-three editions. After Keble's death there were in nine months seven editions or 11,000 copies sold. The spirit in which Keble used his gift of song, and which is at the soul of the best poetry of England—Chaucer's, Shakespeare's, Spenser's, Milton's, Wordsworth's—whether or not its themes be formally religious, is expressed in this piece written for

PALM SUNDAY.

Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye, who hath set your parts? 10
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosannas here below:—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own, 20
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here:
We the while, of meaner birth, 30
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal;
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthralling strain
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using),
Then, thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing. 40

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore:

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

This is one of the poems written for a Saint's Day:—

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

When brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpaired.

E'en round the death-bed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover, 10
And haunt us with no vexing mood
When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel,
We shall live on, though Fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that wouldst grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
Thy love-charm with true Christian art. 20

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scann'd His features well,
And known Him for the Christ by proof;

Such proof as they are sure to find
Who spend with Him their happy days,
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind
Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain, 30
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done. 40

That so, before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet
For endless ages to embrace.

At the end of 1831, John Keble was nominated to the Poetry Professorship at Oxford, and gave his first lecture in February, 1832. In 1833, he was appointed by the Vice-Chancellor to preach the

Assize Sermon at Oxford, and published his sermon, with the title "National Apostasy." Dr. Newman held the publication of this sermon to be the starting-point of the religious movement of 1833.

Of this we have next to speak, but may first add a word or two upon the latter days of Keble. Besides his edition of Hooker, and other writings, he produced in 1846 another collection of poems, "Lyra Innocentium," in which he looks at the doctrines of the Church in association with child-life. Though childless, he had a tender love for childhood. Keble's father died in his ninetieth year, in January, 1835. Later in the year the course of events advanced Keble from the curacy to the vicarage of Hursley, and in October, 1835, he married Miss Charlotte Clarke, daughter of an old friend of his father's—a lady whom he had known from childhood, and whose mother had been for some years a widow. Keble lived an active, happy life until March, 1866. In the following May his wife was buried by his side.



JOHN KEBLE. (From a Photograph.)

The Oxford movement, which may be said to have attained full vigour in 1833, was in some respects the converse of that which began in the same university with the Wesleys just a hundred years before. In 1733, Whitefield had been a year at Oxford, and was associating himself with the small enthusiastic band of Methodists, who were to have a lasting influence on some of the forms of English religion. The Wesleys and their followers held by the Church, but laid more stress upon fellowship in realisation of the Christian life than upon ceremonial religion. They were forced out of the Church of England, though not into antagonism with it, and their doctrinal opinions joined them in closest sympathy with that part of the Church which had least sympathy with Rome. They belonged to that section of religious thought which had been represented by the Puritans of former time. The next great wave of enthusiasm that spread from Oxford, arose from

reaction against the continued strengthening of that tendency in the Church against which Matthew Parker, Whitgift, Laud, and others had contended. When our Church parted from the Church of Rome, there was a certain compromise, both as regards ceremonial and doctrine, which led, as we have seen, to active differences of opinion among Christians equally devout. We need only recall the controversy that gave rise to Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." In the eighteenth century the great balance of zeal was so much against the Church system of Rome that it led even to a considerable secession from the Church of England, due in great measure to the feeble energies of a clergy that, if not touched with that form of zeal, had, as a body, no other in which there was united force. Such ornamental proprieties as Blair's sermons were read with critical satisfaction, though in the second half of the nineteenth century no critic would assign them value. The sceptical spirit in society was met with the reasoning of Butler, who did value ecclesiastical forms, and was accused even of a leaning to Catholicism, and by Paley, who was thought to share the tendency of his time in having, at least, no very great zeal for the established forms of ceremonial and doctrine as such, however much he valued them as aids to a useful religion. Unless a type of thought which had run through the history of many a past civil and religious struggle was really disappearing from amongst us, a reaction was inevitable. Given, in the nineteenth century, a few men as completely possessed with enthusiasm for their cause as the Wesleys were in the eighteenth, and as far as there were men in England apt to yield to the claim of supreme Church authority they could spread their opinions. The movement, like that of a century before, began at Oxford with about a dozen men; these, however, were not undergraduates, but men mature in power, with variety of gifts.

The devout imagination of John Keble fastened strongly upon the ecclesiastical system of the Church; its ordained ministers were the only ministers; its sacraments had mystical power in themselves; baptismal regeneration was a mystery of God dependent on the rite of the Church, and, loving children, he is said to have held in his arms a child that he had newly baptised, gazing down upon it with a tender adoration of the mystery by which it had been made clear from sin. This living faith in ceremonial shone from a life pure and beautiful, and in Keble the ties of home, and loving fidelity to its traditions as well as to traditions of the Church, made that spiritual life of love, which is the chief mark of Christianity, his most obvious characteristic, and kept him within the fold in which he had been born.

His friend, John Henry Newman, much influenced by Keble at Oxford, was urged by the energies of a vigorous mind to a foremost place in battle for the cause to which he gave both heart and intellect. The same vigour of mind caused him at last to accept the logical conclusion of his argument, and find all that he strove for by entering into communion with the Church of Rome. In the beginning of 1864, Charles Kingsley, who felt deeply the Romeward tendency of this reaction, expressed a belief that English clergymen had been deliberately drawn to Rome.

Dr. Newman defended himself by an *Apologia*, which was published in 1865, divested of the personality of controversy, as "History of my Religious Opinions." He was brought up to take great delight in reading the Bible, and recalls as faithfully as he can the shifting religious impressions in his childhood and youth. He was born in 1801, and is therefore one year younger than the century. His father was a banker in Lombard Street, and he was educated at Ealing School before he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was elected to a scholarship when very young. He graduated with classical honours in 1820, and obtained a fellowship at Oriel. In 1825 he became Vice-Principal to Dr. Whately, who was then Principal at St. Alban's Hall, but gave up that office in 1826, and became one of the tutors of his college. He then preached his first university sermon; in 1827 he was one of the public examiners for the B.A. degree, and in 1828 he became Vicar of St. Mary's. When the Fellows of Oriel had joined in welcoming him to their body, Newman wrote to a friend at the time: "I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." In 1827 the appearance of Keble's "Christian Year" had deepened his influence over his friends, and Newman found in it, he said—as in Butler's "Analogy"—what may be called, in a large sense of the word, the Sacramental system; that is, the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen—a doctrine which embraces in its fulness not only what Anglicans as well as Catholics believe about sacraments, properly so called, but also the article of "the Communion of Saints," and likewise the "Mysteries of the Faith;" and also, as in Butler, through the doctrine that Probability is the guide of life, a sense of the logical cogency of Faith. In December, 1832, Newman visited with congenial friends the south of Europe, and during that excursion wrote most of the verses afterwards collected, with verse of Keble and other fellow-thinkers, in the "Lyra Apostolica." When he came home, in 1833, the Oxford movement had commenced, and Newman devised the plan of supporting it by a series of "Tracts for the Times," addressed partly to the clergy, headed "Ad Clerum," partly to Churchmen at large, headed "Ad Populum." They were sold at the price of twopence for an octavo sheet. The first Tract, sold for a penny, was an address to the clergy, in four pages, of "Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission." The clergy were called on to support their bishops as successors of the Apostles, and oppose the world by virtue of their own apostolical descent, received, through imposition of hands, from their bishops. "All we who have been ordained clergy in the very form of our ordination acknowledged the doctrine of the apostolical succession. And for the same reason we must necessarily consider none to be *really* ordained who have not *thus* been ordained. For if ordination is a divine ordinance, it must be necessary; and if it is not a divine ordinance, how dare we use it? Therefore all who use it, all of *us*, must consider it necessary. As well might we pretend the Sacraments are not necessary to salvation, while we

make use of the offices of the Liturgy; for when God appoints means of grace, they are *the* means." In the same year, 1833, when the "Tracts for the Times" were begun, their founder says: "I called upon clergy in various parts of the country, whether I was acquainted with them or not, and I attended at the houses of friends where several of them were from time to time assembled. I do not think that much came of such attempts, nor were they quite in my way. Also I wrote various letters to clergymen, which fared not much better, except that they advertised the fact that a rally in favour of the Church was commencing." The second Tract argued that the one Catholic Apostolic Church, of which the Sacraments and the Communion are necessary to salvation in the case of those who can obtain it, is the Church thus formed by bishops, priests, and deacons. "And when men say 'the day is past for sticking about ecclesiastical rights,' let them see to it, lest they use substantially the same arguments to maintain their position as those who say 'the day is past for being a Christian.'" The next Tract was against any alteration of the Liturgy; the next upon objection to reading the burial-service over those who are a scandal to religion—an objection to be met not by change of the service, but by adherence to the words of the Church introducing it, and restoration of the practice of excommunication. A note is added on Episcopacy as the Principle of Unity. Following Tracts dealt much with the doctrine of episcopal succession, urged return to primitive practice, and resisted all change in the way of innovation. As the Tracts proceeded, interpretation by light of the past led to argument, beginning in Tract 38 ("Ad Scholas"), for a *Via Media*, which met the objection that the religious system here enforced and by some called Apostolical was "like that against which our forefathers protested at the Reformation." It is argued in dialogue between "Laicus" and "Clericus" that the Reformers of the sixteenth century held opinions which many in the nineteenth account Popish; "and is it wonderful," asks "Clericus," "if such as I should be called Popish, if the Church services themselves are considered so? . . . Men seem to think that we are plainly and indisputably proved to be Popish, if we are proved to differ from the generality of Churchmen, now-a-days. Upon which "Laicus" says:—

L. All, however, will allow, I suppose, that our Reformation was never completed in its details. The final judgment was not passed upon parts of the Prayer Book. There were, you know, alterations in the second edition of it published in King Edward's time; and these tended to a more Protestant doctrine than that which had first been adopted. For instance, in King Edward's first book the dead in Christ were prayed for; in the second this commemoration was omitted. Again, in the first book the elements of the Lord's Supper were more distinctly offered up to God, and more formally consecrated than in the second edition, or at present. Had Queen Mary not succeeded, perhaps the men who effected this would have gone further.

C. I believe they would; nay, indeed they did at a subsequent period. They took away the Liturgy altogether, and substituted a Directory.

L. They? the same men?

C. Yes, the foreign party: who afterwards went by the name of Puritans. Bucer, who altered in King Edward's time, and the Puritans, who destroyed in King Charles's, both came from the same religious quarter.

L. Ought you so to speak of the foreign Reformers? to them we owe the Protestant doctrine altogether.

C. I like foreign interference as little from Geneva, as from Rome. Geneva at least never converted a part of England from heathenism, nor could lay claim to patriarchal authority over it. Why could we not be let alone, and suffered to reform ourselves?

L. You separate then your creed and cause from that of the Reformed Churches of the Continent?

C. Not altogether; but I protest against being brought into that close alliance with them which the world now-a-days would force upon us. The glory of the English Church is, that it has taken the *VIA MEDIA*, as it has been called. It lies *between* the (so-called) Reformers and the Romanists; whereas there are religious circles, and influential too, where it is thought enough to prove an English clergyman unfaithful to his Church, if he preaches anything at variance with the opinions of the Diet of Augsburg, or the Confessions of the Waldenses.

Many who were stirred by the deep-seated enthusiasm and various ability of the leaders of this movement found it difficult to accept all the counsel they received and keep the *Via Media*, the Middle Way. In the "History of his Religious Opinions" Dr. Newman confesses, with the frank sincerity of a man who seeks absolute truth, the touch of polemical fierceness that was at this time in his zeal for his opinions:—

This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the negligence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the opposite charge of fierceness in certain steps which I took, or words which I published. In the "*Lyra Apostolica*," I have said that before learning to love, we must "learn to hate;" though I had explained my words by adding "hatred of sin." In one of my first Sermons I said, "I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be." I added, of course, that it would be an absurdity to suppose such tempers of mind desirable in themselves. The corrector of the press bore these strong epithets till he got to "more fierce," and then he put in the margin a *query*. In the very first page of the first Tract, I said of the Bishops, that, "black event though it would be for the country, yet we could not wish them a more blessed termination of their course, than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom." In consequence of a passage in my work upon the Arian History, a Northern dignitary wrote to accuse me of wishing to re-establish the blood and torture of the Inquisition. Contrasting heretics and heresiarchs, I had said, "The latter should meet with no mercy: he assumes the office of the Tempter; and, so far forth as his error goes, must be dealt with by the competent authority, as if he were embodied evil. To spare him is a false and dangerous pity. It is to endanger the souls of thousands, and it is uncharitable towards himself." I cannot deny that this is a very fierce passage; but Arius was banished, not burned; and it is only fair to myself to say that neither

at this, nor any other time of my life, not even when I was fiercest, could I have even cut off a Puritan's ears, and I think the sight of a Spanish *auto-da-fé* would have been the death of me. Again, when one of my friends, of liberal and evangelical opinions, wrote to expostulate with me on the course I was taking, I said that we would ride over him and his, as Othniel prevailed over Chushan-rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia. Again, I would have no dealings with my brother, and I put my conduct upon a syllogism. I said, "St. Paul bids us avoid those who cause divisions; you cause divisions: therefore I must avoid you." I dissuaded a lady from attending the marriage of a sister who had seceded from the Anglican Church. No wonder that Blanco White, who had known me under such different circumstances, now hearing the general course that I was taking, was amazed at the change which he recognised in me.

Meanwhile he was losing as well as winning friends, was exposed not only to the wrestle of argument, but to the fierceness too common in all religious contests, and that was not wanting in his opponents. The inner spirit of the man who had organised the movement in the Church which was called, after the "Tracts for the Times," "Tractarian," may be gathered from this poem of J. H. Newman's in the "*Lyra Apostolica*:"—

Time was I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

At the close of 1833 Dr. Pusey, who was Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, joined in the movement. Edward Bouverie Pusey, born in 1800, was son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, who had taken the name of Pusey by royal licence. He had been educated at Christ Church, and he also became one of the Fellows of Oriel, at a time when the Fellows of Oriel represented a compact body of the best intellect in the University. He became Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church in 1828. In December, 1833, he contributed to the "Tracts for the Times" the twenty-first of the series, on behalf of Fasting—"Mortification of the Flesh a Scripture Duty;" but it was not until 1835 and 1836 that he became fully associated with the movement. His four tracts, 67, 68, 69, and 70, entitled "Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism, as established by the consent of the Ancient Church, and contrasted with the

system of Modern Schools," formed a volume of 400 pages, and passed through several editions. It was introduced by a verse from Keble's "Christian Year"—

"What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed;
But seen by Faith, 'tis Blood
Out of a dear Friend's side."

The aim of the treatise was to enforce the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration—baptism being set forth as the only spiritual New Birth—and the necessity of Faith with Baptism to Salvation. Its writer said, "St. Matthew records the words of the commission given through the Apostles to the Church; St. Mark adds the awful sanction, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned.' Our Lord thus states positively what He had before to Nicodemus said negatively. Through Nicodemus, He warned us that without Baptism there was no entrance into His Kingdom; here he tells us, that whoso believeth in Him shall then have the blessings, which are in Him, imparted to him if he be baptised." Dr. Pusey also established the publication of a "Library of the Fathers" in aid of a reaction towards past opinions in the Church, and became thenceforth so prominently connected with the movement, that its supporters were often called by his name—"Puseyites." Dr. Pusey's example caused Dr. Newman also to enter upon larger works of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORTY YEARS UNDER VICTORIA.—NEWMAN, ARNOLD, MAURICE, KINGSLEY, CARLYLE, TENNYSON, BROWNING, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1837 to A.D. 1877.

THE tendency towards Rome and the actual passing over of young clergymen into the Roman communion after they had been for some time under his teaching, caused Dr. Newman to consider how far he might satisfy the consciences of those who, with Roman opinions, felt unable to remain within the English Church. The Thirty-nine Articles were said to be in part levelled against the doctrines now associated with the *Via Media* of the English Church as writers of the Tracts wished it to be. Early in 1841 Dr. Newman resolved to write a Tract for the purpose of showing that the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church were elastic enough to include the opinions at which he and his companions and followers had now arrived. He says, "The actual cause of my doing so was the restlessness, active and prospective, of those who neither liked the *Via Media*, nor my strong judgment against Rome."

I had been enjoined, I think by my Bishop, to keep these men straight, and I wished so to do: but their tangible difficulty was subscription to the Articles; and thus the question of the Articles came before me. It was thrown in our teeth; "How can you manage to sign the Articles? they are directly against Rome." "Against Rome?" I made

answer. "What do you mean by 'Rome?'" and then I proceeded to make distinctions, of which I shall now give an account.

By "Roman doctrine" might be meant one of three things: 1, the *Catholic teaching* of the early centuries; or, 2, the *formal dogmas of Rome* as contained in the later Councils, especially the Council of Trent, and as condensed in the Creed of Pope Pius IV.; 3, the *actual popular beliefs and usages* sanctioned by Rome in the countries in communion with it, over and above the dogmas; and these I called "dominant errors." Now Protestants commonly thought that in all three senses, "Roman doctrine" was condemned in the Articles: I thought that the *Catholic teaching* was not condemned; that the *dominant errors* were; and as to the *formal dogmas*, that some were, some were not, and that the line had to be drawn between them. Thus, 1. The use of Prayers for the dead was a Catholic doctrine,—not condemned in the Articles; 2. The prison of Purgatory was a Roman dogma,—which was condemned in them; but the infallibility of Ecumenical Councils was a Roman dogma,—not condemned; and 3. The fire of Purgatory was an authorised and popular error, not a dogma,—which was condemned.

Further, I considered that the difficulties, felt by the persons whom I have mentioned, mainly lay in their mistaking, 1, Catholic teaching, which was not condemned in the Articles, for Roman dogma which was condemned; and 2, Roman dogma, which was not condemned in the Articles, for dominant error which was. If they went further than this, I had nothing more to say to them.

A further motive which I had for my attempt, was the desire to ascertain the ultimate points of contrariety between the Roman and Anglican creeds, and to make them as few as possible. I thought that each creed was obscured and misrepresented by a dominant circumambient "Popery" and "Protestantism."

The main thesis then of my Essay was this:—the Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching; they but partially oppose Roman dogma; they for the most part oppose the dominant errors of Rome. And the problem was, as I have said, to draw the line as to what they allowed and what they condemned.

Such being the object which I had in view, what were my prospects of widening and of defining their meaning? The prospect was encouraging; there was no doubt at all of the elasticity of the Articles: to take a palmary instance, the seventeenth was assumed by one party to be Lutheran, by another Calvinistic, though the two interpretations were contradictory of each other; why then should not other Articles be drawn up with a vagueness of an equally intense character? I wanted to ascertain what was the limit of that elasticity in the direction of Roman dogma.

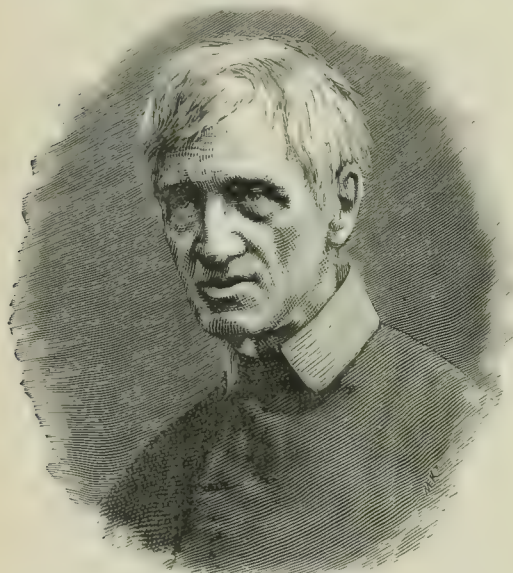
The result was, in February, 1841, No. 90 of the "Tracts for the Times," which made a very great stir in the Church. It was headed "Remarks on Certain Passages in the Thirty-nine Articles." The storm raised by this Tract brought its writer face to face with his actual position. Confidence in him was lost, but he had lost, he says, full confidence in himself. He admitted doubt as to his future opinions, and felt that this breaking of his influence within the English Church had saved him from an impossible position in the future. The bishops one after another directed their charges against him, and he writes, "From the end of 1841, I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the

Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees." In October, 1845, Dr. Newman wrote to a number of friends a letter of which this was the opening:—

Littlemore, October 8th, 1845.—I am this night expecting Father Dominic the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's Day last year.

He is a simple, holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ.

When John Keble received the letter containing this announcement he dreaded to open it, expecting what it contained. He carried it about in his pocket, and opened it at last in an old sandpit. When some friend afterwards, during a walk, called attention to the sandpit, he said, "Ah, that place is associated with one of the saddest events in my life!"



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
From a Photograph by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

The "Tom Arnold" who came as sunshine among the earliest visitors to Keble at Hursley grew to be a power in aid of English religion, differing from Keble not in that which he himself distinguished from "opinion" as "principle," although in latter years opinion put an imagined distance between these friends, whose goodwill dated from the days when they had both been students of Corpus and Fellows of Oriel. Thomas Arnold, famous in after years as the Head-master of Rugby, was born in 1795 at West Cowes. His father, who was collector of customs there, died when his seventh child and youngest son Thomas was scarcely six years old. When eight years old he was sent to a school at Warminster in Wiltshire, and after four years there he went at the age of twelve, in 1807, to Winchester School, where he

remained till 1811. He was then, in his sixteenth year, elected as a scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. John Keble was fifteen when he obtained his scholarship at the same college in 1807, and he had obtained in 1810 his Fellowship at Oriel. Arnold, having graduated in 1814, obtained his Fellowship in 1815, and gained the Chancellor's prize for the two University Essays, Latin and English, in 1815 and 1817. He had written verse as a boy, and still wrote it as exercise; but a taste for history caused him to fasten with relish at Oxford on Herodotus and Thucydides, in whom he delighted always. Delight in Thucydides caused Arnold afterwards to become his editor. He was also thoroughly at home in Aristotle, and often associated Aristotle's thoughts with the living truth of his own life. At Oxford, Arnold was lively, ardent, earnest, and bold of thought. In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon, and in 1819 he began life in partnership with a brother-in-law, who established a school at Laleham, near Staines. Arnold settled there with his mother, aunt, and sister; and next year, in August, 1820, he married a clergyman's daughter who was the sister of one of his most intimate school and college friends. Nine happy years were spent at Laleham. With the school was associated private preparation of young men for the Universities. Arnold began by taking charge of such pupils, and also assisting in the school. Afterwards he made it his whole business, without partnership, to prepare young men for Oxford. He helped the curate of the place in church and workhouse, visited the parish poor, was happy in the young life about him, and in the domestic peace of home. To a friend who thought of becoming private tutor, he wrote thus of the calling, in 1831, when he was at Rugby:—

I know it has a bad name, but my wife and I always happened to be fond of it, and if I were to leave Rugby for no demerit of my own, I would take to it again with all the pleasure in life. I enjoyed, and do enjoy, the society of youths of seventeen or eighteen, for they are all alive in limbs and spirits at least, if not in mind, while in older persons the body and spirits often become lazy and languid without the mind gaining any vigour to compensate for it. Do not take your work as a dose, and I do not think you will find it nauseous. I am sure you will not, if your wife does not, and if she is a sensible woman, she will not either if you do not. . . . I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can. I did this continually more and more before I left Laleham, going to bathe with them, leaping, and all other gymnastic exercises within my capacity, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them. They, I believe, always liked it, and I enjoyed it myself like a boy, and found myself constantly the better for it.

In August, 1827, Dr. Wooll resigned the Head-mastership of Rugby, which he had held for twenty-one years. Arnold, late in the contest for the next appointment, was induced to offer himself as a candidate. His testimonials were the last sent in and the last read. Among them was one from Dr. Hawkins which predicted that if Mr. Arnold were elected at Rugby he would change the face of education

throughout all the public schools of England. There was at that time a wide recognition of the need of some reform. Dr. Hawkins's emphatic prophecy and the manner in which the other few testimonials spoke of Arnold's qualities of mind determined his election. He received priest's orders, entered on his office in August, 1828, and took his degree of D.D. in the following November.

Dr. Arnold's wonderful hold upon Rugby school was not obtained immediately, and in the earlier years of his rule there were complaints made from outside against him. But he had firmness of character, he understood the minds of boys, and had a supreme religious sense of his responsibility. Dr. Arnold was religious not after the manner of one of those professional divines of the eighteenth century who laboured to grace their calling with the elegance of heavy rhetoric, and who are now left unread; but religion entered into his whole nature. It was not something to talk about formally with his pupils, but a human reality of which they felt the worth and power. It was a strong early wish of his that religion, apart from all party feeling, could be made really the basis of our common social life. He wished to see some great influential journal joining the tone of men of the world to a uniformly Christian spirit, and appearing "to uphold good principles for their own sake, and not merely as tending to the maintenance of things as they are. It would be," he said, "delightful to see a work sincerely Christian, which should be neither High Church, nor what is called Evangelical." He had even at one time a notion of writing a work on "Christian Politics, or the application of the Gospel to the state of man as a citizen." At Rugby, an outward aspect of sternness that awed younger boys was partly an accident of feature, partly a result of the deep earnestness with which he approached his work. The young boys who were sent into the school out of innocent homes were exposed there to temptations of which he felt the peril, and Dr. Arnold's first object was to expel, as far as possible, the spirit of evil from his boy community. He allowed for the unformed intellect and judgment in a boy; but had a deep sense of the perils to which it was exposed. He did not punish natural stupidity; he encouraged individuality of character, and sought to train powers of thought in the boys under his immediate care; but evil or dishonourable acts caused him to become pale with emotion. At his entrance upon his office he laid down a principle that although expulsion from the school must be a rare punishment for great offences, quiet removal of those boys who could not themselves profit by the school system and whose influence upon their comrades was injurious, must, especially at first, be often necessary. He excited the surprise of some parents by asking them to remove their sons; but he took the utmost care to separate this policy from any suggestion of disgrace to the boys removed. He would often retain friendly interest in them, and of some he would explain to the authorities of any college to which they were sent that, although not fitted for school life, he believed that they would do well in the University. For a few years there were complaints occasioned by this

policy; but as Dr. Arnold said to his boys on one occasion, during the earlier part of his rule, when they were dissatisfied with some removals—"It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." For lying he had no toleration. No boy was allowed to add evidence of a statement made by him; he was checked at once with the remark, "If you say so that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word." The result was that truth was spoken to him; the boys felt that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one." But lying when discovered was punished severely; among the upper boys, if persisted in, its penalty was not removal, but expulsion. He trusted in his Sixth Form, sought in every way to elevate its tone, and utilised the system of fagging that he found in use, by making the thirty boys of the Sixth (or highest) Form transmitters of his own spirit throughout the school. "When I have confidence in the Sixth," he said, at the end of one of his farewell addresses to the boys, "there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go." One of his private addresses to his Sixth Form ended thus:—"The state of the school is a subject of congratulation to us all, but only so far as to encourage us to increased exertions; and I am sure we ought all to feel it a subject of most sincere thankfulness to God: but we must not stop here; we must exert ourselves with earnest prayer to God for its continuance. And what I have often said before I repeat now: what we must look for here is, first, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability." He honoured above all other things high principle bent upon industrious cultivation of low natural abilities, and said, "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." When speaking of a pupil who had earned that praise, he said, "I would stand to that man hat in hand." One day Dr. Arnold came to the teaching of his Sixth Form from the deathbed of one of the boys of the school. He felt a shock in the transition from a solemn deathbed scene to the school work, and reasoned to himself that there must be fault in the school work if it seemed to him so much less religious than he felt a contrast in transition to it from a deathbed. It must be, he thought, that the presence of God is not felt in the school work as we ought to feel it. And from that day he used after the general school-prayer a special prayer for himself and the Sixth Form before they began the duties of the day.

PRAYER READ EVERY MORNING IN THE SIXTH FORM AT RUGBY.

O Lord, who by Thy holy Apostle hast taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith, and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we

would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit; and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds, and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy kingdom; and save us from all pride, and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth, and enable us to gain it; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love:—that while we know earthly things, we may know Thee, and be known by Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit, in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord. Amen.

Dr. Arnold obtained for the masterships at Rugby a privilege of giving title to orders, but required that the masters, while in the school, should have no other cure of souls than that important one which was a part of their office as teachers of the young. When the office of school chaplain became vacant, he claimed that it should—without its salary—be added to that of the head-master, who, by virtue of his office, was the proper chaplain of the school. In his preaching, as in his teaching and in his whole life's work, there was the manliest simplicity. "It is a most touching thing to me," he said to an old pupil, "to receive a new fellow from his father—when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil, as well as for good. I do not know anything which affects me more." When it was suggested that habit must lessen this feeling, he answered, "No; if ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it was high time to be off." This feeling adding to the seriousness of his face, caused the new boy only to think what a stern man Dr. Arnold seemed to be. But as time went on, the dignity and beauty of the religious life in a true man who cared for them, made some even of those who came little into contact with the head-master feel that he was a man they could die for. He sought to encourage boys of all ages to come to the communion-table in the college chapel, and in ministering to the youngest of those who did so, bent over them with a fatherly tenderness. His sermons, always plain and to the purpose, were listened to with fixed attention by the idlest boys, and some would after service avoid their companions, to return alone with the thoughts that had been put into their minds. But the religion he sought to instil was that which out of thought brings action. He would have all be doing. "I always think," he said, "of that magnificent sentence of Bacon, 'In this world, God only and the angels may be spectators.'" This is one of Dr. Arnold's Rugby Sermons, from a volume of them first published in 1832. It belongs to the earlier time, when he felt more frequently the need of wrestling with those evils of a public school life that it was his chief labour to overcome. A certain severity was felt in these earlier sermons by some who, like the younger boys, failed to distinguish between hardness of feeling and firmness of purpose:—

A SERMON IN RUGBY CHAPEL.

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—Matt. xviii. 6.

You see, by the strong language which our Lord here uses, that the sin which he is threatening in these words is a very great one;—and he goes on to repeat the threat in the verse following:—"Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." Some of you, I trust, will know already what the words mean, and will see directly what I am going to turn them to;—for it is a passage which I have often dwelt upon, as it is one which, while it is generally useful to all persons, strikes especially at one of the greatest sins of schools. But there are many, I dare say, who do not know what it means, and who have never thought, when they heard this solemn threat read in the church, that they were themselves some of the very persons concerned in it; that they were daily "offending," in the Scripture meaning of the word, some of Christ's little ones. I could not indeed have chosen a text which came home more directly to your daily practice than the one I have just read. I could not have noticed any sin with which your consciences will tell you, the moment that our Lord's words are explained to you, that you are more familiar. I proceed, therefore, to explain them; and will then apply them, in one or two common instances, to your life and daily habits.

When our Lord speaks of offending one of these little ones who believe in him, I should first say that the word "offend," in common speech, has a very different meaning from that in which the translators of the Bible have here used it. You know that our translation was made more than two hundred years ago; so that it is not wonderful that some words in the course of that time have changed their meanings. "Offend," in the text, and in many other places in the New Testament, means to tempt or lead another into sins: so that by "offending one of these little ones," our Lord does not mean "vexing them," "making them angry," or "ill-using them;" but "tempting or leading them into evil," or "throwing any hindrances in the way of their doing what they ought to do." It is this which he calls so wicked, that it were better for us to die this moment than be guilty of it. But now, by "little ones," whom are we to understand? Jesus had just before taken a little child, and set him in the midst, and told his disciples, that unless they were converted, and became as little children, they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. And then he says that "they must not mislead or tempt to evil one of these little ones who believe in him." Now, a very little child cannot believe in Christ, because he cannot understand much about him; and we know also that it must be a sin to tempt any one to evil, whether they be really little children in age or no. But the more like children they are,—that is, the more ignorant, and simple-minded, and ready to believe and do what others tell them,—so much the more wicked it is to tell them wrong, or to hinder them from going right. It applies, then, to any one who is young in character, even though he should happen to be old in years; but it applies particularly to those who are at once young in years and young in character. It applies, therefore, particularly to those boys who are desirous of doing their duty, who have no great confidence in themselves, but are ready to be guided by others; who are shy and timid, and unable to stand against laughter or ill-usage. There are such in every school; and it is the worst reproach of schools, and the most awful responsibility for all who are connected with them, to think

that so many of them are utterly lost in consequence of the temptations which they here meet with: they are "offended" in the Scripture sense of the word, that is, they are laughed or frightened out of their Saviour's service, and taught very often, ere long, not only to deny their Lord themselves, but to join in "offending" others, who are now as innocent as once they were, and to draw them over to the worship and service of Satan, to which their own souls are already abandoned.

Now, then, you see what the text means, and you feel how it applies to you. You know that there are amongst you many boys who remember and wish to keep the lessons that they have received at home; and you know, also, how much it is the fashion of schools to teach just the contrary. And I will take two instances which will have come, I fear, often enough within the experience of you all. I mean the case of idleness, and the case of extravagance.

First, for idleness. There are boys who have either never learnt, or have quite forgotten, all that may have been told them at home of the duty of attending to their school-lessons. We know that there are boys who think all their lessons merely tiresome, and who are resolved never to take any more trouble about them than what they cannot possibly avoid. But being thus idle themselves, they cannot bear that others should be more attentive. We all know the terms of reproach and ridicule which are thrown out against a boy who works in earnest and upon principle. He is laughed at for taking unnecessary trouble, for being afraid of punishment, or for wishing to gain favour with his masters, and be thought by them to be better than other boys. Either of these reproaches is one which a boy finds it very hard to bear;—he does not like to be thought afraid, or plodding, or as wishing to court favour. He has not age, or sense, or firmness enough to know and to answer, that the only fear of which he need be ashamed is the fear of his equals, the fear of those who are in no respect better than himself, and have therefore no sort of right to direct him. To be afraid, then, of other boys is, in a boy, the same sort of weakness as it is in a man to be afraid of other men: and as a man ought to be equally ashamed of fearing men and not fearing God, so a boy ought to be ashamed of fearing boys, and also to be ashamed of not fearing his parents and instructors. And as, in after life, the fear of God makes no man do anything mean or dishonourable, but the fear of men does lead to all sorts of weakness and baseness; so amongst boys the fear of their parents and teachers will only make them manly, and noble, and high-spirited; but the fear of their companions leads them to everything low, and childish, and contemptible. Those boys, then, who try to make others idle, and laugh at them for trying to please their masters, are exactly like the men who laugh at their neighbours for being religious, and for living in the fear of God; and both are like the more hardened ruffians in a gang of thieves or other criminals, whose amusement it is to laugh at the fear of justice, which beginners in crime have not yet quite got over. In all these instances there is not only the guilt of our own sin, but the far worse guilt of encouraging sin in others; and as I showed you last Sunday how your school-faults, although very trifling in worldly consequences, were yet as serious in the sight of God as the faults in grown men, because they showed that you were not serving and loving Him, but serving and loving evil; so it may be said, without the least going beyond the truth, that a boy who, being idle himself, tries to make others idle also, is exactly "offending one of those little ones who believe in Christ," and is in the daily habit of that sin which Christ says it were better for him to die directly than to be guilty of.

Again, with regard to extravagance, and the breach of school regulations. There are some boys who, remembering the wishes of their parents, are extremely unwilling to incur debts, and to spend a great deal of money upon their own eating, and drinking, and amusements. There are some, too, who, knowing that the use of wine or any liquor of that sort is forbidden, because the use of it among boys is sure to be the abuse of it, would not wish to indulge in anything of the kind themselves. But they are assailed by the example, and the reproaches and the laughter of others. It is mean, and poor-spirited, and ungenerous, not to contribute to the pleasures and social enjoyments of their companions; in short, not to do as others do. The charge of stinginess, of not spending his money liberally, is one which a boy is particularly sore at hearing. He forgets that in his case such a charge is the greatest possible folly. Where is the generosity of spending money which is not your own, and which, as soon as it is spent, is to be supplied again with no sacrifice on your part? Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of your dearest friends, in order to employ it in a manner which those friends would disapprove of?—for, after all, the money must come from them, as you have it not, nor can you earn it for yourselves. But there is another laugh behind: a boy is laughed at for being kept so strictly at home that he cannot get money as he likes; and he is taught to feel ashamed and angry at the hard restraint which is laid upon him. Truly that boy has gone a good way in the devil's service who will dare to set another against his father and his mother, who will teach him that their care and authority are things which he should be ashamed of. Of those who can do this, well may Christ say, that "it were better for them that a millstone were tied about their neck, and that they were drowned in the depth of the sea." Yet these things are done; and the consciences of many who now hear me will say to the eye of Him who can look into the inmost heart that they are the doers of them.

For you who are assailed by these and other such temptations,—for you, whom Christ calls His children, and whom the devil and his servants would fain make ashamed of your Father and your Lord,—for you, who are laughed at because you will not be idle, or drunken, or extravagant, or undutiful, or in some way or other base and low-principled,—beware lest you suffer yourselves to be "offended," that is, lest you are laughed and frightened out of your eternal salvation. After all, they that are with you are more and greater than they who are against you,—all the wise and good and noble among yourselves; all good and wise and honourable men; all blessed spirits that love the service of God, and delight to aid those who are fighting in his cause; and above all that Holy and Eternal Spirit himself, your Comforter and mighty Deliverer, whose aid and perpetual presence with you was purchased by your Redeemer's blood. Trust in these, and be not afraid of all that hell and its servants can do to you. Fear not them who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do to you: but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell.

In 1832 Dr. Arnold bought himself a home for vacation time and future retirement, or for his family in case of his death, at Fox How, between Rydal and Ambleside. His interest in public questions all sprang from the same feeling that animated his school work. As the opinions of the writers of the "Tracts for the Times" came more and more to represent a compact body of thought aiming at what he could only look upon as a revival of past super-

stition, his opposition to them was strongly expressed—never so strongly as in an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1836, and which the Editor of the *Review* entitled “The Oxford Malignants.” He also desired Church unity with all his soul. He would have had Government and Church to be virtually one, by basing the whole social system upon Christian principles, and leaving freedom to sectarian opinion. In 1839 he wrote—“When I think of the Church I could sit down and pine and die.” In 1841 the fourth volume of his *Sermons* appeared. It was entitled “Christian Life, its Helps and its Hindrances.” It brought home to many minds his view of Christianity in a way that abated anger of opponents and increased the number of his friends; but he was combatant still for what he held to be the Christianity of St. John and St. Paul, and said, “It is because I so earnestly desire the revival of the Church that I abhor the doctrine of the priesthood.” The growing divisions in the Church, and the character of the new reaction that had spread from Oxford, caused him to express in his last years a feeling almost of despair. His sermon for Easter Day, 1842, dwelt with unusual severity on this ecclesiastical reaction, and in one letter at this time he seemed disposed to give up hope of a restoration of peace in the Church, and “to cling, not from choice, but from necessity, to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on Christian Religion, and adjourning his idea of the Church *sine die*.” In August, 1841, he had accepted the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, vacant by the death of Dr. Nares. On the 2nd of December he read his Inaugural Lecture to a crowded audience, among which were many of his old Rugby pupils, listening with delight to their old teacher. On the morning of Sunday, the 12th of June, 1842, when work at Rugby was just over, the boys were separating for their holidays, and he was looking forward to his rest at Fox How, Dr. Arnold died suddenly of unsuspected heart disease. His last act when he went to rest on Saturday night, had been to make this entry in his diary:—

Saturday Evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, ‘Vixi!’ And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God’s permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing,—labouring to do God’s will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.

That great work was labour towards the establishment of a Church of England that should be one with the State, and leaving freedom for diversity of

ceremony and opinion, should unite all in avowed maintenance of the gospel of Christ as the first source of law and order among Christians

Keble, Newman, Arnold, all came more or less into relation with the vigorous good sense of Richard Whately, who was their senior at Oriel, but survived Arnold, for he died Archbishop of Dublin in 1863. Richard Whately was born in 1787, the youngest of nine children of a prosperous divine. During three years of his childhood, from the age of five or six, he had an enthusiasm for mental arithmetic, and could work accurately in his head any sum in multiplication, division, and the rule of three, faster than any one could do them on paper. The passion afterwards wore off. His father died when he was ten years old, and his mother then settled in Bath. Whately had also a strong boyish delight in speculations upon government, civilisation, and other topics that engage the thoughts of men. This habit of thought remained, and as he had been a boy often more occupied with his thoughts than with the small things happening about him, so in after life he would be beating out ideas in his head while ignorant of all the details that provided small talk for his neighbours. What had been shyness in the child, became abruptness in the man, with intellectual energy and great simplicity and kindness of character. Whately entered Oriel College, Oxford, and by Dr. Copleston, who was then tutor there, his fearless liberality of thought in directions not favoured by Oxford University men was strengthened. He graduated in 1808, and in 1811 became Fellow of Oriel; took his M.A. degree in 1812, and remained at Oxford as a private tutor. He was ordained deacon in 1814. In 1815 he took an invalid sister to Oporto, returned to Oxford in the autumn, and spent the next years in the University as private and public tutor. He was a teacher skilled in the art of making pupils think. In 1819 Whately met one argument of sceptics in religion, that based upon defect of testimony, with a pamphlet of “Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon,” which showed how their method could be applied as effectually to the demolition of the recent evidence of certain truth, as to the remoter evidence of truth which to him was equally certain. This pamphlet went through many editions. In 1821 Whately married at Cheltenham, but returned to Oxford, and took pupils. In 1822 he was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and published the lectures he delivered “On the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion.” This was his first published volume. He spoke afterwards of the publication of these lectures as “breaking the bridge behind him,” and committing himself to a long war against the evil he condemned. In 1822 a living was given to him at Halesworth in Suffolk; he went to reside there, and worked hard for the improvement of his people until the effect of the damp climate upon his wife’s health, which sometimes brought her life into danger, obliged him to leave. In 1825 Whately took the degree of D.D., and was appointed Principal of St. Alban’s Hall. He removed to Oxford, and for two or three years

spent the vacations at Halesworth, but the risk to his wife's life became too manifest, and at last he placed a curate in the rectory, and went alone to the parish three or four times a year. St. Alban's Hall had become a place of refuge for idlers, but Dr. Whately began vigorous reforms. He had been drawn to John Henry Newman at Oriel. Newman was of solitary, thoughtful habits, and Whately, who had sympathies of his own with isolated thoughtfulness, had greeted him one day in passing with the courteous application of a Latin saying—"Never less alone than when alone."¹ Whately was fourteen years older than Newman, whose earnest thoughtfulness he so well appreciated that he made him his Vice-Principal at St. Alban's Hall. "I owe him a great deal," says Dr. Newman. "He was a man of generous and warm heart. While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a generous and encouraging instructor. He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and use my reason. . . . He had done his work to me, or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes and walk with my own feet." But there was essential difference in tendencies of mind that separated afterwards their lines of work. In 1825 Whately published a first series of *Essays on religious subjects*; they were on some of the *Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*. In 1828, a second series was on some *Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul*, and on other parts of the *New Testament*. A third series, in 1830, was on the *Errors of Romanism*, traced to their *Origin in Human Nature*. Meanwhile he had published in 1827 his "*Elements of Logic*," and in 1828 his "*Elements of Rhetoric*."

Whately's "*Elements of Rhetoric*" being specially designed for students who were to recruit the ranks of the clergy, was the first book in which clergymen were plainly told that if they would bring the truths of the Bible and their own thoughts upon them home to their hearers easily and clearly, and avoid "clergyman's sore throat," they must speak in their natural voices. No manner of voice that man can substitute for that which God has given him will do its work in any respect half as well. The clerical voice that Whately did not succeed in banishing out of churches, cannot be so well heard at a distance; has not a tenth or hundredth part of the power of expressing lights and shades of thought that is in the natural voice of man; gives pain alike to the ear of the hearer and the throat of the speaker, and is the sole cause of affections of the throat. Dr. Whately surprised some clergymen whom he persuaded to try in reading-desk and pulpit the effect of the natural voice which they had believed honestly to be insufficient for effective utterance in a large building.

They came into large fortunes of ease and efficiency, and had no more sore throat; for misuse of one of the best gifts of God is the only cause of clergyman's sore throat in a fairly healthy man. A clerical friend urged Whately much for an opinion as to his reading of the Church service, and he said at last, "Well, then, if you really wish to know what I think of your reading, I should say there are only two parts of the service you read well, and those you read faultlessly." "Which are they?" "They are, 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and 'Here endeth the second lesson,' for those are the only parts which you read in your natural voice and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial."

Dr. Whately was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford from 1829 until 1831, when he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin. At Oxford he had shocked the false dignity of other dons by exhibiting sometimes in Christchurch Meadows the accomplishments of his spaniel "Sailor," whom he had taught to climb to the top of a high tree overhanging the Cherwell, utter a wailing yell, and drop into the river. When the appointment to the archbishopric reached him, Whately was staying with Dr. Arnold at Rugby. Arnold was among those who, at Oxford, had drawn most closely to Whately, and in after life it was a special pleasure to the head-master of Rugby that the Archbishop of Dublin should come sometimes to confirm his elder boys. Another visitor was staying at the head-master's house when the offer of the archbishopric came, and knew nothing about it till Dr. Whately was showing him the performance of his climbing dog. "Sailor" had got to the top of a tree and began to yell, when Whately said, "What do you think of that?" "I think," said the visitor, "that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world to get down again." "Then," said Dr. Whately, suddenly, "Arnold has told you." "Told me what?" "That I have been offered the archbishopric of Dublin." Separated from all parties in the Church, Whately accepted the difficult office as a sphere of duty. "I am sure," Dr. Arnold said of him afterwards, "that in point of essential holiness, as far as man can judge, there does not live a truer Christian than Whately; and it does grieve me most deeply to hear people speak of him as a dangerous and latitudinarian character, because in him the intellectual part of his nature keeps pace with the spiritual." His independence of thought exposed him more or less to the attack of parties on all sides. In a letter of 1832, to Dr. Pusey upon his sermon on national judgments, written in cholera time, Whately drew this distinction between labour to find what is orthodox, and labour to find what is scriptural:—

ORTHODOX OR SCRIPTURAL?

You will find it a very nice point, indeed, to keep quite safe from all appearance of deviation from orthodoxy, unless you adopt the one sure and compendious expedient (which has, however, its objections) of resolving, at all events, to be orthodox. You will understand, of course, that I do not use the word in its etymological sense, to denote that which is really the true opinion, in which sense no man can be certain

¹ There is a kindly recollection of this in Dr. Newman's "*History of My Religious Opinions*." The reference is to a passage in the third book of Cicero "*De Officiis*." "Cato tells us that Publius Scipio, who was called Africanus the Elder, used to say that he was never less at leisure than when at leisure, or less alone than when alone"—"*Nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus; nec minus solum, quam cum solus esset.*" Cicero's added comment strengthened Whately's compliment in the allusion.

till the day of judgment who is orthodox; but in the ordinary acceptance of words, when we speak of orthodoxy, we are understood to mean what is commonly accounted such, viz., the doctrine maintained by the majority of the most influential among theologians. These should be made the standard, their mode of study copied, their interpretations adopted, by one who is bent on being *orthodox*. He whose great object is to be *scriptural*, should study the Scriptures with all the help, indeed, of every kind that he can obtain, but with a thorough devotion to his object, and a resolution to sacrifice, if necessary, anything or everything to that. Each may thus come as near to his own object as the imperfection of the human faculties will permit. And let every one choose his own standard; but let no one aim at the unattainable and inconsistent object of serving two masters. Let him not say that the Orthodox and the Scriptural are not adverse like God and Mammon. It is not because they are necessarily hostile that no man can serve two masters, but simply because they are two, and not one. It is like seeking to make both gold and silver the standard of currency. Their relative value varies but seldom, and very slightly; but the slightest variation throws all accounts into confusion if we attempt to make both a standard. In proportion as pure religion prevails in any age and country, the orthodox and the scriptural approach towards coincidence, and the adherents of each approach in respect of the doctrines themselves which they maintain; but still they go on different principles, like one man going by the clock and another by the dial. And he who aims at conforming to each of two standards is a double-minded man, and will be unstable in all his ways.

My heterodoxy consists chiefly in waiving a good many subtle questions agitated by various "ans," and "ites," and "ists," and in keeping clear of sundry metaphysical distinctions relative to the mode of existence of the Divine and the human mind, which are beyond my comprehension, and which I am disposed to think would have been brought down to the level of it by Scripture, had they been necessary points of a saving faith.

The system of national education in Ireland, open to persons of all creeds, was established within a year after Dr. Whately's appointment as Archbishop of Dublin, and he was made part of it in all denunciations. At the accession of Queen Victoria, Dr. Whately was fifty years old, actively interested in questions that concerned the temporal and religious well-being of Ireland, opposed always to the spirit of intolerance, and himself free from it, as he was free from insincerity or a false mannerism in act or voice. Two or three years after the Queen's accession, Dr. Whately wrote to a friend: "I was at the Birthday Drawing-room yesterday with the bishop and address. The Queen reads beautifully; I wish she would teach some of my clergy." A dear friend, Dr. Dickenson, who had lately been made Bishop of Meath, died in 1842, almost at the same time as Dr. Arnold, and the two losses were sorely felt by Dr. Whately. Of these friends he wrote in the first days of mourning for them: "It is a blessing, and in some degree a lasting one, when men of high intellectual powers are sincere Christians; it tends to destroy the association so apt to be formed between religion and silly superstition, or at least feeble understanding; and of all the highly-gifted men I have ever known, the two I have so lately been bereft of were the very best Christians. I mean that they were not merely

eminently good men, but men who made it their constant business to bring their religion into their daily life and character. The two had some different opinions from each other; but they were strikingly alike in making the Christian character—the Gospel spirit embodied in the life—their great study. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' and when they meet, in His presence, they will know perfectly, and not care at all, which was the nearest truth in his opinions here on earth."

In 1855, Dr. Whately was busy upon his edition of "Bacon's Essays, with Annotations," published at the end of the next year, when he was on the verge of seventy. While he was seeing it through the press, palsy appeared in his left leg and arm. In 1859 he edited Paley's "Evidences" and "Moral Philosophy," with annotations. In March, 1860, Dr. Whately's youngest daughter died in his house four months after her marriage. His wife's death followed in April. He was then broken in health. At the end of the year the palsy had extended to his right hand. Neuralgic gout appeared, and the rest of his life was tried by much pain until his death at the age of seventy-six, in October, 1863. An old friend who saw him in those last years after his bereavement said, "His countenance had changed, a singularly noble and benevolent expression shone out as the earthly frame dissolved. He looked like a picture by one of the great old masters."

Richard Whately, in familiar talk and writing, was apt at apophthegm. Here are some of the

SAYINGS OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say.

We must watch as if all depended on our own vigilance, and we must pray as if nothing depended on it.

I remember one of my parishioners at Halesworth telling me that he thought "a person should not go to church to be made uncomfortable." I replied that I thought so too; but whether it should be the sermons or the man's life that should be altered, so as to avoid the discomfort, must depend on whether the doctrine was right or wrong.

Happiness is no laughing matter.

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do.

All men desire earnestly to have truth on their side: few to be on the side of truth.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest: the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext for doing what he likes.

The phrase, "He is a very good fellow at the bottom," may remind one of the story of a gentleman who was riding in a remote Devonshire lane, and seeing a swampy-looking place before him, called out to a rustic who was near, "I say, master, is there a good firm bottom here?" "Oh, yeas, sir, that there be." He rode on, and soon plunged up to the horse's girths. "Hilloa, you rascal! didn't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?" "Soa there be, sir, when you comes to it; but you bean't half ways to the bottom yet!"

Though Whately wrote few verses, here is a little Evening Hymn, formed by a verse of his own added

to a verse of Heber's, set to the beautiful Welsh air,
 "Ar hydd y nos :"—

EVENING HYMN.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night—

May thine angel-guards defend us ;
 Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us ;
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
 And when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie.

When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, O Lord, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With Thee on high.

In 1836, one result of the new movement of thought at Oxford, indicated by the "Tracts for the Times," had been a censure by Convocation of Dr. Hampden's appointment to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, on account of the teaching in his "Bampton Lectures" and other publications. The censure was passed by a majority of one, and Dr. Whately then said that the success of this outbreak was the first strengthening of the Tractarian party ; that he had not anticipated anything so monstrous ; but if he had remained head of St. Alban's Hall "it would never have taken place. This is quite certain, for my successor was one of the most violent of the persecutors, and the measure passed the Board of Heads by *one vote*." In November, 1847, Lord John Russell, in spite of this bygone censure, made Dr. Hampden Bishop of Hereford. A storm of opposition then again arose, to which the Premier declined to yield, upon the ground that withdrawal of the appointment would be "virtually an assent to the doctrine that a decree of the University of Oxford is a perpetual ban of exclusion against a clergyman of eminent learning and irreproachable life ; and that, in fact, the supremacy which is now by law vested in the Crown, is to be transferred to a majority of the members of one of our universities." The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Hampden's diocesan, who had joined the protest, afterwards declared that since signing it he had read Dr. Hampden's writings, and had not found in them the heretical teaching they were supposed to contain. This, and the drawing of attention to the great public events of 1848, greatly abated the controversy. Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who might have refused to consecrate the new bishop, died also, in February, 1848, in his eighty-second year.

During the controversy, one of the most emphatic defenders of Dr. Hampden was Julius Charles Hare. Julius Hare, born in 1795, was the third of four sons—Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus—of Francis Hare Naylor, of Hurstmonceaux Place, in

Sussex. Their mother was daughter to a Bishop of St. Asaph. Augustus and Julius were the two brothers whose names live in association with one another as the authors of a volume rich in its variety of well-worded, suggestive thought—"Guesses at Truth," first published in 1826. Augustus, after education at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he became Fellow and Tutor, married, in 1829, upon his presentation to the college living of Alton Barnes, in Wiltshire, which he held until his death, in February, 1834. Failure of health had driven him to Italy in 1833, and he died at Rome. In 1835 his brother Julius published fifty-six of his sermons, which are models of good preaching to a country congregation. Julius Hare, having an illness at the age of nine, was taken from Tunbridge School to travel with his parents in Germany. He spent the winter of 1804-5 in Weimar, and returned to England after his mother's death at Lausanne in April, 1806. He was then sent to the Charterhouse School, and left the Charterhouse for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1812, where a brother of Wordsworth's was then Master, and Julius Hare, beginning with ridicule, came, before he had left Cambridge, under the full influence of Wordsworth's poetry. He lost his father in 1815. In 1818 he became Fellow of Trinity ; then he read law for a time with his brother Francis ; went to Italy in 1821 for health ; and in 1822, on his return, accepted a classical lectureship at Trinity. In 1824 he edited for Walter Savage Landor, who was in Italy, the first issue of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." Next year, he and his brother Augustus, emulous of the *Pensées* of Pascal and the "Characters" of La Bruyère, but not without much influence from Herder, Lessing, and other Germans, began the "Guesses at Truth," first published anonymously in two volumes, in 1827.

Omitting its longer meditations, let us turn to some of the short sayings in which the book abounds :—

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances : Religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

Many men, however ambitious to be great in great things, have been well content to be little in little things.

Knowledge is the parent of love, wisdom love itself.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

In a mist, the heights can for the most part see each other, but the valleys cannot.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

I was surprised just now to see a cobweb round a knocker, for it was not on the gate of heaven.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfil the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us.

When a man is told that the whole of Religion and Morality

is summed up in two commandments, to love God and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in "Gebir," at the first sight of the sea, "Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?" Yes! all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it: you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world.

Among the pupils of Julius Hare at Trinity were John Sterling and John Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice and Sterling afterwards became brothers-in-law by marrying two sisters, and the sister of his friend Maurice became afterwards the wife of Julius Hare. In 1826 Hare was ordained. In 1832 he accepted the living of Hurstmonceaux, which was in the gift of his brother, and left Cambridge, where he had been for the last ten years an influence—himself influenced, as much of the Cambridge thought then was, by the later writings of Coleridge. His first University sermon, "The Children of Light," which was so long as not to be closed without audible signs of impatience, was an earnest plea for religious thought with heights and depths that were not in Paley. When he went back in 1839 to Cambridge, as Select Preacher for the year, and gave his sermons on "The Victory of Faith," he poured himself out at as great length as before, but was heard to the end with fixed attention as he maintained the purest spirit of the Protestant Reformation, and of Luther's part in it, which many of the Oxford leaders sought especially to separate us from. In the following year, 1840, Hare preached at Cambridge on "The Mission of the Comforter," and published his sermons with notes, of which one written in vindication of Luther was twenty-two pages long. Profoundly read in the works of German theologians—his whole house was one library—Hare was then perhaps more able than any man in England to meet the attacks levelled, by those who thought with Dr. Newman, against fellowship of the English Church with Protestantism of the Continent. In the same year, 1840, Julius Hare was made Archdeacon of Lewes. He entered upon his work with enthusiasm, and delivered charges of such length that Bishop Blomfield said, "If I had been one of his clergy, and been charged in that way, I should have been like a gun—I should have gone off." Long as they were, he published them, elaborately set with notes, so that they became upon all matters, great and small, the result of his thought and reading on what happened in the Church from the year 1840 until his death in January, 1855.

Julius Hare's brother-archdeacon was Henry Edward Manning, and the different interpretations of Church doctrine and Church history by the two archdeacons indicated something of the conflict which had then arisen in the Church.

Henry Edward Manning, son of a London merchant, was born in 1808, educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford. He became Fellow of Merton, was one of the Select Preachers at Oxford, and felt strongly the new impulse of thought represented by "Tracts for the Times." In 1834 he became Rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex, and in 1840, when Hare became Archdeacon of Lewes, Manning became Archdeacon of Chichester. While

opposing his colleague's opinions, Hare revered his pure devotion to what he regarded as the highest truth, and deeply felt Manning's secession in 1851 to the Church of Rome. The accident that determined the secession of a clergyman whose ability and piety soon made him one of the main pillars of the English Roman Catholic Church, was another of the frequent occasions of sharp conflict between opposite forms of thought. Dr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and those who agreed with them, laid, as we have seen, utmost stress on the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The Bishop of Exeter refused to institute Mr. Gorham to the living of Bampford Speke because he looked upon him as unsound in that doctrine. Mr. Gorham sought remedy in an ecclesiastical court, the Court of Arches, which confirmed the decision of the bishop. Mr. Gorham then appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which in March, 1850, reversed the decision of the Court of Arches, and in this judgment the two archbishops concurred. The Bishop of Exeter published an angry pamphlet, in which he formally excommunicated the primate for the part he had taken in the matter, and there were four editions of it sold in one day. Then followed a great strife of tongues, and the Archdeacon of Chichester was among those who were determined by this incident to break with the Church of England and join the communion of the Church of Rome. There he found rest, and lived to be faithful to the highest trusts.

The office of Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster was established by the Pope, in September, 1850, when it was conferred upon Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, whose previous title had been Bishop of Melipotamus in *partibus*. Dr. Wiseman, born in 1802, was of an Irish family. His father was a merchant of Waterford and Seville, and he chanced to be himself born at Seville. He was educated at Waterford and at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. In December, 1818, he was one of the first members of the English College at Rome; and he was made a Doctor of Divinity at Rome in 1824. In the College at Rome he was Professor of Oriental Languages, Vice-Rector, and then Rector, and he published "Horæ Syriacæ" upon Oriental manuscripts in the Vatican. Finally he became, from the year 1850, when he was created archbishop and cardinal, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, until his death, in 1865, when Dr. Manning became his successor in the titular archbishopric, though the latter was not made a Cardinal until 1875. Dr. Manning at once became active in benevolent efforts on behalf of the poor Catholics of London, and bought a site for a cathedral as a memorial to Cardinal Wiseman, of which he said that not a stone should be laid till every poor Roman Catholic child in London had its place in a free school. In aid of higher education also, Dr. Manning planned, in 1871, a Roman Catholic University College, which was opened at Kensington in 1874, and has begun its work with marked efficiency.

It was in 1844 that Julius Hare married the sister of his old pupil and, from the Cambridge days onward, his lifelong friend Maurice. On the 10th of December, 1854, Hare preached in the chapel of

Lincoln's Inn upon the text, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors." He died on the 23rd of the next month, his last words being an answer to a question of moving him in his bed, "Upward, upward."

John Frederick Denison Maurice was born in 1805, son of the Rev. Michael Maurice, a Unitarian minister. He went to Cambridge in October, 1823, joining Trinity College, and afterwards Trinity Hall. When he had qualified by examination for his degree, it was refused him, because he had scruples as to subscription, though he had upon all main points become in opinion a member of the Church of England. He therefore left Cambridge in May, 1827, and studied law in London, writing, meanwhile, an article or two in the *Westminster Review*, and reviewing in the *Athenæum*. He became editor of the *Athenæum* in 1828, but had ceased to be so in the beginning of 1830, when he went to Exeter College, Oxford. There he was borne for a time upon the rising tide of thought, and shared the desire to bring new life into the Church, and to establish unity. He was baptised in March, 1831, and graduated at Oxford in the following November, having spent the term before examination at a sister's death-bed. At Oxford, also, Maurice wrote a novel, "Eustace Conway," which was sold to its publisher in April, 1831, although not published until 1834. After graduating, he remained at Oxford as a private tutor. He was ordained in January, 1833, and had a curacy at Babnall, near Leamington. Maurice's partial sympathy with the enthusiasm of the Oxford Church reformers who were supporting the "Tracts for the Times," was wholly destroyed by Dr. Pusey's treatise upon baptism. His tract entitled "Subscription no Bondage," represented at this time his attitude towards Church questions of the day. In 1835, Mr. Maurice was appointed chaplain to Guy's Hospital. In 1837 he married, and in 1838 he published, in three volumes, "The Kingdom of Christ," the work in which he first set forth his detailed thoughts on the principles, constitution, and ordinances of the Church. In May, 1840, Mr. Maurice was appointed Professor of English Literature at King's College, London; he was at that time taking deep interest in educational questions, and editing an educational magazine. Acquaintance with one of the best friends of his after life, Charles Kingsley, was begun by a letter written in July, 1844. In 1845, Mrs. Maurice died. In 1846, Professor Maurice was appointed Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn. He was then delivering both the Boyle Lectures and the Warburton Lectures, and was gathering fellow-workers about him. The Warburton Lectures, on the foundation of Bishop Warburton, were to extend over four years, three lectures being delivered in each year and printed. Professor Maurice's lectures in 1846 were on the Epistle to the Hebrews, "with a preface containing a review of Mr. Newman's Theory of Development." The theory reviewed was this:—

That the increase and expansion of the Christian Creed and Ritual, and the variations which have attended the process in the case of individual writers and churches, are the necessary attendants on any philosophy or polity which takes possession

of the intellect and heart, and has had any wide or extended dominion; that from the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients; but as received and transmitted by minds not inspired, and through media which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their elucidation.

Professor Maurice in these lectures, and in all his writings, dwelt upon the Bible as a book through which God speaks directly to the natural hearts of men as they are, and makes Himself felt as the immediate Father of us all. Thus, for example, he writes in one of these lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews:—

THE VOICE OF THE BIBLE.

This, I think, is the principle of the Bible, the principle which goes through every part of it, that the unseen God is actually ruling over men; that all orders of men are appointed by Him, and are ruling under Him; that just so far as they know this, and live and act in the faith of it, they are doing their right work in the world, are helping to expound the laws and principles of the Divine Government, are helping to bring man into that service which is freedom. And that just so far as they are not doing this, but are setting up their own power and authority, and are working as parts of a system instead of working as the servants of the living God, just so far are they false kings, and false priests, and false prophets—misunderstanding the blessed order in which they are placed—and hastening the dissolution of all that in it which can be dissolved; though, because God is, and his purposes cannot change, that dissolution is itself but the instrument of bringing out with greater clearness the real eternal principles of this order.

Now, this statement may seem to Mr. Newman, and to a great many others, a mere vague repetition of what they have often heard before; of what they have sneered at, and dismissed from their minds, as quite unsatisfactory and unmeaning. I am content that it should be so. But I am sure that this which they reject is still the simple faith of hundreds of poor men and women in all countries of the world, Romish as well as Protestant. I am sure that they have a belief, a very deep-rooted, practical belief, that the Bible sets forth God as actually speaking to men, as actually ruling in the midst of them. I am sure that they have no doubt that what was true in the old time is true now; and that neither Scripture, nor conscience, nor church, nor Holy See, deeply and profoundly as they may reverence one or all, would seem to them worth anything—the least comfort in their own sorrows, the least relief from the sense of the misery and curse of the world—if they did not think that the living God was teaching them, and disciplining them, and holding converse with them; and that the whole course of society, amidst all its strange contradictions, is as much testifying of His presence as it did when the manna fell from heaven. And it seems to me that we are arriving at a time when theologians must come to an understanding with these simple people, when we must tell them plainly and straightly whether we mean the same thing as they do or not; whether our divinity is the assertion of the living God and of His presence among men, or a substitute for that assertion; whether, when we use the phrases of Scripture, we attach

significance to those phrases, or merely look upon them as belonging to another period of the world. I do answer for myself, that I look upon the language of Scripture as the simplest, truest, most reasonable language of all that has ever been uttered; that I believe it tells us not merely who sent plagues upon Egypt, but who sends plagues now, and why He sends them; not merely what prophets, and kings, and priests were in the old time, but what they are now, and how He speaks in them. That they do not only show how He taught the prophets of old to separate between the precious and the vile in themselves, and to understand those judgments of His, by which He separated between what was precious and vile in the nation; but that He has taught men in all times, and will teach all who humbly desire His aid now, first, to recognise that great battle between the flesh and the Spirit in themselves, then, if that be their vocation, to trace it in history.

In 1846, Maurice was appointed Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, and in 1847 he married again. In 1848, the stir of public events led to a movement in which Maurice and his younger friend, Charles Kingsley, were both active for bringing the agitation among the working classes into close relation with religion, and quickening with spiritual life the highest aspirations of the people. Meetings of working men were held. Maurice's age was then forty-three, and Kingsley's twenty-nine.

Charles Kingsley was born in 1819, son of the Vicar of Holne, and born in the vicarage on the border of Dartmoor, in Devonshire. But he left Holne when he was six weeks old, upon his father's removal to the curacy of Burton-on-Trent, whence he again moved to Clifton, in Nottinghamshire. Charles Kingsley's father then held the rectory of Barnack for six years, on the presentation of the Bishop of Peterborough, with the understanding that he should vacate when the bishop's son was old enough to take it. The out-going rector of Barnack was then presented to the living of Clovelly, and went to Clovelly when his son Charles was eleven years old. There the minister entered with warm sympathy into the daily work of his little community. Out of experiences at Clovelly, the life came afterwards into Charles Kingsley's pathetic song of the "Three Fishers." In 1831 he was sent to a school at Clifton, and in 1832 he went to the grammar-school at Helston, where the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet, was then master. In 1836 his father left Clovelly for the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, to which he had been presented, and Charles Kingsley became for the next two years a student in the Faculty of Arts, at King's College, London, walking to and fro every day from Chelsea. In October, 1838, he entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, obtained a scholarship, and was first, both in classics and mathematics, at the May examinations. Like other youths fervent in feeling, intensely earnest, and intensely true, Charles Kingsley suffered trials of his faith, and rose to noble life by fastening betimes on a true woman's love. At the close of his university course, he made up for lost time by six months' hard reading, came out in 1842 high in honours, was ordained, and took a curacy at Eversley, in Hampshire. He won upon the little community by his quick sympathy with the life of each, and by

cheery fellowship in their pleasures and their work. Carlyle's "French Revolution" had been a power over him at college, by intensifying his belief in God's righteous government of the world. At Eversley he now read another book, that had great effect upon him, Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ." In 1844 Kingsley married, and the rectory of Eversley becoming vacant, when he was about to remove to a curacy at Pimperne, the strong desire of the parishioners secured his nomination to the living. In that year the young rector of Eversley asked some counsel of Mr. Maurice in a letter, and the reply to it was the beginning of their friendship. At the end of 1847, Charles Kingsley published "The Saint's Tragedy," begun, when he left college, as a prose life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and then turned into a dramatic poem. It struck the keynote of his work in after days, and will be described in the volume of this series which illustrates English plays.

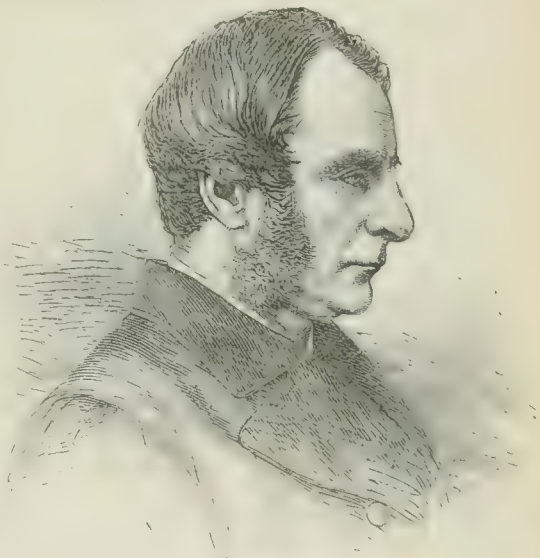
Prohibition of a Reform banquet in Paris caused a rising of the people on the 24th of February, 1848, followed by the flight of the king and the abolition of monarchy. But the new Provisional Government was soon troubled with a fresh calamity. The rights of labour were recognised on the 27th of February, by instituting national workshops, in which all who applied might get employment at the expense of the state. A newly-elected Constituent Assembly met on the 5th of May. In June, an endeavour was made to draw back from the policy of the national workshops. This caused an insurrection of the operatives on the 22nd of June, with much bloodshed. Paris was declared in a state of siege. General Cavaignac was made Dictator. Eleven generals were killed or wounded. The Archbishop of Paris, while seeking to stay the carnage on the 27th of June, was killed by a chance shot from the barricade on the Place de la Bastille. On the 28th, the mob was at last forced by the troops to surrender. Cavaignac laid down his dictatorship, became President of the Council, and on the 4th of July issued a short decree for the suppression of the workshops. Side by side with these events, there was in England also a great Socialist movement among uneducated working men. The passing of the New Poor Law, in 1835, had led to the formation, in 1836, of a Working Men's Association. Already in 1838 monster meetings were held, and a charter was drawn up claiming manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, with no property qualification, and payment of members. Many supporters of this charter—Chartists—joined to these demands a claim for the re-distribution of property, and held it lawful to obtain their demands by force, if they were unattainable by course of law. Stirred by the swiftness of events in France, the leaders of the Chartists menaced London by calling a monster meeting on Kennington Common for the 10th of April, 1848, before presenting to Parliament a monster petition, said to bear five or six million of signatures. The situation was so grave that the Duke of Wellington was placed in command on behalf of order. His good management, the services of a large body of civilians as special constables, a wet day, and the

underlying sense of duty in Englishmen, that made for peace even when it was misguided and perverted, caused the meeting on Kennington Common to end in peace; but the certainty of peace was not secured. On the morning of the 10th of April, Charles Kingsley came to London. Next day he wrote to Mrs. Kingsley:—"Maurice is in great excitement. . . . We are getting out placards for the walls, to speak a word for God with. . . . I was up till four this morning, writing posting placards under Maurice's auspices, one of which is to be got out to-morrow morning, the rest when we can get money. Could you not beg a few sovereigns somewhere, to help these poor wretches to the truest alms?—to words—texts from the Psalms, anything which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday? Pray, pray help us. Maurice has given me the highest proof of confidence. He has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetings for prayer and study, when I come up to London, and we are to bring out a new set of real Tracts for the Times, addressed to the higher orders." The placard written by Kingsley, and posted on the walls of London, on the morning of the 12th, ended with these words:—"A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry. But there will be no true freedom without virtue,¹ no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow-citizens. Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free."

From that time Maurice and Kingsley, Archdeacon Hare, and many other zealous, earnest Englishmen, made it their chief public duty to strive for aid of the people, by their true enlightenment. On the 6th of May, 1848, they began a paper called "Politics for the People." Opponents fastened on a sentence in a letter which it contained, addressed to Chartists, by Charles Kingsley, and signed "Parson Lot." He said, "My only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough in reform," and every line that followed was in enforcement upon the people of the need of needs, reform within themselves. The very next sentence warned them against "the mistake of fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament." The whole aim, indeed, of these fellow-workers was to urge the need of free citizens in a free state, citizens whom the truth makes free. They enforced it in all their writing, and they sought to aid in the raising of individual lives, wherever they could establish sympathetic intercourse with working men. For the higher education of women, Queen's College had been established in Harley Street, by the energies of Professor Maurice, who had begun simply with lectures to governesses, and Charles Kingsley, in May, 1848, began to give weekly lectures upon English literature there. Later in this year also, Kingsley was writing "Yeast" in *Fraser's Magazine*. Before the year was out his health gave way under the strain on all his

energies, and he was obliged to seek health by a long rest in Devonshire. When he went back to his work in the summer of 1849, there was low fever in Eversley, and after sitting up all night with a labourer's wife who had a large family, and whose life might be saved by faithful nursing, his health again gave way, and he had to return to Devonshire. Before the end of the year, cholera was in England, and Kingsley was working with all his soul in battle for whatever might bring health into the poor man's home. He was then thirty years old. Dean Stanley said afterwards, in his funeral sermon:—

It was the sense that he was a thorough Englishman—one of yourselves, working, toiling, feeling with you, and like you—that endeared him to you. Artisans and working men of London, you know how he desired with a passionate desire that you should have pure air, pure water, habitable dwellings; that you should be able to share the courtesies, the refinements, the elevation of citizens, and of Englishmen; and you may, therefore, trust him the more when he told you from the pulpit, and still tells you from the grave, that your homes and your lives should be no less full of moral purity and light.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

We return to Frederick Denison Maurice, who continued, after 1849, in alliance with Charles Kingsley and others, to hold meetings of working men, which gradually led to the establishment of a Working Men's College, in 1854. During the tumults in 1848, Professor Maurice, as Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, delivered, in February, March, and April, nine sermons on the Lord's Prayer, which were published, and of which he said, "I wished in these sermons to connect the Lord's Prayer with the thoughts which are most likely to be occupying us at this time. If they lead any to ask themselves how their study of passing occurrences may be made more serious and their worship more real, my purpose in publishing them will be answered." In the

¹ So the Attendant Spirit says, at the close of Milton's "Comus":—

"Mortals who would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free."

following year, 1849, Professor Maurice delivered in Lincoln's Inn Chapel nineteen sermons on "The Prayer Book, considered especially in reference to the Romish System." The following passage from his sermon on the use of David's Psalms in the Church Service, is characteristic of his way of looking at the Bible as a Book of Life, in every sense, in which God speaks not as by passive instruments, but by bringing His Spirit home to us through the real words of real men with their human faults and passions and desires,—but the profound sense of living God in all :

THE PSALMS.

Nothing is more puzzling to the person who reads the Psalms merely as a student than the questions, Which of these refer to the condition of the individual writer? which to the condition of the Church generally? which may the individual Christian adopt, without dishonesty or irreverence, as the utterance of his own experience; which must he refer directly to Christ? After centuries of commentaries on these questions, one is often inclined to think that they are more unsettled than ever. The divine rests upon his distinction of Messianic and non-Messianic; the historian brings to light facts in the records of the Hebrew people which determine them to a particular age. The popular reader resolves that he will read himself into them, making Edom, Moab, Israel, and Zion just what he likes them to be. And yet beneath all these perplexities of the understanding, there has through all these ages been a strong and general conviction that every historical fact respecting the time in which the Psalm was composed is of the greatest value; that David must have written what he did write as David, and not in some fictitious character; that Christ must in some sense be the subject not of a few of them, but of all; that they do of right belong to each human being. Whence has come this settled and harmonious conviction, apparently so much at variance with that uncertainty, and contradiction, and restlessness, in the midst of which it exists? I answer: men have got it from worship. So far as they have felt that these Psalms were the best and most perfect expressions they could find for a public united devotion, so far has there been a reconciliation of difficulties which other experiments only made more hopeless. For they could not have anything to do with our worship if the writers of them did not refer themselves and the whole universe to one centre. While they do this, and we do it, we feel that they are meant for us. But it is just the doing this which makes them so strongly the property of their original owners. They are driven about and tormented by innumerable enemies—personal enemies—they betake themselves, as their only help and refuge, to one who is their friend. They are crushed under a weight of oppressive accidents; they must find one who is always the same. They are crushed under giant human ills. Death and hell are close to them, and are mightier than themselves. What can they do but trust in Him who has said to death and hell, "I will be your plagues?"

"These words must be real; they must have been felt by those who spoke them," cries the worshipper, "because they are so real to me, because they so exactly express the burden under which I am groaning. Personal enemies are pursuing me; a load of petty anxieties is pressing upon me; these same giant universal foes are threatening me every moment. I have come to church to fly from one as much as the other. And there I find that I am not alone. My groan has been

uttered before; men thousands of years ago sought the deliverance I am seeking. And they did not pour out a wild shriek into the ear of some unknown power. They took refuge in a Being in whom they were sure they should find a refuge; One who, they say, had awakened their longing for Himself; who had declared that there was a bond, an everlasting bond, between them and Himself. What was that bond? It seems as if the men who were pouring out these prayers had a glimpse of it, and as if they were feeling their way into the full apprehension of it. Does not this church to which I have come signify that I may have a fuller apprehension of it? Does it not say that the mystery has been revealed? Does it not tell me of an actual Living Person who is the bond, the perfect bond of peace, between God and His creatures, and between these creatures as brethren of the same family? Does it not tell me of a Daysman in whom we are reconciled, and can meet? of One in whom God looks upon us, and is satisfied?" This truth is working itself out in the mind of the Psalmist, as it must work itself out in ours. The mere notion is nothing; here we have the living process of discovery; its stages of doubt, clearness, vicissitude, fear, hope, rejoicing. The Psalmist is rising through worship into a perception of the right which he has to call us and all in every age of the world, his brothers; we, through worship, come to understand his difficulties; in claiming that right he becomes our interpreter, while we yet are better able to understand his words than he was himself.

This wonderful reciprocation of benefits, this magnetic communication between distant ages, is simply a fact. The commonest experiences of our lives imply it. We could not sympathise with Homer or any writer who grew up in circumstances altogether different from our own, if it did not exist. Christianity interprets the fact, Christian worship substantiates it for us, teaches us that the magnetism is a spiritual, not an animal one. It is not produced by the excitement of meeting together; it is grounded upon that purpose of God which He purposed when He created us in Christ Jesus, and which He will accomplish when He shall gather up all things together in Him. By acts of worship, then, we come to understand how that which is David's becomes ours in Him who is the Son of David and the Son of God. The service brings before us on the same day psalms written in the most different states of mind, expressive of the most different feelings. If we have sympathised in one, it often seems a painful effort to join in the rest. And so it must, as long as we look upon prayers and praises as expressions of our moods, as long as we are not joining in them because we belong to a family, and count it our highest glory to lose ourselves in it and in Him who is the head of it. We must be educated into that knowledge. It may be slow in coming, but till it comes, the Psalms are not intelligible to us: our Christian position is not intelligible to us: we do not more than half enter into the parts of the service which we seem to enter into most. They touch certain chords in our spirits, but not the most rich and musical chords. These do not belong to ourselves; they are human; they answer to the touch of that Divine Spirit who holds converse with the spirit of a man which is in us.

It was this strong insisting on the human truth in the Bible that caused controversialists to accuse Maurice of unsound views upon inspiration.

In 1852 he published a volume of Lincoln's Inn sermons upon "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament," from one of which we may add to his view of the Psalms a part of his comment upon the Psalmist:—

DAVID.

This, brethren, was the man after God's own heart, the man who thoroughly believed in God as a living and righteous Being, who in all changes of fortune clung to that conviction; who could act upon it, live upon it; who could give himself up to God to use him as He pleased; who could be little or great, popular or contemptible, just as God saw fit that he should be; who could walk on in darkness secure of nothing but this, that truth must prevail at last, and that he was sent into the world to live and die that it might prevail; who was certain that the triumph of the God of Heaven would be for the blessing of the most miserable outcasts upon earth. Have we asked ourselves how the Scripture can dare to represent a man with David's many failings, with that eager, passionate temper which evidently belonged to him, with all the manifold temptations which accompany a vehement sympathetic character, with the great sins which we shall be told of hereafter, as one who could share the counsels and do the will of a Holy Being? Oh! rather let us ask ourselves whether, with a plausible exterior, a respectable behaviour, an unimpeachable decorum in the sight of men, we can ever win this smile, hear this approving sentence. The words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," are not spoken by the Judge of all now, will not be spoken in the last day, to him who has found in his pilgrimage through this world no enemies to fight with, no wrongs to be redressed, no right to be maintained. How many of us feel, in looking back upon acts which the world has not condemned, which friends have perhaps applauded, "We had no serious purpose there; we merely did what it was seemly and convenient to do, we were not yielding to God's righteous will; we were not inspired by His love." How many of us feel that our bitterest repentances are to be for this, that all things have gone so smoothly with us, because we did not care to make the world better or to be better ourselves. How many of us feel that those who have committed grave outward transgressions—into which we have not fallen because the motives to them were not present with us, or because God's grace kept us hedged round by influences which resisted them—may nevertheless have had hearts which answered more to God's heart, which entered far more into the grief and the joy of His Spirit, than ours ever did.

Attacks had been made in a religious newspaper upon Professor Maurice's theology, and in 1851 the Council of King's College, in which he was Divinity Professor, appointed a committee of divines to examine his writings. They did so, and reported warmly in his favour: but from that time he was regarded as a heretic by one of the parties in the Church. In 1853, Professor Maurice published a volume of "Theological Essays," written for the purpose of overcoming doubts of the Trinity. It was said that in these essays he showed a want of faith in hell, and was unsound upon the subject of eternal punishment. In July, August, and September, 1853, there was much controversy on this subject, and in October Maurice was deprived of his Professorship. In 1854 he was actively at work for the creation of a college, and gave at Willis's Rooms, in June and July, before fashionable audiences, six lectures upon "Learning and Working," in which he developed the design of the Working Men's College, then established. He thus described the fellowship that had made the college, which was, in

the following November, to begin work never since interrupted:—

IDEA OF A COLLEGE FOR WORKING MEN.

A club and a college are very different things; they may be wide as the poles asunder. But a club of ordinary Englishmen may become a college of intelligent, thoughtful men, provided a human purpose take the place of a selfish one. . .

It is a conviction of this kind which has led a few friends of mine to propose a College for Working Men in the northern part of London. They answer with tolerable exactness to the description I have given of the persons from whom it is reasonable to demand such an effort. They are all at work themselves, in occupations which they believe to be vocations, and which they do not hold it would be right to forsake under any plea of benevolence to their fellow-creatures. They do not, therefore, aim at forming a guild or order of teachers.



FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

They are already admitted into their different guilds as members of the Inns of Court, or the Colleges of Surgeons or Physicians, as Artists, as Ministers of the Gospel, as Tradesmen, as Operatives. What they believe is best for themselves—best for the special fraternity to which they belong, in respect of the work which it is pledged to do, as well as of the science which it is pledged to advance—is that they should keep up an intercourse with men of different callings, and should do what in them lies, that those who are engaged merely in manual labour should feel that also to be a high calling. They may differ among themselves about some of the ways in which this end should be accomplished; they are perfectly agreed that one of the ways, and the most effectual, is to strive that the manual worker may have a share in all the best treasures with which God has been pleased to endow them. They do not think they have any business to consider how few of these treasures they may possess in comparison with many of their contemporaries; by all means let those who have more give more; all they have to do is to ask how they may make what they have most useful, and how they may increase it by communicating it. Their design is far from ambitious. It is not to found a College for the workers

of England, or of London. It is simply to make an experiment, necessarily on a very small scale, in the neighbourhood which is nearest to the places in which most of them are busy during the day. If working and learning are to be combined, learning must come to the door of the workshop and factory, till the better day when it shall be allowed to enter into them.

Maurice remained to the end of his life the leading spirit of the college thus begun. His acceptance presently of the pulpit at Vere Street was followed by another theological discussion. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. He had distinguished himself as a writer on Moral Philosophy, by a work on "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," in 1850; another, on "Philosophy of the First Six Centuries," in 1853; another, on "Mediaeval Philosophy; or, a Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century," in 1857; and another, on "Modern Philosophy; or, a Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, from the Fourteenth Century to the French Revolution, with a Glimpse into the Nineteenth Century," in 1862. In 1872 he died, and Charles Kingsley was among the friends who followed him to his grave.

Kingsley had written novels that dealt with essentials of human life and duty; had worked for the health of bodies and of souls; had been made one of the chaplains to the Queen in 1859, and in 1860 Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He had resigned that office in 1869, when he became a Canon of Chester. At the end of that year he sailed for the West Indies, and was at Eversley again in the following March. Of Maurice, he said, "I had seen death in his face for, I may almost say, two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life. And now he has it." His own hour of rest was then not distant. In 1873 he was offered by Mr. Gladstone an exchange from the canonry at Chester to a canonry at Westminster. In 1874 he paid a visit to America; in January, 1875, he died.

We have seen that Samuel Taylor Coleridge was among writers who touched the minds of earnest young Cambridge students in the time of a new trial of the foundations of religion. Coleridge argued that where in the Bible God is said to have spoken, and words are said to be His, they are so to be taken; and where the writers quote documents and otherwise speak as from themselves, without anywhere claiming to do more than tell the best they know, they are also to be so understood. Holding that the Bible contains the religion of Christians, but not daring to say that whatever is contained in the Bible is the Christian Religion, Coleridge said that Scripture so received by a heart answering to the Divine Word which speaks through it, is a stronghold of spiritual life from which no attacks of infidelity can ever drive the faithful Christian. The soul to whose depths it has once spoken answers back out of its depths with a conviction of its own that surface criticisms have no power to shake. He said of

THE BIBLE:

In every generation, and wherever the light of revelation has shone, men of all ranks, conditions, and states of mind have found in this volume a correspondent for every movement towards the Better felt in their own hearts. The needy soul has found supply, the feeble a help, the sorrowful a comfort; yea, be the reciprocity the least that can consist with moral life, there is an answering grace ready to enter. The Bible has been found a spiritual world—spiritual, and yet at the same time outward and common to all. You in one place, I in another, all men somewhere or at some time, meet with an assurance that the hopes and fears, the thoughts and yearnings that proceed from or tend to a right spirit in us, are not dreams of fleeting singularities, no voices heard in sleep, or spectres which the eye suffers but not perceives. As if on some dark night a pilgrim, suddenly beholding a bright star moving before him, should stop in fear and perplexity. But lo! traveller after traveller passes by him, and each, being questioned whither he is going, makes answer, "I am following yon guiding Star!" The pilgrim quickens his own steps, and presses onward in confidence. More confident still will he be, if by the way-side he should find, here and there, ancient monuments, each with its votive lamp, and on each the name of some former pilgrim, and a record that there he had first seen or begun to follow the benignant star.

No otherwise is it with the varied contents of the sacred volume. The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious warfarer songs of welcome and strains of music; and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will discover aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse. But if, instead of this, an idler or a scoffer should wander through the rooms, peering and peeping, and either detects, or fancies he has detected, here a rusted sword or pointless shaft, there a tool of rude construction, and superseded by later improvements (and preserved, perhaps, to make us more grateful for them); which of two things will a sober-minded man, who from his childhood upward had been fed, clothed, armed, and furnished with the means of instruction from this very magazine, think the fitter plan? Will he insist that the rust is not rust, or that it is a rust *sui generis*, intentionally formed on the steel for some mysterious virtue in it, and that the staff and astrolabe of a shepherd astronomer are identical with, or equivalent to, the quadrant and telescope of Newton and Herschel? or will he not rather give the curious inquisitor joy of his mighty discoveries, and the credit of them for his reward?

Whether Coleridge's view be right or wrong, may not Christians show their inevitable differences in opinion upon such a point, and yet keep unbroken that spirit of charity which is the very seal of their religion?

It is unbroken in the sermons of Frederick William Robertson, who from 1847 to 1853 was incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. The year after his appointment was the year of Revolution, 1848, and Frederick Robertson boldly applied religion to the problems of the time, in lectures on the first book of Samuel, which he had begun in January. He was widely misunderstood, as with intense earnestness he sought to raise the working men to Christian freedom. For him in his way, as for Arnold in his, and Maurice in his,

Christ was in all things the Saviour: Saviour of individual souls; and Saviour of society, by lifting the souls that truly looked to Him into a fellowship of love where each should strive to do his highest duty. Robertson died after much suffering of intensest pain in August, 1853, at the age of thirty-seven, and left a name that is now pleasant in the ears of all his countrymen.

Frederick Robertson has been ranked as the chief of English preachers by Dean Stanley, than whom no man has been more careful to point out that the true spirit of Christianity is not the particular possession of any one part of the Christian world.



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, 64, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, London.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, son of a Bishop of Norwich, was born in 1815, and was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, whose friend he remained, and the history of whose life he told in 1844. From Rugby, Stanley went to Oxford with a scholarship at Balliol. He obtained the Newdegate Prize for an English Poem on the "Gipsies," the Ireland Scholarship, the English Essay Prize in 1839, and the English Essay and Theological Prizes in 1840, when—having graduated with a First Class in Classics in 1837—he was made Fellow of University College. For twelve years he was Tutor of his College, and it was during this time that he published his life of Arnold, a book widely read not only by the large body of intellectual men who had grateful recollections of Dr. Arnold's training, but by Englishmen of all ranks, who found in it a record of manly religion brought into relation with the vital questions of their day, a noble life set forth by one who was in fellowship with its best aspirations. The same true sympathy, at its best and deepest, has given a lasting charm to Mrs. Kingsley's full and faithful record of her husband's labours. In 1845-6, Mr. Stanley was Select Preacher at the University. In 1846 he published "Stories and Essays on the Apostolical Age," and in 1850 a Memoir of Bishop Stanley. From 1851

to 1858 he was Canon of Canterbury, and published, besides other books, "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" in 1854. He travelled in the East, and applied his experience to illustrations of the Scripture in a volume published in 1855 upon "Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History." In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; he was appointed also to a Canonry of Christ Church, and became Dean of Westminster in 1863. In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Palestine, and added to other published volumes of Sermons one of "Sermons preached in the East." In 1867 he published "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," and in 1876 he completed with a third volume a series of "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church," of which the earlier volumes had appeared in 1863 and 1865. He died in 1881.

We turn from Westminster to St. Paul's. An accomplished scholar, who shares with men of very different degrees of culture and forms of opinion a zeal for highest truth, and one of the foremost among living preachers, is Canon Liddon. Henry Parry Liddon, born in 1830, was of Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1850. From 1854 to 1859 he was Vice-Principal of the Theological College, Cuddesdon. In 1866 he was Bampton Lecturer, and he published in 1867 his eight Bampton Lectures on the "Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." In 1870 Dr. Liddon was made resident Canon of St. Paul's, in London, and Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. In Church questions Dr. Liddon has inclined to agree with those whose bent is towards the support of authority: but with the good churchmen of all forms of opinion he has been always most earnest in upholding a true spirit of religion. Canon Liddon's place is with the most eloquent and earnest of the younger generation of churchmen in the year 1877.

These pages do not complete the illustration of English Religion. It pervades our literature. It is illustrated in every volume of this Library. Still writer after writer crowds upon the mind, and nothing can be said that shall not suggest how much has been left unsaid.

Still also the Englishmen of foremost genius look to the heart of life, and feel God present in His world. Mr. Carlyle has lived to urge men to be true, and to press forward to the mark of their high calling; to shake off that torpor of spirit which sees only as idle images and forms the daily incidents of a life that has nothing, and least of all its indolences, insignificant; man's inactivity being of all things one of the most momentous in its issues. He has awakened many a young mind over which the fatal drowsiness was stealing, and has sustained many an elder in life's labour. His words have been translated into deeds already through two generations of souls grateful to him for his sturdy help. Charles Kingsley at Cambridge found Thomas Carlyle's "French Revolution" one of the books which beyond all others made him feel God in the world, and man's appointed duty.

The two English poets who had taken firmest hold upon their countrymen in the year 1850, when William

Wordsworth died, were Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson, both vigorous still in 1877. In the year of the death of Wordsworth, each of these poets produced a book that struck the old true note.

Mr. Browning's poem was entitled "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." He imagined himself on a rainy, gusty Christmas Eve taking shelter in the porch of a poor little chapel on the skirts of a common, "'Mount Zion,' with Love Lane at the back of it." From squalid alleys and outlying cottages in the gravel-pits, the poor and ignorant flocked to the chapel, and passed him, looking at him as they entered; at last he left the porch and entered too. Preacher and congregation were vulgar, ignorant, noisy; there was a hot smell in the place. He slept, and dreamed that he had flung out of it all, and found on the common outside a lull in the rain and wind, and the moon risen:

"My mind was full of the scene I had left,
That placid flock, that pastor vociferant,
—How this outside was pure and different!"

How far better to worship God in presence of the immensities of nature! Let others seek God in the narrow shrine. Be this way his. Then the moon cast a wondrous arch of light, and there was a vision of heavenly beauty filling his soul as he gazed with up-turned eyes:

"All at once I looked up with terror.
He was there.
He Himself with His human air,
On the narrow pathway, just before.
I saw the back of Him, no more.—
He had left the chapel, then, as I.
I forgot all about the sky.
No face: only the sight
Of a sweeping garment, vast and white,
With a hem that I could recognise.
I felt no terror, no surprise.
My mind filled with the cataract,
At one bound, of the mighty fact.
I remembered, He did say
Doubtless, that, to this world's end,
Where two or three should meet and pray,
He would be in the midst, their friend:
Certainly He was there with them.
And my pulses leaped for joy
Of the golden thought without alloy,
That I saw His very vesture's hem."

The dreamer pleaded in his dream that he might not be left of Christ for having despised the friends of Christ:

"Less or more,
I suppose that I spoke thus.
When,—have mercy, Lord, on us!
The whole Face turned upon me full.
And I spread myself beneath it
As when the bleacher spreads, to see the it
In the cleansing sun, his wool,—
Steeps in the flood of noontide whiteness
Some defiled, discoloured web—
So lay I, saturate with brightness.
And when the flood appeared to ebb,

Lo, I was walking, light and swift,
With my senses settling fast and steadying,
But my body caught up in the whirl and drift
Of the vesture's amplitude, still eddying
On, just before me, still to be followed,
As it carried me after with its motion."

So they crossed the world, and the dreamer was left upon the threshold of St. Peter's:

"Why sat I there on the threshold stone
Left till He return, alone,
Save for the garment's extreme fold
Abandoned still to bless my hold?"

There also were gathered some to whom Christ entered. Errors of Rome are not so dark that no truth shines athwart them:

"Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error, but above
The scope of error, see the love.—
Oh, love of those first Christian days!"

Dwelling on love, and resolving to use intellect too, the dreamer was next carried in the motion of the robe to be left at the entrance-door of a lecture-room in a German university. Through the open door he had a glimpse of those who were waiting for the Christmas Eve discourse of the professor, on the Myth of Christ:

"And here when the Critic has done his best,
And the Pearl of Price, at reason's test,
Lay dust and ashes levigable
On the professor's lecture-table,"

The summary is,

"Go home and venerate the Myth
I thus have experimented with—
This Man, continue to adore him
Rather than all who went before him,
And all who ever followed after!
Surely for this I may praise you, my brother;
Will you take the praise in tears or laughter?
That's one point gained: can I compass another?
Unlearned love was safe from spurning—
Can't we respect your loveless learning?"

Reflection followed in the dreamer's mind that pointed to a mild indifferentism. Then he found himself suddenly in the horrible storm again, and had lost his hold upon the vesture's hem, which he recovered only upon conviction that

"Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship: let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share!
This constitutes my earthly care:
God's is above it and distinct."

So the dream ends with an awaking in the little chapel in the spirit of Religion that leaves God to judge the hearts of men, unites itself in brotherhood to all who seek Him, and maintains the pure spirit

of charity without losing sense of the personal need of a definite belief and faith in Christ the Saviour.

Having associated this view of Christian brotherhood with the birth of Christ, the poet then looks to the immortality of man and judgment to come in the companion piece based upon Christ's resurrection, "Easter Day." "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" is the opening thought. On an Easter night he crossed the common by the chapel, questioning of faith, when in a vision the heavens changed, and the Judgment Day had come,

"'In very deed,'
(I uttered to myself) 'that Day!'
The intuition burned away
All darkness from my spirit too:
There stood I, found and fixed, I knew,
Choosing the world."

Then it seemed to him that his doom was to have his choice. The world was his for ever. The beauty of nature was given him; the highest charm of art. Dissatisfied, he pined for knowledge, and it was given him to know. Still wretched, he cried,

"'Behold, my spirit bleeds,
Catches no more at broken reeds,—
But lilies flower those reeds above:
I let the world go, and take love!'"

The stern voice of the Judge smote him. Love had been inextricably part of all that was about him in the world, and he had set aside His love whereof all came; forgetting Who, through love, died in the flesh for him. Then he prayed in the vision to the Love of God to give him hope:

"'Be all the earth a wilderness!
Only let me go on, go on
Still hoping ever and anon
To reach one eve the Better Land.'
Then did the Form expand, expand—
I knew Him through the dread disguise,
As the whole God within his eyes
Embraced me."

The vision ended, and again there was the daily warfare of the world, again the sense how hard it is to be a Christian:

"'But Easter-Day breaks! But
Christ rises! Mercy every way
Is infinite,—and who can say?'"

In the same year with Robert Browning's "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," appeared Alfred Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Arthur Henry Hallam, son of Henry Hallam the historian, was born on the 1st of February, 1811; Alfred Tennyson in 1809. Arthur Hallam went to Eton between the years 1822 and 1827; was in Italy for eight months of the years 1827-28, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1828. Alfred Tennyson entered to the same college early in 1829, and the friendship out of which the poem sprang was then begun. Arthur Hallam had a fine sense of literature, pure aspirations, and a

poet's nature; of which there is clear evidence in the verse included among the Memorials published after his death by his father. His health was delicate, and he was subject to sudden flushes of blood to the head. This gave habitual and marked contraction to his brow, which is a feature also in portraits of Michael Angelo:

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

Arthur Hallam took his degree, and in January, 1832, left Cambridge. He read law for a time in a conveyancer's office; but when the health of another member of the household caused his family to leave England, he went to Germany with them, in August, 1833. He was at Vienna on the 15th of September, 1833, when a rush of blood to the head, more severe than usual, ended his life suddenly, in the twenty-third year of his age. The body was brought to England, and buried in the church at Clevedon, Somerset, the home of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, of Clevedon Court. Had Arthur Hallam lived, he was to have been married to a sister of his friend's. His love for her is at the heart of two of his published poems, and in one of these is a reference to his delight in her harp-playing. He was often in holiday seasons at the Somersby Vicarage, in which his friend was born and bred, and there is reference to this in the eighty-ninth section of "In Memoriam," recalling the old happy days at Somersby.

The poem of faith in immortality, written In Memory of this parting of lives, is formed by a succession of little "swallow-flights of song," each complete in itself as the expression of one mood of thought or feeling, but all so arranged that they shall represent the rise of faith through a succession of thoughts circling upward, from the grave to God. There is also kept in view throughout the poem the course of time through a given period. The action, so to speak, extends from the winter of 1833 to the early spring of 1836. The significance of times and seasons is associated with the development of feeling from the blank of desolation to a large and cheerful trust in God's rule of the universe; in the future of man here and hereafter,—of each man, and of the whole human race.

The poem opens with a reference to Mr. Longfellow's "Ladder of St. Augustine," in which there is a stanza that expresses musically the main thought of "In Memoriam":

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?"

This rising towards higher things is the purpose of the poem indicated in its opening. It will seek to reach a hand through time towards the far-off interest

of tears. But in the first hour of bereavement there must be the bitter sense of loss :

"Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss."

The second section images in gloom the churchyard yew with its roots among the dead. One of the very few changes made in the poem since its first publication, after long care to make it worthy of the memory it cherished, was the addition of a section, now the thirty-ninth, which blends a second picture of the churchyard yew with the new thought to which the poem is advancing :

"To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower."

The seventh section images in gloom the house in Bedford Place :

"Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasped no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

In a section near the close of the poem, the 119th, the poet blends a second picture of his friend's home upon earth with the developed sense that he still lives and loves, a fellow-worker in God's world :

"Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland
And bright the friendship of thine eye;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand."

In the ninth, tenth, and eleventh sections the first mood of grief carries the mind to the ship that brings home for burial at Clevedon the body of the dead; and in the twelfth section there rises out of the same dwelling upon the dead form borne over the sea the cry, "Is this the end? Is this the end?"

Then begins the gradual transition to the answer to the question. First there is expression of the natural instinct of immortality. If the ship touched land, the passengers came to shore :

"And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;

I should not feel it to be strange."

Upon this first light suggestion that it is hard for us to conceive extinction of a noble soul, follows a natural image corresponding to the first admission of a thought allied to faith. There was a night of storm :

"The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world."

The arrival of the ship is in the seventeenth section, the burial at Clevedon in the eighteenth and nineteenth. Then follow notes of mourning love, and recollection of the years from 1829 to 1833 :

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow."

These sections develope the human sense of the abiding of love, and the relation of love to the higher life of man :

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Thus we are led to the first chiming of the Christmas bells across the poem. It is Christmas 1833, little more than three months after the bereavement :

"This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of yule."

Transition is now through the sacred associations with the birth of Christ, that touch sorrow with joy, still upward to thought "of comfort clasped in truth revealed."

The grief was fresh; it was a sad Christmas Eve in the home; but the songs of the mourners rose in spiritual life until they attained the truths to which the poem is advancing :

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
 O Father, touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was born."

The next thoughts are of the raising of Lazarus
 and of the faith in Him who

"wrought
 With human hands the creed of creeds
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,
 More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave
 In roarings round the coral reef."

The poet touches humbly on the mysteries of
 God:

"But brooding on the dear one dead,
 And all he said of things divine,
 (And dear to me as sacred wine
 To dying lips is all he said),

I murmur'd, as I came along,
 Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
 And loiter'd in the master's field,
 And darken'd sanctities with song."

With the mood now reached is associated progress
 of the year to "the herald melodies of spring," and
 the blossoming of the churchyard yew. The thought
 next to be developed is the abiding of love not only
 in those living here, but in those also who have been
 removed by death to a new field of labour:

"And love will last as pure and whole
 As when he loved me here in Time,
 And at the spiritual prime
 Re-waken with the dawning soul."

In sections 45, 46 and 47, faith in the continued
 individual life of the soul is urged. The lost friend
 does not blend with the universe as a drop fallen
 into the ocean, but is still the same, retaining the
 old memories, the old love. This is realised in the
 yearning expressed by the fiftieth section, "Be near
 me," and the question that follows:

"Do we indeed desire the dead
 Should still be near us at our side?
 Is there no baseness we would hide?
 No inner vileness that we dread?"

With its answer:

"I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
 There must be wisdom with great Death.
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'."

In the fifty-fourth section there is a glance for-
 ward, in the trust

"That good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring."

In succeeding sections the sense of personal im-
 mortality and of fellowship between the living and
 the dead rises in strength of battle against every
 doubt, until (in the 72nd) the poem reaches the
 first anniversary of Arthur Hallam's death; the date,
 therefore, is the 15th of September, 1834; and pre-
 sently we reach the second Christmas—Christmas,
 1834. With the New Year (in the 83rd section)
 begins a fresh advance of thought that associates the
 succession of years with renewal of hope, with calmer
 thought of the dead, with strength born of the old
 love for new friendships and for strenuous day labour,
 with a larger sense of the "serene result of all."
 They whom death has for a time divided hold com-
 munion still:

"My old affection of the tomb,
 A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
 'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
 A friendship for the years to come.

I watch thee from the quiet shore;
 Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
 But in dear words of human speech
 We two communicate no more."

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
 The starry clearness of the free?
 How is it? Canst thou feel for me
 Some painless sympathy with pain?"

And lightly does the whisper fall,
 "'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,
 And that serene result of all."

The battle against Doubt and Death is rising now
 into the full Victory not of Knowledge, but of Faith.
 The 87th section suggests the succession of life by a
 visit to Arthur Hallam's rooms at college, where
 another name is on the door, with recollection of the
 old days there of high discourse in which he took
 his part.

The next section associates again a natural image
 with the prevalent feeling in that part of the poem to
 which it belongs. Its thought is of the song of the
 nightingale, whose passion, in the midmost heart of
 grief, contains a secret joy:

"And I—my harp would prelude woe—
 I cannot all command the strings:
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go."

After softened recollection of the days of old at
 Somersby in the 89th section, the next shows what
 is *not* meant by that succession of life in the genera-
 tions of men which is to be associated with the
 poet's crowning expression of "the glory of the sum
 of things." The 91st blends something of this future
 glory with the image of the dead:

"Come: not in watches of the night,
 But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
 Come, beauteous in thine after form,
 And like a finer light in light."

And from this point the poem rises still, while welcoming free conflict with honest doubt, the fearless striving after truth that gives strength to the soul. The 99th section brings the year 1835 to the second anniversary of the death of Arthur Hallam, the 15th of September. Through autumnal thoughts of change of earthly associations, including a change of home, we pass to the third and last Christmas included in the poem. And now the Christmas thought is of the world as God, through Christ, shall make it when the fulness of His time is come.

"Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good."

The next section (106th) associates the ringing in of the New Year (1836) with the ringing out of all the ills yet to be conquered, and the ringing in of that new "cycle rich in good":

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Then follows, in the 107th section, a cheerful celebration of Arthur Hallam's birthday, the 1st of February; and calm faith in the future of humanity is blended with a thought implying the main duty of life in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the work involved in Wordsworth's question—

"What one is,
Why may not millions be?"

We dare cherish the far ideal when we know that there is no way to the attainment of it but by labour of each of us, man, woman, and child, to live our own lives faithfully and truly. It is only by the growth of many into what is now the life of few, that the succession of the generations can at last lead to "the closing cycle rich in good." Therefore, the full expression of hope for the future of humanity is framed by Mr. Tennyson as aspiration for the time when all may be what Arthur Hallam was. Knowledge is below Wisdom:

"Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

The poem closes fitly at the season of spring—extending thus over an imagined period from the winter of 1833 to the spring of 1836—and its last thoughts are of hope, with assured Faith through Love; with God felt, in full conviction of man's immortality; with certainty that all is moving Godward, and with the peace of God that passeth understanding.

But there is added to the poem, and it forms an essential part of it, a song written for a sister's marriage some nine years after the death of Arthur Hallam. The blessing on the marriage leads to prayer for the birth from it of new life that shall be

"A closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

It is a divine event "far off;" but still the forward movement may be felt. Among the days in which we live, our Illustrations of English Religion end as in the midst of the history of an unfinished war. Unsubdued passions of men no longer require that we should build a church of stone, as Durham Cathedral was built, in some defensible position, adorned for God's service and also strengthened to meet attack of men who may come against it with the lance and bow. It is now war only of mind against mind, where it was once also of body against body; but there is still much of the old temper which in spiritual battle—though it be for the best cause—turns victory itself into defeat;

NOT THIS THE END, not yet the end of strife.

While Zeal that works for the good seed's increase
Adds bitter ferment to the bread of life,
Not yet has Righteousness the kiss of Peace.

High aims, true words, true deeds abounding still,
Our corn is good; the fault is in the heaven:
That must be love, if we would have God's will
Be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

"Peace upon earth, and goodwill towards men ;"
 "I give you Peace, My Peace I leave with you ;"
 Ours is the angel's song, the Lord's gift, when
 No war for Truth can make our love less true.

The voices of our fathers gone before
 Float back to us who struggle in the rear ;
 Subdued by distance ever more and more,
 The purest notes are those that reach the ear.

We tread where Cædmon, far before us, trod,
 Where echoes are resounding yet his song :
 "It is most meet that we should worship God,
 Our great Creator. In Him ye are strong :

"Through the great deep where stormy waters flow
 Your way is safe, whatever ills pursue ;
 Through the fierce furnace safe with Him you go,
 As through the sunlight when it lifts the dew,

"If ye have faith. Have faith !" And are not these
 Whispers of Bede heard through our tread of feet ?—
 "Lift me, and let me die upon my knees,
 Where I prayed daily : so to die is sweet."

"When you have tried all treasures, Truth is best :"
 True Langland's music calls us, from above :
 "Whatever poison stabs, Love gives you rest
 And health ; the Triacle of Heaven is Love."

Voice after voice, the frailties of the flesh
 Dust with the flesh, still blends its purer strain
 With our own speech, falls only to refresh,
 Touches earth tenderly as summer rain,

Till earth, less hard about our stony way,
 Smiles into life, loosens its iron grip,
 And cumbered souls that languished in the clay
 Shoot upward to find Heaven's companionship.

By him is Paradise Regained indeed
 Who bears, with Christ, pain, famine, patient still :—
 "Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

The voices of our fathers gone before
 Stay here to help us with their music thus :—
 What voice of ours, abiding evermore,
 Shall help the dear ones who come after us ?

God of our children, whom we yearn to teach,
 The lips we kiss, O touch them from above ;
 Turn Thou their babblings into manly speech
 As strong to move through innocence to love.

Our days are few, but yet a little more
 Help us to leave our children, ere we die,
 Of treasure added to the only store
 That serves to build the home beyond the sky.

Desire is faint, we totter at the gate
 Of this world's home in passing out to Thee :
 When Thou art nearest we lament our fate,
 Thy stretched out arm our dim eyes hardly see.

Teach, Father, God, our children how to pass
 From earth to heaven as from home to home,
 The earth they leave reflecting as a glass
 Its image of the Peace to which they come.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



From Leichius "De Origine Typographica Lipsiensis."

INDEXES.

I.—INDEX TO QUOTED WRITERS AND PIECES.

- Addison, Joseph, 341, 342.
 Ælfric, 21—28.
 Affection, True, from Browne's "Religio Medici," 295, 296.
 Alcuin, 12, 13.
 Aldhelm, 9, 10; An Invocation by, 10.
 Alexander, Sir William, 260, 261; William Drummond, To, with his Epitaph, 260.
 Alfred, King, 18—20.
 "All Stands in Change," by John Lydgate, 115, 116.
 Analogy of Religion to Nature, Joseph Butler's, 348—350.
 Andrewes, Lancelot, 238—240.
 Andrew's Day, St., from John Keble's "Christian Year," 407.
 Anger, Geoffrey Chaucer on, 103—106.
 Arnold, Dr. Thomas, of Rugby, 412—416.
 Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust, from a Sermon by Donne, 237.
 Atoms, Concurrence of, from Stillingfleet's "Origines Sacrae," 324.
 Audelay, John, 113, 114.
 Augustine, Saint, A Legend of, from John Selden's "Historie of Tithes," 250, 251.
 Aylmer, John, 175, 176.
 Bacon, Francis, 183—190.
 —, Roger, 55, 56.
 Bale, John, 160—163.
 Barrow, Isaac, 327, 328.
 Baxter, Richard, 298, 304—309, 327.
 Bede, 10—12; Close of his "Ecclesiastical History," 10, 11; Cuthbert's Account of his Death, 11, 12.
 Beginning of Marriage, In the, from Jeremy Taylor's Sermon on "The Marriage Ring," 288.
 Behaviour in Church, from Mirk's "Instructions for Parish Priests," 119, 120.
 Bestiary, The Substance of a, 56, 57.
 Bible Translation, The Lord's Prayer from the Gospels in First English, 17; Psalm lxxvii., from Nicholas of Hereford's Version of the Old Testament, 75; Matthew, ch. vi., from Wiclif's Version of the New Testament, 75, 76; Matthew, ch. vi., from Tyndale's Version of the New Testament, 147.
 —, The Voice of the, from Maurice's "Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews," 421, 422.
 —, The, from S. T. Coleridge, 426.
 Birds of Scotland, James Grahame's, A Passage from, 401, 402.
 Blackmore, Sir Richard, 342, 343.
 Blair, Robert, 369.
 Bludy Serk, Robert Henryson's, 128, 129.
 Boethius, First Metre of, in Modern and First-English, 19, 20.
 Book of Sports, The (A.D. 1633), 301, 302.
 Boyle, Robert, 325, 326.
 Breton, Nicholas, 247, 248.
 Brothers Parted, John Keble's Poem for St. Andrew's Day, from "The Christian Year," 407.
 Browne, Thomas, 295, 296.
 Browning, Robert, 428, 429.
 Bunyan, John, 309—317; Autobiographical Passages from his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," 309, 310.
 Burial of the Dead, by Keble, from the "Lyra Apostolica," 406.
 Burnet, Gilbert, 338, 339.
 Burton, Nicholas, Cruel Handling and Burning of, from Fox's "Acts and Monuments," 170—172.
 Butler, Joseph, 347—351.
 Cædmon, 3—5; The Opening of his Paraphrase, 5—9.
 Call for Christ, by Cynewulf, 15, 16.
 Carlyle, Thomas, 427.
 Cathedrals, &c., from Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," 404.
 Catholicism against Parties, Baxter's Association for, 305.
 Chalmers, Thomas, 397—400.
 Change by Death, The, from Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying," 286, 287.
 Character of a Methodist, by John Wesley, 362, 363.
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, 102—106.
 Chillingworth, William, 281.
 Christ, Cynewulf's Call for, 15, 16.
 —, and the World, from Quarles's "Emblems," 275, 276.
 Christian Love, from John Howe's Sermons, 292—295.
 Christianity, William Paley's Evidences of, 387.
 Christians, Pacific, Rules for a Society of, by Locke, 337, 338.
 Christmas Day, John Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," 270—273.
 Christmas Eve and Easter Day, by Robert Browning, 428, 429.
 Christ's Teaching of Nicodemus, from the "Ormulum," 49—52.
 —, Victory, Giles Fletcher's, 243—246.
 Church Divisions, A Direction from Baxter's Cure of, 307, 308.
 —, Future of the, from Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," 405.
 —, Music and Preaching, from Roger Bacon's "Opus Tertium," 55, 56.
 —, Porch, Verses from George Herbert's, 266, 267.
 —, Prayer on Entering, from the "Private Prayers" of Lancelot Andrewes, 239.
 —, Prayer for Peace in the, by John Hales, 297, 298.
 Churchyard, The New, from William Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," 404.
 Clergy; Chaucer's Town Parson, 112, 113.
 —; John Audelay's "Pastor Bonus," 114.
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 426.
 Colet, John, 141—144.
 Collect on Use of the Scriptures (A.D. 1549), 158.
 Collins, William, 369.
 Concurrence of Atoms, from Stillingfleet's "Origines Sacrae," 324.
 Constable, Henry, 214.
 Content, an Essay by Addison, from the *Spectator*, 341, 342.
 Controversies of the Church of England, Francis Bacon on the, 184—190.
 Controversy, The Style of, from Isaac Barrow's "Sermons against Evil-Speaking," 328.
 Corrupt Patronage of Livings, from Hugh Latimer's Sermon on "The Ploughers," 152, 153.
 Corruption of Religious Orders, from the "Itinerary of Wales," by Giraldus Cambrensis, 43, 44.
 Corruptions of Christianity, Joseph Priestley's History of the, Dedication from, 388.
 Covetousness, Hugh Latimer's Sermon on, 153—158.
 Cowper William, 375—379, 382—385; Autobiographical Passages from, 375—379; James Montgomery's Reference to, 392.

- Cranmer, Thomas, 158—160.
 Crashaw, Richard, 278, 279.
 Creation, Mind in, from Richard Blackmore's "Creation," 343.
 Crede, Pierce the Plowman's, 108—110.
 Crusades and Pilgrimages to Jerusalem, from Thomas Fuller's "Holy War," 291, 292.
 Judworth, Ralph, 328, 329.
 Cursor Mundi, Passages from the, 69, 70.
 Cynewulf, 15, 16.
- David, from a Sermon by J. F. D. Maurice, 425.
 Davies, John, 226—232.
 Death, To, from Robert Herrick's "Noble Numbers," 280.
 —, The Change by, from Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying," 286, 287.
 —, The Eloquence of, from Raleigh's "History of the World," 233.
 —, of Joseph, from the early English Poem of "Genesis and Exodus," 57, 58.
 —, Prayers of Samuel Johnson on the Death of his Wife, 371, 372; and of his Mother, 372; Lines by Samuel Johnson on the Death of Robert Levet.
 —, of James Grahame, John Wilson's Poem on the, 400, 401.
 Declaration concerning Lawful Sports (A.D. 1633), 301, 302.
 Departed Friends, from Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," 289.
 Divisions in the Church, Reginald Pecock on, 125, 126.
 —, A "Direction" and "Three Ways of Life," from Baxter's Cure of Church Divisions, 307, 309.
 Donne, John, 234—237.
 Drayton, Michael, 211—213.
 Drummond, William, of Hawthornden, 259, 260.
 Dryden, John, 331—333.
 Duty of Moderation, from a Sermon by John Wilkins, 325.
 Dyer, John, 364—366.
- Easter Day, Ælfric's Homily on, 22—25.
 —, Sermon, by Lancelot Andrewes, 239, 240.
 —, Poem by Browning, 428, 429.
 "Ecclesiastical Polity," Richard Hooker's, 219—226.
 Eloquence of Death, from Raleigh's "History of the World," 233.
 "Emblems," The Preacher, from George Wither's, 275.
 —, Between Christ and the World, from Quarles's, 275, 276.
 Enlarging of the Heart, The, from Christopher Harvey's "Schola Cordis," 269.
 Epigrams, Divine, from Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple," 279.
 Evening Hymn, Thomas Ken's, 332.
 —, by Reginald Heber and Richard Whately, 419.
 —, Prayer, by Lancelot Andrewes, 238, 239.
 Evidences of Christianity, William Paley's, 387.
 Evil Overcome with Good, from John Colet's Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 143.
- "Faerie Queene," The First Book of Spenser's, 193—211.
 Fair-Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete, Wither's, 255—258.
 Faith, Dead and Living, A Homily on, by Cranmer, 159, 160.
 Fisher, John, 136—141.
 Fletcher, Giles, 243, 246.
 —, Phineas, 276—278.
 Forgiveness of Injuries, from Johnson's *Rambler*, 371, 372.
 Fortune of the Church, from William Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," 405.
 Fox, George, his Account of his Mission, 296, 297.
 —, John, 170—172.
 Freeman's Religion, The, from Cowper's "Table Talk."
 Friends, Departed, from Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," 289.
 Fuller, Thomas, 291, 292.
- Galahad, Walter Map's, 37, 38.
 "Genesis and Exodus," The Death of Joseph, from the Early English Poem of, 57, 58.
 Georgia, The First Colonists of, from a Pamphlet by James Oglethorpe, &c., 355, 356.
 Giraldus Cambrensis, 42—45.
 God, To his Dear, from Herrick's "Noble Numbers," 280.
 —, The Idea of, from Ralph Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," 329.
 Golding, Arthur, 213.
 Gospels, Commentaries on the, in Wiclif's Time, 74, 75; Matthew, ch. vi., from Wiclif's Bible, 75, 76; Matthew, ch. vi., from Tyndale's Bible, 147.
 Grace for a Child, from Herrick's "Noble Numbers," 280.
 Grahame, James, 400—402; John Wilson on the Death of, 400.
 Grave, Lines from Robert Blair's Poem of the, 369.
 Great Deliverance, The (A.D. 1688), Tillotson's Sermon on, 334—336.
 Gregory's Day, Ælfric's Homily on, 25—28.
 —, Pastoral Care, King Alfred's Introduction to, 18, 19.
 Grey, Lady Jane, Roger Ascham's Account of, 175.
- Grindal Edmund, 178—183.
 Guesses at Truth, by Augustus and Julius C. Hare, 419, 420.
- Habakkuk, ch. iii., Michael Drayton's Version from, 212.
 Hales, John, 297, 298.
 Hall, Joseph, 281—285; from his Autobiography, 281, 282.
 Hampole, Richard Rolle, Hermit of, 70, 71.
 Hare, Julius Charles, 419, 420.
 Harington, John, 240, 241.
 Harmonie of the Church, Michael Drayton's, 211—213.
 Harvey, Christopher, 269, 270.
 Hawes, Stephen, 129—136.
 Hayward, John, 248, 249.
 Healing of the Nobleman's Son, Wiclif's Sermon on the, 71, 72.
 Health and Sickness, from Cowper's "Retirement," 384.
 Heart, The Enlarging of the, from Christopher Harvey's "Schola Cordis," 269.
 Heaven our Home, by Robert Southwell, 192.
 —, Treasures in, from W. Alexander's "Doomsday," 261.
 Heber, Reginald, 393—397.
 Henryson, Robert, 127—129.
 Herbert, Edward: Passages from his Autobiography, 262—264.
 —, George, 264—269. Richard Crashaw's Lines on Sending Herbert's "Temple" to a Lady, 278, 279.
 Herys, The Charge of, from John Jewel's "Apology for the Church of England," 174, 175.
 Herrick, Robert, 279—281.
 Hilarius, 38—42.
 Hind and Panther, Lines from John Dryden's, 331.
 Holy Places, Sæwulf's Visit to the, 28—31.
 —, Spirit, Robert Herrick's Litany to the, 280.
 Homilies. See Sermons.
 Hooker, Richard, 214—226.
 Hope amidst Billows, by Robert Leighton, 329—331.
 Howe, John, 292—295.
 Humility, from Robert Herrick's "Noble Numbers," 280.
 Hymn to God the Father, by John Donne, 236.
 —, to God, my God, in my Sickness, by John Donne, 236.
 —, Morning, by Thomas Ken, 331, 332.
 —, Evening, by Thomas Ken, 332.
 —, *Veni Creator*, Dryden's Paraphrase, 333.
 —, Sincere Praise, by Isaac Watts, 343, 344.
 —, for Morning or Evening, by Isaac Watts, 343, 344.
 —, on his Witness for God, by Whitefield, 358, 359.
 —, for the Kingswood Colliers, by John Wesley, 361.
 —, on the Admission of any Person into the Society, by John Wesley, 362.
 —, The Storm Hushed, by John Newton, 381, 382.
 —, Light Shining out of Darkness, by William Cowper, 382.
 —, Peace after a Storm, by William Cowper, 382, 383.
 —, Retirement, by William Cowper, 383.
 —, The Name of Jesus, by John Newton, 383.
 —, James Montgomery's, for a Sheffield Reform Meeting (1794), 391.
 —, Missionary, by Reginald Heber, 397.
 —, Evening, by Reginald Heber and Richard Whately, 419.
- I Would and I Would Not, by Nicholas Breton, 247, 248.
 Idea of God, The, from Cudworth's "Intellectual System of the Universe," 329.
 Idleness and Mischief, Against, from Isaac Watts's "Divine Poems for Children," 344.
 Immortality, William Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of, in Early Childhood, 402—404.
 Injuries, The Forgiveness of, from Johnson's *Rambler*, 370, 371.
 In Memoriam, by Alfred Tennyson, 429—432.
 Interlude of the Temptation of Our Lord, Bale's, 161—163.
 Isaiah, chapter xii., Michael Drayton's Verses from, 211.
 —, ,, xvi., ,, ,, ,, 212, 213.
- Jerusalem, Crusades and Pilgrimages to, from Thomas Fuller's "Holy War," 291, 292.
 Jesus, The Name of, by John Newton, 383.
 Jewel, John, 173—175.
 Johnson, Samuel, 369—375.
 Joseph of Arimathea, The Legend of, 34, 35.
- Keble, John, 405—408.
 Ken, Thomas, 331—333.
 King-craft, King Alfred on, 19.
 Kingsley, Charles, 422, 423.
 Knox, John, 163—168. His Letter to Mrs. Bowes, 166; to his Brethren in Scotland, 166—168.
- Lancelot and Galahad, 36—38.
 Langland, William, 77—102.
 Latimer, Hugh, 150—158.
 Laud, William, 298—303; his Last Prayer, 393.

Lecture by John Jewel, Close of a, 173, 174.
 Leighton, Robert, 329, 331.
 Lent, To Keep a True, from Robert Herrick's "Noble Numbers," 280, 281.
 Letter of John Knox to Mrs. Bowes, 166.
 ——— to his Brethren in Scotland, 166—168.
 ——— Edmund Grindal to Queen Elizabeth, 178—183.
 ——— Richard Hooker to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 217.
 ——— John Donne to James I., 234, 235.
 ——— James I. to James Usher, 254, 255.
 Liberty, Obligation of Civil to Religious, from William Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," 204.
 Library, Alcuin's Lines on a, 12.
 Liddon, Henry Parry, 427.
 Life, Three Ways of, from Richard Baxter's "Cure of Church Divisions," 308, 309.
 Light Shining out of Darkness, by Cowper, from "Olney Hymns," 382.
 Lindsay, David, 165.
 Lindsey, Theophilus, Dedication to, of Priestley's "History of the Corruption of Christianity," 388.
 Linking in of Things Together, from Philip Sidney's Translation of Du Plefois Mornay on "The Trueness of the Christian Religion," 213, 214.
 Litany to the Holy Spirit, Robert Herrick's, 280.
 Locke, John, 337—339.
 Lollard, A, described by John Audelay, 114.
 Lord's Prayer, The, in First English, 17.
 Love, Christian, from a Sermon by John Howe, 292—295.
 ——— Married, from Jeremy Taylor's Sermon on the "Marriage Ring," 288.
 Lydgate, John, 114—119.
 Malmesbury, William of, his Account of Aldhelm, 9, 10.
 Man, and Man's Medley, from Herbert's "Temple," 268, 269.
 ——— of Ross, from Alexander Pope's Epistle on the Use of Riches, 346, 347.
 Mannyng, Robert, of Brunne, 58—63.
 Map, Walter, 35—38.
 Marriage and Married Love, from Jeremy Taylor's Sermon on the "Marriage Ring," 287, 288.
 Maurice, John Frederick Denison, 420—425.
 Meditations, Joseph Hall's, 282, 285.
 Mercy, William Collins's Ode to, 369.
 Methodist, The Character of a, by John Wesley, 362, 363.
 Milton, John, 270—273; 317—323.
 Mind in Creation, from Richard Blackmore's "Creation," 343.
 Miracle-play of the Raising of Lazarus, by Hilarius, 39—42.
 ——— of Abraham, from Wakefield Mysteries, 65—68.
 Miracles of St. Swithin, from First-English, 20, 21; of St. Kevin and St. Colman, from Giraldu Cambrensis, 42, 43.
 Mirk, John, 119, 120.
 Missionary Hymn, by Reginald Heber, 397.
 Moderation, The Duty of, from a Sermon by John Wilkins, 325.
 Montgomery, James, 390—392.
 Moravian Missions, from James Montgomery's "West Indies," 392.
 More, Thomas, 145, 146; More against Tyndale, 147, 148.
 Morning Hymn, Thomas Ken's, 331, 332.
 ——— Prayer, by Lancelot Andrewes, 238.
 Mother, Samuel Johnson's Prayer on the Burial of his, 372.
 Music, Church, Roger Bacon on, 55.
 Name of Jesus, The, by John Newton, 383.
 Nature, The Fellowship of Man with, from James Grahame's "Birds of Scotland," 401, 402.
 Newman, John Henry, 408—412.
 Newton, John, 379—382.
 "Night Thoughts," Edward Young's, 366—369.
 "Nosce Teipsum," John Davies's, 227, 232.
 Nymph's Song in Praise of the Lover of Virtue, by George Wither, 258, 259.
 ——— of the True Happiness, by William Drummond of Hawthornden, 259, 260.
 Oath of Supremacy, James Usher's Speech on the, 253, 254.
 Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, by Milton, 270—273.
 ——— to Mercy, by William Collins, 369.
 ——— on the Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood, by William Wordsworth, 402—404.
 Oglethorpe's Jail Committee, Lines on, from James Thomson's "Seasons," 355.
 Origines Sacre, Edward Stillingfleet's, from the Dedication of and Preface to, 323, 324.
 "Ormulum," A Sermon from the, 49—52.
 Orthodox or Scriptural, from a Letter of Richard Whately to Edward Bouverie Pusey, 417, 418.

Overcome Evil with Good, from John Colet's "Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," 143, 144.

Pacific Christians, Rules for a Society of, by Locke, 337, 338.
 Palestine, by Reginald Heber, 393—396.
 Paley, William, 385—387.
 Palm Sunday, from John Keble's "Christian Year," 407.
 "Paradise Regained," John Milton's, 317—323.
 Parson, Chaucer's Good, 112, 113; John Audelay's Good, 114.
 Past and Present, from Selden's "Historie of Tithes," 250.
 Pastime of Pleasure, The, by Stephen Hawes, 129—136.
 Patronage of Livings, Corrupt, from Hugh Latimer's Sermon on "The Ploughers," 152, 153.
 Paul's Epistle to Philemon, Richard Steele's Paraphrase of, 341.
 ——— the Romans, John Colet's Summary of, 143.
 Peace, from Nicholas Breton's "Characters," 248.
 ———, from Henry Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," 290, 291.
 ——— in the Church, Prayer of John Hales for, 297, 298.
 ——— after a Storm, by William Cowper, 382, 383.
 Pearl, The, an Early English Poem, 106—108.
 Pecoock, Reginald, 120—127.
 Piers Plowman, The Vision of, 78—102.
 ———, The Crede of, 108—110.
 ——— the Usurer, The Tale of, from Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne," 59—63.
 "Pilgrimage of Man," John Lydgate's Version of Guillaume de Guileville's, 117, 119.
 Pilgrim Fathers, John Robinson's Farewell Words to the, 304.
 "Pilgrim's Progress," John Bunyan's, 311—317.
 Plowman's Tale, The, 110—112.
 Poor, Bishop, 46—48.
 Pope, Alexander, 346, 347.
 Pope, Temporal Jurisdiction of the, from John Donne's "Pseudo-martyr," 235.
 Praise, Sincere, from Isaac Watts's "Horæ Lyricæ," 343, 344.
 Prayer, Morning, by Lancelot Andrewes, 238.
 ———, Evening, " " 238, 239.
 ——— on Entering Church, " " 239.
 ——— for God's Mercy, by John Hayward, 249.
 ——— for Peace in the Church, by John Hales, 297, 298.
 ———, Laud's Last, 303.
 ——— and Song of the Aged Christian, from Isaac Watts's Adaptation of the Psalms, 344, 345.
 ———, The Universal, from Pope's "Essay on Man," 347.
 ———, Samuel Johnson's, on the *Rambler*, 370; his Three Prayers on the Death of his Wife, 371, 372; his Prayer on the Death of his Mother, 372.
 ———, Thomas Arnold's, read every Morning with the Sixth Form at Rugby, 413, 414.
 ——— without Ceasing, from John Fisher's Treatise on "The Need of Prayer," 137, 138.
 Preacher, The, from George Wither's "Emblems," 275.
 Preaching, Roger Bacon on, from his "Opus Tertium," 55, 56.
 ———, Neglect of, from Hugh Latimer's Sermon on "The Ploughers," 153.
 ———, Edmund Grindal's Letter to Elizabeth on abridging the Number of the Preachers, 178—183.
 Prelate, the Busiest, in England, from Hugh Latimer's Sermon on "The Ploughers," 151.
 "Pricke of Conscience," Passages from R. Rolle's, 70, 71.
 Priestley, Joseph, 385.
 Profane Wit, from Robert Boyle on "The Style of the Scriptures," 326.
 Prologue to Pecoock's "Repressor," 123.
 Prophecys; Edmund Grindal's Letter to Queen Elizabeth on Suppressing the Prophecies, 178—183.
 Psalm xv., in verse, by George Sandys, 278.
 ——— xxiii., in William of Shoreham's Version, 74.
 ———, in verse, by Joseph Addison, 358.
 ——— lxvii., in First-English, 16, 17.
 ———, in Early English, 74.
 ———, in Nicholas of Hereford's Translation of the Old Testament, 75.
 ——— lxix., in verse, by the Countess of Pembroke, 191.
 ——— lxxi., adapted by Isaac Watts as Prayer and Song of the Aged Christian, 344, 345.
 ——— lxxix., in Richard Rolle's Version, 74.
 ——— lxxxviii., paraphrased by Henry Howard, 149.
 ——— cxxx., " " Thomas Wyatt, 150.
 Psalms, The, from Frederick Denison Maurice's Sermons on the Prayer Book, 424.
 Pseudo-martyr, Dedication of John Donne's, 234, 235.
 Purple Island, Phineas Fletcher's, 276—278.
 Quarles, Francis, 262.
 Quarrelling and Fighting, from Isaac Watts's "Divine Poems for Children," 344.
 Quest of the Graal, The, 36, 37.

- Raleigh, Walter, 232, 233.
Rambler, Samuel Johnson's Prayer on the, 370.
 Red Cross Knight, The, from the "Faerie Queene," 193—211.
 Religio Laici, Lines from Dryden's, 331.
 Religion, Cheerful, from Cowper's "Table Talk," 383, 384.
 — of the Free, from Cowper's "Table Talk," 384.
 —, Study and Practice of, from Gilbert Burnet's "Address to Posterity," 338, 339.
 — of the Utopians, from Thomas More's "Utopia," 146.
 Religious Opinions, John Henry Newman's History of his, 410, 411.
 — Sensibility, from Thomas Chalmers's "Christian Revelation viewed in Connection with the Modern Astronomy," 398, 399.
 "Repressor of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy," Reginald Pecock's, 122, 127.
 Request to the Lord Protector, from Hugh Latimer's Sermon on "The Ploughers," 152.
 Retirement, by Cowper, from the "Olney Hymns," 383.
 Retreat, The, from Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," 288, 289.
 Revolution of 1688, John Tillotson's Sermon on the, 334—336.
 Robertson, Frederick William, 426, 427.
 Robinson, John, his Farewell Words to the Pilgrim Fathers, 304.
 Rudd, Dr., his Sermon before Queen Elizabeth, from Harington's "Brief View of the State of the Church," 240, 241; his Speech in Convocation on Conformity, 242.
 Rugby, Prayer with the Sixth Form at, 413, 414; Sermon by Thomas Arnold, 414, 415.
 Ruins of Rome, by John Dyer, 364—366.
 Rules and Lessons, by Henry Vaughan, 289, 290.
 — for a Society of Pacific Christians, by Locke, 337, 338.
 Sabbath, James Grahame's Poem on the, 401.
 Sawulf's Visit to the Holy Places, 28—31.
 "Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soul," John Hayward's, 248, 249.
 Sandys, George, Version of Psalm xv., by, 278.
 Scripture, The Appeal to, from William Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants," 281.
 Seafarer, The, a First-English Poem, 13—15.
 Secession in the Scottish Church explained by Thomas Chalmers, 399, 400.
 Selden, John, 249—252.
 Sensibility, Religious, from Chalmers's "Christian Revelation viewed in Connection with Modern Astronomy," 398, 399.
 Sermon, *Alfrie's*, on Easter Day, 22—25.
 —, *St. Gregory's Day*, 25—28.
 — from the "Ormulum" on Christ's Teaching of Nicodemus, 49—53.
 — by John Wiclif on the Healing of the Nobleman's Son, 71, 72.
 —, Part of a, by John Wiclif, "The Two Fishings of Peter," 72, 73.
 —, Parts of Hugh Latimer's, of "The Ploughers," the Busiest Prelate in England; a Request to the Lord Protector; Corrupt Patronage of Livings; Neglect of Preaching, 151—153.
 —, by Hugh Latimer, on Covetousness, 153—158.
 —, by Thomas Cranmer, on Christian Faith, 159, 160.
 —, Part of a, by John Donne, "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust," 237.
 —, by Lancelot Andrewes, on Easter Day, 239, 240.
 —, Dr. Rudd's, before Queen Elizabeth, described, 240, 241.
 —, Part of a, by Richard Sibbes, The True Men of the World, 273—275.
 —, by Jeremy Taylor, In the Beginning of Marriage, Married Love, 287, 288.
 —, by John Howe, Christian Love, 292—295.
 —, by John Wilkins, The Duty of Moderation, 325.
 —, by Isaac Barrow, The Style of Controversy, 328.
 —, by Robert Leighton, Hope amid Billows, 329—331.
 —, by John Tillotson, The Great Deliverance (A.D. 1688), 334—336.
 —, by Thomas Arnold, in Rugby Chapel, 414, 415.
 —, Part of a, by J. Frederick Denison Maurice, on the Psalms, 424.
 Sibbes, Richard, 273—275.
 Sickness and Health, from William Cowper's "Retirement," Sidney, Philip, 213, 214.
 Sincere Praise, from Isaac Watts's "Horæ Lyricæ," 343, 344.
 Song for Morning or Evening, from Watts's "Hymns," 345.
 Songs of the Faithful, by Michael Drayton, 211, 212.
 Southwell, Robert, 191, 192.
 Spenser, Edmund, 192—211.
 Spiritual Consolation of John Fisher to his Sister Elizabeth, written in the Tower, 138—141.
 Spiritualitie, The, from David Lindsay's "Monarchie," 165.
 Sports, The Book of (A.D. 1633), 301, 302.
 Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, 427.
 Steele, Richard, 341.
 Stillingfleet, Edward, 323, 324.
 Storm Hushed, The, a Hymn by John Newton, 381, 382.
 Study and Practice of Religion, from Gilbert Burnet's "Address to Posterity," 338, 339.
 Style of Controversy, from Isaac Barrow's "Sermons against Evil-Speaking," 328.
 Superliminare, from George Herbert's "Temple," 267.
 Superstitions of the People, from Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne," 58, 59.
 Supremacy, James Usher's Speech on the Oath of, 253, 254.
 Surrey, Henry Howard, Earl of, 149.
 Swithin, St., Miracles of, from First-English, 20, 21.
 Sylvester, Joshua, Thoughts from, 246, 247.
 Taylor, Jeremy, 285—288.
 Temptation of Our Lord, John Bale's Interlude on the, 131—163; John Milton's "Paradise Regained," 317—323.
 Tennyson, Alfred, 429—432.
 Thank God for All, by John Lydgate, 114, 115.
 Thomson, James, 355.
 Three Ways of Life, from Richard Baxter's "Cure of Church Divisions," 308, 309.
 Tillotson, John, 333—336.
 Tithes, John Selden's Historie of, 250, 251.
 Toleration, from Jere. y Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," 286.
 Town Parson, Chaucer's, 112, 113.
 "Tracts for the Times," Passages from the, 409, 410.
 Treasures in Heaven, from W. Alexander's "Doomsday," 261.
 True Affection, from Browne's "Religio Medici," 295, 296.
 — Men of the World, The, by Richard Sibbes, 273—275.
 Two Fishings of Peter, from a Sermon by John Wiclif, 72, 73.
 Tyndale, William, 146—148; in answer to Thomas More, 148.
 Universal Prayer, from Pope's "Essay on Man," 347.
 Usher, James, 252—255.
 Utopians, Religion of the, from Thomas More's "Utopia," 146.
 Vaughan, Henry, 288—291.
 Veni Creator Spiritus, Dryden's Paraphrase of the hymn, 333.
 Virgin Mary, Sonnet to the, by Henry Constable, 214.
 Virtue, from George Herbert's "Temple," 268.
 Virtues and Vices, A Chapter from Alcuin's Book on, 12, 13.
 Vision of Piers Plowman, The, by William Langland, 78—102.
 Voice of the Bible, The, from J. Frederick Denison Maurice's Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews, 421, 422.
 Walton, Izaak, The Last Days of Donne, from, 236; Lines by, to Christopher Harvey on his Synagogue, 269, 270.
 Watts, Isaac, 343—345.
 Wesley, John and Charles, 351—363. Charles Wesley's Lines to George Whitefield, 359.
 Whately, Richard, 416—419; Saying of, 418.
 Whitefield, George, 352; Passages from his Autobiography and Journal, 352—354; 358, 360, 361.
 Wiclif, John, 69, 71—77.
 Wife, Samuel Johnson's Prayers on the Death of his, 371, 372.
 Wilkins, John, 324, 325.
 Wishart, George, Character of, by Emery Tylney, 163.
 Wither, George, 255—259, 275.
 Woman's Beauty, from Edward Young's "Satires," 345, 346.
 Women, The Rule of, from John Aylmer's "Harborowe for Faithfull and Trewe Subjectes," 175, 176.
 Wooing of Our Lord, The, by Bishop Poor, 46—48.
 Wordsworth, William, 402—405.
 Working Men's College, Idea of a, by J. F. D. Maurice, 425, 426.
 World, The True Men of the, from Sibbes's Sermons, 273—275.
 Wrath, Geoffrey Chaucer on, 103—106.
 Wyat, Thomas, 149, 150.
 Ximenez on Translation of the Scriptures, 145.
 Young, Edward, 345, 346; 366—369.
 Zeal without Charity, from Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," 286.

II.—INDEX TO NOTES.

[Large Figures indicate Pages, and Small Figures give the numbers of the Notes upon them.]

- A (one), 110, 7; 167, 2
 Abbot, Rev. Dr., 131, 1
 Abessa, 198, 1
 Abingdon, Abbot of, 87, 10
 Abraham, Miracle Play of, 67, 14
 Abraid, 61, 10
 Ac, 84, 1; 95, 1
 Acale, 111, 3
 Acouped, 60, 23
 Acre, Sir S. Smith's Relief of, 396, 1
 Adonay, 65, 1
 Adonis, 272, 5
 Ægwhile, 16, 1
 Ælfrie on the Real Presence, 21, 1
 Æmilus, Theodore, 263, 1
 Æthel, 16, 1
 Again (against), 70, 8
 Against the Hair, 247, 3
 Aggrate, 245, 3
 Ai, 74, 3
 Air (heir), 128, 6
 Aleyone, 270, 2
 Aldebaran, 198, 4
 Aldhelm's "De Laudibus Virginitatis," 10, 1
 Alfred, King, His Classification of a People, 19, 2
 All-to, 107, 4
 Almoner, St. John the, 59, 16
 Amate, 209, 6
 Amice or Amis, 200, 1; 322, 1
 Ammon, Jupiter, 272, 4
 Anceane, 128, 2
 And (also), 76, 2; (if), 112, 1; 115, 1
 Andette, 16, 1
 Andgyt, 16, 1
 Andwita, 16, 1
 Anglo-Saxon, Study of, 9, 1; 16, 1
 Anubis, 272, 7
 Anyan, 236, 1
 Apert, 114, 7
 Appair, 149, 2
 Apposed, 80, 6
 Arches, Advocates of the, 82, 3
 Archimedes, 313, 1
 Arleni's Rill, 393, 1
 Arius, 187, 2
 Arminians, 263, 1
 Arnold, Mr. Thomas, 71, 2; 75, 1
 Ascham's Account of Princess Elizabeth, 176, 4
 As swithe, 61, 3
 Assyrians, 28, 2
 At (to), 114, 8
 Attry, 104, 4
 Austin Friars, 78, 4
 Auto, and Auto da Fè, 171, 2
 Awyrien, 119, 13
 Axtree, 120, 2
 Aywhere, 60, 3
 Baalim, 272, 3
 Babington, Mr. Churchill, 122, 1
 Bain (bathe), 149, 1
 Ball, Stephen, 110, 12
 Ballads, 78, 8
 Bandoun, 129, 6
 Barm, 60, 5
 Bars, Casting the, 120, 3
 Base Court, 133, 3
 Baselards, 85, 3
 Bate (term in falconry), 276, 4
 Bayn (helpful), 67, 17
 Beald, 16, 1
 Bed (bid), 209, 3
 Behnrit to de, 128, 25
 Beir, 165, 10
 Belive, 60, 11; 71, 1; belife, 68, 10
 Ben hold (are esteemed), 93, 8
 Benimeth, 103, 2
 Beorhte, 16, 1
 Bere (noise), 119, 5
 Berserker, 128, 1
 Bertram, Monk of Corbie, 21, 1
 Bestiary, An old English, 57, 1
 Bet (beaten), 67, 12
 Betake, 24, 1; 114, 2
 Betrasit with, 129, 11
 Bewraying, 60, 14
 Beza, Theodore, 263, 1
 Bigly (convenient for dwelling), 128, 10
 Biseche, 123, 2
 Bistiges, 74, 7
 Black Death, The, 80, 1
 Bleared, 78, 11
 Blm, 70, 1
 Blissian, 16, 1
 Bludy Serk, Henryson's, Original Story of, 127, 2
 Bocardo, 155, 1
 Bode the quod, 60, 10
 Body, Man's, as a Castle, 276, 5
 Boethius, Metrum I., 19, 5
 Bohemian Church Reformers, 125, 2
 Bonched, 78, 9
 Bordes, 119, 3
 Borrowit with, 129, 12
 Bote, 107, 3; 109, 1
 Boughts, 195, 2
 Boun (ready), 67, 6; Bun, 66, 16
 Bour, 128, 23
 Brandred, 134, 2
 Brast, 66, 27; 208, 1
 Brede, 107, 7
 Breu, 66, 17
 Bret-full, 109, 5
 Bretigny, The Treaty of, 84, 7
 Brevet, 73, 10
 Brewer, Prof. J. S., 44, 1; 55, 1
 Brokages, 82, 13
 Brute, Walter, 110, 12
 Bryce, 62, 16
 Brygge-a-bragge, 134, 6
 Bulls, The Pope's, 78, 8
 Bun (ready), 66, 16; Boun, 67, 6
 Bunyan's Applications of Scripture, 310, 1
 Burial, First English manner of, 27, 1
 But (unless), 62, 2; but if, 81, 11; 93, 10; 104, 1; bot gife, 128, 19
 Buxom, 82, 9
 Byhoves leve, 70, 12
 Cædmon, Was he a herdsman? 4, 1
 —, his Paraphrase and Paradise Lost, 7, 1; 8, 1
 —, Editions and Translations of, 9, 1
 Calvinism, 263, 1
 Calypso, 199, 1
 Can (know), 59, 1; 66, 8
 Cardinal Virtues, The Four, 12, 1
 Carmelites, 78, 4
 Cary, 109, 10
 Case (in case, by chance), 63, 3
 Castle of Love, The, 54, 1
 Catel, 59, 6; 84, 3
 Cats, The Ships called, 29, 1
 Censorship of Writers, 185, 4
 Censure, 185, 5; 250, 1
 Certes, 66, 6
 Chastiseth (seeks to free from fault), 105, 6
 Chateau d'Amour, Early Translation of the, 54, 1
 Chest (strife), 82, 11, 103, 5; 120, 4
 Chesun, 60, 16
 Church Dues, Sir David Lindsay on, 165, 11
 Circe, Charms against, 135, 1
 Clavichord, 132, 2
 Clavi-cimbal, Clavecin, Cembalo, 132, 2
 Clepen, 58, 7
 Climacterical Year, The, 241, 1
 Clouten, 92, 5
 Compare, 201, 1
 Con (inceptive), 107, 6
 Contractions in Old English, 58, 3; 59, 7, 10, 11; 66, 20; 130, 2, 4, 5, 6; 211, 2
 Conversation, 186, 1
 Conversion, The word, 26, 1
 Cooper, Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, 185, 1
 Corceca, 198, 2
 Corpse, 250, 2
 Corruption, 123, 3
 Cosmos in the "Ormulum," 50, 1
 Countring, 165, 4
 Coverdale, Miles, 157, 2
 Covered (cured), 72, 4
 Crowd (fiddle), 132, 2
 Cunnand, 128, 2
 Cymphans, 132, 2
 Dan, 165, 2
 Dare (maketh flowris dare), 116, 1
 Davenant, John, 294, 1
 De (die), 129, 2
 Deal, 23, 3; 81, 17; 141, 1; dele, 59, 2; 60, 6; doule, 111, 12
 Debonere, 62, 21
 Dede (death), 66, 5; 67, 18
 Defar, 133, 4
 Defendeth (forbids), 84, 2; defended, 104, 7
 Demes, 74, 4; demen, 79, 4
 Denis, 165, 2
 Dereworthy, 80, 10
 Despitous, 106, 2
 Detray, 132, 1
 Dever, 97, 4
 Deynous, 94, 7
 Dicht, 128, 26
 Digne, 61, 5
 Dirige (dirge), 136, 1
 Doddridge, Dr. Philip, 385, 1
 Donatus, Ælius, 131, 2
 Donet, 131, 2
 Donne's Monument in St. Paul's, 236, 2
 Dort, The Synod of, 263, 1
 Doussemer, 132, 2
 Dout, 62, 21
 Douze pierre, 116, 3
 Dress, 107, 12; 117, 5
 Drihten, 16, 1
 Dromonds, 29, 1
 Droom, 209, 4
 Druerny, 80, 10
 Dulcimer, 132, 2
 Dungereing, 28, 16
 Dungen down, 128, 20
 Dury, John, 294, 3
 Early English Text Society, 18, 1
 -ed final in verbs ending in d or t, 23, 2; 299, 2
 Eft, 72, 1
 Egea, 16, 1
 Elizabeth, Queen, 152, 1; 176, 4
 Elizabethan Translation of Ælfrie's Sermon on the Lord's Supper, 22, 5, 6; 23, 1, 4; On St. Gregory's Day, 25, 1
 Em-Christian, 82, 15; 84, 5
 Encheason, 67, 8
 Esloin, 200, 8
 Essoin, 200, 4
 Eve-chepings, 89, 3
 Fæl, 16, 1
 Fain, 82, 6
 Fæls, 16, 1
 Fair, Against the, 247, 3
 Fait, 81, 14
 Faitour, 91, 1
 Fame, Milton on, 320, 1
 Fare, 106, 6
 Fast (fixedly), 63, 5
 Fatal, 130, 5
 Fele (many), 60, 24
 Feofed, 82, 8
 Ferd, 68, 2
 Ferly, 60, 12
 Fire of London, 335, 1
 First English, Study of, 9, 1; 16, 1
 Fit, 196, 2
 Flay (frighten), 68, 11
 Flet, 119, 4
 Fletcher, Phineas, and Spenser, 245, 1
 Fleting, 70, 3
 Flum, 70, 8
 Poison, 62, 12
 Folc, 16, 1
 Fold (the earth), 128, 11
 Folted, 62, 24
 Fonde (seek, try), 61, 12; fonding, 63, 2; found, 66, 11; 67, 3
 Fools' Badges, 134, 5
 Forester, Peter, 235, 1
 Forrow, 129, 3
 Forthi, 79, 5
 Forwarned, 196, 3
 Forwasted, 194, 2
 Forwerd (worn out), 110, 3
 For-why (because), 124, 2
 Forxall (badge of a fool), 134, 5
 Frame (profit), 62, 11
 Freedom, 423, 1; of the Press, 185, 4
 Freitour, 87, 2; 109, 4
 Frely (delightful), 68, 18
 Frete, 82, 16
 Friars, The Four Orders of, 78, 4
 Fro, 67, 12
 Furnivall, Mr. F. J., 18, 1; 58, 1
 Fyrrer, 106, 8
 Galafres, 29, 1
 Gart, 66, 24; 128, 21
 Gat (road), 60, 7
 Gebletsa, 16, 1
 Gefea, 16, 1
 Gemma Ecclesiastica, 44, 1
 Geneva Bible, 242, 1
 Genge (nations), 74, 2
 Geond, 16, 1
 Gery, 116, 2
 Gesta Romanorum, 127, 3
 Geste, 58, 8
 Get (child), 67, 20
 Ghastr, 59, 12
 Ghostly, 22, 4
 Gin (contrivance), 245, 2
 Gledes, 103, 3
 Glosing, 78, 6
 Godwin, Francis, 205, 1
 Gomar, Francis, 263, 1
 Gome, 98, 4
 Grail (gravel), 204, 1
 Grain (dye), 109, 7
 Graithly, 110, 10; graytheth, 81, 19
 Greetand, 61, 4
 Gric (step), 167, 1
 Gripe, 201, 4
 Grolynges, 68, 3
 Grosart, Rev. A. B., 161, 2; 247, 2; 269, 1
 Grosseteste, 54, 1; 72, 7
 Grotius, Hugo, 263, 1
 Gryll, 69, 9
 Gryse, 68, 16
 Guilleville's Poem, "Pèlerinage de l'Homme," 119, 1
 Gyane, 128, 15
 Habbath, 16, 1
 Habergeons, 117, 6
 Hæls, 16, 1
 Hair, Against the, 247, 3
 Halcyons, 270, 2
 Halliwell-Phillips, Mr. J. O., 54, 1; 113, 1; 114, 9
 Halowis, 74, 9
 Halt (holds), 94, 6
 Halwes, 103, 6
 Hansel, 59, 1
 Harde ("scare well harde"), 110, 9
 Harlot, 105, 5
 Harmensen, Jacob, 263, 1
 Harmony of the Spheres, 271, 4
 Hasardours, 104, 2

Hatchet, Throwing the, 120, ²
 Hatren, 60, ⁵
 Hatte (was named), 94, ¹⁶
 Hautein, 105, ²
 Have geste, 58, ⁸
 Healdan, 16, ¹
 Heeld (poured), 74, ¹⁰
 Hendenesse, 82, ²
 Heut, 60, ¹¹
 Here (their), 87, ⁹; 92, ³; her, 125, ¹
 Hermits, The first, 145, ¹
 Hests, 82, ¹⁰
 Het, 67, ²¹
 Hethynz, 74, ¹¹
 Hewe, 90, ⁷
 Hiddis, 76, ¹
 Highte (commanded), 94, ¹³
 Hilarion, 115, ¹
 Hill, Nathaniel, 119, ¹
 Hincmar, 21, ¹
 Hing, 129, ³
 His, him, its, 124, ¹; 209, ⁵
 Hockshins, 110, ¹
 Hodymoke, 120, ⁷
 Hokerly, 104, ⁵
 Holiness as a Virtue, Plato and Aristotle on, 12, ¹
 Homilies and Sermons, 180, ¹¹
 Hooker, Richard, and Rexinold Pecock, 124, ³; his wife, 217, ¹
 Horus, 272, ⁷
 Hour-glass, The Preacher's, 169, ¹
 Hours, 81, ¹³
 Housel, 23, ³
 Hoynce, 66, ¹⁸
 Hugger mugger, 120, ⁷
 Hussites, 125, ²
 Huygens, Christian, 343, ¹
 Hy (haste), 67, ²; (high), 88, ¹; he, 128, ⁸

 Icham, 134, ⁷
 Immortality, Argument of Socrates for, 142, ¹
 Implies, 201, ³
 Indifferent, 183, ⁵; 185, ²; indifferently, 180, ¹
 Indured, 149, ³
 Infere, 67, ¹¹
 Inforced, 23, ⁴
 Insurrections of 1549, 157, ¹
 Intelligible (intellectual), 130, ¹⁰
 Inwit, 94, ²⁰
 Isis, 272, ⁷
 It, as a genitive, 66, ¹⁵; his and its, 124, ¹; 209, ⁵

 Jack Nokes and Tom Stiles, 88, ⁵
 Jackes stufes, 117, ⁷
 James I, and the Book of Revelations, 277, ¹
 Jangling, 60, ³; jangling, 105, ⁶
 Japers, 105, ⁹
 Jaques, Shakespeare's, 275, ¹
 Jealous, 59, ⁵
 Jerome, Saint, 145, ²
 John the Almoner, Saint, 59, ¹⁶
 Jove (air), 194, ³
 Jowett, Professor, 142, ¹

 Kennen, 81, ¹
 Kest, 128, ¹⁶
 Ket the Tanner, 157, ¹
 Kind (nature), 72, ¹⁰; kindly, 73, ¹; 89, ⁶; kind-wit, 90, ¹
 Knakkes, 105, ¹⁰
 Kyrle, John, 346, ¹

 Lacky (find fault with), 96, ²
 Lad (led), 74, ⁶
 Laitis, 128, ⁷
 Langland, William, 77, ¹
 Lares, 272, ²
 Late (lately), 63, ¹¹
 Layn (deceive), 67, ¹⁶
 Leal, 90, ¹¹
 Lede (man), 85, ¹
 Leese (lose), 191, ²
 Lef (believe), 114, ⁴
 Lemures, 272, ²
 Lend, 81, ¹²; lene (give), 94, ²; 147, ¹
 Leothe, 16, ¹
 Lere, 67, ¹⁴; 81, ²; 117, ³; leres (thou leres), 60, ²; lereth, 87, ³; 93, ²; 95, ¹; lering, 94, ¹⁹
 Lesse (lie), 68, ¹⁵
 Lest ("me lest"), 106, ⁵

Lesteth, 57, ²
 Let (delay, hinder), 81, ²⁰; 117, ¹; 153, ¹; lete, 61, ⁷; letten, 123, ⁴; 274, ¹
 Leve (dear), 120, ⁶; lief, 107, ⁹
 Lewed, 79, ²
 Lief (dear), 107, ⁹; leve, 120, ⁶
 Lieved (believed), 78, ⁷; lieveth, 82, ¹⁸; lef, 114, ⁴; leyved, 88, ²
 Likame, 128, ²⁶
 Lind, 81, ⁷
 Liquids in Dissyllables, 131, ¹
 List and lete, 70, ⁶
 Lite (little), 81, ³; lyt, 128, ¹⁴
 Loke thee, 81, ²²
 Lollards, 110, ¹⁰
 Lollid him, 110, ¹¹
 Lomes, 77, ²
 Lore (lost), 61, ¹; 63, ³
 Losengerie, 105, ¹
 Loth, 62, ³
 Lout, 62, ²²
 Loveloker, 106, ⁷
 Lucifer, Fall of, 5, ¹
 Lupton, Mr. J. H., 143, ¹
 Lurdane, 87, ⁶
 Lusty, 128, ⁷
 Luthere (bad), 92, ¹
 Lydgate, John, 130, ³
 Lyfode, 77, ³
 Lyssie, 81, ¹⁸
 Lythie, 247, ¹

 Making (verse writing), 108, ²
 Malison, 105, ³
 Man of Ross, The, 346, ¹
 Mancous, Value of a, 19, ¹
 Mandeville, Sir John, Fable from, 116, ⁴
 Manna, The Hidden, 289, ¹
 Mantissa, 324, ¹
 Martin's Epigram "In Maximus," 253, ¹
 Mase, 80, ⁷
 Maskellash, 107, ¹³
 Mass, 170, ¹
 Mayne, 72, ⁸
 Medled (mixed), 94, ¹⁵
 Meeting (knowledge), 114, ⁸
 Mene (mediator), 93, ¹¹
 Ment, 66, ²
 Mercil, 80, ⁴
 Mere, 283, ¹
 Merk, 129, ⁷
 Mesel, 105, ⁴
 Mete (scanty), 110, ²
 Meuble, 94, ¹¹
 Meyn (complain), 68, ⁶
 Mihtig, 16, ¹
 Milthe, 74, ¹
 Miltse, 16, ¹
 Miracle Plays, 64, ¹
 Mischief (misfortune), 107, ³
 Misidd him, 62, ²³
 Mold, 85, ²
 Moloch, 272, ⁶
 Moly, 135, ¹
 Mone (must), 129, ²; man, 165, ³
 Monopoli, 28, ²
 Monument, London, Inscription on the, 335, ¹
 Moravians, 392, ¹
 Morley, Bishop George, 263, ¹
 Morning Star, The, 289, ²
 Morris, Dr. Richard, 18, ¹; 48, ¹; 57, ¹; 106, ⁴
 Morrow, 58, ¹⁰
 Morton, Thomas, 294, ²
 Mote ("mighty to mote"), 81, ⁹
 Moton, 16, ¹
 Mozambique Channel, 236, ¹
 Muchel, 203, ²
 Murray, Mr. J. A. H., 18, ¹
 Music of the Spheres, 271, ⁴
 Mycelnisse, 16, ¹
 Myung, 120, ⁵
 Myrc's Instructions for Parish Priests, 119, ²

 Namely (especially), 60, ¹⁵; 105, ⁷; namelyche, 93, ⁷
 Nar, 67, ²; nas, 106, ¹
 Neven, 66, ¹³
 Never a dele, 60, ⁶
 New Fair, 89, ³
 Nice, 204, ³
 Nigun, 60, ³
 Nile, The Gods of, 272, ⁷
 Ninefold Harmony of the Spheres, 271, ⁴
 Nokyns, 68, ⁴

Noli, 61, ⁶
 Nome, 62, ¹⁵; name, 63, ⁷
 Northward in Heaven, 5, ¹
 Nouns in First English, 16, ¹
 Noy, 59, ³

 O (one), 118, ¹
 Obeshing, 72, ⁹
 Of (= for), 114, ¹⁰; 276, ¹
 Ointment of Pallas, 135, ¹
 Okerer, 59, ¹⁷
 Oracles, Cessation of, at Birth of Christ, 272, ¹
 Ord and end, 51, ¹
 Ore (ere), 63, ¹
 "Ormulum," Metre of the, 49, ¹
 Osiris, 272, ⁷
 Other (=or), 92, ⁸
 Ought (owns), 84, ³; (owned), 191, ³
 Our al quhair, 128, ¹³
 Outruk, 128, ¹⁷
 Owes to life, 75, ²

 Pallas, Ointment of, 135, ¹
 Palmer, 89, ⁴
 Fan (crown), 86, ¹
 Paradise Lost and Cædmon's Paraphrase, 7, ¹; 8, ¹
 Parage, 107, ¹¹
 Paramour, 128, ¹²
 Party, 61, ⁷
 Pas, 59, ⁴
 Passus, 59, ⁴
 Paul, The first Hermit, 143, ¹
 Pausté, 66, ⁴
 Payrys, 117, ⁸
 Payed (pleased), 59, ¹³; to pay (to satisfaction), 62, ⁹; 90, ³; 114, ⁷
 Peace of the World at Birth of Christ, 270, ¹
 Peacock, Mr. Edward, 119, ²
 Peacock, Reginald, and Richard Hooker, 124, ³
 Peise, 60, ¹⁹
 Pencillis, 117, ²
 Peor, 272, ³
 Perrochioun, 165, ⁹
 Personne (parson), 165, ⁷
 Pertelich, 87, ¹
 Peter! (an exclamation), 89, ⁵
 Peynible, 62, ¹⁰
 Pilgrimages of Man and of the Soul, Guileville's, 119, ¹
 Pilie, 92, ⁷
 Pilioun, 126, ¹
 Pilloure, 111, ⁷
 Pined, 68, ⁷
 Pires, 87, ²
 Placard (a breast-plate), 134, ³
 Plague of 1665, 334, ²
 Plained, 107, ¹
 Plato on the Cardinal Virtues, 12, ¹; 19, ²; on Immortality, 142, ¹
 Plenerly, 62, ¹³
 Poke (bag), 93, ⁹
 Polde-headed, 163, ¹
 Portess, 200, ²
 Prease, 111, ²
 Preise, 109, ⁸
 Prest (ready), 90, ⁶
 Prevent, 289, ¹; prevented, 138, ³
 Price, 107, ¹⁰
 Prog, 276, ²
 Pronouns in First English, 17, ¹
 Provisors, 83, ¹
 Prynce's Lines on his Branding, 301, ¹
 Pyed Coat, 134, ⁵

 Quarrel, 134, ¹
 Quart (safe keeping), 66, ²³
 Qued, 60, ¹⁰
 Quert (gay spirits), 129, ⁸
 Qub-in Scottish, 128, ¹³; 129, ⁴
 Quickmire, 186, ⁶

 -r-, sounded as a syllable, 136, ²
 Radbert, 21, ¹
 Rageman (roll), 79, ¹; (name for Satan), 98, ¹
 Ramus (Pierre de la Ramée), 220, ¹
 Rathe, 94, ¹⁸; rather, 94, ²
 Ratramnus de Corpore et sanguine Domini, 21, ¹
 Raught, 79, ¹

Reason and Scripture, 124, ³
 Rebeck, 132, ²
 Recorder (the Musical Instrument), 132, ²
 Rede, 60, ¹⁷; 62, ⁷; 87, ¹²; 81, ⁶; 93, ⁵; 195, ¹
 Regiment, 168, ¹
 Rely (reel), 92, ⁶
 Remonstrants, The, 263, ¹
 Renkes, 93, ⁵
 Res (rush), 68, ¹⁷
 Ribbour, 89, ²
 Riches, 135, ²
 Ring (reign), 123, ³
 Rofensis, 137, ¹
 Roses, How the first, came, 116, ⁴
 Rotheren, 110, ⁵
 Rough, John, 164, ¹
 Ruel, 92, ⁴

 -s, Northern Plural in, 129, ⁴
 Sabellius, 187, ³
 Sackbut, 132, ²
 Sady, 114, ⁶
 Sakermuz, 120, ¹
 Salvage, 203, ¹
 Sam (together), 211, ¹
 Sandys's Ovid, 240, ²
 Satire of the Three Estates, Lindsay's, 165, ¹¹
 Sanye, 94, ²²
 Say (woollen stuff), 201, ²
 Sayne, 66, ²⁶
 Scale, The Musical, 55, ²
 Scath, 201, ¹
 Schaf, 110, ¹⁴
 Schede, 107, ⁶; shede, 111, ⁸
 Scho, 128, ⁵
 Schonder (in schonder schuke), 128, ¹³
 Scott, Sir W., and Heber, 394, ¹
 Scripture and Reason, 124, ³
 Seafarer, The, a First-English Poem, 15, ¹
 Second wit, 72, ⁵
 See (seat), 129, ¹³
 Seggde, 49, ²; syggen, 87, ³
 Seih . . . rather, 94, ²
 Selden's Lines on a House-door, 249, ¹
 Sele (time, season), 62, ⁶; 63, ⁴
 Sely, 109, ²; seilye, 165, ¹; silly, 271, ²
 Sent (scent), 196, ¹
 Serk, 128, ¹
 Sermons and Homilies, 180, ¹¹
 Sethen, 61, ¹¹
 Seventh Years of Life, 241, ¹
 Sewed, 94, ¹
 Seyn, 68, ³
 Sharland of Northampton, 273, ³
 Shent, 58, ⁵
 Shield of the Red Cross Knight, 207, ¹
 Shrews, 103, ⁴
 Shrouds at St. Paul's, 151, ¹
 Sibb, 90, ¹²
 Sickerness make (give assurance), 62, ⁴
 Sim at the Stile, 88, ⁵
 Sir, 165, ³
 Sisours, 82, ¹
 Sith, 191, ⁴
 Siths, 93, ³
 Siththen, 88, ³
 Skeat, Rev. W. W., 18, ¹; 78, ²; 110, ¹⁵
 Skill, 39, ¹; 62, ¹⁵; skillis, 67, ⁷; skills, 87, ⁵
 Slee, 162, ³; slo, 68, ¹
 Sleithes, 82, ¹²
 Smirke, Etherage's, Mr., 327, ²
 Smithie, 85, ⁴
 Snell, Rudolph, 263, ¹
 Soken, 82, ¹⁹
 Somdel to paye, 90, ⁵
 Somerset House, 157, ¹
 Souble, 111, ¹
 Soul, Socrates on the, 142, ¹
 Soyn (soon), 66, ¹⁸
 Sparkled (sprinkled), 159, ¹
 Spheres, Harmony of the, 271, ⁴
 Spill (destroy), 66, ²¹
 Sprete, 162, ¹
 Spyr, 68, ⁹
 Steade, 62, ¹²; stede, 67, ¹¹; sted, 209, ²
 Steps, 251, ³
 Stone, Putting the, 120, ²
 Stots, The Four, 121, ¹
 Stound, 63, ³
 Summoners, 82, ²

Swa, 70,¹¹
 Sweet, Mr. Henry, 18,¹
 Swelt, 204,²
 Swevening, 61,⁹
 Swinderby, William, 110,¹²
 Swink, 90,³
 Swithe, 60,¹; 61,³; 70,⁵
 Sword of the Spirit, The, 134,⁴;
 278,¹
 Sykeren, 90,²
 Syllan, 16,¹
 Symphonies (musical instru-
 ments), 132,²
 Syne, 128,²³; 165,⁸

Tabor, 132,²
 Take (confide), 62,¹
 Tale (account), 80,³
 Teind, 165,⁸
 Tellen, 79,³
 Tent (heed), 63,¹²; 66,¹⁴
 Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin
 Sands, 155,²
 -th-, omitted in pronunciation,
 59,¹⁰, 14; 130,⁸
 Thæs, 16,¹
 Thammoz, 272,⁵
 Than (= then), 60,¹⁸; 70,¹⁰;
 161,³; 271,¹
 Theod, 16,¹
 There (= where), 79,⁶
 This each, 58,⁶; that each, 63,⁴
 Tho (those), 77,⁴; (thess), 118,²
 Tholmodness, 62,²⁰
 Thorney Abbey, 122,²
 Thurt, 62,¹⁸; thar, 67,¹
 Thuruh, 16,¹
 Tide (time), 68,¹⁴
 Till (prop up), 60,²¹
 Till (= to), 68,¹²; 299,¹
 To (= till), 68,¹³
 Toft, 80,⁵
 Tollere, 62,¹⁴
 Tone (taken), 129,¹

To party, on the, 60,¹⁴
 Tote, 109,³; 111,⁴; y-toted, 109,³
 Transubstantiation, 21,¹; 22,³, 5;
 23,¹, 4
 Trast, 66,¹²
 Travesties, 326,²
 Triacle, 81,⁶
 Triana, 171,¹
 Troeznow, John de, 125,²
 Trotevale, 58,²
 Trowen, 58,⁹; trowed, 72,³
 Tryphon, 272,⁷
 Tuly, 162,²
 Twyn, 68,⁸
 Tyne, 208,²
 Typhon, 273,¹
 Tyte, 68,⁹

Unbid (without a prayer), 210,²
 Unbuxom, 82,⁹
 Uncouth, 195,⁸
 Underfongen, 84,⁸
 Undernyme, 123,¹
 Unexpressive, 271,³
 Union, Christian, Scheme of,
 294,³; 295,¹
 Universal Peace at Birth of
 Christ, 270,¹
 Unnethes, 70,²; unneth, 104,³;
 unneath, 209,¹
 Untall, 111,⁵
 Unto (= until), 66,⁷
 Up trist, 93,⁶
 Ure, 16,¹
 Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, 55,²
 -v-, omitted in pronunciation, 58,³
 Veray, 65,²; verrey, 129,¹⁰
 Verbs in First English, 16,¹
 Vernicle, 89,⁴
 Veysey, Bishop, 157,²
 Vild, 210,¹

Virgin Mary, the Castle of Love,
 54,¹; her Shrine at Walsing-
 ham, 78,³
 Virtues, The Cardinal, 12,¹
 Vizards, 323,¹
 Vulgate, The, 145,²

Wæstm, 16,¹
 Wage (be surety), 86,²; (endure),
 107,⁸
 Walsingham, Our Lady of, 78,³
 Wam, 78,⁵
 Wanhope, 82,¹⁷
 Want (do without), 273,⁵
 Ware (lay out in bargaining), 62,⁸
 Warraid, 202,¹
 Warroke, 85,⁶
 Waseled, 110,⁴
 Watchful sted, 209,²
 Wawes, 107,⁵
 Wayten, 90,⁴
 We! (an exclamation), 67,⁵
 Weathering Stock, 276,³
 Weeds (dress), 82,¹⁴
 Vegas, 16,¹
 Weld, 59,¹⁸
 Well (as an intensive), 49,³;
 110,⁹
 Wend (thought), 67,¹⁵
 Weorth, 16,¹
 Were (uncertainty), 60,²²; (strife
 and confusion), 66,³
 Wertheode, 16,¹
 Westminster Abbey Towers, 279,¹
 Wex, 62,¹⁷; 70,³
 Weymouth, Dr. R. F., 54,¹
 Whally eyes, 200,⁵
 Whately and J. H. Newman, 417,¹
 Wher, 76,³
 Whereas (= to where), 198,³
 Whethen, 70,⁷
 Whitefield's Preaching, 361,¹
 Wiclif's English Works, 71,²; his
 Bible, 76,⁴

Wight (vigorous), 94,²¹
 Winter's Tale, Measure of a Song
 in the, 49,¹
 Wishing Wells, 78,³
 Wisse, 94,³; wissen, 90,¹⁰; 109,²
 Wite (know), 72,²; 90,⁷; wist,
 66,²²; wot, 82,⁷; wait, 165,²;
 witen, 82,⁴
 Wite (blame), 111,¹⁰; wyting,
 112,²; witing, 123,⁵
 With (by), 129,¹¹, 12
 Withe, 326,²
 Withouten, 68,¹⁵
 Withsit, 94,¹²
 Wondit, 123,²⁴
 Won (wont), 67,²; wone (stay),
 66,³; wone (custom), 85,⁷;
 wonne, 74,⁸; woned (dwelt),
 63,¹⁰; woneth, 80,⁸; 90,⁷;
 wynnit, 128,⁹
 Wood (mad), 62,²⁴; 111,¹¹; 201,⁵
 Worth (becomes), 96,¹; worthen,
 110,⁶
 Wow, 59,⁸
 Wrey, 58,⁴
 Wrie, 59,⁹
 Wright, Mr. Thomas, 28,¹; 36,¹;
 44,¹; 57,¹
 Wro, 111,⁶
 Wyrd, 107,²
 Yare, 67,⁴
 Yede, 61,²; 62,⁵; yode, 70,²
 Yerde, 106,³
 Ying (young), 128,⁴
 Yo (yea), 63,⁹
 Yorn, 59,¹¹; yerne, 120,⁸
 Youngest-teemed, 273,²
 Ypight, 208,³
 Y-toted, 109,³
 Ywit, 84,⁴
 Zabarella, Jacopo, 263,¹
 Ziska, 125,²

III.—INDEX TO SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH.

Most of the passages from old writers in this volume have such of their words as are still current English spelt in the way that least diverts attention from the thoughts they stand for; but in the following pieces all accidents of spelling, &c., have been left untouched, that they may serve as illustrations of the language in successive periods:—

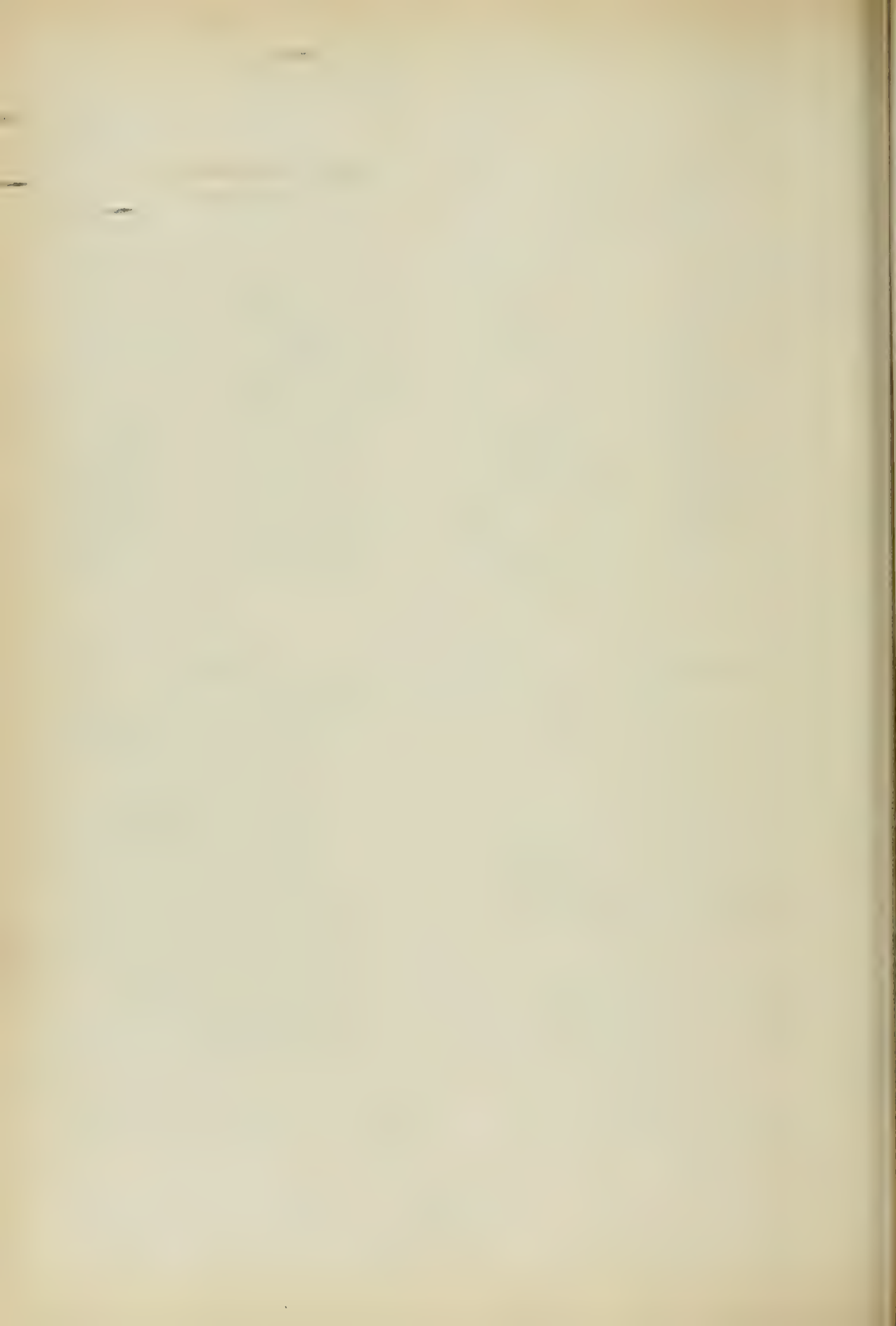
EIGHTH CENTURY.	PAGE
First-English Metrical Version of Psalm lxvii. . .	16
The Lord's Prayer in First English	17
TENTH CENTURY.	
First-English Version of a Metre of Boethius	20
THIRTEENTH CENTURY.	
Christ's Teaching of Nicodemus.—From the "Or- mulum"	49
The Death of Joseph.—From "Genesis and Exodus"	57, 58
Psalm lxvii.—From a Northern Metrical Psalter	74
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.	
Psalm xxiii.—William of Shoreham's Version	74
„ lxxix.—Richard of Hampole's Version	74
„ lxxvii.—Nicholas of Hereford's Version	75
The Sixth Chapter of Matthew.—Wiclif's Translation	75, 76
A Prophecy from Langland's "Vision of Piers Flow- man"	87, 88
The Town Parson, from Chaucer	112
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.	
Divisions in the Church.—From Peacock's "Repressor"	125, 126
The Bludy Serk, by Robert Henryson	128, 129

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.	PAGE
The Sixth Chapter of Matthew.—Tyndale's Transla- tion	147
Character of George Wishart, by one of his Pupils	163
The Spiritualite.—From Sir David Lindsay's "Mon- archie"	165
John Knox to his Brethren in Scotland	166—168
The Cruel Handlyng and Burnyng of Nicholas Burton. —From Fox's "Acts and Monuments"	170—172
Lady Jane Grey.—From Ascham's "Schoolmaster"	175
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.	
Dedication of Donne's "Pseudo-martyr"	234—235
How Saint Augustine showed that a Lord of the Manor must pay Tithes. — From Selden's "Historie of Tithes"	250, 251
The Enlarging of the Heart.—From Christopher Harvey's "Schola Cordis"	269
The Appeal to Scripture.—From William Chilling- worth's "Religion of Protestants"	281
The Book of Sports, as issued in 1633	301, 302
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.	
Study and Practice of Religion.—From Gilbert Burnet's Address to Posterity (1708)	338, 339

CORRECTION.

In Note 2, on Page 138, for "the English version published in Elizabeth's reign," read, "the undated original version, which was put into Latin for the first edition of Fisher's collected works."

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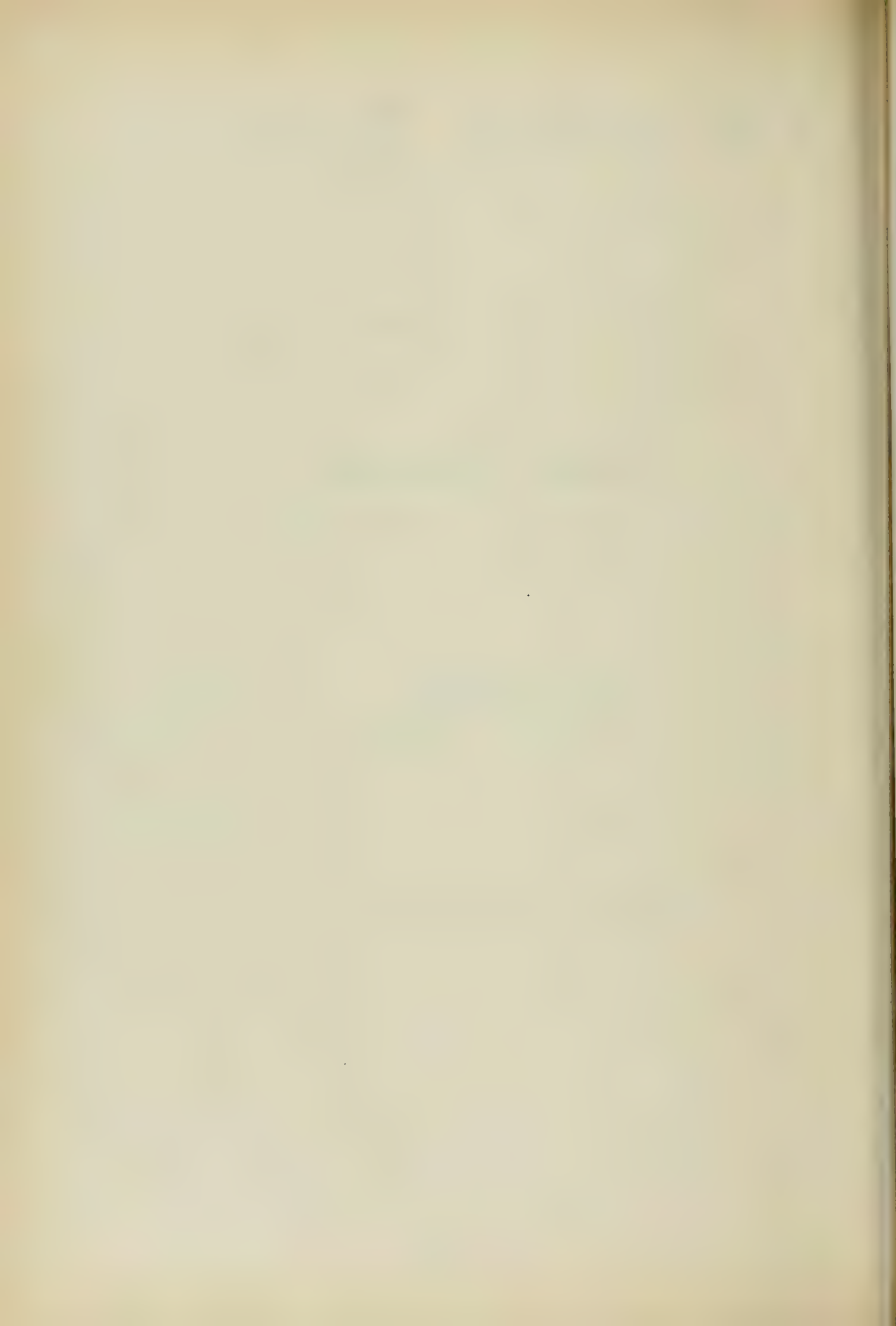
THEN TO THE WELL-TROD STAGE ANON,
IF JONSON'S LEARNED SOCK BE ON,
OR SWEETEST SHAKESPEARE, FANCY'S CHILD.
WAGGLE HIS NATIVE WOODNOTES WILD.
MILTON: *L'Allegro*.

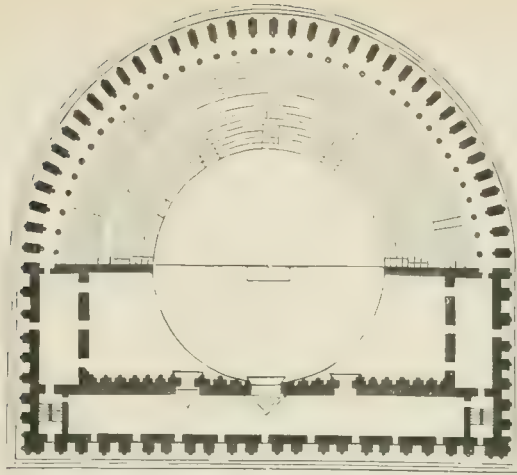
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PLAN OF A GREEK THEATRE. (From Vitruvius.)

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.		PAGES
OF ACTED PIECES EARLIER THAN THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY, A.D. 1119 TO A.D. 1535		1—21
CHAPTER II.		
THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY: "RALPH ROISTER DOISTER" AND "GORBODUC," A.D. 1535 TO A.D. 1562		21—65
CHAPTER III.		
FROM THE DATE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH TRAGEDY TO THE YEAR IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT SHAKESPEARE CAME TO LONDON.—A.D. 1561 TO A.D. 1586		65—110
CHAPTER IV.		
FROM THE YEAR IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT SHAKESPEARE CAME TO LONDON TO THE YEAR OF THE DEATH OF MARLOWE.—A.D. 1586 TO A.D. 1593		111—156
CHAPTER V.		
FROM THE DEATH OF MARLOWE TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—A.D. 1593 TO A.D. 1603		156—210
CHAPTER VI.		
IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.—A.D. 1603 TO A.D. 1625		211—270
CHAPTER VII.		
UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH.—A.D. 1625 TO A.D. 1660		270—321

	PAGES
CHAPTER VIII.	
UNDER CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1689	321—383
CHAPTER IX.	
FROM THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—A.D. 1689 TO A.D. 1789	383—430
CHAPTER X.	
SINCE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789	430—434
INDEXES:—	
I.—PLAYS AND DRAMATISTS	435—438
II.—NOTES	439—440
III.—SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH	440



GREEK COMEDY. (From a Bas-relief in the Museum, Naples.)

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Plan of a Greek Theatre (from Vitruvius)	v	Initial from Camden's "Britannia"	132
Greek Comedy (from a Bas-relief in the Museum at Naples)	vi	Room in which Shakespeare is said to have been Born	142
Roubiliac's Statue of Shakespeare in the British Museum	viii	Initial from Camden's "Britannia"	142
Teaching the Actors (from a Mosaic in the House of the Tragic Actor, Pompeii)	1	William Shakespeare, from the Droeshuyt Portrait	156
Initial (from the First Folio of Shakespeare)	1	The Bust of Shakespeare at Stratford	157
The Nave, Chester Cathedral	2	Chancel of Stratford Church, with Shakespeare's Monument	161
A Miracle Play at Coventry	3	The Stratford Portrait of Shakespeare	164
The Angel's Song at the Nativity (from Cotton MS. Tiberius B. v.)	12	Signatures of Shakespeare	167
Pity (from a Woodcut used by Wynkin de Worde to illustrate "Hycke Scorne")	12	Stratford Church	174
Contemplation and Perseverance	13	Arms granted to Shakespeare's Father in 1596	177
Imagination and Freewill	13	Richard Tarlton	178
Hycke Scorne	14	Richard Burbage	179
The Apothecary (from a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "Moriæ Encomium")	19	The Fortune Theatre	188
The Palmer's Experience	20	Crispinus (Portrait of a Gentleman Pensioner, 1605)	193
Ralph Roister Doister	22	Captain Tucca (a Soldier in Buff Jerkin, from Saltonstall's "Navigator")	201
Mathew Merygreeke	23	His Majesty's most Excellent Dog (a Watchman from Dekker's "Lanthorne and Candlelight" 1609)	207
Madge Mumblecrust	26	Armour of the Reign of James I.	209
The Scrivener	37	Tailpiece (from a Folio of Ben Jonson's Works)	210
Goodluck Returned	44	Initial, from the same	211
Eton College	47	Dress of a Masquer at the Court of James I.	214
Old Hall of the Inner Temple	48	Border (from the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1610)	232
Armorial Device of the Inner Temple	48	Initial (from Warner's "Albion's England," 1606)	238
Acting Terence	49	Tailpiece (from Knolles's "History of the Turks" 1610)	247
Strife (from a Relievo by Antonio Pollaiuolo)	51	A Check used at the Red Bull	247
A Dumb Show in the Time of Elizabeth	54	Characters of the Old Italian Comedy	248
Talbot Inn Yard (Chaucer's Tabard)	65	The Old Italian Pantaloon and Harlequin	248
Part of Old Whitehall Palace	74	Initial (from Knolles)	248
Syracuse	75	Court of an Old Italian Palace	249
The Ear of Dionysius	77	Palace of the Podesta, Florence	269
Ruins of the Ancient Theatre at Syracuse	88	Funeral Hearse of James I.	270
The Globe Theatre	104	Philip Massinger	271
Properties of the Vice and Fool: Cap, Bauble, &c.	110	Remains of a Roman Theatre at Orange	271
Shakespeare's Birthplace at Stratford	111	A Roman Couple	273
The Free School at Stratford	112	Domitian	275
Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery	112	A Roman Empress	277
The Fool of the Old Play	114	Seated Minerva	284
Doctor Faustus	116	Actors of Comedy in Ancient Greece	294
The Song of Arion	130	Tragedy and Comedy (from a Roman Bas-relief)	307
		Harefield Place	308
		Frontispiece of Randolph's Poems, with his Portrait	313

	PAGE
Holland's Leaguer (1632)	315
Theatre Checks of Drury Lane and the Duke's Theatre (1671)	321
Sir William Davenant	322
Front of the Theatre in Dorset Gardens (1673)	326
Proscenium of the Dorset Gardens Theatre	327
Scenes in Settle's "Empress of Morocco" (1673)	
A Fleet of Ships	351
A Moorish Dance	351
A Mask of Hell	352
The Reward of Treason	352
The Rival Queens (from a Frontispiece to Lee's Dra- matic Works)	359
William Wycherley	359
Thomas Otway	368
Theatre Checks of the Beginning of the Reign of James II.	383
Old and New Haymarket Theatre	411

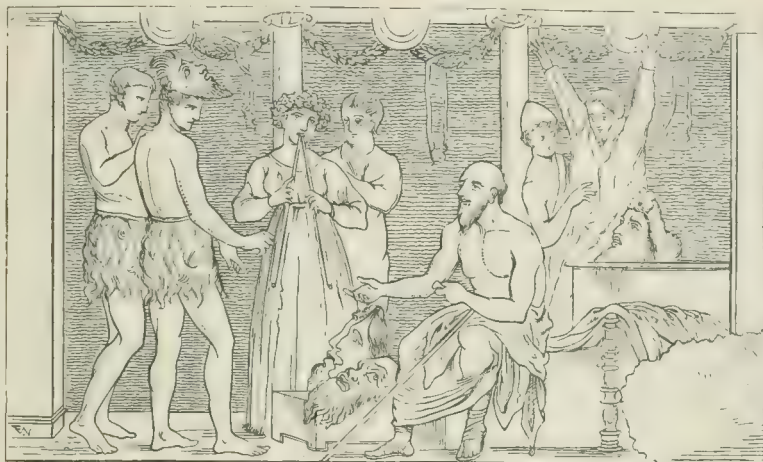
	PAGE
Part of Old Craven House, site of the Olympic Theatre	412
The Theatre in Tankard Street, Ipswich, where Garrrick first acted	420
David Garrick	421
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	428
Interior of Drury Lane Theatre (1794—1811)	451
Mrs. Siddons	432
Interior of the Haymarket Theatre (1821)	433
Painted Ceiling over the Pit of Goodman's Fields Theatre	435

NOTE.—In another volume of this Library, containing "Shorter English Poems," Portraits are given of Thomas Sackville (p. 170), George Gascoigne (p. 184), Samuel Daniel (p. 254), Ben Jonson (p. 267), George Chapman (p. 270), Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher (p. 273), William Cartwright (p. 293), John Milton (p. 310), John Dryden (p. 333), and also a copy of the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare (p. 251).



ROUBILIAC'S STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE. (British Museum.)

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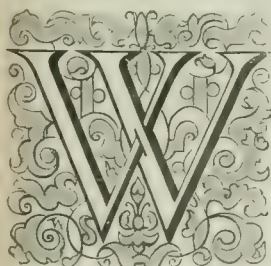


TEACHING THE ACTORS. (From a Mosaic in the House of the Tragic Actor, Pompeii.)

III.—PLAYS.

CHAPTER I.

OF ACTED PIECES EARLIER THAN THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY, A.D. 1119 TO A.D. 1535.



Initial from the 1st Folio of
Shakespeare, 1623.

WE will attempt first to define the subject of this volume. A play is the story of one human action, shown throughout by imagined words and deeds of the persons concerned in it, artfully developing a problem in human life, and ingeniously solving it after having excited strong natural interest and curiosity as to the manner of solution. It must not be too long to be presented to spectators at a single sitting.

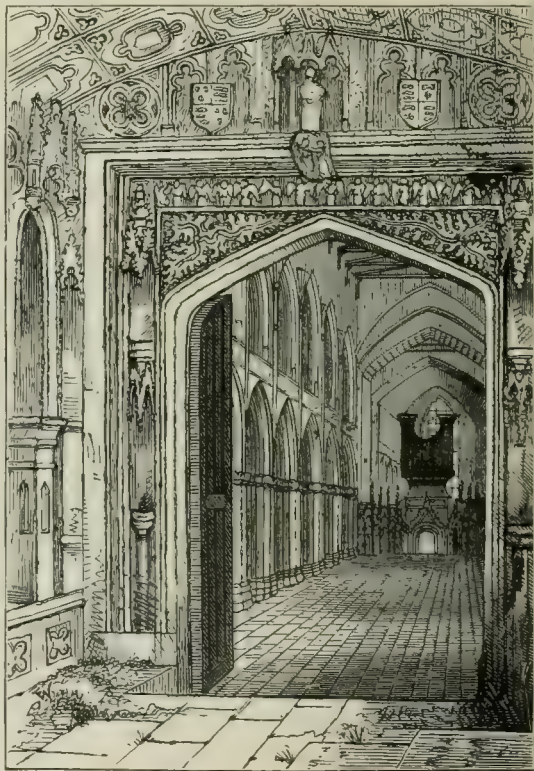
A work wanting in any one of these requirements is either no play at all, or a bad play. It must be a story of action, not a recital of thought in the form of dialogue; and it must be the story of a single action, its whole sequence of events bound together by their relation of cause or effect to the main incident on which all turns. When two stories are interwoven, they must be necessary to each other, and so blended as to become one to the understanding. This one story is not written to be only read, but to be shown, the persons of it seeming actually to appear and speak and act; their words and deeds must also be imagined for them, not literally repeated out of chronicles, and must be

shaped throughout by the poet's art to excite human interest in the development of some problem of human life. Mere imitation of a piece of life in dialogue is not a play. The incidents shown must be ingeniously contrived to appeal to the natural feelings of spectators, they must tie a knot in human affairs more or less intricate, excite curiosity as to the way of its untying, and then succeed in using the best force of intellect to untie it fitly. As the work is to be shown to spectators, its length must be proportioned to their physical power of sitting at ease to hear it through; and for right apprehension of a play, when read at home for the first time, it is necessary that the reader should, like the spectator, not approach it till he knows that he has the time required for giving his whole mind to it and taking all in at one sitting. Full appreciation comes only by later study of detail, but there can be no safe study of detail in any work of genius before it has been allowed to make its natural impression as a whole upon a mind simply and unreservedly receptive of its influence.

The first conditions of a true dramatic literature were developed by the genius of ancient Greece, and from analysis of the plays of Æschylus (who lived from B.C. 525 to B.C. 456), Sophocles (B.C. 495 to 405), Euripides (B.C. 480 to 406), and others, Aristotle (B.C. 384 to 322) drew in his *Poetics*, more than two thousand years ago, the first critical distinction of the parts of a good play. The Greek

dramatists were imitated by the Romans, who first came into free contact with Greek literature after the taking of Tarentum in the year 272 B.C. The first Latin play was produced by Livius Andronicus in the year before Christ 240. Plays were written also by his contemporary, Cneius Nævius, the first Roman poet of mark, a poet from whom Virgil did not disdain to borrow. A year after the production of the first Roman play, Ennius was born, who wrote at least twenty-five tragedies—based upon Greek example—of which only fragments remain. He died in the year 169 B.C., outliving the great comic poet Plautus, who died in the year before Christ 184, and of whom twenty comedies are extant. The comedies of Plautus, with those of Terence, who was about nine years old when Plautus died, and the tragedies of the Roman philosopher Seneca, who died by command of Nero A.D. 65, represented the old Latin dramatic literature to mediæval scholars who knew little of Greek; and thus Plautus and Terence for comedy, Seneca for tragedy, represented to most scholars the old classical drama down even to Shakespeare's time. Out of the study and imitation of these plays in schools and universities the modern drama most distinctly rose. It would so have arisen if there had never been any Miracle Plays. It did not in any way arise out of the Miracle Plays. Miracle Plays did not pass into Morality Plays, nor did Morality Plays afterwards pass into true dramas. Miracle Plays are one thing; Moralities are another thing: each form of writing has its own distinct beginning, aim, and end. They are two different forms of literature, one arising out of the church services, the other an offshoot from the allegorical didactic poem. When the two forms of literature were both used, they were occasionally mixed, but there never was a time at which one changed into the other. Like the drama proper, they turn to account the instinct for imitation that has, in a sense, made actors of all children born into the world, and thus they may claim cousinship with our drama that had its beginning in the sixteenth century; they are its cousins, not its parents. Miracle Plays have been described, and examples of them have been given, in the volume of this Library which illustrates English Religion. In the account there given¹ of the Shepherd's Play, which formed an interlude between the Old Testament and New Testament section of each series, it was said that the series acted at Wakefield—known as the Towneley Mysteries, because they were first printed from a MS. in Towneley Hall—included two such interludes, either of which might be taken; and that as one of them happens to develop a short farcical story, which accidentally fulfils the requisite conditions, it so becomes our earliest known piece of acted drama. The other pieces of this kind represent only jest and sport of the shepherds, until they hear the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men," when they first mock, then are subdued, follow the angels to kneel before the infant Christ in the manger, present their simple offerings, and rise into a higher life. But in this North-Country jest, it

happens that the shepherd who especially plays the clown's part, is represented as a noted sheepstealer, who steals a sheep. This act has consequences; there is a rustic problem of life to be solved, and a sequence of incidents that, however ridiculous, contain the elements of a dramatic plot. We have only to break off before the angels' song falls on the shepherds' ears, and we may say that we have here the first English play. A few words will suffice to recall the times of the early Miracle Plays with which it was connected. The first record of an acted Miracle Play in this country is by Matthew Paris, who accidentally speaks of a play of St. Catherine that was to be acted at Dunstable in 1119, that is to say, in the reign of Henry I. The plays of Abeldard's pupil, the Englishman Hilarius, of which an example was given among illustrations of English Religion in this Library, were produced in France at the end of the reign of Stephen, or the beginning of the reign of Henry II. In the reign of Henry III., and in the year 1233, the parish clerks were formed into a harmonic guild, which afterwards took much part in the acting of Miracle Plays; and near the close of the same reign (A.D. 1264) Pope Urban IV. founded the festival of Corpus Christi, which festival is supposed afterwards to have given occasion for the development of Scripture story by trade guilds,



THE NAVE, CHESTER CATHEDRAL. (From Ormerod's "History of Chester.")

among the laity, through long sequences of dramatic action. In 1311, in the reign of Edward II., the festival of Corpus Christi was firmly established by Pope Clement V.

It was probably in 1327 or 1328, at the beginning

¹ Illustrations of English Religion, p. 65.

of the reign of Edward III., that the first sequence of Miracle Plays acted not as aforesaid in Latin, but in English, was produced at Chester. Ralph Higden, a monk of the great Abbey of St. Werburgh, to which the city of Chester then seemed in the eyes of its inmates but a suburb, obtained leave from the Pope to tell to the English people in this manner, through their mother tongue, the chief events upon which Christian faith is founded. The great abbey is gone, except its church, which is now the cathedral church of Chester. But within the abbey the twenty-five pieces were written, to be acted by the trade guilds of the town, beginning with the Fall of Lucifer, presented by the tanners, and ending with the websters' play of Doomsday. The acting began always with the first play, before the Abbey gate that still remains in Northgate Street.

Two other long sequences of Mysteries remain to us: one of forty-two pieces, beginning with the Creation and ending with Doomsday, said to have been written for the guilds of Coventry, which certainly did—as their old account-books show—pay much attention to the telling of the Bible-story in this way. The other is a set of thirty-two plays in

North-Country dialect, which external tradition and internal evidence show to have been acted in or near the town of Wakefield. The plays or pageants were shown upon stages mounted upon wheels, so that when acted in one part of the town they could be rolled off to another. Thus a spectator seated in one place on three successive days, would see pageant after pageant, showing to him in chronological order scenes from Scripture that involved the vital facts of his religion. Minute details of expenditure in old books of the guilds of Coventry enabled a local antiquary, Mr. Thomas Sharp, to explain very fully the method of their representation, in a Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries published by private subscription in 1825, and the frontispiece to his work was an attempt to realise the form of one of these old street pageants. Each stage was fitted carefully for the scene to be acted upon it. For the second Shepherd's Play in the Wakefield series, there would be a part of the scaffolding divided from the rest by a partition with a door in it to represent Mak's house; the rest being regarded as the country in which there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."



A MIRACLE PLAY AT COVENTRY. (From a Drawing by David Jee, for Sharp's "Coventry Mysteries.")

SHEPHERD'S PLAY.

From the Wakefield Mysteries.

*Primus Pastor.*¹ Lord, what these weathers² are cold
and I am ill happid;³

I am near hand dold,⁴ so long have I nappid:

¹ *Primus Pastor*, *Secundus Pastor*, First Shepherd, Second Shepherd.

² *Weathers* (weders), stormy winds. "Wedyr, idem quod storm." ("Promptorium Parvulorum.")

³ *Happid*, clothed, wrapped up. Icelandic "hjúp," a doublet, allied, says Cleasby, to German "joppe" and French "jupe." Icelandic "hyppja," to huddle the clothes on. In the Paston Letters, John Paston writes to his wife, in September, 1465, for "ij clue of worsted for dobletts, to happe me thys colde wynter." ("Paston Letters," edited by James Gairdner, vol. ii., p. 235.)

⁴ *Dold*, stupefied. Of the same origin as *dolt* and as *dull*, in which,

My legs they fold, my fingers are chappid,

It is not as I would, for I am all lappid

In sorrow.

In storms and tempest,

Now in the east, now in the west,

Woe is him has ne'er rest

Mid day nor morrow.⁵

But we silly⁶ shepherds, that walks⁷ on the moor,

as Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood says, "the radical idea is a stoppage of the faculties or powers proper to the subject."

⁵ *Morrow*, morning.

⁶ *Silly*, silly, simple, innocent.

⁷ *Walks*. The piece, being in Northern English, contains many examples of the Northern plural in *s*. In the old English dialects, a plural in *s* was characteristic of the Northern, a plural in *en* of the Midland, a plural in *eth* of the Southern.

In faith we are near hands out of the door;
 No wonder as it stands if we be poor,
 For the tilth of our land lies fallow as the floor,
 As ye ken.
 We are so hamid,¹
 For-taxid and ramid,²
 We are made hand-tamid,
 With these gentlery men.
 Thus they reave us our rest, Our Lady them wary.³
 These men that are lord-fast⁴ they cause the plough
 tarry.
 That men say is for the best we find it contrary.
 Thus are husbands⁵ opprest, in point to miscarry,
 On life.
 Thus hold they us under,
 Thus they bring us in blunder,
 It were great wonder.
 And⁶ e'er should we thrive.
 For may he get a paint⁷ sleeve or a brooch now-a-days,
 Wo is him that him grieve, or once again says.
 Dare no man him reprove,⁸ what mastery he may,
 And yet may no man lieve one word that he says,
 No letter.
 He can make purveance,
 With boast and bragance,
 And all 's through maintenace
 Of men that are greater.
 There shall come a swain as proud as a po,¹⁰
 He must borrow my wain, my plough also,
 Then I am full fain to grant or¹¹ he go.
 Thus live we in pain, anger, and wo,
 By night and day;
 He must have if he langid;¹²
 If I should forgang it,
 I were better be hangid
 Than once say him nay.
 It does me good, as I walk thus by mine one,¹³
 Of this world for to talk in manner of moan.
 To my sheep will I stalk and hearken anon,
 There abide on a balk, or sit on a stone
 Full soon.

¹ *Hamid* (*hamyd*), harnessed. The "hame" (Scottish "hains") is defined in Maht's edition of Webster's English Dictionary, as "one of the two curved pieces of wood or metal in the harness of a draught-horse to which the traces are fastened, and which lie upon the collar, or have pads attached to them fitting the horse's neck."

² *For-taxid and ramid*, taxed to the uttermost and cried out upon. "For" is intensive, as in "forlorn," and "rased" from First-English "hremen," to cry out. "To rame" is still a common Yorkshire word for being violently noisy. But "to rame" (roam, rove, rob) means in Lincolnshire to plunder, and the sense here may be "overtaxed and plundered."

³ *Wary*, curse. First-English "wergian."

⁴ *Lord-fast*, strong in lordliness, the suffix being the same as in "stedfast," &c.

⁵ *Husbands*, husbandmen.

⁶ *And*, if.

⁷ *Paint*, painted. The *ed* was not sounded, and often not written, in verbs having *t* or *d* for their root-ending. It is often so in Shakespeare.

⁸ *And* *says*, answers again, contradicts. When a man has once set up a gay sleeve or a brooch, he counts himself a gentleman, and will hear nothing that he dislikes.

⁹ *No man dares* reprove him, whatever airs of mastery he gives himself.

¹⁰ *Po*, peacock ("pavo").

¹¹ *Or*, ere, before.

¹² *If he langid*, had set his mind on it, longed for it. Compare German "verlangen," to desire.

¹³ *By mine one*, by myself. "One," First-English "an," formerly rhymed with "moan." The pronunciation "wun" is a modern corruption.

For I trow, pardé,
 True men if they be,
 We get more company
 Or¹⁴ it be noon.

Secundus Pastor. Benste¹⁴ and Dominus! what may
 this bemean?

Why fares this world thus oft have we not seen.
 Lord, these wethers are 'spiteous, and the weathers full
 keen,

And the frost so hideous they water mine een,
 No lie.

Now in dry, now in wete,
 Now in snow, now in sleet,

When my shoon freeze to my feet
 It is not all easy.

But as far as I ken, or yet as I go,
 We silly woodmen ure¹⁵ mickle wo;
 We have sorrow then and then, it fallis oft so,
 Silly Capyll, our hen, both to and fro

 She cackles,

But begin she to crok,
 To groyne or to clock,¹⁶
 Wo is him of our cock,

 For he is in the shekyls.¹⁷

These men that are wed have not all their will,
 When they are full hard sted¹⁸ they sigh full still;
 God wot they are led full hard and full ill,
 In bower nor in bed they say nought theretill,
 This tide.

My part have I fun,¹⁹
 I know my lessun,

Woe is him that is bun,²⁰
 For he must abide.

But now late in our livis, a marvel to me,
 That I think my heart rivis such wonders to see.
 What that destiny drivis it should so be,
 Some men will have two wivis, and some men three,
 In store.

Some are wo that has any;
 But so far can I,
 Wo is him that has many,
 For he feelis sore.

But young men of wooing, for God that you bought,
 Be well ware of wedding, and think in your thought,
 "Had I wist"²¹ is a thing it servis of nought;
 Mickle still mourning has wedding home brought,
 And griefis,

With many a sharp shower,
 For thou may catch in an hour
 That shall savour full sour
 As long as thou livis.

For, as e'er read I 'pistle, I have one to my fere²²
 As sharp as a thistle, as rough as a breere,
 She is browed like a bristle, with a sour loten²³ cheer;
 Had she once wet her whistle she could sing full clear
 Her pater noster.
 She is as great as a whale,

¹⁴ *Benste*, Benedicite.

¹⁵ *Ure*, use, are injured to.

¹⁶ *To clock*. When a hen is about to lay, she is said to cackle; when she has ceased laying, and wants to sit on her eggs, she is said to clock.

¹⁷ *Is in the shekyls*, has a shivering or shaking fit. In modern Scottish dialect the form is "shiegle," a derivative from "shake."

¹⁸ *Hard sted*, hard bested.

¹⁹ *Fun*, found.

²⁰ *Bun*, bound.

²¹ *Had I wist*, "If I had only known," an old proverbial phrase for the folly of wisdom after the event.

²² *To my fere*, for my mate.

²³ *Sour loten*, sour-leavened.

She has a gallon of gall,
By him that died for us all!

I would I had run to¹ I lost her.

Primus Pastor. God look over the raw,² full deftly
ye stand.

Secundus Pastor. Yea, the devil in thy maw, so tariand,
Saw thou awro³ of Daw?

Primus Pastor. Yea, on a lea land
Heard I him blaw, he comes here at hand,

Not far:
Stand still.

Secundus Pastor. Why?

Primus Pastor. For he comes hope I.

Secundus Pastor. He will make us both a lie

But if we be ware.⁴

Tertius Pastor. Christ's cross me speed and Saint
Nicholás,

Thereof had I need, it is worse than it was.
Whoso could take heed, and let the world pass,
It is ever in dreed, and brittle as glass,

And slithis.⁵

This world fowré⁶ never so,

With marvels mo and mo,

Now in weal, now in wo,

And all things writhis.⁷

Was never sin Noe flood such floodis seen,
Windis and rain so rude, and stormis so keen,
Some stammerid, some stood in doubt, as I ween,
Now God turn all to good, I say as I mean,

For ponder:

These floods so they drown,

Both in fields and in town,

And bears all down,

And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nights our cattle to keep,

We see sudden sights when other men sleep.

Yet methink my heart lights—I see shrews peep!⁸

Ye are two alle wights,⁹ I will give my sheep

A turn.

But full ill have I ment,

As I walk on this bent,¹⁰

I may lightly repent,

My toes if I spurn.—

Ah, sir, God you save, and master mine.

A drink fain would I have and somewhat to dine.

Primus Pastor. Christ's curse, my knave, thou art a
ledyr hyne.¹¹

¹ To, till. ² Raw, row ³ Awro, ever aught.

⁴ He will cheat us both if we don't mind.

⁵ Slithis, slippery. First-English "slith."

⁶ Fowre, fared. ⁷ Writhis, awry.

⁸ I see shrews peep. The first shepherd had spoken as he "walked by his one," and ended with desire for company. The second shepherd in another part of the field has also been speaking solitary thoughts, when he was met by the first shepherd, and addressed in rustic fashion; then the third shepherd enters, and speaks as one who is alone until he sees the other two at hand, who are looking at him. He takes them for thieves, thinks he "sees shrews peep," and is running away when they meet him. Still terrified, he attests his poverty by begging of them something to eat and drink.

⁹ Alle wights. Perhaps this means two who are very vigorous, "wight" being not from First-English "wilt," a being, but the word spelt in the same way and common in old English, meaning active, strong, from the Icelandic "vig," of the same root as the Latin "vig-or." "All-" was in Icelandic a common prefix with the sense of very. Perhaps "wights" is used in the sense of beings, and "alle" may, as commonly suggested, stand for "old." But this would not agree with a cowardly fear of them.

¹⁰ Bent, the coarse grass up on hill-sides.

¹¹ Ledyr hyne, bad servant. First-English "lith," evil; "hína," a servant.

Secundus Pastor. What, the boy list rave,¹² abide unto
syne

We have made it.

Ill thrift on thy pate!

Though the shrew came late

Yet is he in state

To dine, if he had it.¹³

Tertius Pastor. Such servants as I, that swettis and
swinkis,¹⁴

Eats our bread full dry, and that me forthinkis;¹⁵

We are out wet and weary when master-men winkis,¹⁶

Yet comis full lately both dinners and drinkis;

But neatly

Both our dame and our sire,

When we've run in the mire,

They can nip at our hire,

And pay us full lately.

But hear my truth, master, for the fare that ye make

I shall do thereafter work, as I take;

I shall do a little, sir, and among ever lake,¹⁷

For yet lay my supper ne'er on my stomake

In fieldis.

Whereto should I threap?¹⁸

With my staff can I leap,

And men say "light cheap

Letherly for-yieldis."¹⁹

Primus Pastor. Thou were an ill lad, to ride a
wooting

With a man that had but little of spending.

Secundus Pastor. Peace, boy, I bad, no more jangling,
Or I shall make thee full rad,²⁰ by the heaven's king!

With thy gaudis;²¹

Where are our sheep, boy? We scorn.²²

Tertius Pastor. Sir, this same day at noon

I them left in the corn

When they rang landis;²³

¹² List rave, wishes to rove. He is a bad servant because, alarmed by the sight of two men at night in the fields, he was running from his charge, and he is bidden by the other two to wait "unto syne we have made it"—until after we have come to an understanding with one another.

¹³ Though it is long after dinner-time, he looks still as if he would like to get his dinner.

¹⁴ Swettis and swinkis, sweats and toils.

¹⁵ Me forthinkis, I think ill, or despair, about; First-English "forthencan."

¹⁶ Winkis, sleep.

¹⁷ Lake, play. First-English "lác," play, sport; a word still extant in vulgar English, and pronounced as of old, but spelt "lark." In Cumberland and Westmoreland, excursionists to the Lake District are sometimes called by the country people "lakers," not because they have come to the lakes, but because they are out for a day's "lake," or pleasure.

¹⁸ Threap, vex myself. First-English "threapian," to afflict.

¹⁹ Cheap ware pays badly. "Foryieldis," First-English "forgeldan," to repay.

²⁰ Rad, afraid. Danish "rød" and "red," fearful, timid. In Modern Yorkshire dialect (Atkinson's Cleveland Glossary), to "raddle" is to beat severely.

²¹ Gaudis, tricks. In the "Promptorium Parvulorum" (an English-Latin Dictionary of about A.D. 1440) this word is interpreted as "gawde or jape, nuga." In this place, in the Romance of the Seven Sages, in Laurence Minot's poems, in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" and "Pardoner's Tale," and Milton's "Penseroso," "gaud" or "gaudy" means trick or tricky. It is, in this sense, not from "gaudium," but from the Cymric "gau," false, and its derivative "geuawd," falsifying deception. The word is probably applied also in this sense to cheap ornament of false gold and paste jewellery.

²² We scorn. We talk jeermally, we are ridinc, let us give thought to our work.

²³ When they rang landis. There used to be in the Church seven canonical "Hours" of prayer based on the sentence in the 119th Psalm, "Seven times a day will I praise thee." They were—Matins,

They have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.

Primus Pastor. That is right, by the rood, these nights are long;

Yet I would, ere we yode,¹ one gave us a song.

Secundus Pastor. So I thought as I stood, to mirth us among.

Tertius Pastor. I grant.

Primus Pastor. Let me sing the tenory.

Secundus Pastor. And I the treble so high.

Tertius Pastor. Then the mean falls to me;

Let see how ye chant.

*Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus.*²

Mak. Now Lord, for thy namis seven, that made both moon and stars

Well me than I can neven,³ thy will, Lord, of me tharnis:⁴

I am all uneven, that movis off my harnis,⁵
Now would God I were in heaven, for there weep no barnis

So still.

Primus Pastor. Who is that pipis so poor?

Mak. Would God ye wist how I foore!⁶

Lo a man that walks on the moor,

And has not all his will.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, where has thou gone? tell us tiding.

Tertius Pastor. Is he comen?⁷ then ilk one take to his thing.

*Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*⁸

Mak. What, I be a yeoman, I tell you, of the king;
The self and the same, sond from a great lording,
And siche.

Fie on you, go thee hence,

Out of my presence,

I must have reverence,

Why, who be iche?⁹

Primus Pastor. Why make ye it so quaint? Mak, ye do wrang.

Secundus Pastor. But, Mak, list ye saynt?¹⁰ I trow that ye lang;

Tertius Pastor. I trow the shrew can paint, the devil might him hang!

Mak. I shall make complaint, and make you all to thwang!¹¹

At a word,

And tell e'en how ye doth.

Primus Pastor. But, Mak, is that sooth?

Now take out that southern tooth

And set in a tord.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, the deil in your ee,¹²

A stroke would I lene¹³ you.

Tertius Pastor. Mak, know ye not me? By [troth] I could tell you.

Mak. God loke you¹⁴ all three, methought I had seen you.

Ye are a fair company.

Primus Pastor. Can ye now mene you?¹⁵

Secundus Pastor. Shrew, jape;

Thus late as thou gois,

What will men suppois?

And thou has an ill nois!¹⁶

Of stealing of sheep.

Mak. And I am true as steel, all men wayt,¹⁷

But a sickness I feel that holds me full hayt,¹⁸

My belly fares not well, it is out of estate.

Tertius Pastor. Seldom lies the deil dead by the gate.

Mak. Therefore

Full sore am I, and ill,

If I stand stone still;

I eat not a needill

This month and more.

Primus Pastor. How faris thy wife? by my hood,
how faris sho?¹⁹

Mak. Lies weltring, by the rood, by the fire low,

And a house full of brood; she drinkis well too,

Ill speed other good that she will do;

But so

Eats as fast as she can,

And ilk year that comes to man

She brings forth a lakan,²⁰

And some years two.

between 3 and 4 a.m.; lauds, prime, terce, nones, vespers, and, at midnight, compline. Lauds followed the matins in the early morning.

¹ Yode, went. First-English "eodon."

² The shepherds having sung some three-part song "then enters Mak, clothed in a cloak over his dress." Mak, the shepherd clown who is the chief character of the piece, derives his name from a word implying foolishness, privation of power, allied to Chaucer's "maat," a quality of the imploring ladies whom Theseus, in the "Knight's Tale," saw "so pitous and so maat." From this root are words with the sense of dead, as in the Middle-Latin "matere," to kill; driven into a corner, as in "check-mate," "Shah-mat," the king is dead; deprival of bodily strength, weariness, the German "matt," tired; of spirit and life, in wine or beer said to be "matt"; utmost deprival of power of mind, Italian "matto," English "mad;" and "mak" in Lower Saxon is the same word with a change of suffix; applied here in some such sense as we have in "mad-cap."

³ Well more than I can name. Well was a common intensive, and is so still in such combinations as "well nigh," "well on in years," &c. Mo, First-English "ma," more. Neven, First-English "neman," to name.

⁴ Me tharnis, I am in want of; reflexive, as in Icelandic, where sk is the reflexive suffix. "Tharnask," is to want, lack, or be without; equivalent to "tharfnask," First-English "thearfan," to need.

⁵ Harnis, brain. First-English "hærnes."

⁶ Would God ye knew how it went with me!

⁷ Is he come?

⁸ "And takes the cloak from him." Mak is unwrapped from the disguise of his cloak.

⁹ Who be iche? Who am I? Stripped of his cloak, Mak tries to keep himself disguised from those who know his character too well, and therefore, dashing his speech with a rustic Southern pronunciation, says "wyoman" for "yeoman," and "iche" for "I."

¹⁰ List ye saynt? Do you want to try it with us (by deceptive talk)? I believe you desire it. "Saynt, sayn it," may mean "say it," in the sense of trying a disguised speech, or it may be say, in the sense of essay or try. The third pastor then gives Mak credit for skill in hypocrisy, and the word "shrew" (probably from "syrgan," to ensnare, and not the same word with the "shrew" applied to a scolding woman) was commonly applied in old English to misdoers by trick or deception.

¹¹ Thwang, suffer, by telling your masters how you idle. "Thwang," from First-English "thwingan," to force or compel, is another bit of Mak's affected Southern speech.

¹² Ec, eye.

¹³ Lene, give.

¹⁴ Loke you, protect you. First-English "locan," to lock, protect against harm.

¹⁵ Mene you, recall to mind, remember us. First-English "mænan," to have in mind, remember. Mak had so far put off his comic affectation of being a king's yeoman from the South, as to tell his friends he thought he had seen them before.

¹⁶ An ill nois, an ill reputation. You are noised abroad as a sheep-stealer. What will men think, if you are seen out in the fields late at night?

¹⁷ Wayt, know.

¹⁸ Hayt, hot.

¹⁹ Sho, First-English "heo," she.

²⁰ Lakan, something to dandle, a child; from "lác," play.

But were I not more gracious, and richer by far,
I were eaten out of house, and of harbar,
Yet is she a foul dowse, if ye come nar:
There is none that trows, nor knowis a war¹
Than ken I.

Now will ye see what I proffer,
To give all in my coffer,
To morn at next² to offer
Her head mass penny.³

Secundus Pastor. I wot so forwakid⁴ is none in this shire:

I would sleep if I takid less to my hire.

Tertius Pastor. I am cold and nakid, and would have a fire.

Primus Pastor. I am weary for-rakid,⁵ and run in the mire.

Wake thou!

Secundus Pastor. Nay, I will lie down by,
For I must sleep truly.

Tertius Pastor. As good a man's son was I
As any of you.

But, Mak, come hither, between shall thou lie down.

Mak. Then might I let you bedene of that ye would rowne.⁶

No drede.

Fro my top to my toe

Manus tuas commendo

Pontio Pilato,

Christ cross me speed.

*Tunc surgit, pastores dormientibus, et dicit;*⁷

Now were time for a man, that lacks what he wold,
To stalk privily then unto a fold,
And neemly⁸ to work then, and be not too bold,
For he might aby⁹ the bargain, if it were told
At the ending.

Now were time for to reille;¹⁰

But he needs good counsel

That fain would fare well

And has but little spending.

But about you a circle, as round a moon,
To¹¹ I have done that I will, till that it be noon,
That ye lie stone still, to that I have doyne,
And I shall say theretill of good words a foyne;¹²

On height

Over your heads my hand I lift,
Out go your een, fordo your sight,
But yet I must make better shift,

And it be right.—

Lord, what they sleep hard! that may ye all hear.¹³

Was I never a shephard, but now will I lere.¹⁴

If the flock be scar'd, yet shall I nip near.

How!¹⁵ draws hitherward: now mends our cheer

From sorrow.—

A fat sheep I dare say,

A good fleece dare I lay.

Eft quite¹⁶ when I may,

But this will I borrow.

How, Gill, art thou in? Get us some light.

Uxor ejus. Who makes such din this time of the night?

I am set for to spin: I hope not I might

Rise a penny to win: I shrew them on hight.

No fures

A huswife¹⁷ that has been

To be raisid¹⁸ thus between:

There may no note be seen

For such small charis.

Mak. Good wife, open the heck.¹⁹ Sees thou not what I bring?

Uxor. I may thole thee draw the sneck.²⁰ Ah, come in, my sweeting.

Mak. Yea, thou thar not rek of²¹ my long standing.

Uxor. By the naked neck are thou like for to hing.

Mak. Do way:

I am worthy my meat.

For in a strait can I get

More than they that swink and sweat

All the long day.

¹¹ To, till. Mak burlesques an incantation by going about the sleepers in a circle, within which their sleep is to be unbroken while he steals their sheep.

¹² Foyne, plenty. French "foison."

¹³ How fast they are asleep! you can all hear that by their snoring.

¹⁴ Lere, learn.

¹⁵ How! Here Mak is calling to the sheep, and when he gets near enough seizes one at the words "now mends our cheer."

¹⁶ Eft quite (eft whyte), pay again for it when I may, this I will borrow. Then Mak gets the sheep, which must be a real sheep, on his back, goes to the partition on the stage that separates what is supposed to be the interior of his cottage from the fields, and knocks at it, as at his own door, to call *Uxor ejus*, his wife.

¹⁷ One who has been a huswife, mistress in a little farm.

¹⁸ Raisid, vexed, disturbed. Mak's poor wife has risen before morning, to earn a penny by her spinning; but when the knocking comes at the door, with an ill word for the rich, says she cannot hope to be left undisturbed. Nobody has any regard—"there may no note be seen"—for such small jobs ("charis") as hers; First-English "cerre," a turn. Whence "char," in "charwoman," one who does a turn of work.

¹⁹ Heck, the hatch. First-English "hæca," a hatch. When a door opens in two parts, the upper half, in which is the latch, is called the heck. The word is applied also to the inner door in a farm-house which leads into the kitchen or houseplace. But Mak's home is a poor hut, and he is seeking entrance from outside.

²⁰ Addressed not as "Gill" with noise of knocking, but as "good wife," she recognises Mak's voice, and says, "I may suffer thee to draw the latch." First-English "thólian," to suffer; Icelandic "snugi," a peg.

²¹ Thar not rek of, need not care about. "Thar," First-English "tharfan," to have need. Mak enters triumphant with his sheep, and the wife's first thought is of the penalty of sheep-stealing.

¹ A war, a worse

² To morn at next, to-morrow morning.

³ Her head mass penny, the penny offered at the mass said at her burial.

⁴ Forwakid, overwatched. The action here changes to the sleeping of the shepherds. This one therefore says abruptly that he must sleep, though the charge for it were deducted from his wages.

⁵ For-rakid, overwalked. The word "rakid" is still applied in Scottish dialect especially to the walks of sheep and cattle. Icelandic "reta," to drive horses or cattle.

⁶ "Then if I lay between you I might soon be in the way of what you wished to whisper to one another." Then as he lies down between them, Mak says "No drede," never fear; in a bungled Latin sentence of prayer before sleep, instead of commending them into the hands of God, says, "I commend your hands to Pontius Pilate," adds a short prayer before sleeping for himself, and affects to snore; while the representatives of the tired shepherds presently begin snoring with all their might.

⁷ "Then he rises, while the shepherds are sleeping, and shall say."

⁸ Neemly, with quick stealth. From First-English "niman," to take or seize. In the Cleveland dialect of Yorkshire, the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, in his admirable Glossary, registers these senses of the word "nim": (1) To catch up quickly; thence, (2) to take or catch upon the sly, to steal; (3) To walk with quick or "mincing steps," as in the phrase "The old lady goes nimmimz along."

⁹ Aby means "re-buy," pay for; First-English "abigcan." The same sense is in such modern phrases as "making one pay for it," "paying one out," &c. "Abide" is a different word.

¹⁰ Reille, roll about, roam.

Thus it fell to my lot, Gill, I had such grace.

Uxor. It were a foul blot to be hangid for the case.

Mak. I have seapid, Jelot,¹ oft as hard a glase.²

Uxor. But so long goes the pot to the water, men says,
At last

Comes it home broken.

Mak. Well know I the token,

But let it never be spoken;

But come and help fast.

I would he were flayn;³ I list well eat:

This twelvemonth was I not so fain of one sheep meat.

Uxor. Come they ere he be slain, and hear the sheep
bleat?

Mak. Then might I be ta'en: that were a cold sweat.
Go spar

The gate door.

Uxor. Yes, Mak,

For and⁴ they come at thy back—

Mak. Then might I by⁵ for all the pack

The deil of the waur.

Uxor. A good borde⁶ have I spied, since thou can none.

Here shall we him hide, to⁷ they be gone;

In my cradle abide. Let me alone,

And I shall lie beside in childbed and groan.

Mak. Thou red;⁸

And I shall say thou was light

Of a knave child⁹ this night.

Uxor. Now well is me, day bright

That ever I was bred.

This is a good gyse and a far cast;

Yet a woman avise helps at the last.

I wot ne'er who spies: again go thou fast.¹⁰

Mak. But I come ere they rise, else blows a cold blast.

I will go sleep.

Yet sleeps all this meneye.

And I shall go stalk¹¹ privily,

As it had ne'er been I

That carried their sheep.

Primus Pastor. Resurrex à mortuis:—have hold my
hand.

Judas carnas dominus, I may not well stand:

My foot sleeps, and I water fastand.

I thought that we laid us full near England.

Secundus Pastor. Ah yea!

Lord, what I have slept well!

As fresh as an eel:

As light I me feel

As leaf on a tree.

Tertius Pastor. Benste be herein. So me quakis

My heart is out of skin, what so it makis.

Who makes all this din? So my browes blakis,

To the door will I win. Hark, fellows, wakis!

We were four:

Sec ye awre of Mak now?

Primus Pastor. We were up ere thou.

Secundus Pastor. Man, I give God a vow

Yet yede he nawre.¹²

Tertius Pastor. Methought he was lapt in a wolf
skin.

Primus Pastor. So are many lapt now, namely¹³
within.

Secundus Pastor. When we had long napt, me-
thought with a gin¹⁴

A fat sheep he trapt, but he made no din.

Tertius Pastor. Be still:

Thy dream makes thee wood:¹⁵

It is but phantom, by the rood.

Primus Pastor. Now God turn all to good,

If it be His will.

Secundus Pastor. Rise, Mak, for shame! thou lies
right lang.

Mak. Now Christis holy name be us emang,

What is this for? Saint Jame, I may not well gang.

I trow I be the same. Ah! my neck has lien wrang.

Enough,

Mickle thank. Since yester even

Now by Saint Steven

I was flayed with a sweven¹⁶

My heart out of slogh.¹⁷

I thought Gill began to crok, and travail full sad,

Welner¹⁸ at the first cock, of a young lad,

For to mend our flock: then be I never glad.

I have tow on my rock, more than e'er I had.

Ah, my head!

A house full of young tharmis,¹⁹

The de'il knock out their harnis.²⁰

Wo is him has many barnis,

And thereto little bread.

I must go home, by your leave, to Gill as I thought.

I pray you look my sleeve,²¹ that I steal nought:

I am loath you to grieve, or from you take ought.

Tertius Pastor. Go forth, ill might thou chefe!²²

Now would I we sought

This morn

¹ *Jelot*, affectionate diminutive for Jill or Gill. Gill, from Gillian (= Julian, or Juliana, a feminine Christian name, was once used as a representative name for a woman as familiarly as Jack for a man.

² *Glase*, pursuit, or suit at law. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson's *Cleveland Glossary* gives as York-hire dialect the verb "glease" (from Teutonic words that mean glancing or darting through) as "to run rapidly in sport or frolic, as children in pursuit of their companions in any game;" and the noun "gleasing" as a sharp or rapid act of pursuit; a suit at law, or damage generally.

³ *Flayn*, flayed.

⁴ *And*, if.

⁵ *By*—*abs.*, pay for it; *the waur*, the worse. If they found me out, because there are a pack of them, I should pay for it all the more smartly.

⁶ *Borde*, trick. "I have thought of a good trick, since you know of none." And then she suggests hiding the sheep in the cradle, and making the searchers believe it is her new-born child.

⁷ *To*, till.

⁸ *Thou red*, Do you get all ready. First-English "hread," ready, quick. Then Mak's wife proceeds to wrap the sheep in swaddling clothes as if it were a child—the sheep's natural objections to the process helping, no doubt, to amuse rustic spectators of the play.

⁹ *Knave child*, boy.

¹⁰ Proud of the good disguise, and far-seeing contrivance, as she lays the swaddled sheep in the cradle, Gill says that now she cares not who comes to make search. Mak may go safe again.

¹¹ *Stalk*, go softly or warily (First-English "stolcan"), to lie down as asleep between the shepherds as if he had never left them. After the speech of Mak, his wife having returned to her spinning-wheel, all is quiet in the hut; he goes back to his place between the sleeping shepherds, slightly disturbs them in doing so, and the attention of spectators is turned to their waking, one with his mind at first confused by sleep, his scraps of Latin prayer marking rustic ignorance; another waking at once lightly, and the third roused in alarm by his dream and by the stirring and speaking of the other two.

¹² *Yet made he nawre*, he has never gone yet.

¹³ *Namely*, especially.

¹⁴ *Gin*, snare, or contrivance. Latin "ingenium."

¹⁵ *Wood*, First-English "wold," mad.

¹⁶ *Flayed with a sweven*, frightened by a dream.

¹⁷ *Of slogh*, killed off. First-English "ofsleán."

¹⁸ *Welner*, well-nigh.

¹⁹ *Tharmis*, stomachs to be fed. First-English "thearm," the entrails.

²⁰ *Harnis*, harness.

²¹ Search my sleeve.

²² *Ill betide thou chefe*. Ill betide you. May you come to an ill end.

That we had all our store.¹

Primus Pastor. But I will go before,
Let us meet.

Secundus Pastor. Where?

Tertius Pastor. At the crooked thorn.

Mak. Undo this door! who is here? how long shall
I stand?

Uxor ejus. Who makes such a bere?² now walk in
the weniand!³

Mak. Ah, Gill, what cheer? it is I, Mak, your
husband.

Uxor. Then may we be here, the de'il in a band,
Sir Gyle.

Lo, he comes with a lote⁴
As he were holden in the throat.
I may not sit at my note

A hand long while.

Mak. Will ye hear what fare she makes to get her
a glose?⁵

And do nought but lakis and close her toes.⁶

Uxor. Why, who wanders, who wakes, who comes,
who goes?

Who brews, who bukes? what makes me thus hose?
And than,

It is ruth to behold,
Now in hot, now in cold,
Full woful is the household
That wants a womán.

But what ends has thou made with the hyrdés,⁷ Mak?

Mak. The last words that they said, when I turned
my back,

They would look that they have their sheep all the pack.
I hope they will not be well payed,⁸ when they their
sheep lack,
Perdéd.

Chefe (French "achever"), attain an object. The shepherd having dismissed Mak with a word of contempt, suggests the morning duty of counting the flock to see that none have strayed or been stolen during the night, and the play proceeds to illustrate exactly Milton's picture in "L'Allegro,"

"—every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale;"

where "tells his tale" means, counts the number of his flock: First-English "tæl," a number, as in the "tale of bricks" required of the Israelites in Egypt.

¹ *Store* was a word applied to sheep and cattle, and in Scotland still a "store farm" is a farm chiefly for the pasturage of sheep.

² *Bere*, noise. Icelandic "byre," tempest. The shepherds having left the stage, to meet under the hawthorn, attention is turned to Mak, who is in hot haste at his house-door, to prepare for the impending search.

³ *Weniand*, the waning moon. "Walk in the weniand!" is an exclamation wishing ill luck, for Gill again thinks it is a stranger who is beating at her door. So in the play of "The Resurrection," in the Wakefield series, Caiaphas says to the centurion who tells the miracle—

"Wend forth in the weniand,
And hold still thy clatter."

⁴ *Lote*, face. First-English "hleor," the face; Icelandic "læti," manner. So when in the old poem of "Genesis and Exodus," Joseph's brethren having found their money in their sacks, return and are brought before him with sad faces, it is said that the steward

"—lædde hem alle to Iosepes biri,
Her non hadden tho loten miri."

⁵ *Glose*, a smooth word.

⁶ "And does nothing but play and close her toes," as a cat in a good humour that looks for a caress.

⁷ *Hyrdés*, shepherds. First-English "hyrde," a keeper, shepherd.

⁸ *Payed*, pleased, satisfied.

But howso the game gois,
To me they will suppois,
And make a foul noise,
And cry out upon me.
But thou must do as thou hight.

Uxor. I accord me theretill.
I shall swaddle him right in my cradill.
If it were a greater sleight, yet could I help till.
I will lie down straight. Come hap me.

Mak. I will.

Uxor. Behind.
Come Coll and his marrow,
They will nip us full narrow.

Mak. But I may cry out harrow,
The sheep if they find.

Uxor. Hearken aye when they call: they will come anon.

Come and make ready all, and sing by thine own,⁹
Sing lullay thou shall, for I must groan,
And cry out by the wall on Mary and John,
For sore.

Sing lullay on fast
When thou hears at the last;
And but I play a false cast,¹⁰
Trust me no more.

Tertius Pastor. Ah, Coll, good morn: why sleeps
thou not?

Primus Pastor. Alas, that ever was I born! we have
a foul blot.

A fat wether have we lorn.

Tertius Pastor. Mary, God's forbid.

Secundus Pastor. Who should do us that scorn? that
were a foul spot.

Primus Pastor. Some shrew.

I have sought with my dogs
All Horbury shrogs¹¹
And of fifteen hogs¹²

Found I but one ewe.

Tertius Pastor. Now trow me if ye will, by Saint
Thomas of Kent,

Either Mak or Gill was at that assent.

Primus Pastor. Peace, man, be still; I saw when he
went.

Thou slanderst him ill; thou ought to repent,
Good speed.

Secundus Pastor. Now as ever might I the,¹³
If I should even here de,
I should say it were he,

That did that same deed.

Tertius Pastor. Go we thither I red, and run on
our feet.

Shall I never eat bread, the sooth to I wit.¹⁴

⁹ *By thine own*, to thyself.

¹⁰ If I do not play them a false trick.

¹¹ *Horbury shrogs*. Horbury is the name of a village two or three miles from Wakefield. Scroggs, "shrogs," is a name for common ground with low brushwood on it. "Scrog" is Northern English for a stunted shrub. So in Gavin Douglas's prologue to the ninth Book of the "Æneid"—

"Full litill it wald delite

To write of scroggis, broym, haddir or rammale"—

("to write of stunted shrubs, broom, heather or twigs").

¹² *Hogs*, sheep one year old.

¹³ *The*, thrive. First-English "theón," to thrive.

¹⁴ *The sooth to I wit*, till I know the truth.

Primus Pastor. Nor drink in my head with him till I meet.

Secundus Pastor. I will rest in no stead, till that I him greet,

My brother,

One I will hight :

Till I see him in sight

Shall I ne'er sleep one night

There¹ I do another.

Tertius Pastor. Will ye hear how they hack?
Our syre list croon.

Primus Pastor. Heard I never none crack
So clear out of tune.
Call on him.

Secundus Pastor. Mak! undo your door soon,

Mak. Who is that spak, as it were noon
A loit?

Who is that I say?

Tertius Pastor. Good fellows, were it day.

Mak. As far as ye may,
Good, speakis soft

O'er a sick woman's head, that is at malease,
I had liever be dead or she had any disease.³

Uxor. Go to another stead; I will not well wheeze.
Each foot that ye trode goes thorough my nese.
So hee!

Primus Pastor. Tell us, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?

Mak. But are ye in this town to-day?
Now how fare ye?

Ye have run in the mire, and are wet yit:

I shall make you a fire, if ye will sit.

A nurse would I hire; think ye on yit,

Well quit is my hire, my dream this is it.

A season.

I have bairns, if ye knew,

Well mo than enew:

But we must drink as we brew,

And that is but reason.

I would ye dimid ere ye yode:⁴ methink that ye sweat.

Secundus Pastor. Nay, neither mendis our mode, drink
nor meat.

Mak. Why, sir, ailis you ought but good?

Tertius Pastor. Yes, our sheep that we get,
Are stolen as they yode. Our loss is great.

Mak. Sirs, drinkis.

Had I been thore

Some should have bought it full sore.

Primus Pastor. Mary, some men trows that ye wore,⁵
And that us forthinkis.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, some men trows that it should
be ye.

¹ There, where. One thing he promises, that he will so follow up Mak as never to sleep two nights in the same place until he find him. Then all three, after excited running about, are supposed to come to Mak's door, at which they listen. Within, Mak, as his wife bade him, is singing lullaby, and one shepherd says,—

² Will ye hear how they hack? (First-English "hacean," to cut, bash), that is, sing out of tune. Sir Thomas More applied the term to hesitating speech, and we still speak in vulgar English of "hacking and hammering" at words, also of a hacking cough. "Will ye hear how they hack? It pleases our sir to croon."

³ Disease, uneasiness, disturbance of ease.

⁴ Yode, went. Mak, having admitted the searchers, affects friendly hospitality, and would have them dine before they go. Is sorry to see the state they are in.

⁵ Some men think that you were, and that gives us mistrust. First-English "treowian," to trust or believe; "forthencan," to mistrust, mistrust, disdain.

Tertius Pastor. Either ye or your spouse; so say we.

Mak. Now if ye have suspowse⁶ to Gyll or to me,
Come and rip our house, and then may ye see

Who had her.

If I any sheep fot,⁷

Either cow or stot:

And Gill, my wife, rose not

Here since she lad her.

As I am and true and leal, to God here I pray,
That this be the first meal that I shall eat this day.

Primus Pastor. Mak, as have I ceylle,⁸ arise thee,
I say,

He learned timely to steal that could not say nay.

Uxor. I swelt!

Out, thieves, from my wonis!⁹

Ye come to rob us for the nonis.

Mak. Hear ye not how she gronis?

Your heartis should melt.

Uxor. Out, thieves, from my barn! nigh him not
thore.¹⁰

Mak. Wist ye how she had farn,¹¹ your hearts would
be sore.

Ye do wrong, I you warn, that thus comis before
To a woman that has farne! but I say no more.

Uxor. Ah, my medylle!

I pray to God so mild,

If ever I you beguiled,

That I eat this child

That lies in this credylle.

Mak. Peace, woman, for God's pain, and cry not so:
Thou spills thy brain, and makis me full wo.

Secundus Pastor. I trow our sheep be slain, what find
ye two?

Tertius Pastor. All work we in vain: as well may
we go.

But hatters¹²

I can find no flesh,

Hard nor nesh,¹³

Salt nor fresh:

But two toom¹⁴ platters.

Quick cattle but this, tame nor wild,

None, as have I bliss, as loud as he smiled.

Uxor. No, so God me bless, and give me joy of my
child.

Primus Pastor. We have markéd amiss: I hold us
beguiled.

Secundus Pastor. Sir, done.

Sir, our lady him save,

Is your child a knave?¹⁵

Mak. Any lord might him have

This child to his son.

When he wakens he kippis,¹⁶ that joy is to see.

Tertius Pastor. In good time to his hippis,¹⁷ and in
cele.¹⁸

⁶ Susposse, suspicion.

⁷ Fot, fetched or carried.

⁸ As have I ceylle, as have I (First-English "sæl") prosperous time, or blessing; analogous to "as I hope to be saved," or "so may I thrive."

⁹ Wonis, dwelling.

¹⁰ Out, thieves, from my child! do not go near to him there!

¹¹ Farn, fared. "If you knew how it had gone with her." First-English "faran," to go; past participle "faren."

¹² But hatters, except spiders. Two shepherds here return from a search over Mak's premises.

¹³ Nesh, soft, tender.

¹⁴ Toom, empty.

¹⁵ Knave, boy. As German "knabe."

¹⁶ Kippis, catches. Icelandic "kippa," to pull or snatch.

¹⁷ In Yorkshire an infant's napkins are called hippings.

¹⁸ Cele, First-English "sæl," prosperous time. See Note 8.

But who was his gossypis,¹ so soon rede?

Mak. So fair fall their lips.

Primus Pastor. Hark now, a lee.²

Mak. So God them thank.

Parlin, and Gibbon Waller, I say,
And gentle John Horn, in good fay,
He made all the garray.³

With the great shank.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, friends will we be, for we are
all one.

Mak. We! now I hold for me, for mends get I none.⁴
Farewell all three: all glad were ye gone.

Tertius Pastor. Fair words may there be, but love
there is none
This year.

Primus Pastor. Gave ye the child anything?

Secundus Pastor. I trow not one farthing.

Tertius Pastor. Fast again will I fling:
Abide ye me there.

Mak, take it to no grief, if I come to thy barne.

Mak. Nay, thou does me great reprimand, and foul has
thou farne.

Tertius Pastor. The child will it not grieve, that little
day starne.⁵

Mak, with your leave, let me give your barne
But sixpence.

Mak. Nay, do way: he sleeps.

Tertius Pastor. Methink he peeps.

Mak. When he wakens he weeps.

I pray you go hence.

Tertius Pastor. Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up
the clout.—

What the devil is this? He has a long snout!

Primus Pastor. He is markid amiss.—We wait ill
about.

Secundus Pastor. Ill spun weft, iwis,⁶ ay comis foul
out.

Ay, so?

He is like to our sheep.

Tertius Pastor. How, Gib! may I peep?

Primus Pastor. I trow, kind will creep

Where it may not go.

Secundus Pastor. This was a quaint gawd⁷ and a far
cast.

It was a high fraud.

Tertius Pastor. Yea, sirs, was't.

Let bren this bawd, and bind her fast.

A false skawd⁸ hang at the last;

So shall thou.—

Will ye see how they swaddle

His four feet in the middle?

Saw I never in a cryddle

A hornid lad ere now!

Mak. Peace bid I: what! let be your fare:

I am he that him gat, and yon woman him bare.

Primus Pastor. What de'il shall he hat, Mak?⁹ Lo,
Mak's heir.

Secundus Pastor. Let be all that. Now God give
him care,

I sagh.¹⁰

Uxor. A pretty child is he

As sits on a woman's knee;

A dilly down, perdé,

To gar¹¹ a man lagh.¹²

Tertius Pastor. I know him by the ear mark: that is
a good token.

Mak. I tell you, sirs, hark: his nose was broken.

Sithen told me a clerk, that he was forspoken.¹³

Primus Pastor. This is a false wark. I would fain
be wroken.

Get weapon.

Uxor. He was taken with an elf:

I saw it myself.

When the clock struck twelf

Was he forshapen.

Secundus Pastor. Ye two are well feft, sam in a stede.¹⁴

Tertius Pastor. Syn they maintain their theft, let do
them to dede.¹⁵

Mak. If I trespass eft, gird off my head.

With you will I be left.

Primus Pastor. Sirs, do my rede.

For this trespass,

We will neither ban ne flite,

Fight nor chite,

But have done as tite.

And cast him in canvas.

Lord, what I am sore, in point for to brist.

In faith I may no more, therefore will I rist.

Secundus Pastor. As a sheep of seven score he weighed
in my fist.

For to sleep aywhore, methink that I list.

Tertius Pastor. Now I pry you.

Lie down on this green.

Primus Pastor. On these thefts yet I mene.¹⁶

Tertius Pastor. Whereto should ye tene?¹⁷

Do, as I say you.

Angelus cantat "Gloria in excelsis:" *postea dicit.*¹⁸

Angelus. Rise, herdmen hend, for now is he born

That shall take from the fiend that Adam had lorn:

That warlow to shend, this night is he born.

⁹ What shall he be called, Mak? (First-English "hitan," to name.)
The unrolling of the sheep having proceeded on the stage amidst the
laughter of the people, when unrolled it is held up for admiration as
Mak's boy, "Lo, Mak's heir!"

¹⁰ Sagh, say.

¹¹ Gar, make

¹² Lagh, laugh.

¹³ Forspoken, bewitched.

¹⁴ Feft, in right possession: sam in a stede, together in one place.
"You are well matched couple to live together."

¹⁵ Do them to dede, put them to death. Mak is willing to have his
head struck off if he trespasses again, and submits himself to the
shepherds. Then the (rede) counsel of the First Shepherd is that they
neither ban ne flite, curse nor scold, fight nor chide, but have done
with the matter *istide*, as soon as possible, and settle with Mak by
tossing him in a blanket, casting him in canvas. Thus they do till
they are tired, and then lie down to rest. Upon their rest breaks
the Angel's song.

¹⁶ Mene, meditate. First-English "menan," consider, have in mind.

¹⁷ Tene, vex yourself. First-English "vman," tourmentate, vex.

¹⁸ The Angel sings "Glory to God in the highest," afterwards he
shall say:

¹ Gossypis, sponsors.

² Lee, lie.

³ Garray, preparation. First-English "gearo," ready.

⁴ The shepherds are leaving, and Mak refuses them a friendly part-
ing, but stands on his dignity, since there is no apology or compensa-
tion for the insult he has suffered in having his house searched as if
he were a sheepstealer.

⁵ Day starne, day-star.

⁶ Iwis, certainly.

⁷ Gawd. See Note 21, page 5.

⁸ Skawd, scold.



THE ANGEL'S SONG AT THE NATIVITY. (From Cotton MS., Tiberius, B. v.)

The play now passes on to the shepherds' reception of the tidings of the birth of Christ, their homage and their offering of simple gifts to the infant Jesus.

Moralities began to be acted among us in the reign of Henry VI., and, like the Miracle Plays, survived until the reign of Elizabeth. In a Morality some lesson of duty was taught by personified qualities, without artful development of a story. Take for example

HYCKE-SCORNER,

of which the old black-letter copy, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, gave woodcuts of the characters. These were engraved in Thomas Hawkins' "Origin of the English Drama," and are here repeated. First enters Pity, who blesses the audience, tells his name,



PITY.

says that he sprang from the bosom of Christ and lived in the heart of Mary, and on the cross made man's errand to be sped, "or elles man for ever should have been forlorn."

Charity and I of true love leads the double reign,
Whoso me loveth damnéd ne'er shall be.
Of some virtuous company I would be fain,
For all that will to heaven needs must come by me,
Chief porter I am in that heavenly city.
And now here will I rest me a little space,
Till it please Jesu of his grace
Some virtuous fellowship for to send.

Then enters Contemplation, and describes himself. His name is written foremost in the Book of Life, and he is "brother to Holy Church that is our Lordés wife."

John Baptist, Antony, and Jerome, with many mo,
Followed me here in holt, heath, and in wilderness;
I, ever with them, went where they did go,
Night and day toward the way of rightwiseness;
I am the chief lantern of all holiness;
Of prelatés and priestés, I am their patrón;
No armuré so strong in no distress,
Habergón, helmé, ne yet no jeltron.
To fight with Satan, I am the champión
That dare abide and manfully stand;
Fiends fly awayé where they see me come.
But I will shew you why I came to this land;
For to preach and teach, of Goddés truth saws
Against Vice that doth rébel 'gainst Him and His laws.

Pity.

God speed, good brother! from whence came you now?

Contemplation.

Sir, I came from Perseverance to seek you.

Pity.

Why, sir, know you me?

Contemplation.

Yea, sir, and have done long; your name is Pity,

Pity.

Your name fain would I know.

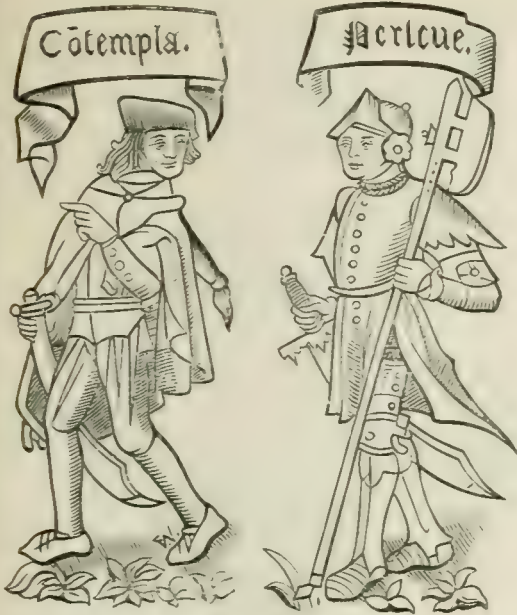
Contemplation.

Indeed I am calléd Contemplation,

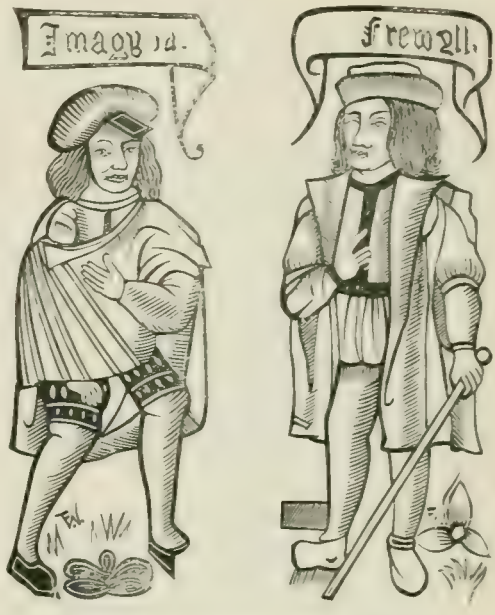
That uses to live solitarily;
In woods and in wilderness I walk alone,
Because I would say my prayers devoutly:
I love not with me to have much company.
But Perseverance oft with me doth meet
When I think on thoughts that is full heavenly.

Perseverance, therefore, is expected shortly, and does presently enter and declare himself. The three

whom he calls. Then enters Imagination, and tells how he has just come from sitting in the stocks for



CONTEMPLATION AND PERSEVERANCE



IMAGINATION AND FREEWILL

Virtues having welcomed one another, Perseverance asks Pity for news—

Pity.

Sir, such as I can I shall shew you:
I have heard many men complain piteously.
They say they be smitten with the sword of poverty,
In every placé where I do go:
Few friends poverty doth find,
And these rich men ben unkind;
For their neighbours they will nought do.

Other tidings of ill times are added, Contemplation is told that there are few or none left—even of the priests—who will meddle with him. Contemplation then parts from his friends; he has a great errand elsewhere, and must be gone, but he hopes to come again. Immediately upon the departure of Contemplation, one of the Vices—Freewill—comes upon the scene, with much pretension. Room must be made for him:

What, sirs, I tell you my name is Freewill,
I may choose whether I do good or ill;
But for all that I will do as me list.
My condition ye know not perdé,
I can fight, chide, and be merrý;
Full soon of my company ye would be weary
An ye knew all.
What, fill the cup and make good cheer,
I trow I have a noble here!
Who lent it me?

And so Freewill proceeds to lively picturing of his dissolute life with Imagination for his comrade, after

his misdeeds, and suffered under the lash of a catchpole who had taken also his purse.

By'r leave he left me ne'er a penný:
So, nought have I but a buckle,
And yet I can imagine things subtle
For to get money plenty.
In Westminster Hall every term I am,
To me is kin many a great gentlemán,
I am known in every countré.
An I were dead, the lawyer's thrift were lost,
For this will I do if men would do cost,
Prove right wrong, and all by reason;
And make men lose both house and land,
For all that they can do, in a little season.
'Peach men of treason privily I can;
And when me list to hang a true man,
If they will me money tell
Thieves I can help out of prisón,
And into lord's favour I can get me soon,
And be of their privy counsel.
But, Freewill, my dear brother,
Saw you nought of Hicke-scorner?
He promised me to come hither.

Freewill.

Why, sir, knowest thou him?

Imagination.

Yea, yea, man; he is full nigh of my kin,
And in Newgate we dwelled together,
For he and I were both shackled in a fetter.

Then follow suggestions of the much hanging of thieves on the "great frame" that standeth at

Tyburn. But, says Imagination, they suffer because they—

Could not convey¹ clean;

For an they could have carried by craft as I can,
In process of years each of them should be a gentlemán,
Yet as for me I was never a thief.

If my hands were smitten off, I could steal with my teeth;

For, ye know well, there is craft in daubing,
I can look in a man's face and pick his purse,
And tell new tidings that was never true iwis,
For my hood is all lined with leasing.

Freewill.

Yea, but went ye never to Tyburn a pilgrimáge?

Imagination.

No iwis; nor none of my lináge:
For we be clerkés all, and can our neckverse;²
And with an ointment the judges' hand I can grease
That will heal sores that be uncuráble.

Freewill.

Why, were ye never found reprováble?

Imagination.

Yes, onés I stole a horse in the feld,
And leapt on him for to have ridden my way,
At the last a bailie me met and beheld,
And bade me stand. Then was I in affray.
He asked me, whither with that horse would I gon?
And then I told him, it was mine own.
He said, I had stolen him; I said, Nay:
"This is," said he, "my brother's hacknáy!"
For an I had not 'scused me without fail,
By our lady, he would have led me straight to jail.
And then I told him, the horse was like mine,
A brown bay, a long mane, and did halt behine,
Thus I told him, that such another horse I did lack;
(And yet I never saw him, nor came on his back.)
So I delivered him the horse again,
And when he was gone then was I fain;
For an I had not scused me the better
I know well I should have danced in a fetter.³

Freewill.

And said he no more to thee but so?

Imagination.

Yes, he pretended me much harm to do.
But I told him—that morning was a great mist,
That what horse it was I ne wist:
Also I said that in my head I had the megrine
That madé me dazzle so in mine eyne

¹ As Pistol says, "Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase."

² Can one neckverse, know our neckverse. In old time, when the clergy claimed to be exempt from civil jurisdiction, one who pleaded that he was clerk was demanded by his ordinary, and escaped capital or corporal punishment by the civil arm. The evidence that came to be accepted as sufficient to give benefit of clergy was ability to read a verse out of the Bible. As the reading of it saved a man from hanging, it was called his neckverse. Benefit of clergy underwent various modifications, but the ceremony of reading was not abolished until the reign of Queen Anne, and the whole usage was only abolished in the reign of George IV.

³ Danced in a fetter, been hanged in chains. Much smaller thefts than horse-stealing were then capital offences.

That I mighté not well see,
And thus he departed shortly from me.

Freewill.

Yea, but where is Hicke-scorner now?

Imagination.

Some of these young men hath hid him in
Their bosoms, I warrant ye.
Let us make a cry, that he may us hear.

Freewill.

How now, Hicke-scorner, appear!
I trow thou be hid in some cornere.

Hicke-scorner.

Ale the helm ale ver shot of vere sayle vera.

Freewill.

What is that, hark, he is a ship on the sea.

Hicke-scorner.

God speed, God speed; who calléd after me?



HICKE-SCORNER.

Imagination.

What, brother, welcome by this precious body,
I am glad that I you see,
'Twas toldé me that ye were hanged:
But out of what countrý come ye?

Hicke-scorner.

Sirs, I have been in many a countrý,
As in France, Ireland and in Spain,
Portugal, Seville also in Almaine;
Friesland, Flanders, and in Burgoyne,
Calabre, Poyle and Arragoyne,
Britain, Biscay and also in Gascoyne,
Naplés, Greece, and in mids of Scotlánd,
At Cape Saint Vincént and in the New found islánd,
I have been in Gene and in Cowe,
Also in the land of Rumbelow

Three mile out of hell,
At Rhodes, Constantine, and in Babyllonde,
In Cornewall and in Northumberlonde,
Where men see the rushes in gruel,
Yea, sir, in Chaldee, Tartar and Ind,
And in the land of women that few men doth find,
In all these countries have I be.

Freewill.

Sir, what tidings have ye now on the sea?

Hicke-scorner.

We met of shippés a great navy
Full of people that would into Ireland;
And they came out of this country:
They will never more come to England.

Imagination.

Whence were the ships of them? knowest thou none?

Hicke-scorner gives a list of ships with such names as Michael, Gabriel, George, "the star of Saltash," with the Jesus of Plymouth; having on board all the good monks and nuns, Truth and his kinsmen, Patience, Meekness and Humility, Soberness, Charity, Good Conscience, and Devotion—

True buyers and sellers and almsdeed doers,
Piteous people, that be of sin destroyers,
With just Abstinence and Good Counsellors,
Mourners for sin with lamentation,
And good rich men that help folk out of prison;
True Wedlock was there also
With young men that ever in prayer did go,
The ships were laden with such unhappy company.
But at the last God shope a remedy:
For they all in the sea were drowned,
And on a quicksand they struck to the ground;
The sea swallowed them every one,
I wot well alive there scaped none.

Imagination.

So, now my heart is glad and merry,
For joy now let us sing derry, derry.

Hicke-scorner.

Fellows, they shall ne'er more us withstand,
For I see them all drowned in the race of Ireland.

Freewill.

Yea, but yet hark, Hicke-scorner,
What company was in your ship that came o'er?

Hicke-scorner.

Sir, I will said you to understand
There were good fellows above five thousand,
And all they ben kin to us three.
There was Falsehood, Favel¹ and Jollity,
Yea, thieves, with other good company,
Liars, backbiters, and flatterers the while,
* * * * *

With many other of the devil's officers,
And Hatred, that is so mighty and strong,
Hath made a vow for e'er to dwell in Englund.

Then Hicke-scorner, answering questions, says that

the ship he came in was of London, a great and mighty vessel called the Envy—

The owner of her is called Ill Will
Brother to Jack Potter of Shooter's Hill;

and his own place in it was as keeper of a shop of sensuality. Imagination is delighted at the news, and foresees for himself happy days of license and robbery. But Freewill offends Imagination lightly, and the Vices show their quality in quarrel with each other. Hicke-scorner cries out on Imagination—

Help, help, for the passion of my soul,
He hath made a great hole in my poll
That all my wit is set to the ground!
Alas, a leech for to help my wound!

Then Imagination is falling upon his brother Vice, Freewill, when Pity enters upon the scene of riot—

Pity.

Peace, peace, sirs, I command you.

Imagination.

Avaunt, old churl! whence comest thou?
An thou make too much, I shall break thy brow
And send thee home again.

Pity.

Ah, good sir, the peace I would have kept fain;
Mine office is, to see no man slain,
And where they do amiss to give them good counsel
Sin to forsake, and Goddés law them tell.

Imagination.

Ah, sir, I weened thou'dst been drowned and gone;
But I have spied that there escaped one.

Hicke-scorner.

Imagination, do by the counsel of me,
Be agreed with Freewill, and let us good fellows be;
And then as for this churl Pity,
Shall curse the time that e'er he came to land.

Imagination.

Brother Freewill, give me your hand.

So the Vices are agreed against Pity, and Imagination undertakes to pick a quarrel with him—

Make him a thief, and say he did steal
Of mine, forty pound in a bag.

Now Pity is scorned, accused, and insulted by Hicke-scorner and his companions, the Vices. They charge him with theft, fetter him, and bind him with a halter. Pity warns them in vain against false witness, and reminds Imagination in vain that—

When Death with his mace doth you arrest,
We all to him owe suit and service,
For the ladder of life he will thee down threst,
Then mastership may not help nor great office.

¹ Favel, flattery.

Freewill.

What, Death! an he were he should sit by thee;
Trow'st thou he be able to strive with us three?
Nay; nay; nay.

Imagination.

Well, fellows, now let us go our way,
For at Shooter's Hill we've a game to play.

Hicks-scorner.

Good faith, I will tarry no longer space.

Freewill.

Beshrew him for me that's last out of this place!

So the Vices depart, leaving Pity bound, to bear
all patiently, and lament at length over the corrup-
tions of the time, with a recurring burden to his
lament,—“worse was it never.”

Alas, now is lechery called love indeed,
And murder named manhood in every need,
Extortion is called law, so God me speed:—
Worse was it never.

* * * * *

There be many great scorners.
For sin be few mourners;
We've but few true lovers
In no place now-a-days.

Mayors and gentlemen bear hard against truth,
instead of correcting sin. God punishes with sore
sicknesses, men die suddenly of pestilence—

There be some sermons made by noble doctors;
But truly the fiend doth stop men's ears,
For God nor good man some people not fears:—
Worse was it never.
All truth is not best said,
And our preachers now-a-days be half afraid.
When we do amend God would be well apayed:—
Worse was it never.

The other Virtues, Contemplation and Perseverance,
now join Pity, who tells them how he has been
bound in irons by three perilous men. They unbind
him. Perseverance is resolved, if the Vices return, to
exhort them to virtuous living, and bring them to
good life by the help of Contemplation. Contempla-
tion counsels Pity—

Do my counsel, brother Pity:
Go you, and seek them through the country,
In village, town, borough and city,
Throughout all the realm of Engllond;
When you them meet, lightly them arrest,
And in prison put them fest.
Bind them sure in irons strong,
For they be so fast and sottile
That they will you beguile
And do true men wrong.

Perseverance.

Brother Pity, do as he hath said,
In every quarter look you espy,
And let good watch for them be laid
In all the haste that thou can, and that privily;

For an they come hither they shall not 'scape
For all the craft that they can make.

Pity.

Well, then will I hie me as fast as I may
And travel through every country;
Good watch shall be laid in every way
That they steal not into sanctuary.
Now farewell, brethren, and pray for me,
For I must go hence indeed.

Perseverance.

Now God be your good speed.

Contemplation.

And ever you defend when you have need.

Pity.

Now brethren both, I thanké you.

But as soon as Pity has gone, Freewill enters with
boasting to Perseverance and Contemplation, who are
left upon the stage.

Freewill.

Make you room for a gentleman, sirs, and peace;
Dieugarde, seigneurs, tout le preasse,
And of your jangling if you will cease,
I will tell you where I have been:

He tells in detail how he has been in Newgate
for stealing a cup from a tavern, but was released by
Imagination with help of a hundred pounds cunningly
stolen from an apothecary.

And now will I dance and make royal cheer!
But I would Imagination were here,
For he is peerless at need;
Labour to him, sirs, if ye will your matters speed.
Now will I sing and lustily spring!
But when my fetters on my legs did ring
I was not glad, perdé; but now—Hey, trolly, lolly!
Let us see who can descant on this same:
To laugh and get money it were a good game.
What! whom have we here?
A priest, a doctor, or else a frere.
What, Master Doctor Dotypoll?¹
Cannot you preach well in a black bowl?
Or dispute any divinity?
If ye be cunning, I will put it in prefe:
Good sir, why do men eat mustard with beef?
By question can you assoil me?

Perseverance.

Peace, man, thou talkest lewedly,
And of thy living, I rede, amend thee.

Freewill.

Avaunt, caitiff, dost thou *thou*² me!
I am come of good kin I tell thee.

¹ Dotypoll, dodipol, stupid-head; the dot being the prefix from which a bird is named for its ascribed stupidity Dottrel. Dotypoll is what Skelton, in “Colin Clout,” calls “Doctor Daupatus.” Latimer writes, “Some will say our curate is naught, an ass-head, a dodypoll.” Ben Jonson, in “The Devil is an Ass,” has a Wittipol. A comedy of “The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypole” was printed in 1600.

² Dost thou *thou* me? In old days, and still in Shakespeare's time, the use of the plural as a pronoun of respect was customary in English

Freewill boasts of corrupt ancestry, is detained by Contemplation and Perseverance—

For thou troubled Pity, and laid on him felony.
Where is Imagination, thy fellow that was?

Freewill.

I defy you both. Will you arrest me?

Perseverance.

Nay, nay, thy great words may not help thee,
From us thou shalt not escape.

Freewill.

Make room, sirs, that I may break his pate!
I will not be taken, for them both.

Contemplation.

Thou shalt abide, wh'er thou be lief or loth;
Therefore, good son, listen unto me,
And mark these wordes that I do tell thee:
Thou'st followéd thine own will many a day,
And lived in sin without amendément;
Therefore in thy conceit assay
To ask God mercy and keep his commandément
That on thee He will have pity.
And bring thee to Heaven, that joyful city.

Freewill is very restive at the voice of Contemplation. If his pleasures were in hell, he would run thither for them. Perseverance and Contemplation reason with Freewill, who boasts and bullies, draws wit from his experience in Newgate, plays with the risk of voyages to Shooter's Hill in search of fortune.

But yet we have a sure channel at Westminster,
A thousand ships of thieves therein may ride sure;
For if they may have anchor hold, and great spending,
They may live as merry as any king.

Perseverance.

God wot, sir, there is a piteous living!
Then ye dread not the great Master above:
Son, forsake thy amiss for His love,
And then mayst thou come to the bliss also.

Freewill.

Why, what would you that I should do?

Contemplation.

For to go toward Heaven.

Freewill.

Mary, an you will me thither bring
I would do after you.

Freewill now begins to repent, he presently asks mercy for his past sin, which he forsakes, is told that he needs no new name,

For all that will to heaven hie,
By his own freewill he must forsake folly,
Then is he sure and safe.

Contemplation robes him in a new garment, and he resolves never to leave the side of Perseverance. Then enters

Imagination.

Huff, huff, huff! Who sent after me?
I am Imagination, full of jollity.
Lord, that my heart is light!
When shall I perish? I trow never.

Continuing in this strain, he asks presently after his friend Freewill, and recognises him with astonishment in his changed dress.

What, Freewill, my own fere,¹
Art thou out of thy mind?

Freewill.

God grant the way to heaven that I may find,
For I forsake thy company

Imagination, with many an interspersed oath, wonders as Freewill calls upon him to forsake his sin, and tells how Contemplation and Perseverance have been counselling. Then the two Virtues counsel Imagination also, and tell him of the love of Christ. What is that to him, he asks,

I was ten year in Newgate,
And many more fellows with me sate,
Yet he never came there to help me, ne my company.

Contemplation.

Yes, he help thee, or thou haddest not been here now.

Imagination.

By the mass I cannot shew you,
For he and I never drank together,
Yet I know many an alestake.²

He is still urged by Perseverance to seek heaven, and answers with stubborn derision, till Freewill asks—

Imagination, wilt thou do by the counsel of me?

Imagination.

Yea, sir, by my truth, whatsoever it be.

Freewill.

Amend you, for my sake,
It is better betimes than too late.
How say you? Will you Godd's hests fulfil?

Imagination.

I will do, sir, even as you will.
But, I pray you, let me have a new coat
When I have need, and in my purse a groat,
Then will I dwell with you still.

¹ Fere, comrade

² Alestake, a pole or stake, with a garland or bunch of twigs at the end of it, was once the sign of an open house of entertainment. The custom gave rise to the phrase still used for keeping open house, "hanging out the broom."

as in other countries, and there was in conversation a distinction between "you" and "thou" like that still made in France between "vous" and "tu," or in Germany between "sie" and "du." It was still customary in the time of Charles I., when the Quakers opposed it as a piece of vain insincerity, and adopted "thou" in addressing any single person. The good sense of the English people has since done all that the Society of Friends desired, by turning the plural pronoun into a singular, and applying it equally to persons of all ranks. We say to a Duke "your Grace" and to a sweep "your broomstick."

Freewill.

Beware; for when thou art buried in the ground
Fewé friendés for thee will be found.
Remember this still.

Imagination.

No thing I dread so sore as death,
Therefore to amend I think it be time.

Then he also asks mercy for his sins, is clothed anew, named anew Good Remembrance, and exhorted by Freewill to wait on Perseverance, while Freewill shall dwell with Contemplation.

Contemplation.

Well, are ye so both agreed?

Imagination.

Yea, sir, so God me speed.

Perseverance

Sir, ye shall wait on me soon.
And be God's servant day and night,
And in every place where ye become
Give good counsél to every wight:
An men ask your name, tell you—*Remembrance*,
That Goddé's law keep truly every day;
And look that ye forget not repentance,
Then to Heaven ye shall go the next way;
Where ye shall see in the heavenly quere
The blessed company of saints so holf,
That lived devoutly while they were here:

Unto the which bliss I beseech God Almighty
To bring there your souls that here be present,
And unto virtuous living that ye may apply,
Truly for to keep his commandément.

Of all our mirthés here we make an end;
Unto the bliss of heaven Jesu your souls bring,

AMEN.

This, it will be seen, is a sermon in the form of acted allegory, not a play; and the true drama cannot in any sense be said to have risen out of the Morality. There is, however, a sense in which its rise was assisted by the development of another early form of entertainment through personation of characters, the Interlude. To represent any jest or serious thought in action that would help some great lord to entertain his guests agreeably for an hour during the banquet or dessert after their dinner, came to be in many a large household the care of some of the great retinue of servants. A few of them with skill for mimicry would make it a chief business to perform such pieces; and as the custom spread, the writing of these "Interludes" became a part of literature in the days of Henry VIII. John Heywood was most famous as a producer of them. John Heywood, perhaps born at North Mims in Hertfordshire, was a Roman Catholic, and one of the friends of Sir Thomas More, who introduced him to Henry VIII. He retained his post at court under Edward VI. and Mary, and died abroad in 1565. For John Heywood's Interlude of

THE FOUR P's.

Four servants of the household, having learnt their parts, would attire themselves severally as a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedlar. During the banquet Palmer entered, and began to speak thus:—

Now God be here. Who keepeth this place?

Now, by my faith, I cry you mercie;

Of reason I must sue for grace,

My rudeness shew'th me so homelie.

Whereof your pardon asked and won

I sue now, as courtesy doth me bind,

To tell this, which shall be begun

In order as may come best in mind.

I am a Palmer, as you see,

Which of my life much part have spent

In many a far and fair countrý,

As pilgrims do of good intent.

He proceeds to a long list of the shrines he has visited, and the next actor, who has entered meanwhile, dressed as a Pardoner, says at the end of it all—

And when ye have gone as far as you can,

For all your labour and ghostly intent

Ye will come home as wise as ye went.

Palmer.

Why, sir, despise ye pilgrimage?

Pardoner.

Nay, fore God, sir; then did I rage?

I think ye right well occupied

To seek these saints on every side.

Also your pains I not dispraise it,

But yet I discommend your wit.

And the Pardoner's point of view presently appears. He counts it want of wit

To seek so far, and help so nigh;

Even here at home is remedy:

For at your door myself doth dwell

Who could have saved your soul as well

As all your wide wand'ring shall do,

Though ye went thrice to Jericho.

Now since ye might have sped at home,

What have ye won by running to Rome?

Palmer.

If this be true that you have moved,

Then is my wit indeed reprovéd.

But let us hear first what ye are.

Pardoner.

Truly I am a Pardoner.

Palmer.

Truly a Pardoner, that may be true,

But a true Pardoner doth not ensue.

Right seld is it seen or never

That Truth and Pardoners dwell together.

The Palmer proceeds to point to the weak side of the Pardoner's calling, which the Pardoner himself magnifies, the last part of his self-glorification being

heard by the actor who has entered while he speaks,
address of an Apothecary.

Give me but a penny or two pence,
And as soon as the soul departeth hence,
In half an hour, or three-quarters at the most,
The soul is in heaven with the Holy Ghost.

Poticary.

Send ye any souls to heaven by water?

Pardoner.

If we do, sir, what is the matter?

The Apothecary would go with him that way.
Palmer and Pardoner, he says, are both knaves beside
him, in the way of getting souls to heaven.

No soul, ye know, ent'reth heaven's gate
Till from the body he be separate:
And whom have ye known die honestly
Without help of the Poticary?

* * * *

Since of our souls the multitude
I send to heaven, when all viewed
Who should best then altogether
Have thank of all their coming thither.

Pardoner.

If ye killed a thousand in an hour space,
When come they to heaven dying out of grace?



THE APOTHECARY.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."

Poticary.

But if a thousand pardons about your neck were tied,
When come they to heaven if they never died?

While they dispute, the fourth P, the Pedlar, enters,
and hears the closing declaration to the Poticary,
"That at the least ye seem worse than we," and his
rejoinder, "By the mass, I hold us nought all
three."

Pedlar.

By our Lady, then I have gone wrong;
And yet to be here I thought it long.

Poticary.

Brother, ye have gone wrong no whit,
I praise your fortune and your wit
That can direct you so discreetly,
To plant you in this company.
Thou a Palmer, and thou a Pardoner,
I a Poticary.

Pedlar.

And I a Pedlar.

Then the Four P's are disposed for mirth. The
Pedlar is asked to tell what is in his pack, and does
so. The Pardoner finding the Pedlar much busied
with

Gloves, pins, combs, glasses unspotted,
Pomanders, hooks, and laces unknotted,

wishes to ask

What causeth this

That women after their uprising,
Be so long in their appareling?

Pedlar.

Forsooth, women have many lets,
And they be maskéd in many nets,
As front-lets, fil-lets, part-lets, and brace-lets,
And then their bon-nets and their poy-nets.
By these lets and nets, the let is such
That speed is small when haste is much.

When the Pedlar invites his comrades to buy, the
Palmer answers,

Nay, by my troth, we be like friars;
We are but beggars, we be no buyers.

Pedlar.

Well, though this journey acquit no cost,
Yet think I not my labour lost:
For by the faith of my body
I like full well this company.
Up shall this pack, for it is plain
I came not hither for all gain.
Who may not play one day in a week
May think his thrift far to seek.
Devise what pastime that ye think best,
And make ye sure to find me prest.¹

Then follows some lively burlesque talk, intro-
ducing any four-part song they wish to sing. The
Pardoner thinks the song idle, and revives his argu-
ment with the Palmer and Poticary as to the relative
worth of their callings. The three shall contend on
the matter, and the Pedlar shall be judge. The
Pedlar comes to a conclusion that he is unfit for a
judge upon the greater matters, but finds they have
all one excellence in common, in which he himself
boasts skill enough to be a judge, and that is lying.
Let them contest for pre-eminence in that.

Palmer.

Sir, for lying, though I can do it,
Yet am I loth for to go to it.

¹ Prest, ready. French "prêt."

Pedlar.

Ye have no cause to fear, behold,
For ye may lie uncontrolled.

* * * *

Ye need not care who shall begin:
For each of you may hope to win.

They agree, and the Poticary, confident of victory,
hops with delight.

Palmer.

Here were a hopper to hop for the ring!
But, sir, this gear go'th not by hopping.

Poticary.

Sir, in this hopping I will hop so weel
That my tongue shall hop better than my heel:
Upon which hopping I hope, and not doubt it,
To hop so that ye shall hop without it.

The trial of skill is prefaced with absurdities from the Pardoner in praise of his pretended relics, interrupted constantly by playful comments from the others. Next comes the Poticary, with like praise of his physics. Then the Poticary is called on to open with his master lie. The Pardoner says to him,

I am content that thou lie first.

Palmer.

Even so am I; now say thy worst.
Now let us hear of all thy lies
The greatest lie thou may'st devise,
And in the fewest words thou can.

Poticary.

Forsooth, you are an honest man.

Pedlar.

There said he much, but yet no lie.

Pardoner.

Now lie ye both, by our Lady.
Thou liest in boast of his honesty;
And he hath lied in affirming thee.

Poticary.

If we both lie, and you say true,
Then of these lies, your part adieu.

They proceed to work more puzzle out of this, and the Pedlar resolves finally

That each of you one tale shall tell,
And which of you tell'th most marvel
And most unlikeliest to be true,
Shall most prevail, whate'er ensue.

Then the Poticary tells an extravagant story of a cure of the living body; the Pardoner caps it with an extravagant story of his visit to purgatory and hell for the recovery of a dead soul. Being the soul of a woman, it was granted readily by Satan, who said,

And if thou wouldst have twenty mo,
Wert not for justice they should go,
For all the devils within this den
Have more to do with two women
Than with all the charge we have beside.
Wherefore if thou our friend wilt be tried
Apply thy pardons to women so,
That unto us there come no mo.

When the Palmer's turn comes he begins with comment on the Pardoner's story, and expresses great wonderment at the complaint of the devils that they find women so troublesome.

Whereby much marvel to me ensu'th,
That women in hell such shrews can be,
And here so gentle as far as I see.
Yet have I seen many a mile,
And many a woman in the while.
No one good city, town or borough
In Christendom but I've been through,
And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women five hundred thousand,
And oft with them long time have tarried.
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.



THE PALMER'S EXPERIENCE.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."

Poticary.

By the mass, there is a great lie.

Pardoner.

I never heard greater, by our lady.

Pedlar.

A greater! nay, know ye any so great?

So the Palmer wins the award, and the piece ends with a few serious words from the Pedlar on religious duty.

The rudeness of the incidental jesting in this piece indicates the lower social tone that is always associated with a joke welcome to men at the expense of women. When only a few women of the nobility received high intellectual training, and elsewhere throughout society even the poor education given to boys was almost denied to girls, women were really open, through no fault of their own, to jests upon character

unsteadied by developed thought. Their minds really were sick through starvation, when they could be ranged in character even by George Herbert between the sick folks and the passionate. The honest man, sang Herbert, is he

Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way.

Interludes then, as we see, were not true plays; and we shall find that the true modern drama did not arise out of them. But the taste for such entertainments led to the formation and training of skilled companies of actors in the houses of great lords. The skill that pleased in the great hall, pleased also in the servants' hall, and was of a kind that would be welcome elsewhere, and might be exercised with profit, if leave were obtained to amuse public audiences. Leave, therefore, was inevitably sought, and the interludes written for general audiences touched many a question of Church or State in which the people were concerned. Authority then made itself felt, the actors were placed under restrictions, and were liable to penalties for their infringement. And so it was that when, at last, the true plays came in, by a way of their own, there were companies of actors eager to present them.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY: "RALPH ROISTER DOISTER" AND "GORBODUC."—A.D. 1535—A.D. 1562.

THE modern drama had its rise in the Universities of Europe. In the Italian and other Universities the plays of Seneca, Plautus, and Terence were studied by learners of Latin, and at times were acted upon holiday occasions. For occasions of especial interest, as for the entertainment of a princely patron who might visit the University, the wittiest of its Latin scholars would often write original plays, in Latin; constructed in the manner of Seneca when they were tragedies, and when comedies in the manner of Plautus and Terence. This had been usage for some time before it occurred to anybody that such an original play need not add evidence of Latin scholarship to evidence of wit; and that it might be written in the mother-tongue, though it would still be constructed in accordance with a Latin model. In Italy this was first done; indeed, the relation of Italian to Latin had caused some to begin with the experiment of writing plays in Latin words so chosen that an Italian could make out the dialogue. Two such tragedies were written at Padua by Albertino Mussato early in the fourteenth century. The earliest known comedy that was printed in any language of modern Europe was a Latin comedy by Secco Polentone, translated into Italian with its name changed from "*Lusus Ebriorum*" to "*Catinia*," and printed in 1472. In and after 1486 plays of Plautus translated into Italian, and some original plays in Italian, were acted before Duke Ercole I. at Ferrara. One was a

tragedy called "*Panfila*," first printed in 1508; another was a comedy by Boiardo called "*Timone*." Original Latin plays were still produced. One of the most famous, the "*Imber Aureus*" of Antonio Tilesio on the story of Danaë, was acted in 1529, and first printed in 1530. Ariosto wrote his first Italian comedy in 1498. It was in prose, and he turned it into unrhymed verse. The plot was taken, as he said, from "*The Eunuch*" of Terence and "*The Captives*" of Plautus. His other comedies belong to the early years of the sixteenth century. The first Italian tragedy that has kept a place in literature is the "*Sofonisba*" of Giovan Giorgio Trissino, in unrhymed verse, finished in 1515, and printed in 1529. There had been an Italian tragedy of less mark on the same subject by Galotto del Carretto, acted in 1502. Machiavelli, who died in 1527, wrote three comedies in Italian. One of them is from Plautus, one from Terence, and one is of his own invention.

In England no advance had been made beyond imitation of the Latins in Latin plays written by Englishmen, when it occurred, as it would seem, to a head-master of Eton to take the next step. At large public schools, as at the Universities, Latin plays were acted on special occasions. The custom has survived at Westminster, in annual performance of a play of Terence or Plautus before the Christmas holidays. A head-master able to give his boys a Latin play of his own writing to act, probably did so. As head-master of Eton—which office he filled between the years 1534 and 1541—Udall may or may not have substituted such a Latin play of his own for Plautus or Terence at the performance, which usually took place about the time of the feast of St. Andrew; but it seems certainly to have occurred to him that his boys might amuse themselves and their fathers and mothers a great deal more if he wrote them their play in English. Accordingly he appears to have given them "*Ralph Roister Doister*," and possibly one or two more. There is no direct evidence that it was acted at Eton, but some that is indirect, in addition to strong probability. This play could only have been written to be acted; it was not printed until 1566; and its singular freedom from the coarseness that in its time seasoned jesting even before the most select general audience, suggests the schoolmaster's sense of the reverence due to youth, and of what would be unbecoming to his own position. Nicholas Udall was of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in earlier life made teaching of boys his profession. He was about twenty-eight years old when he published, for the use of his boys, "*Floures for Latin Spekyng*," selected from the first three comedies of Terence, and translated into English. His reputation was high as a scholar, and in the following year, when he was not quite thirty, he was made head-master of Eton School. "*Ralph Roister Doister*," therefore, was probably produced in one of the seven years during which he held that office. Udall had Lutheran tendencies that caused him to assent to the removal of images from the College chapel. He was charged with complicity in theft from the chapel; theologic hatred added infamous imputations that

would have ruined him for life had they been true. But he left Eton, retaining a vicarage at Braintree in Essex, and was in after life honoured at court, the friend and companion of scholars, a leader in the work of translating into English Erasmus's Paraphrase of the New Testament, and Prebendary of Windsor under Edward VI., who also presented him to the rectory of Calborne in the Isle of Wight. Udall was appointed in 1554 to prepare Dialogues and Interludes for Queen Mary. About 1555 he was made head-master of Westminster School. But his office ceased at the re-establishment of the monastery by Mary in November, 1556, and he died in the following month. His credit as a dramatist is witnessed by the fact that when Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge in August, 1564, she was entertained with "an English play called Ezekias, made by Mr. Udall, and handled by King's College men only." It is significant that Eton College and King's College, Cambridge, were founded together by Henry VI., one to be as a seminary to the other; King's being the college at Cambridge to which, as William Lambarde expressed it, "Eton sendeth annually her ripe fruit." "Ezekias," therefore, may have been another of the Eton plays, acted at King's College by old Etonians who had taken parts in it during their school-days. However it may be, "Ralph Roister Doister," our first English comedy, was written by a University man, a famous Latin scholar, who wrote a school-book formed on Terence, was head-master of Eton School, and also for a time of Westminster, and who derived his inspiration altogether from the Latin comedy, through the use made of it in schools and Universities. Mysteries and Moralities contributed nothing at all to its production. The hero is a shallow fop of the reign of Henry VIII., and this is the play.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

The Prologue.

What creature is in health, either young or old,
But some mirth with modesty will be glad to use,
As we in this Interlude shall now unfold?
Wherein all scurrility we utterly refuse;
Avoiding such mirth wherein is abuse:
Knowing nothing more commendable for a man's recreation,
Than mirth which is used in an honest fashion.

For mirth prolongeth life, and causeth health;
Mirth recreates our spirits, and voideth pensiveness;
Mirth increaseth amity (not hindering our wealth);
Mirth is to be used both of more and less,¹
Being mixed with virtue in decent comeliness,
As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same:
Which mirth we intend to use, avoiding all blame.

The wise poets, long time heretofore,
Under merry comedies, secrets did declare,
Wherein was contained very virtuous lore.
With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.
Such to write, neither Plautus nor Terence did spare,
Which among the learned at this day bears the bell:
These, with such other, therein did excel.

¹ Men of all ranks. So of Macbeth Malcolm says, "Both more and less have given him the revolt."



RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*." ²

Our Comedy or Interlude, which we intend to play,
Is naméd Royster Doyster indeed,
Which against the vainglorious doth inveigh,
Whose humour the roysting sort³ continually doth feed.
Thus, by your patience, we intend to proceed
In this our Interlude, by God's leave and grace:
And here I take my leave for a certain space.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE. *He entereth singing.*

As long liveth the merry man, they say,
As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day;
Yet the grasshopper, for all his summer piping,
Starveth in winter with hungry griping:
Therefore, another said saw doth men advise—
That they be together both merry and wise.
This lesson must I practise, or else, ere long,
With me, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be wrong.
Indeed, men so call me, for, by him that us bought,
Whatever chance betide, I can take no thought.
Yet, wisdom would that I did myself bethink
Where to be provided this day of meat and drink;
For, know ye that, for all this merry note of mine,
He might appose me now, that should ask where I dine
My living lieth here and there, of God's grace,
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place;
Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come near;
Somewhiles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheer;
Sometime Davy Diceplayer when he hath well cast
Maketh revel rout, as long as it will last;
Sometime Tom Titivile⁴ maketh us a feast;

² I apply these contemporary sketches of character to subjects which they fit. They were sketched by Holbein as marginal notes to the book, to express, as he read, various types of the folly satirised by Erasmus.

³ The roysting sort. Royster's name is taken from an old word for a swaggerer. Old French "*rustre*," a ruffian, from the *rustarii* or *rutarii*, freebooters of France in the eleventh century. Hector says, in Shakespeare's "*Troilus and Cressida*:"—

"I have a roysting challenge sent among
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks."

⁴ Titivile was an old name for a worthless knave. *Tutivilus* was the

Sometime with Sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden guest;
 Sometime at Nichol Neverthrive's I get a sop;
 Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe;
 Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddlydodie's sleeve;
 But this day on Ralph Royster Doyster's, by his leave:
 For, truly, of all men he is my chief banker,
 Both for meat and money, and my chief sheet-anchor.
 Forsooth, Roister Doister in that he doth say,
 And require what ye will, ye shall have no nay.
 But now, of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
 That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,
 In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
 Is not the like stock whereon to graft a lout.
 All the day long is he facing and craking
 Of his great acts in fighting and fray-making:
 But, when Roister Doister is put to his proof,
 To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoof.
 If any woman smile, or cast on him an eye,
 Up is he to the hard ears in love, by-and-by;
 And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
 Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life:
 Maister Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone,
 Except she on him take some compassion.
 Then, chief of counsel must be Mathew Merygreeke,—
 What, if I for marriage to such an one seek?
 Then must I sooth it, whatever it is;
 For, what he saith or doth cannot be amiss.
 Hold by his yea and nay, be his own white son:
 Praise and rouse him well, and ye have his heart won:
 For, so well liketh he his own fond fashions,
 That he taketh pride of false commendations.
 But such sport have I with him as I would not leese,¹
 Though I should be bound to live with bread and cheese.
 For, exalt him, and have him as ye lust, in deed;
 Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a need.
 I can with a word make him fain or loth;
 I can with as much make him pleased or wroth;
 I can, when I will, make him merry and glad;
 I can, when me lust, make him sorry and sad;
 I can set him in hope, and eke in despair;
 I can make him speak rough, and make him speak fair.
 But, I marvel I see him not all this same day;
 I will seek him out. But lo! he cometh this way.
 I have yond espied him sadly coming,
 And in love, for twenty pound, by his glumming.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER; MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

R. Royster. Come, death, when thou wilt: I am weary of my life.

M. Mery. (I told you, I, we should woo another wife.)

R. Royster. Why did God make me such a goodly person?

M. Mery. (He is in, by the week; we shall have sport anon.)

R. Royster. And where is my trusty friend, Mathew Merygreeke?

M. Mery. (I will make as I saw him not: he doth me seek.)

R. Royster. I have him espied, me thinketh; yond is he.—
 Hough! Mathew Merygreeke, my friend, a word with thee.

M. Mery. (I will not hear him, but make as I had haste.)
 Farewell, all my good friends, the time away doth waste:
 And the tide, they say, tarrieth for no man.

name of a demon who carried to hell all the words spoken or mangled
 by the clergy in their services.

¹ Leese, lose.

R. Royster. Thou must, with thy good counsel, help me,
 if thou can.

M. Mery. God keep thee, worshipful Maister Roister
 Doister,

And farewell the lusty Maister Roister Doister.

R. Royster. I must needs speak with thee a word a
 twain.

M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here again.
 Negligence in great affairs, ye know, may mar all.



MATHEW MERYGREEKE

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "Moriae Encomium."

R. Royster. Attend upon me now, and well reward thee I
 shall.

M. Mery. I have take my leave, and the tide is well
 spent.

R. Royster. I die, except thou help; I pray thee be con-
 tent.

Do thy part well now, and ask what thou wilt;

For, without thy aid, my matter is all spilt.

M. Mery. Then, to serve your turn I will some pains
 take,

And let all mine own affairs alone for your sake.

R. Royster. My whole hope and trust resteth only in
 thee.

M. Mery. Then can ye not do amiss, whatever it be.

R. Royster. Gramercies,¹ Merygreeke, most bound to thee
 I am.

M. Mery. But, up with that heart, and speak out like a
 ram;

Ye speak like a capon that had the cough now:

Be of good cheer; anon ye shall do well enow.

R. Royster. Upon thy comfort, I will all things wel'
 handle.

M. Mery. So lo! that is a breast to blow out a candle.

But, what is this great matter, I would fain know?

We shall find remedy therefore, I trow.

Do ye lack money? you know mine old offers:

Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers.

R. Royster. I thank thee: had ever man such a friend!

M. Mery. Ye give unto me: I must needs to you lend.

R. Royster. Nay, I have money plenty all things to
 discharge.

¹ Gramercies, great thanks.

M. Mery. (That knew I right well, when I made offer so large.)

R. Royster. But, it is no such matter.

M. Mery. What is it, then?

Are ye in danger of debt to any man?

If ye be, take no thought, nor be not afraid:

Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.

R. Royster. Tut, I owe nought.

M. Mery. What then? fear ye imprisonment?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. No, I wist ye offend not so to be shent;¹

But, if ye had, the Tower could not you so hold,

But to break out at all times ye would be bold.

What is it? hath any man threaten'd you to beat?

R. Royster. What is he that durst have put me in that heat?

He that beateth me, by his arms, shall well find

That I will not be far from him, nor run behind.

M. Mery. That thing know all men, ever since ye over-threw

The fellow of the lion which Hercules slew.

But what is it then?

R. Royster. Of love I make my moan.

M. Mery. Ah, this foolish love! will't ne'er let us alone?

But, because ye were refus'd the last day,

Ye said ye would ne'er more be entangled that way.

I would meddle no more, since I find all so unkind.

R. Royster. Yea, but I cannot so put love out of my mind.

M. Mery. But, is your love, tell me first, in anywise,

In the way of marriage or of merchandise?

If it may otherwise than lawful be found,

Ye get none of my help for an hundred pound.

R. Royster. No, by my troth, I would have her to my wife.

M. Mery. Then are ye a good man and God save your life!

And what or who is she, with whom ye are in love?

R. Royster. A woman, whom I know not by what means to move.

M. Mery. Who is it?

R. Royster. A woman yond.

M. Mery. What is her name?

R. Royster. Her yonder.

M. Mery. Whom?

R. Royster. Mistress, ah—

M. Mery. Fie, fie, for shame!

Love ye, and know not whom? but "her yond"—"a woman"? We shall then get you a wife, I cannot tell whan.

R. Royster. The fair woman that supped with us yesternight;

And I heard her name twice or thrice, and had it right.

M. Mery. Yea, ye may see ye ne'er take me to good cheer with you,

If ye had, I could have told you her name now.

R. Royster. I was to blame indeed, but the next time perchance:—

And she dwelleth in this house.

M. Mery. What, Christian Custance?

R. Royster. Except I have her to my wife, I shall run mad.

M. Mery. Nay, unwise, perhaps; but I warrant you for mad.

R. Royster. I am utterly dead, unless I have my desire.

M. Mery. Where be the bellows that blew this sudden fire?

R. Royster. I hear she is worth a thousand pound and more.

M. Mery. Yea, but learn this one lesson of me afore:

An hundred pound of marriage-money doubtless,

Is ever thirty pound sterling, or somewhat less;

So that her thousand pound, if she be thrifty,

Is much neer about two hundred and fifty.

Howbeit, wooers and widows are never poor.

R. Royster. Is she a widow? I love her better therefore.

M. Mery. But I hear she hath made promise to another.

R. Royster. He shall go without her, and² he were my brother.

M. Mery. I have heard say, I am right well advised, That she hath to Gawin Goodluck promised.

R. Royster. What is that Gawin Goodluck?

M. Mery. A merchant man.

R. Royster. Shall he speed afore me? Nay, sir, by sweet Saint Anne!

Ah, sir! "Backare!" quod Mortimer to his sow:³

I will have her mine own self, I make God avow;

For, I tell thee, she is worth a thousand pound.

M. Mery. Yet a fitter wife for your ma'ship might be found;

Such a goodly man as you might get one with land,

Besides pounds of gold a thousand and a thousand,

And a thousand, and a thousand, and a thousand,

And so to the sum of twenty hundred thousand:

Your most goodly personage is worthy of no less.

R. Royster. I am sorry God made me so comely, doubt less;

For that maketh me each-where so highly favoured,

And all women on me so enamoured.

M. Mery. Enamoured, quod you? have ye spied out that?

Ah, sir! marry, now! I see you know what is what.

Enamoured, ka?⁴ marry, sir, say that again;

But I thought not ye had mark'd it so plain.

R. Royster. Yes, each-where they gaze all upon me, and stare.

M. Mery. Yea, malkin, I warrant you, as much as they dare.

And ye will not believe what they say in the street,

When your ma'ship passeth by, all such as I meet,

That sometimes I can scarce find what answer to make.

"Who is this?" (saith one) "Sir Launcelot du Lake?"

"Who is this? great Guy of Warwick?" saith another.

"No" (saith I), "it is the thirteenth Hercules' brother."

"Who is this? noble Hector of Troy?" saith the third:

"No, but of the same nest" (say I) "it is a bird."

"Who is this? great Goliath, Sampson, or Colbrand?"

"No" (say I), "but it is a brute of the Alie land."

"Who is this? great Alexander? or Charle le Maigne?"

"No, it is the tenth worthy," say I to them again:

I know not if I said well—

R. Royster. Yes, for so I am.

M. Mery. Yea, for there were but nine worthies before ye came.

² And, if.

³ This is given among his proverbs by John Heywood. Gremio says to Petruchio in the "Taming of the Shrew,"—

"Backare; you are marvellous forward."

⁴ Ka, quotha.

¹ Shent, shamed. First-English "scendan," to shame, confound, reproach.

To some others, the third Cato I do you call;
 And so, as well as I can, I answer them all,
 "Sir, I pray you what lord or great gentleman is this?"
 "Maister Ralph Roister Doister, dame" (say I), "y'wis."¹
 "O Lord!" (saith she then) "what a goodly man it is!
 Would [that] I had such a husband as he is!"
 "O Lord!" (say some) "that the sight of his face we lack!"
 "It is enough for you" (say I) "to see his back;
 His face is for ladies of high and noble parages,
 With whom he hardly 'scapeth great marriages:"
 With much more than this, and much otherwise.

R. Royster. I can thee thank, that thou can such answers devise:

But I perceive thou dost me thoroughly know.

M. Mery. I mark your manners for mine own learning, I trow.

But such is your beauty, and such are your acts,
 Such is your personage, and such are your facts,
 That all women, fair and foul, more and less,
 They eye you, they lubbe you, they talk of you doubtless.
 Your pleasant look maketh them all merry,
 Ye pass not by, but they laugh till they be weary:
 Yea, and money could I have, the truth to tell,
 Of many to bring you that way where they dwell.

R. Royster. Merygreeke, for this thy reporting well of me—

M. Mery. What should I else, sir? it is my duty, pardee.

R. Royster. I promise thou shalt not lack, while I have a groat.

M. Mery. Faith, sir, and I ne'er had more need of a new coat.

R. Royster. Thou shalt have one to-morrow, and gold for to spend.

M. Mery. Then, I trust to bring the day to a good end.

For, as for mine own part, having money enow,
 I could live only with the remembrance of you.

But now to your widow, whom you love so hot.

R. Royster. By cocke! thou sayest truth, I had almost forgot.

M. Mery. What, if Christian Custance will not have you, what?

R. Royster. Have me? yes, I warrant you—never doubt of that:

I know she loveth me, but she dare not speak.

M. Mery. Indeed, meet it were somebody should it break.

R. Royster. She looked on me twenty times yesternight,
 And laughed so—

M. Mery. That she could not sit upright.

R. Royster. No, faith, could she not.

M. Mery. No, even such a thing I cast.

R. Royster. But, for wooing, thou knowest, women are shamefast.

But, and² she knew my mind, I know she would be glad,
 And think it the best chance that e'er she had.

M. Mery. To her, then, like a man, and be bold forth to start:

Woosers ne'er speed well that have a false heart.

R. Royster. What may I best do?

M. Mery. Sir, remain ye a while;

Ere long one or other of her house will appear.

Ye know my mind.

R. Royster. Yea, now hardly let me alone.

M. Mery. In the meantime, sir, if you please, I will home,

And call your musicians; for, in this your case,
 It would set you forth, and all your wooing grace.
 Ye may not lack your instruments to play and sing.

R. Royster. Thou knowest I can do that

M. Mery. As well as anything.

Shall I go call your folks, that we may show a cast?

R. Royster. Yea, run, I beseech thee, in all possible haste.

M. Mery. I go. [Exit.]

R. Royster. Yea, for I love singing, out of measure,
 It comforteth my spirits, and doth me great pleasure.

But who cometh forth yond from my sweetheart Custance?

My matter frameth well: this is a lucky chance.

ACT I.—SCENE 3.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST, spinning on the distaff; TIBET TALKAPACE, sewing; ANNOT ALYFACE, knitting; R. ROISTER.

M. Mumb. If this distaff were spun, Margerie Mumblecrust—

Tib. Talk. Where good stale ale is, we'll drink no water, I trust.

M. Mumb. Dame Custance hath promised us good ale and white bread.

Tib. Talk. If she keep not promise, I will beshrew her head.

But it will be stark night before I shall have done.

R. Royster. I will stand here awhile, and talk with them anon.

I hear them speak of Custance, which doth my heart good;
 To hear her name spoken doth even comfort my blood.

M. Mumb. Sit down to your work, Tibet, like a good girl.

Tib. Talk. Nurse, meddle you with your spindle and your whirl.

No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust; for, "Whip and whur,"

The old proverb doth say, "never made good fur."

M. Mumb. Well, ye will sit down to your work anon, I trust.

Tib. Talk. "Soft fire maketh sweet malt," good Madge Mumblecrust.

M. Mumb. And sweet malt maketh jolly good ale for the nones.

Tib. Talk. Which will slide down the lane without any bones. [Contet.³]

Old brown-bread crusts must have much good mumbling;

But, good ale down your throat hath good easy tumbling.

R. Royster. The jolliest wench that e'er I heard! Little mouse!

May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in my house?

Tib. Talk. So, sirrah! now this gear beginneth for to frame.

M. Mumb. Thanks to God, though your work stand still, your tongue is not lame.

Tib. Talk. And though your teeth be gone, both so sharp and so fine,

Yet your tongue can run on pattens as well as mine.

M. Mumb. Ye were not for nought naméd Tib Talkapace.

Tib. Talk. Doth my talk grieve you? Alack! God save your grace!

M. Mumb. I hold a groat, ye will drink anon for this gear.

Tib. Talk. And I will not pray you the stripes for me to bear.

M. Mumb. I hold a penny, ye will drink without a cup.

Tib. Talk. Whereinsoe'er ye drink, I wot ye drink all up.

¹ Y'wis, or wis = First-English "gewis," certainly.

² And, if.

³ Contet, Here let her sing.

An. Alyface. By cock! and well sewed, my good Tibet Talkapace.

Tib. Talk. And e'en as well knit, my own Annot Alyface.

R. Royster. See what a sort¹ she keepeth that must be my wife:

Shall not I, when I have her, lead a merry life?

Tib. Talk. Welcome, my good wench, and sit here by me just.

An. Alyface. And how doth our old beldame here, Madge Mumblecrust?

Tib. Talk. Chide, and find fault, and threaten to complain.

An. Alyface. To make us poor girls shent, to her is small gain.

M. Mumb. I did neither chide, nor complain, nor threaten.

R. Royster. It would grieve my heart to see one of them beaten.

M. Mumb. I did nothing but bid her work, and hold her peace.

Tib. Talk. So would I, if you could your clattering cease; But the de'il cannot make old trot hold her tongue.

An. Alyface. Let all these matters pass, and we three sing a song;

So shall we pleasantly both the time beguile now,
And eke dispatch all our works, ere we can tell how.

Tib. Talk. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I.

M. Mumb. And I am well content.

Tib. Talk. Sing on then, by-and-by.

R. Royster. And I will not away, but listen to their song;
Yet, Merygreeke and my folks tarry very long.

Tib., An., and Margerie do sing here.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;

Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot: spin, Margerie:

Let us see who will win the victory.

Tib. Talk. This sleeve is not willing to be sewed, I trow.
A small thing might make me all in the ground to throw.

Then they sing again.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!

Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;

Your fingers be numbed, our work will not lie.

Tib. Talk. If ye do so again, well; I would advise you nay.

In good sooth, one stop more, and I make holiday.

They sing the third time.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Now Tibet, now Annot, now Margerie;

Now whippet apace for the mastery:

But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Tib. Talk. Ah, each finger is a thumb to-day, methink:
I care not to let all alone, choose it swim or sink.

They sing the fourth time.

Pipe, merry Annot; &c.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?

I will not,—I can not,—no more can I.

Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

[*Let her cast down her work.*]

Tib. Talk. There it lieth; the worst is but a curried coat:²
Tut! I am used thereto—I care not a groat.

An. Alyface. Have we done singing since? then will I in again.

Here I found you, and here I leave both twain. [*Exit.*]

M. Mumb. And I will not be long after. *Tib. Talk.* apace!

Tib. Talk. What is the matter?

M. Mumb. Yond stood a man all this space,
And hath heard all that e'er we spake together.

Tib. Talk. Marry, the more lout he for his coming
hither,

And the less good he can to listen maidens' talk.

I care not and I go bid him hence for to walk:

It were well done to know what he maketh here away.

R. Royster. Now might I speak to them, if I wist what to say.

M. Mumb. Nay, we will go both of's, and see what he is.

R. Royster. One that heard all your talk and singing y'wis.

Tib. Talk. The more to blame you: a good thrifty husband³

Would elsewhere have had some better matters in hand.

R. Royster. I did it for no harm; but for good love I bear

To your dame, Mistress Custance, I did your talk hear.

And, mistress nurse, I will kiss you for acquaintance.



MADGE MUMBLECRUST.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*."

M. Mumb. I come anon, sir.

Tib. Talk. Faith, I would our Dame Custance
Saw this gear.

² I can only be beaten.

³ Husband, housekeeper.

¹ Sort, company; from Latin "*serere*," to bind or join together. In Marlowe's "*Edward II.*" Young Mortimer says to the king—

"Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers?"

Shakespeare's "*Richard II.*" says in the abdication scene—

"Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here."

M. Mumb. I must first wipe all clean, yea, I must.

Tib. Talk. Ill chieve it, doting fool, but it must be cust.¹

M. Mumb. God yelde you, sir; chad² not so much, I chot not when:

Ye'er since chwas born, chwine, of such a gay gentleman.

R. Royster. I will kiss you too, maiden, for the goodwill I bear ye.

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth! by your leave, ye shall not kiss me.

R. Royster. Yes, be not afeard; I do not disdain you a whit.

Tib. Talk. Why should I fear you? I have not so little wit;

Ye are but a man, I know very well.

R. Royster. Why, then?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, for I will not: I use not to kiss men.

R. Royster. I would fain kiss you too, good maiden, if I might.

Tib. Talk. What should that need?

R. Royster. But to honour you, by this light.

I use to kiss all them that I love, to God I vow.

Tib. Talk. Yea, sir? I pray you, when did you last kiss your cow?

R. Royster. Ye might be proud to kiss me, if ye were wise.

Tib. Talk. What promotion were therein?

R. Royster. Nurse is not so nice.

Tib. Talk. Well, I have not been taught to kissing and licking.

R. Royster. Yet, I thank you, mistress nurse, ye made no sticking.

M. Mumb. I will not stick for a kiss, with such a man as you.

Tib. Talk. They that list: I will again to my sewing now.

An. Alyface. (*Enters again.*) Tidings hough! tidings! Dame Custance greeteth you well.

R. Royster. Whom? me?

An. Alyface. You, sir? No, sir; I do no such tale tell.

R. Royster. But, and³ she knew me here.

An. Alyface. Tibet Talkapace,

Your mistress Custance and mine must speak with your grace.

Tib. Talk. With me?

An. Alyface. You must come in to her, out of all doubts.

Tib. Talk. And my work not half done? a mischief on all louts! [*Ex. ambo.*]

R. Royster. Ah, good, sweet nurse.

M. Mumble. Ah, good, sweet gentleman.

R. Royster. What?

M. Mumb. Nay, I cannot tell, sir, but what thing would you?

R. Royster. How doth sweet Custance, my heart of gold—tell me how?

M. Mumb. She doth very well, sir, and commend me to you.

R. Royster. To me?

M. Mumb. Yea, to you, sir.

R. Royster. To me, nurse—tell me plain—

To me?

M. Mumb. Yea.

R. Royster. That word maketh me alive again.

M. Mumb. She commend me to one, last day, whoe'er it was.

R. Royster. That was e'en to me, and none other, by the mass.

M. Mumb. I cannot tell you surely, but one it was.

R. Royster. It was I, and none other:—this cometh to good pass.

I promise thee, nurse, I favour her.

M. Mumb. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. Bid her sue to me for marriage.

M. Mumb. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. And surely for thy sake she shall speed.

M. Mumb. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. I shall be contented to take her.

M. Mumb. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. But at thy request, and for thy sake.

M. Mumb. E'en so, sir.

R. Royster. And, come, hark in thine ear what to say.

M. Mumb. E'en so, sir.

[*Here let him tell her a great long tale in her ear.*]

ACT I.—SCENE 4.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE; DOBINET DOUGHTIE; HARPAK; RALPH ROYSTER; MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST.

M. Mery. Come on, sirs, apace, and quit yourselves like men.

Your pains shall be rewarded.

D. Dough. But, I wot not when.

M. Mery. Do your maister worship, as ye have done in time past.

D. Dough. Speak to them: of mine office he shall have a cast.

M. Mery. Harpax, look that thou do well too, and thy fellow.

Harpax. I warrant, if he will mine example follow.

M. Mery. Curtsey, [rascals]! duck you and crouch at every word.

D. Dough. Yes, whether our maister speak earnest or borde.⁴

M. Mery. For this lieth upon his preferment indeed.

D. Dough. Oft is he a wooer, but never doth he speed.

M. Mery. But, with whom is he now so sadly rounding⁵ yond?

D. Dough. With *Nobs nicebecetur miserere* fond.

Mery. God be at your wedding! be ye sped already?

I did not suppose that your love was so greedy.

I perceive now ye have chose of devotion;

And joy have ye, lady, of your promotion.

R. Royster. Tush, fool! thou art deceived, this is not she.

M. Mery. Well, make much of her, and keep her well, I 'vise ye.

I will take no charge of such a fair piece keeping.

M. Mumb. What aileth thy fellow? he driveth me to weeping.

M. Mery. What, weep on the wedding-day? be merry woman,

Though I say it, ye have chose a good gentlemán.

R. Royster. Cock's nownes! what meanest thou, man? tut, a whistle.

M. Mery. Ah, sir, be good to her; she is but a gristle, Ah, sweet lamb and coney.

⁴ *Borde*, jest. French "bourde."

⁵ *Roundin*, whispering (First-English "runian"). Runes were words written, communicated without sound, whence "runian" was to speak under breath, secretly.

¹ Cust, kissed.

² Chad, I had; Chot, I wot; Choras, I was; Chwine, I ween.

³ And, if. So in various places.

R. Royster. Tut! thou art deceived.
M. Mery. Weep no more, lady, ye shall be well received.
 Up with some merry noise, sirs, to bring home the bride!
R. Royster. Gog's arms, knave! art thou mad? I tell thee thou art wide.
M. Mery. Then, ye intend by night to have her home brought.
R. Royster. I tell thee, no.
M. Mery. How then?
R. Royster. 'Tis neither meant ne thought.
M. Mery. What shall we then do with her?
R. Royster. Ah, foolish harebrain!
 This is not she.
M. Mery. No is? Why then unsaid again:
 And what young girl is this with your ma'ship so bold?
R. Royster. A girl?
M. Mery. Yea, I daresay, scarce yet threescore year old.
R. Royster. This same is the fair widow's nurse, of whom ye wot.
M. Mery. Is she but a nurse of a house? hence home, old trot!
 Hence, at once.
R. Royster. No, no.
M. Mery. What, an please your ma'ship,
 A nurse talk so homely with one of your worship?
R. Royster. I will have it so: it is my pleasure and will.
M. Mery. Then I am content. Nurse, come again, tarry still.
R. Royster. What! she will help forward this my suit, for her part.
M. Mery. Then is't mine own pig's-nie, and blessing on my heart.
R. Royster. This is our best friend, man.
M. Mery. Then teach her what to say.
M. Mumbl. I am taught already.
M. Mery. Then go, make no delay.
R. Royster. Yet hark, one word in thine ear.
M. Mery. Back, sirs, from his tail!
R. Royster. Back, villains! will ye be privy of my coun-sail?
M. Mery. Back, sirs! so: I told you afore, ye would be shent.
R. Royster. She shall have the first day a whole peck of argēt.
M. Mumbl. A peck! *Nomine Patris*, have ye so much [to] spare?
R. Royster. Yea, and a cart-load thereto, or else were it bare;
 Besides other movables, household stuff and land.
M. Mumbl. Have ye lands too?
R. Royster. An hundred marks.
M. Mery. Yea, a thousand.
M. Mumbl. And have ye cattle too? and sheep too?
R. Royster. Yea, a few.
M. Mery. He is ashamed the number of them to shew.
 E'en round about him as many thousand sheep goes,
 As he and thou and I too have fingers and toes.
M. Mumbl. And how many years old be you?
R. Royster. Forty at least.
M. Mery. Yea, and thrice forty to them.
R. Royster. Nay, thou dost jest.
 I am not so old: thou misreckonest my years.
M. Mery. I know that; but my mind was on bullocks and steers.
M. Mumbl. And what shall I show her your mastership's name is?
R. Royster. Nay, she shall make suit, ere she know that y'wis.

M. Mumbl. Yet, let me somewhat know.
M. Mery. This is he, understand.
 That killed the blue spider in Blanchepoudre land.
M. Mumbl. Yea, [holy] William, zee law! did he zo, law?
M. Mery. Yea, and the last elephant that ever he saw,
 As the beast passed by, he start out of a busk¹,
 And e'en with pure strength of arms pluckt out his great tusk.
M. Mumbl. Jesus *Nomine Patris*, what a thing was that!
R. Royster. Yea, but Merygreeke, one thing thou hast forgot.
M. Mery. What?
R. Royster. Of th' other elephant.
M. Mery. Oh, him that fled away?
R. Royster. Yea.
M. Mery. Yea, he knew that his match was in place that day.
 Tut! he beat the king of crickets on Christmas Day,
 That he crept in a hole, and not a word to say.
M. Mumbl. A sore man, by zembletee.
M. Mery. Why, he wrung a club,
 Once in a fray, out of the hand of Belzebub.
R. Royster. And how when Mumfision—
M. Mery. Oh, your coustreling
 Bore the lantern a-field so before the gozeling—
 Nay, that is too long a matter now to be told.
 Never ask his name, nurse, I warrant thee, be bold:
 He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
 And won towns, nurse, as fast as thou canst make apples.
M. Mumbl. O Lord! my heart quaketh for fear, he is so sore.
R. Royster. 'Thou makest her too much afeared, Merygreeke; no more.
 This tale would fear my sweetheart Custance right evil.
M. Mery. Nay, let her take him, nurse, and fear not the devil.
 But, thus is our song dashed.—Sirs, ye may home again.
R. Royster. No, shall they not. I charge you all, here to remain.
 The villain slaves, a whole day, ere they can be found.
M. Mery. Couch on your marrowbones, [rascals], down to the ground.
 Was it meet he should tarry so long in one place,
 Without harmony of music, or some solāce?
 Whoso hath such bees as your maister in his head
 Had need to have his spirits with music be fed.—
 By your maistership's license. [*Flicks at him.*]
R. Royster. What is that? a mote?
M. Mery. No, it was a fool's feather had light on your coat.
R. Royster. I was nigh no feathers, since I came from my bed.
M. Mery. No, sir, it was a hair that was fall from your head.
R. Royster. My men come when it please them.
M. Mery. By your leave. [*Flicks at him again.*]
R. Royster. What is that?
M. Mery. Your gown was foul spotted with the foot of a gnat.
R. Royster. Their maister to offend they are nothing afeared.— [*M. flicks at him again.*]
 What now?
M. Mery. A lousy hair from your maistership's beard.
 And, sir, for nurse's sake, pardon this one offence.
*Omnes Famulæ.*² We shall not after this shew the like negligence.

¹ Busk, bush.² Omnes famulæ, all the servants.

R. Royster. I pardon you this once : and come, sing ne'er the worse.

M. Mery. How like you the goodness of this gentleman, nurse?

M. Mumbl. God save his maistership, that can so his men forgive :

And I will hear them sing ere I go, by his leave.

R. Royster. Marry, and thou shalt, wench : come, we two will dance.

M. Mumbl. Nay, I will by mine own self foot the song perchance.

R. Royster. Go it, sirs, lustily.

M. Mumbl. Pipe up a merry note.

Let me hear it played, I will foot it for a groat. [*Content.*
[*Nurse dancing.*

Who so to marry a minion wife,
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she lust to do or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs soever he go,
He must show her all his mind,
None of his counsel she may be kept fro',
Else is he a man unkind.

R. Royster. Now, nurse, take this same letter here to thy mistress :

And as my trust is in thee, ply my business.

M. Mumbl. It shall be done.

M. Mery. Who made it?

R. Royster. I wrote it each whit.

M. Mery. Then needs it no mending.

R. Royster. No, no.

M. Mery. No, I know your wit.

R. Royster. I warrant it well.

M. Mumbl. It shall be delivered :

But, if ye speed, shall I be considered?

M. Mery. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?

M. Mumbl. What shall I have?

M. Mery. An hundred times more than thou canst devise to crave.

M. Mumbl. Shall I have some new gear? for my old is all spent.

M. Mery. The worst kitchen-wench shall go in ladies' raiment.

M. Mumbl. Yea :

M. Mery. And the worst drudge in the house shall go better

Than your mistress doth now.

M. Mumbl. Then I trudge with your letter.

R. Royster. Now may I repose me : Custance is mine own.

Let us sing and play homeward, that it may be known.

M. Mery. But, are you sure that your letter is well enough?

R. Royster. I wrote it myself!

M. Mery. Then sing we to dinner.

[*Here they sing, and go out singing.*

ACT I.—SCENE 5.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. Who took thee this letter, Margerie Mumblecrust?

M. Mumbl. A lusty gay bachelor took it me of trust, And if ye seek to him, he will love your doing.

C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wooing?

M. Mumbl. If to sue to him you will any pains take, He will have you to his wife (he saith) for my sake.

C. Custance. Some wise gentleman, belike. I am bespoken. And I thought verily this had been some token From my dear spouse, Gawin Goodluck, whom, when him please,

God luckily send home, to both our hearts' ease!

M. Mumbl. A jolly man it is, I wot well by report, And would have you to him for marriage resort.

Best open the writing, and see what it doth speak.

C. Custance. At this time, nurse, I will neither read nor break.

M. Mumbl. He promised to give you a whole peck of gold.

C. Custance. Perchance, lack of a pint, when it shall be all told.

M. Mumbl. I would take a gay rich husband, and I were you.

C. Custance. In good sooth, Madge, e'en so would I, if I were thou.

But, no more of this fond talk now; let us go in,
And see thou no more move me folly to begin;
Nor bring me no more letters for no man's pleasure,
But thou know from whom.

M. Mumbl. I warrant ye shall be sure.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

D. Dough. Where is the house I go to, before or behind? I know not where, nor when, nor how I shall it find.

If I had ten men's bodies, and legs, and strength,
I his trotting that I have must needs lame me at length.

And now that my maister is new set on wooing,
I trust there shall none of us find lack of doing :

Two pairs of shoes a day will now be too little

To serve me, I must trot to and fro so mickle.

"Go bear me this token; carry me this letter;"

Now this is the best way; now that way is better.

"Up before day, sirs, I charge you, an hour or twain;

Trudge, do me this message, and bring word quick again."

If one miss but a minute, then, his arms and wounds,

"I would not have slacked for ten thousand pounds.

Nay see, I beseech you, if my most trusty page

Go not now about to hinder my marriage."

So fervent hot wooing, and so far from wiving,

I trow, never was any creature living;

With every woman is he in some love's pang;

Then up to our lute at midnight, twangledom twang.

Then twang with our sonnets, and twang with our dumps,

And heigho! from our heart, as heavy as lead lumps.

Then to our recorder, with toodlaloodle-poop,

As the owl out of an ivy-bush should whoop.

Anon to our gittern, thrumpledum thrumpledum thrum,

Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrum.

Of songs and ballads also he is a maker,

And that can he as finely do as Jack Raker;

Yea, and extempore will he ditties compose;

Foolish Marsyas ne'er made the like I suppose;

Yet must we sing them, as good stuff, I undertake,

As for such a penman is well fitting to make.

"Ah, for these long nights! heigho! when will it be day?
I fear ere I come, she will be wooed away!"
Then, when answer is made, that it may not be,
"O death, why comest thou not?" by and by saith he.
But then, from his heart to put away sorrow,
He is as far in with some new love next morrow.
But, in the mean season, we trudge and we trot,
From dayspring to midnight I sit not, nor rest not.
And now am I sent to Dame Christian Cundance;
But I fear it will end with a mock for pastance.¹
I bring her a ring, with a token in a clout,
And, by all guess, this same is her house out of doubt.
I know it now perfect, I am in my right way:
And lo! yond the old nurse, that was with us last day.

ACT II.—SCENE 2.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST; DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

M. Mumb. I was ne'er so shook up afore, since I was born:

That our mistress could not have chid, I would have sworn.
And I pray God I die, if I meant any harm;
But for my lifetime this shall be to me a charm.

D. Dough. God you save and see, nurse; and how is it with you?

M. Mumb. Marry, a great deal the worse it is, for such as thou!

D. Dough. For me? Why so?

M. Mumb. Why, were not thou one of them, say,
That sang and played here with the gentleman last day?

D. Dough. Yes, and he would know if you have for him spoken;

And prays you to deliver this ring and token.

M. Mumb. Now, by the token that God tokened, brother,
I will deliver no token, one nor other.

I have once been so shent for your maister's pleasure,
As I will not be again for all his treasure.

D. Dough. He will thank you, woman.

M. Mumb. I will none of his thank. [*Ex. M. Mumb.*]

D. Dough. I ween I am a prophet; this gear will prove blank.

But what, should I home again without answer go?

It were better go to Rome on my head, than so.

I will tarry here this month but some of the house

Shall take it of me, and then I care not a mouse.

But yonder cometh forth a wench or a lad:

If he have not one Lombard's touch,² my luck is bad.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.

TRUPENIE; D. DOUGH.; TIBET T.; ANNOT AL.

Trupenie. I am clean lost for lack of merry company;
We 'gree not half well within, our wenches and I:
They will command like mistresses, they will forbid;
If they be not served, Trupenie must be chid.
Let them be as merry now, as ye can desire,
With turning of a hand our mirth lieth in the mire.
I cannot skill³ of such changeable mettle,
There is nothing with them but, In dock, out nettle.

D. Dough. Whether is it better, that I speak to him first,

Or he first to me? It is good to cast the worst.

If I begin first, he will smell all my purpose,

Otherwise I shall not need anything to disclose.

Trupenie. What boy have we yonder? I will see what he is.

D. Dough. He cometh to me.—It is hereabout, y'wis.

Trupenie. Wouldest thou aught, friend, that thou lookest so about?

D. Dough. Yea; but whether ye can help me or no, I doubt.

I seek to one Mistress Custance, here dwelling.

Trupenie. It is my mistress ye seek to, by your telling.

D. Dough. Is there any of that name here, but she?

Trupenie. Not one in all the whole town that I know, pardee.

D. Dough. A widow she is, I trow?

Trupenie. And what and she be?

D. Dough. But ensured to an husband?

Trupenie. Yea, so think we.

D. Dough. And I dwell with her husband that trusteth to be.

Trupenie. In faith then must thou needs be welcome to me.

Let us, for acquaintance, shake hands together,

And, whate'er thou be, heartily welcome hither. [*Maids enter.*]

Tib. Talk. Well, Trupenie, never but flinging?

An. Alyface. And frisking?

Trupenie. Well, Tibet and Annot, still swinging and whisking?

Tib. Talk. But, ye roil⁴ abroad.

An. Alyface. In the street everywhere.

Trupenie. Where are ye twain? in chambers, when ye meet me there?

But, come hither, fools: I have one now by the hand,
Servant to him that must be our mistress' husband;

Bid him welcome.

An. Alyface. To me truly is he welcome.

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, and, as I may say, heartily welcome.

D. Dough. I thank you, mistress maids.

An. Alyface. I hope we shall better know.

Tib. Talk. And, when will our new master come?

D. Dough. Shortly, I trow.

Tib. Talk. I would it were to-morrow; for till he resort,

Our mistress, being a widow, hath small comfort:

And I heard our nurse speak of an husband to-day,

Ready for our mistress; a rich man and a gay.

And we shall go in our French hoods every day;

In our silk cassocks (I warrant you) fresh and gay;

In our trick ferdegews, and billiments⁵ of gold;

Brave in our suits of change, seven double fold.

Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, tread the moss so trim;

Nay, why said I tread? ye shall see her glide and swim;

Not lumperdee, clumperdee, like our spaniel Rig.

Trupenie. Marry, then, prickmedainty; come, toast me a fig.

Who shall then know our Tib Talkapace, trow ye?

An. Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fine as she?

Trupenie. And what, had Tom Trupenie a father, or none?

An. Alyface. Then, our pretty new-come man will look to be one.

Trupenie. We four I trust shall be a jolly merry knot.

Shall we sing a fitte⁶ to welcome our friend, Annot?

⁴ Roil, romp, ramble.

⁵ Ferdegews and billiments, servants' forms of the French "vertugal" and of "habiliment." The old French "vertugal" was the earlier form of the great farthingale of Elizabeth's time, which derived its name from it.

⁶ Fittle, from First-English "fitt," a song.

¹ Pastance (French "passe-temps"), pastime.

² Of gold or silver. The Lombards being bankers.

³ Skill, find reason.

An. Alyface. Perchance he cannot sing.

D. Dough. I am at all assayes.

Tib. Talk. By cock! and the better welcome to us always.

Here they sing.

A thing very fit
For them that have wit,
And are fellows knit,
Servants in one house to be;
As fast for to sit,
And not oft to flit,
Nor vary a whit,
But lovingly to agree.

No man complaining,
Nor other disdainning,
For loss or for gaining.
But fellows or friends to be;
No grudge remaining,
No work refraining,
Nor help restraining,
But lovingly to agree.

No man for despite,
By word or by write,
His fellow to twite,
But further in honesty;
No good turns entwite,¹
Nor old sores recite,
But let all go quite,
And lovingly to agree.

After drudgerie,
When they be wearie,
Then to be merrie,
To laugh and sing they be free:
With chip and cherrie,
Heigh derry derrie,
Trill on the berrie,
And lovingly to agree.

Tib. Talk. Will you now in with us unto our mistress go?

D. Dough. I have first for my maister an errand or two.
But, I have here from him a token and a ring;
They shall have most thank of her, that first doth it bring.

Tib. Talk. Marry, that will I

Trupenie. See and Tibet snatch not now.

Tib. Talk. And, why may not I, sir, get thanks as well as you? [Exeat.]

An. Alyface. Yet get ye not all, we will go with you both,

And have part of your thanks, be ye never so loth.

[Exeat omnes.]

D. Dough. So my hands are rid of it, I care for no more.
I may now return home: so durst I not afore. [Exeat.]

ACT II.—SCENE 4.

C. CUSTANCE: TIBET; ANNOT ALYFACE; TRUPENIE.

C. Custance. Nay, come forth all three; and come hither,
pretty maid:
Will not so many forewarnings make you afraid?

Tib. Talk. Yes, forsooth.

C. Custance. But still be a runner up and down:
Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to town?

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, mistress.

C. Custance. Is all your delight and joy
In whisking and ramping abroad, like a tom-boy?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, these were there too, Annot and Trupenie.

Trupenie. Yea, but ye alone took it, ye cannot deny.

An. Alyface. Yea, that ye did.

Tib. Talk. But, if I had not, ye twain would.

C. Custance. You great calf, ye should have more wit, so ye should.

But, why should any of you take such things in hand?

Tib. Talk. Because it came from him that must be your husband.

C. Custance. How do ye know that?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, the boy did say so.

C. Custance. What was his name?

An. Alyface. We asked not.

C. Custance. No did?

An. Alyface. He is not far gone, of likelihood.

Trupenie. I will see.

C. Custance. If thou canst find him in the street, bring him to me.

Trupenie. Yes. [Exeat.]

C. Custance. Well, ye naughty girls, if ever I perceive
That henceforth you do letters or tokens receive,
To bring unto me, from any person or place,
Except ye first show me the party face to face,
Either thou or thou, full truly abye² thou shalt.

Tib. Talk. Pardon this, and the next time powder me in salt.

C. Custance. I shall make all girls, by you twain, to beware.

Tib. Talk. If I ever offend again, do not me spare.
But, if ever I see that false boy any more,
By your mistressship's license, I tell you afore.
I will rather have my coat twenty times swinged,
Than on the naughty wag not to be avenged.

C. Custance. Good wenches would not so ramp abroad, idelly,

But keep within doors, and ply their work earnestly.
If one would speak with me, that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thank to bring me word quickly;
But, otherwise, with messages to come in post,
From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work.

Tib. and Annot. Yes, forsooth.

C. Custance. Hence, both twain.

And let me see you play me such a part again!

[Ex. Tib. and Annot.]

Trupenie. Mistress, I have run past the far end of the street,

Yet can I not yonder crafty boy see nor meet.

C. Custance. No?

Trupenie. Yet I looked as far beyond the people,
As one may see out of the top of Paul's steeple.

C. Custance. Hence, in at doors, and let me no more be vext!

Trupenie. Forgive me this one fault, and lay on for this next.

C. Custance. Now will I in too, for I think, so God me mend,

This will prove some foolish matter in the end. [Exeat.]

¹ *Entwite*, answer with blame. First-English "edwitan," from "ed" = Latin *re-*, and "witan," to blame. Thence also *twite* or *twit*.

² *Abye*, pay for it. First-English "abiecan," to buy back.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

M. Mery. Now say this again: he hath somewhat to doing¹

Which followeth the trace of one that is wooing:
Specially that hath no more wit in his head,
Than my cousin Roister Doister withal is led.
I am sent in all haste to espy and to mark
How our letters and tokens are likely to wark.
Maister Roister Doister must have answer in haste,
For he loveth not to spend much labour in waste.
Now, as for Christian Custance, by this light,
Though she had not her troth to Gawin Goodluck plight,
Yet, rather than with such a loutish dolt to marry,
I daresay would live a poor life solitary.
But, fain would I speak with Custance, if I wist how,
To laugh at the matter. Yond cometh one forth now.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

TIBET; M. MERYGREEKE; CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE

Tib. Talk. Ah! that I might but once in my life have a sight

Of him who made us all so ill shent; by this light,
He should never escape, if I had him by the ear,
But, even from his head, I would it bite or tear.
Yea, and if one of them were not enow,
I would bite them both off, I make God avow.

M. Mery. (What is he, whom this little mouse doth so threaten?)

Tib. Talk. I would teach him, I trow, to make girls shent, or beaten.

M. Mery. (I will call her.)—Maid, with whom are ye so hasty?

Tib. Talk. Not with you, sir, but with a little wag-pasty.
A deceiver of folks, by subtil craft and guile.

M. Mery. I know where she is: Dobinet hath wrought some wile.)

Tib. Talk. He brought a ring and token, which he said was sent

From our dame's husband, but I wot well I was shent;
For, it liked her as well (to tell you no lies)
As water in her ship, or salt cast in her eyes:
And yet, whence it came, neither we nor she can tell.

M. Mery. (We shall have sport anon: I like this very well.)—

And, dwell ye here with Mistress Custance, fair maid?

Tib. Talk. Yea, marry do I, sir: what would ye have said?

M. Mery. A little message unto her, by word of mouth.

Tib. Talk. No messages, by your leave, nor tokens, forsooth.

M. Mery. Then, help me to speak with her.

Tib. Talk. With a good will that.

Here she cometh forth. Now, speak; ye know best what.

C. Custance. None other life with you, maid, but abroad to skip?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, here is one would speak with your mistressship.

C. Custance. Ah, have ye been learning of more messages now?

Tib. Talk. I would not hear his mind, but bade him show it to you.

C. Custance. In at doors!

Tib. Talk. I am gone.

[Ex.]

M. Mery. Dame Custance, God ye save!

C. Custance. Welcome, friend Merygreeke: and what thing would ye have?

M. Mery. I am come to you, a little matter to break.

C. Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speak.

M. Mery. How feel ye yourself affected here of late?

C. Custance. I feel no manner change, but after the old rate.

But whereby do ye mean?

M. Mery. Concerning marriage.

Doth not love lade you?

C. Custance. I feel no such carriage.

M. Mery. Do ye feel no pangs of dotage? Answer me right.

C. Custance. I do so, that I make but one sleep all the night.

But what need all these words?

M. Mery. Oh, [Mercy]! will ye see

What dissembling creatures these same women be?

The gentleman ye wot of, whom ye do so love

That ye would fain marry him, if he durst it move,

Among other rich widows, which are of him glad,

Lest ye for losing of him perchance might run mad,

Is now contented that, upon your suit making,

Ye be as one in election of taking.

C. Custance. What a tale is this!—That I wot of! Whom I love!

M. Mery. Yea, and he is as loving a worm again as a dove.

E'en of very pity he is willing you to take,

Because ye shall not destroy yourself for his sake.

C. Custance. Marry, God yield his ma'ship; whatever he be, It is gentlemanly spoken.

M. Mery. Is it not, trow ye?

If ye have the grace now to offer yourself, ye speed.

C. Custance. As much as though I did; this time it shall not need.

But what gentleman is it, I pray you tell me plain,
That wooeth so finely?

M. Mery. Lo, where ye be again;

As though ye knew him not.

C. Custance. Tush! ye speak in jest.

M. Mery. Nay, sure the party is in good knocking earnest,

And have you he will (he saith), and have you he must.

C. Custance. I am promised during my life; that is just.

M. Mery. Marry, so thinketh he, unto him alone.

C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and troth but one,
That is Gawin Goodluck: and if it be not he,
He hath no title this way, whatever he be,
For I know none to whom I have such word spoken.

M. Mery. Ye know him not, you, by his letter and token?

C. Custance. Indeed, true it is, that a letter I have,
But I never read it yet, as God me save.

M. Mery. Ye a woman? and your letter so long unread!

C. Custance. Ye may thereby know what haste I have to wed.

But now, who is it for my hand? I know by guess.

M. Mery. Ah! well, I say.

C. Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtless.

M. Mery. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know him not?

C. Custance. But by imagination;

For, no man there is but a very dolt and lout
That to woo a widow would so go about.

¹ The man has something to do who follows a wooer.

He shall never have me his wife while he do live.

M. Mery. Then will he have you if he may, so mote I thrive;

And he biddeth you send him word by me,
That ye humbly beseech him ye may his wife be,
And that there shall be no let in you, nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on Sunday next, if he lust;
And biddeth you to look for him.

C. Custance. Doth he bid so?

M. Mery. When he cometh, ask him whether he did or no.

C. Custance. Go, say, that I bid him keep him warm at home,

For, if he come abroad, he shall cough me a mome.¹

My mind was vexed, I 'shrew his head, sottish dolt.

M. Mery. He hath in his head—

C. Custance. As much brain as a birdbolt.

M. Mery. Well, Dame Custance, if he hear you thus play choploge²—

C. Custance. What will he?

M. Mery. Play the devil in the horologe.

C. Custance. I defy him, lout.

M. Mery. Shall I tell him what ye say?

C. Custance. Yea, and add whatsoever thou canst, I thee pray,

And I will avouch it, whatsoever it be.

M. Mery. Then let me alone; we will laugh well, ye shall see:

It will not be long ere he will hither resort.

C. Custance. Let him come when him lust, I wish no better sport.

Fare ye well, I will in, and read my great letter:

I shall to my wooer make answer the better. [Exeat.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE; ROISTER DOISTER.

M. Mery. Now that the whole answer in my device doth rest,

I shall paint out our wooer in colours of the best,

And all that I say shall be on Custance's mouth,

She is author of all that I shall speak forsooth.

But yond cometh Roister Doister now, in a trance.

R. Royster. Juno send me this day good luck and good chance!

I cannot but come see how Merygreeke doth speed.

M. Mery. I will not see him, but give him a jut³ indeed.—

I cry your mastership mercy!

R. Royster. And whither now?

M. Mery. As fast as I could run, sir, in post against you.

But why speak ye so faintly, or why are ye so sad?

R. Royster. Thou knowest the proverb,—because I cannot be had.

Hast thou spoken with this woman?

M. Mery. Yea, that I have.

R. Royster. And what, will this gear be?

M. Mery. No, so God me save.

R. Royster. Hast thou a flat answer?

M. Mery. Nay, a sharp answer.

R. Royster. What?

M. Mery. Ye shall not (she saith), by her will, marry her cat.

Ye are such a calf, such an ass, such a block,

Such a lilburne, such a hoball, such a lobcock;⁴

And, because ye should come to her at no season,
She despised your ma'ship out of all reason.

"Beware what ye say" (ko⁵ I) "of such a gent'man!"

"Nay, I fear him not" (ko she), "do the best he can.

He vaunteth himself for a man of prowess great.

Whereas, a good gander, I dare say, may him beat.

And where he is louted and laughed to scorn,

For the veriest dolt that ever was born;

And veriest lubber, sloven, and beast,

Living in this world, from the west to the east;

Yet, of himself hath he such opinion,

That in all the world is not the like minion.

He thinketh each woman to be brought in dotage,

With the only sight of his goodly personage:

Yet, none that will have him: we do him lout and flock.

And make him among us our common sporting-stock;

And so would I now" (ko she) "save only because,"—

"Better nay" (ko I)—"I lust not meddle with daws."

"Ye are happy" (ko I) "that ye are a woman,

This would cost ye your life in case ye were a man."

R. Royster. Yea, an hundred thousand pound should not save her life.

M. Mery. No, but that ye woo her to have her to your wife;

But I could not stop her mouth.

R. Royster. Heigho! alas!

M. Mery. Be of good cheer, man, and let the world pass.

R. Royster. What shall I do or say, now that it will not be?

M. Mery. Ye shall have choice of a thousand as good as she;

And ye must pardon her; it is for lack of wit.

R. Royster. Yea, for were not I an husband for her fit?

Well, what should I now do?

M. Mery. In faith, I cannot tell.

R. Royster. I will go home and die.

M. Mery. Then, shall I bid toll the bell?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. God have mercy on your soul! ah, good gentle-man!

That e'er you should thus die for an unkind woman!

Will ye drink once ere ye go?

R. Royster. No, no, I will none.

M. Mery. How feel your soul to God?

R. Royster. I am nigh gone.

M. Mery. And shall we hence straight?

R. Royster. Yea.

M. Mery. *Placebo dilexi.*

Master Roister Doister will straight go home and die.

Placebo dilexi.

Our Lord Jesus Christ his soul have mercy upon:
Thus you see to-day a man, to-morrow John.

Yet, saving for a woman's extreme cruelty,
He might have livéd yet a month, or two, or three;
But, in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,
His ma'ship shall be worshipfully buried.

And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his funerals let us here begin.

Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave;

Neque lux, neque cruz, nisi solum clink;

Never gen'man so went toward heaven, I think.

Yet, sirs, as ye will the bliss of heaven win,

When he cometh to the grave, lay him softly in;

¹ A mome, a fool.

² Choploge, chop-logne.

³ Give him a jut, run against him.

⁴ Lilburne, a heavy, stupid fellow; hoball, idiot; lobcock, lubber.

⁵ Ko, quoth.

And all men take heed, by this one gentlemán,
How you set your love upon an unkind womán;
For these women be all such mad peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.

Good night, Roger, old knave; Farewell, Roger, old knave;
Good night, Roger, old knave; knave knap.
Nequando. Audiui vocem. Requiem æternam.

R. Royster. Heigho! alas! the pangs of death my heart do break.

M. Mery. Hold your peace, for shame, sir! a dead man may not speak.

Nequando: what mourners and what torches shall we have?

R. Royster. None.

M. Mery. Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave,—
Neque lux, neque crux, neque mourners, *neque* clink,
He will steal to heaven, unknowing to God, I think;
A porta inferi: who shall your goods possess?

R. Royster. Thou shalt be my sectour,¹ and have all, more and less.

M. Mery. Requiem æternam. Now, God reward your mastership,

And I will cry halfpenny dole for your worship.
Come forth, sirs; hear the doleful news I shall you tell.

[*He calls out Roister Doister's servants.*]

Our good maister here will no longer with us dwell,
But in spite of Custance, which hath him wearied,
Let us see his ma'ship solemnly buried;

And while some piece of his soul is yet him within,
Some part of his funerals let us here begin.

Audiui vocem. All men take heed by this one gentleman,
How you set your love upon an unkind woman;
For these women be all such mad, peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.
But in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
Maister Roister Doister shall serve you as well.—
And will ye needs go from us thus in very deed?

R. Royster. Yea, in good sadness.

M. Mery. Now, Jesus Christ be your speed!
Good night, Roger, old knave! farewell, Roger, old knave!
Good night, Roger, old knave, knave knap!
Pray for the late Maister Roister Doister's soul,
And come forth, parish clerk; let the passing-bell toll.

[*Ad servos militis.*]²

Pray for your maister, sirs; and for him ring a peal.
He was your right good maister while he was in heal.

*The Peal of bells, rung by the parish Clerk and
Roister Doister's four men.*

The first Bell, a Triple.—When died he? When died he?

The second.—We have him! We have him!

The third.—Royster Doyster! Royster Doyster!

The fourth Bell.—He cometh! He cometh!

The great Bell. Our own! Our own!

R. Royster. Qui Lazarus.
Heighho!

M. Mery. Dead men go not so fast *In Paradisum.*

R. Royster. Heigho!

M. Mery. Soft, hear what I have cast.

R. Royster. I will hear nothing, I am past.

M. Mery. Whough! wellaway!

Ye may tarry one hour, and hear what I shall say.

Ye were best, sir, for awhile to revive again,
And quit them ere ye go.

R. Royster. Trowest thou so?

M. Mery. Yea, plain.

R. Royster. How may I revive, being now so far past?

M. Mery. I will rub your temples, and fet you again at last.

R. Royster. It will not be possible.

M. Mery. Yes, for twenty pound.³

R. Royster. Arms! what dost thou?

M. Mery. Fet you again out of your sound.⁴

By this cross, ye were nigh gone indeed; I might feel.

Your soul departing within an inch of your heel.

Now, follow my counsel.

R. Royster. What is it?

M. Mery. If I were you,

Custance should eft seek to me, ere I would bow.

R. Royster. Well, as thou wilt have me, even so will I do.

M. Mery. Then, shall ye revive again for an hour or two.

R. Royster. As thou wilt: I am content, for a little space.

M. Mery. Good hap is not hasty: yet in space cometh grace.

To speak with Custance yourself, should be very well;

What good thereof may come, nor I nor you can tell,

But now the matter standeth upon your marriage,

Ye must now take unto you a lusty courage.

Ye may not speak with a faint heart to Custance.

But with a lusty breast and countenance,

That she may know she hath to answer to a man.

R. Royster. Yes, I can do that as well as any can.

M. Mery. Then, because ye must Custance face to face woo,

Let us see how to behave yourself ye can do.

Ye must have a portly brag after your estate.

R. Royster. Tush! I can handle that after the best rate.

M. Mery. Well done; so lo! up, man, with your head and chin:

Up with that snout, man: so lo! now ye begin.

So, that is somewhat like; but prankie cote, nay when?

That is a lusty brute; hands unto your side, man:

So lo! now is it even as it should be;

That is somewhat like, for a man of your degree.

Then must ye stately go, jetting up and down.

Tut! can ye no better shake the tail of your gown?

There lo! such a lusty brag it is ye must make.

R. Royster. To come behind, and make curtsy, thou must some pains take.

M. Mery. Else were I much to blame. I thank your mastership;

The Lord one day alto begrime you with worship.

Back, sir sauce! let gentlefolks have elbow-room.

Void, sirs! see ye not Maister Roister Doister come?

Make place, my maisters.

R. Royster. Thou justlest now too nigh.

M. Mery. Back, all rude louts.⁵

R. Royster. Tush!

M. Mery. I cry your ma'ship mercy.

Heighdagh! if fair fine Mistress Custance saw you now,

Ralph Roister Doister were her own, I warrant you.

R. Royster. Near an M. by your girdle?

³ Here Merygreeke raps him smartly over the head.

⁴ Sound, swoon.

⁵ Merygreeke strikes Roister Doister as if in sweeping a clear road before him.

¹ Sectour, executor.

² To Ralph's servants.

M. Mery. Your good mastership's
Mastership, were her own mistressship's mistressship's.
Ye were take-up for hawks; ye were gone, ye were gone:
But, now one other thing more yet I think upon

R. Royster. Show what it is.

M. Mery. A wooer, be he never so poor,
Must play and sing before his best beloved's door.
How much more then you?

R. Royster. Thou speakest well, out of doubt.

M. Mery. And perchance that would make her the sooner
come out.

R. Royster. Go call my musicians; bid them hie apace.

M. Mery. I will be here with them, ere ye can say trey
ace. [Exeat.

R. Royster. This was well said of Merygreeke, I love his
wit.

Before my sweetheart's door we will have a fitt,
That if my love come forth, I may with her talk:
I doubt not but this gear shall on my side walk.
But lo! how well Merygreeke is returned sence.

M. Mery. There hath grown no grass on my heel since I
went hence;

Lo! here have I brought that shall make you pastance.

R. Royster. Come, sirs, let us sing, to win my dear love
Custance. [Content.

I mun be married a Sunday;¹
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Royster Doyster is my name;
Royster Doyster is my name;
A lusty brute I am the same:
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found;
Christian Custance have I found;
A widow worth a thousand pound!
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey:
Custance is as sweet as honey;
I her lamb, and she my coney;
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast;
I mun be married a Sunday.

I mun be married a Sunday, &c.

M. Mery. Lo, where she cometh! some countenance to
her make;

And ye shall hear me be plain with her for your sake.

ACT III.—SCENE 4.

CUSTANCE; MERYGREEKE; ROISTER DOISTER.

C. Custance. What gauding and fooling is this afore my
door?

M. Mery. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they
be poor?

C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may
be fools.

R. Royster. Her talk is as fine as she had learned in
schools.

M. Mery. Look partly toward her, and draw a little near.

C. Custance. Get ye home, idle folks!

M. Mery. Why may not we be here?

Nay, and ye will haze,² haze; otherwise, I tell you plain,
And will ye not haze, then give us our gear again.

C. Custance. Indeed, I have of yours much gay things;
God save all.

R. Royster. Speak gently unto her, and let her take all.

M. Mery. Ye are too tender-hearted. Shall she make us
daws?

Nay, dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.

R. Royster. Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my
service.

C. Custance. I will not be served with a fool, in nowise.

When I choose an husband, I hope to take a man.

M. Mery. And, where will ye find one which can do that
he can?

Now this man toward you being so kind,

Why not make him an answer somewhat to his mind?

C. Custance. I sent him a full answer by you, did I not?

M. Mery. And I reported it.

C. Custance. Nay, I must speak it again.

R. Royster. No, no, he told it all.

M. Mery. Was I not meetly plain?

R. Royster. Yes.

M. Mery. But, I would not tell all; for, faith, if I had,
With you, Dame Custance, ere this hour, it had been bad;
And not without cause: for this goodly personage
Meant no less than to join with you in marriage.

C. Custance. Let him waste no more labour nor suit about
me.

M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I
see;—

He sendeth you such a token, ring and letter.

C. Custance. Marry, here it is; ye never saw a better.

M. Mery. Let us see your letter.

C. Custance. Hold! read it, if ye can;

And see what letter it is to win a woman.

M. Mery.

"To mine own dear coney, bird, sweetheart, and pigny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."

Of this superscription do ye blame the style?

C. Custance. With the rest, as good stuff as ye read a
great while.

M. Mery.

"Sweet mistress, whereas I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all;
For your personage, beauty, demeanour, and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.

Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,

For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,

That ye be worthy favour of no living man;

To be abhorred of every honest man.

To be taken for a woman inclined to vice;

Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.

Wherefore, concerning marriage, ye are thought

Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought.

And now, by these presents, I do you advertise

That I am minded to marry you in nowise.

For your goods and substance, I could be content

To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife,

Ye shall be assured for the time of my life

¹ A Sunday, on Sunday; as afore for on fire.

² And ye will haze, if you will have us.

I will keep ye right well from good raiment and fare;
 Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care.
 Ye shall in no wise live at your own libertie;
 Do and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me;
 But when ye are merry, I will be all sad;
 When ye are sorry, I will be very glad.
 When ye seek your heart's ease, I will be unkind;
 At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find;
 But all things contrary to your will and mind
 Shall be done: otherwise, I will not be behind
 To speak. And as for all them that would do you wrong,
 I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long.
 Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you, but I;
 I, whoe'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
 Thus, good Mistress Custance, the lord you save and keep
 From me, Royster Doyster, whether I wake or sleep.
 Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold)
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold."

C. Custance. How, by this letter of love? is it not fine?

R. Royster. By the arms of Calais, it is none of mine.

M. Mery. Fie! you are foul to blame; this is your own hand.

C. Custance. Might not a woman be proud of such a husband?

M. Mery. Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite!

R. Royster. Oh, I would I had him here, the which did it indite!

M. Mery. Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me, by this light!

R. Royster. Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.

C. Custance. Y'wis, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.

R. Royster. Ye may so take it; but, I meant it not so, by cock!

M. Mery. Who can blame this woman, to fume, and fret, and rage?

Tut, tut! yourself now have marred your own marriage.

Well, yet, Mistress Custance, if ye can this remit;

This gentleman otherwise may your love requitte.

C. Custance. No, God be with you both, and seek no more to me. [Exeunt.]

R. Royster. Wough! she is gone for ever, I shall her no more see.

M. Mery. What, weep? Fie, for shame! And blubber? For manhood's sake,

Never let your foe so much pleasure of you take.

Rather play the man's part, and do love refrain:

If she despise you, e'en despise ye her again.

R. Royster. By gosse, and for thy sake, I defy her indeed!

M. Mery. Yea, and perchance that way ye shall much sooner speed;

For, one mad property these women have in fey,¹

When ye will, they will not; will not ye? then will they.

Ah, foolish woman! ah, most unlucky Custance!

Ah, unfortunate woman! ah, peevish Custance,

Art thou to thine harms so obstinately bent,

That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?

Canst thou not love this man, which could love thee so well?

Art thou so much thine own foe?

R. Royster. Thou dost the truth tell.

M. Mery. Well, I lament.

R. Royster. So do I.

M. Mery. Wherefore?

R. Royster. For this thing,

Because she is gone.

M. Mery. I mourn for another thing.

R. Royster. What is it, Merygreeke, wherefore thou dost grief take?

M. Mery. That I am not a woman myself, for your sake.

I would have you myself, and a straw for yond Gill,

And make much of you, though it were against my will.

I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a rage,

As so to refuse such a goodly personage.

R. Royster. In faith, I heartily thank thee, Merygreeke.

M. Mery. And² I were a woman——

R. Royster. Thou wouldst to me seek.

M. Mery. For, though I say it, a goodly person ye be.

R. Royster. No, no.

M. Mery. Yes, a goodly man as e'er I did see.

R. Royster. No, I am a poor homely man, as God made me.

M. Mery. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye be.

Would I might, for your sake, spend a thousand pound land.

R. Royster. I dare say thou wouldst have me to thy husband.

M. Mery. Yea, and I were the fairest lady in the shire,

And knew you as I know you, and see you now here.

Well, I say no more.

R. Royster. Gramercies, with all my heart.

M. Mery. But, since that cannot be, will ye play a wise part?

R. Royster. How should I?

M. Mery. Refrain from Custance awhile now,

And I warrant her soon right glad to seek to you,

Ye shall see her anon come on her knees creeping,

And pray you to be good to her, salt tears weeping.

R. Royster. But what and² she come not?

M. Mery. In faith, then farewell she.

Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.

R. Royster. By cock's precious potstick, and e'en so I shall:

I will utterly destroy her, and house and all.

But, I would be avenged in the mean space

On that vile scribbler, that did my wooing disgrace.

M. Mery. Scribbler, ko you? Indeed, he is worthy no less.

I will call him to you, and² ye bid me, doubtless.

R. Royster. Yes, for although he had as many lives

As a thousand widows, and a thousand wives,

As a thousand lions, and a thousand rats,

A thousand wolves, and a thousand cats,

A thousand bulls, and a thousand calves,

And a thousand legions, divided in halves,

He shall never 'scape death on my sword's point,

Though I should be torn therefore joint by joint.

M. Mery. Nay, if ye will kill him, I will not fet him,

I will not in so much extremity set him.

He may yet amend, sir, and be an honest man;

Therefore, pardon him, good soul, as much as ye can.

R. Royster. Well, for thy sake, this once with his life he shall pass:

But, I will hew him all to pieces, by the mass.

M. Mery. Nay, faith, ye shall promise that he shall no harm have,

Else I will not fet him.

R. Royster. I shall, so God me save!

¹ In fey, in faith.

² And, if.

But I may chide him a good.

M. Mery. Yea, that do hardly.

R. Royster. Go, then.

M. Mery. I return, and bring him to you, by-and-by. [*Ex.*]

ACT III.—SCENE 5

ROISTER DOISTER; MATHEW MERYGREEKE; SCRIVENER.

R. Royster. What is a gentleman, but his word and his promise?

I must now save this villain's life, in anywise;
And yet, at him already my hands do tickle,
I shall uneth¹ hold them, they will be so fickle.

But lo, and Merygreeke have not brought him sence!

M. Mery. Nay, I would I had of my purse paid forty pence.

Scrivener. So would I too; but it needed not that stound.

M. Mery. But, the gent'man had rather spent five thousand pound;

For it disgracéd him at least five times so much.

Scrivener. He disgracéd himself, his loutishness is such.

R. Royster. How long they stand prating! Why com'st thou not away?

M. Mery. Come now to himself, and hark what he will say.

Scrivener. I am not afraid in his presence to appear.

R. Royster. Art thou come, fellow?

Scrivener. How think you? Am I not here?



THE SCRIVENER.

From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Morie Encomium*."

R. Royster. What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villany!

Scrivener. It hath come of thyself, if thou hast had any.

R. Royster. All the stock thou comest of, later or rather,
From thy first father's grandfather's father's father,
Nor all that shall come of thee, to the world's end,
Though to threescore generations they descend,
Can be able to make a just recompense
For this trespass of thine, and this one offence.

Scrivener. Wherein?

R. Royster. Did not you make me a letter, brother?

Scrivener. Pay the like hire, I will make you such another.

R. Royster. Nay! see, and these [rascal] Pharisees and Scribes

Do not get their living by polling and bribes.

If it were not for shame——

Scrivener. Nay, hold thy hands still.

M. Mery. Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?²

Scrivener. Let him not spare me.

R. Royster. Why, wilt thou strike me again?

Scrivener. Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is plain.

M. Mery. I cannot blame him, sir, though your blows would him grieve;

For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye give.

R. Royster. Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.

Scrivener. And, what say ye to me? or else I will be gone.

R. Royster. I say, the letter thou madest me was not good.

Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelihood.

R. Royster. Yes, out of thy copy, word for word, I it wrote.

Scrivener. Then, was it as you prayed to have it, I wote: But in reading and pointing there was made some fault.

R. Royster. I wot not; but, it made all my matter to halt.

Scrivener. How say you, is this mine original, or no?

R. Royster. The selfsame that I wrote out of, so mote I go.

Scrivener. Look you on your own fist, and I will look on this,

And let this man be judge whether I read amiss.

"To mine own dear cony, bird, sweetheart, and pigny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by."

How now? doth not this superscription agree?

R. Royster. Read that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.

Scrivener.

"Sweet Mistress, whereas I love you; nothing at all
Regarding your riches and substance: chief of all
For your personage, beauty, demeanour, and wit,
I commend me unto you; never a whit
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare;
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favour; of no living man
To be abhorred; of every honest man
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice
Nothing at all; to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore, concerning marriage, ye are thought
Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought.
And now, by these presents, I do you advertise
That I am minded to marry you; in nowise
For your goods and substance; I can be content
To take you as ye are. If ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
I will keep ye right well: from good raiment and fare
Ye shall not be kept: but, in sorrow and care
Ye shall in nowise live; at your own liberty,
Do and say what ye lust; ye shall never please me
But when ye are merry; I will be all sad
When ye are sorry;³ I will be very glad

² *Spill*, destroy.

³ Suggested probably by lines in a song of Sir Thomas Wyatt's—

"When ye be merry, then I am glad;
When ye be sorry, then I am sad;
Such grace or fortune I would I had
You for to please, howe'er I were bestad."

¹ *Uneth*, with difficulty. First-English "*eáthe*," easily.

When ye seek your heart's ease; I will be unkind
At no time; in me shall ye much gentleness find.
But, all things contrary to your will and mind
Shall be done otherwise. I will not be behind
To speak; and as for all they that would do you wrong
(I will so help and maintain ye), shall not live long.
Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you; but I,
I, who e'er say nay, will stick by you till I die.
Thus, good Mistress Custance, the Lord you save and
keep!

From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep,
Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold)
Than this letter purporteth which ye have unfold."

Now, sir, what default can ye find in this letter?

R. Royster. Of truth, in my mind, there cannot be a better.
Scrivener. Then was the fault in reading, and not in
writing,

No, nor, I daresay, in the form of inditing.

But, who read this letter, that it sounded so nought?

M. Mery. I read it in deed.

Scrivener. Ye read it not as ye ought.

R. Royster. Why, thou wretched villain, was all this same
fault in thee?

M. Mery. I knock your costard, if ye offer to strike me.

R. Royster. Strikest thou indeed, and I offer but in jest?

M. Mery. Yea, and rap ye again, except ye can sit in
rest.

And I will no longer tarry here, me believe.

R. Royster. What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee for-
give?

Fare thou well, scribbler; I cry thee mercy indeed.

Scrivener. Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye
speed.

R. Royster. If it were another than thou, it were a knave.

M. Mery. Ye are another yourself, sir, the Lord us both
save;

Albeit, in this matter I must your pardon crave.

Alas! would ye wish in me the wit that ye have?

But, as for my fault, I can quickly amend:

I will show Custance it was I that did offend.

R. Royster. By so doing her anger may be reformed.

M. Mery. But if by no entreaty she will be turned,

Then set light by her, and be as testy as she,

And do your force upon her with extremity.

R. Royster. Come on, therefore, let us go home in sad-
ness.

M. Mery. That if force shall need, all may be in
readiness.

And as for this letter, hardly let all go;

We will know whe'er she refuse you for that or no.

[*Exeant am.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

SIM. SURESBY.

Sim. Sure. Is there any man but I, Sim Suresby, alone,
That would have taken such an enterprise him upon,
In such an outrageous tempest as this was,
Such a dangerous gulf of the sea to pass?
I think, verily, Neptune's mighty godship,
Was angry with some that was in our ship,
And, but for the honesty which in me he found,
I think for the other's sake we had been drowned.
But, fie on that servant which for his maister's wealth
Will stick for to hazard both his life and his health.
My maister, Gawin Goodluck, after me a day,
Because of the weather, thought best his ship to stay;

And, now that I have the rough surges so well past,
God grant I may find all things safe here at last:
Then will I think all my travel well spent.—
Now, the first point wherefore my maister hath me sent,
Is to salute Dame Christian Custance, his wife
Espoused, whom he tend'reth no less than his life.
I must see how it is with her, well or wrong,
And whether for him she doth not now think long.
Then to other friends I have a message or tway;
And then so to return and meet him on the way.
Now will I go knock, that I may dispatch with speed
But lo! forth cometh herself happily indeed.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; SIM. SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirring be here.
But what stranger is this, which doth to me appear?

Sim. Sure. I will speak to her.—Dame, the Lord you save
and see.

C. Custance. What, friend Sim Suresby? Forsooth,
right welcome ye be.

How doth mine own Gawin Goodluck, I pray thee tell?

Sim. Sure. When he knoweth of your health, he will be
perfect well.

C. Custance. If he have perfect health, I am as I would be.

Sim. Sure. Such news will please him well. This is as it
should be.

C. Custance. I think now long for him.

Sim. Sure. And he as long for you.

C. Custance. When will he be at home?

Sim. Sure. His heart is here e'en now;

His body cometh after.

C. Custance. I would see that fain.

Sim. Sure. As fast as wind and sail can carry it amain.

But what two men are yond coming hitherward?

C. Custance. Now, I shrew their best Christmas cheeks,
both togetherward!

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; SIM. SURESBY; RALPH ROISTER; MATHEW
MERTGREEKE; TRUPENIE.

C. Custance. (What mean these lewd fellows, thus to
trouble me still?)

Sim Suresby here, perchance, shall thereof deem some ill,
And shall suspect in me some point of naughtiness,
And they come hitherward).

Sim. Sure. What is their business?

C. Custance. I have nought to them, nor they to me, in
sadness.

Sim. Sure. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I
fear it.

R. Royster. I will speak out aloud best, that she may
hear it.

M. Mery. Nay, alas! ye may so fear her out of her wit.

R. Royster. By the cross of my sword, I will hurt her no
whit.

M. Mery. Will ye do no harm indeed? Shall I trust
your word?

R. Royster. By Roister Doister's faith I will speak but in
borde.¹

Sim. Sure. Let us hearken them: somewhat there is, I
fear it.

R. Royster. I will speak out aloud, I care not who hear it.—
Sirs, see that my harness, my tergat, and my shield,
Be made as bright now, as when I was last in field,

¹ *Borde*, jest.

As white as I should to war again to-morrow :

For, sick shall I be, but I work some folks sorrow.

Therefore, see that all shine as bright as Saint George

Or as doth a key newly come from the smith's forge.

I would have my sword and harness to shine so bright,

That I might therewith dim mine enemies' sight :

I would have it cast beams as fast, I tell you plain,

As doth the glittering grass after a shower of rain.

And see that, in case I should need to come to arming,

All things may be ready at a minute's warning.

For such chance may chance in an hour, do ye hear ?

M. Mery. As perchance shall not chance again in seven year.

R. Royster. Now, draw we near to her, and hear what shall be said.

M. Mery. But I would not have you make her too much afraid.

R. Royster. Well found, sweet wife, I trust, for all this your sour look.

C. Custance. Wife !—why call ye me wife ?

Sim. Sure. (Wife ! This gear goeth acrook).

M. Mery. Nay, Mistress Custance, I warrant you, our letter

Is not as we read e'en now, but much better ;

And, where ye half stomached this gentleman afore,

For this same letter ye will love him now therefore ;

Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queen,

That should break marriage between you twain, I ween.

C. Custance. I did not refuse him for the letter's sake.

R. Royster. Then, ye are content me for your husband to take.

C. Custance. You for my husband to take ! Nothing less, truly.

R. Royster. Yea, say so, sweet spouse ; afore strangers hardly.

M. Mery. And though I have here his letter of love with me,

Yet, his rings and tokens he sent, keep safe with ye.

C. Custance. A mischief take his tokens, and him, and thee too !—

But, what prate I with fools ? Have I nought else to do ?

Come in with me, Sim Suresby, to take some repast.

Sim. Sure. I must, ere I drink, by your leave, go in all haste

To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.

C. Custance. Then come drink here with me.

Sim. Sure. I thank you.

C. Custance. Do not miss.

You shall have a token to your maister with you.

Sim. Sure. No tokens this time, gramercies. God be with you. [Exit.

C. Custance. Surely, this fellow misdeemeth some ill in me ;

Which thing, but¹ God help, will go near to spill² me.

R. Royster. Yea, farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Goodluck,

That he cometh too late of this blossom to pluck.

Let him keep him there still, or at leastwise make no haste ;

As for his labour hither he shall spend in waste.

His betters be in place now.

M. Mery. As long as it will hold.

C. Custance. I will be even with thee, thou beast, thou may'st be bold.

R. Royster. Will ye have us then ?

C. Custance. I will never have thee.

R. Royster. Then, will I have you.

C. Custance. No, the de'il shall have thee.

I have gotten this hour more shame and harm by thee, Than all thy life days thou canst do me honesty.

M. Mery. Why, now may ye see what it com'th to in the end,

To make a deadly foe of your most loving friend :

And, y'wis this letter, if ye would hear it now——

C. Custance. I will hear none of it.

M. Mery. In faith, would ravish you.

C. Custance. He hath stained my name for ever, this is clear.

R. Royster. I can make all as well in an hour——

M. Mery. As ten year.

How say ye, will ye have him ?

C. Custance. No.

M. Mery. Will ye take him ?

C. Custance. I defy him.

M. Mery. At my word ?

C. Custance. A shame take him !

Waste no more wind, for it will never be.

M. Mery. This one fault with twain shall be mended, ye shall see.

Gentle Mistress Custance now, good Mistress Custance,

Honey Mistress Custance now, sweet Mistress Custance,

Golden Mistress Custance now, white Mistress Custance,

Silken Mistress Custance now, fair Mistress Custance.

C. Custance. Faith, rather than to marry with such a doltish lout,

I would match myself with a beggar, out of doubt.

M. Mery. Then, I can say no more ; to speed we are not like,

Except ye rap out a rag of your rhetorike.

C. Custance. Speak not of winning me ; for it shall never be so.

R. Royster. Yes, dame, I will have you, whether ye will or no.

I command you to love me ! wherefore should ye not ?

Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot ?

M. Mery. To her ! that is well said.

R. Royster. Shall I so break my brain,

To dote upon you, and ye not love us again ?

M. Mery. Well said yet.

C. Custance. Go to, thou goose !

R. Royster. I say, Kit Custance,

In case ye will not haze,³ well ; better yes, perchance.

C. Custance. Avaunt, lozell ! pick thee hence !

M. Mery. Well, sir, ye perceive,

For all your kind offer, she will not you receive.

R. Royster. Then a straw for her, and a straw for her again !

She shall not be my wife, would she never so fain ;

No, and though she would be at ten thousand pound cost.

M. Mery. Lo, dame ! ye may see what an husband ye have lost.

C. Custance. Yea, no force ;⁴ a jewel much better lost than found.

M. Mery. Ah, ye will not believe how this doth my heart wound.

How should a marriage between you be toward,

If both parties draw back, and become so froward ?

R. Royster. Nay, dame, I will fire thee out of thy house.

And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by.⁵

M. Mery. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so.

R. Royster. Yes, except she will say yea to that she said no

¹ But, unless.

² Spill, destroy.

³ Haze, "ha's," have us. ⁴ No force, no matter. ⁵ By and by, at once.

C. Custance. And what, be there no officers, trow we, in town,

To check idle loiterers, bragging up and down?
Where be they by whom vagabonds should be repress,
That poor silly widows might live in peace and rest?
Shall I never rid thee out of my company?
I will call for help. What ho! come forth, Trupenie!

Trupenie. Anon. What is your will, mistress? Did ye call me?

C. Custance. Yea: go, run apace, and, as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trusty, my most assuréd friend,
To be here by and by, that he may me defend.

Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done, by God's grace,

That at my return, ye shall say, I went apace. [Exeat.

C. Custance. Then shall we see, I trow, whether ye shall do me harm.

R. Royster. Yes, in faith, Kit, I shall thee and thine so charm,

That all women incarnate by thee may beware.

C. Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare.

I shall clout thee till thou stink, both thee and thy train,
And coil¹ thee mine own hands, and send thee home again.

R. Royster. Yea, sayst me that, dame? Dost thou me threaten?

Go we, I will see whether I shall be beaten.

M. Mery. Nay, for the paishe² of God, let me now treat peace:

For, bloodshed will there be, in case this strife increase.

Ah, good Dame Custance, take better way with you!

C. Custance. Let him do his worst!

M. Mery. Yield in time.

R. Royster. Come hence, thou!

[Exeat Royster and Mery.]

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; ANNOT ALYFACE; TIBET TALKAPACE; M. MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. So, sirrah! If I should not with him take this way,

I should not be rid of him, I think, till doom's-day.

I will call forth my folks, that, without any mocks,

If he come again, we may give him raps and knocks.

Madge Mumblecrust, come forth, and Tibet Talkapace;

Yea, and come forth too, Mistress Annot Alyface.

An. Alyface. I come.

Tib. Talk. And I am here.

M. Mumb. And I am here too, at length.

C. Custance. Like warriors, if need be, ye must show your strength.

The man that this day hath thus beguiled you

Is Ralph Roister Doister, whom ye know well enow;

The most lout and dastard that ever on ground trod.

Tib. Talk. I see all folks mock him, when he goeth abroad.

C. Custance. What, pretty maid, will ye talk when I speak?

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, good mistress.

C. Custance. Will ye my tale break?

He threateneth to come hither, with all his force, to fight;
I charge you, if he come, on him with all your might.

M. Mumb. I, with my distaff, will reach him one rap.

Tib. Talk. And I, with my new broom, will sweep him one swap;

And then, with our great club, I will reach him one rap.

An. Aly. And I, with our skimmer, will fling him one flap

Tib. Talk. Then, Trupenie's fire-fork will him shrewdly fray:

And you, with the spit, may drive him quite away.

C. Custance. Go, make all ready, that it may be e'en so.

Tib. Talk. For my part, I shrew them that last about it go. [Exeat.]

ACT IV.—SCENE 5.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; TRUPENIE; TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

C. Custance. Trupenie did promise me to run a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trusty to fet into this place.

Indeed, he dwelleth hence a good start, I confess;

But yet, a quick messenger might twice since, as I guess,

Have gone and come again. Ah! yond I spy him now.

Trupenie. Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make God avow;

My Mistress Custance will in me put all the blame;

Your legs be longer than mine: come apace, for shame.

C. Custance. I can thee thank,³ Trupenie; thou hast done right well.

Trupenie. Maistress, since I went, no grass hath grown on my heel:

But Maister Tristram Trusty, here, maketh no speed.

C. Custance. That he came at all, I thank him, in very deed;

For, now have I need of the help of some wise man.

T. Trusty. Then may I be gone again, for none such I am.

Trupenie. Ye may be, by your going; for, no alderman Can go, I dare say, a sadder⁴ pace than ye can.

C. Custance. Trupenie, get thee in; thou shalt among them know

How to use thyself like a proper man, I trow.

Trupenie. I go. [Ex.]

C. Custance. Now, Tristram Trusty, I thank you right much;

For, at my first sending, to come ye never grutch.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, God ye save; and, while my life shall last,

For my friend Goodluck's sake ye shall not send in wast.

C. Custance. He shall give you thanks.

T. Trusty. I will do much for his sake.

C. Custance. But alack! I fear, great displeasure shall he take.

T. Trusty. Wherefore?

C. Custance. For a foolish matter.

T. Trusty. What is your cause?

C. Custance. I am ill accumbered with a couple of daws.

T. Trusty. Nay, weep not, woman; but tell me what your cause is.

As concerning my friend is anything amiss?

C. Custance. No, not on my part; but here was Sim Suresby—

T. Trusty. He was with me, and told me so.

C. Custance. And he stood by

¹ Coil, when it means ringing round as a serpent or cable, belongs to the Latin group of languages; Portuguese "colher," Italian "colliere," Latin "colligare;" when it means stir, or noise, "What a coil is here," it is another word, and from the Celtic. "Colliedd" in Gaelic is stir, movement, or noise.

² Paishe, Pascha.

³ I can thee thank. To "can" or "con" (owe) thanks" was a common Old English phrase. See "Shorter English Poems," page 93, note 3.

⁴ Sadder, weightier, more serious. Sad originally meant "firm," "settled," "fixed," in that sense "serious," and "so," in later English "sorrowful."

While Ralph Roister Doister, with help of Merygreeke,
For promise of marriage did unto me seek.

T. Trusty. And had ye made any promise before them
twain?

C. Custance. No. I had rather be torn in pieces, and slain.
No man hath my faith and troth, but Gawin Goodluck,
And that, before Suresby did I say, and there stuck;
But of certain letters there were such words spoken—

T. Trusty. He told me that too.

C. Custance. And of a ring and token:

That Suresby, I spied, did more than half suspect,
That I my faith to Gawin Goodluck did reject.

T. Trusty. But was there no such matter, Dame Custance
indeed?

C. Custance. If ever my head thought it, God send me ill
speed!

Wherefore, I beseech you, with me to be a witness,
That in all my life I never intended thing less.
And what a brainsick fool Ralph Roister Doister is,
Yourself know well enough.

T. Trusty. Ye say full true, y'wis.

C. Custance. Because to be his wife I ne grant nor apply,
Hither will he come, he sweareth, by and by,
To kill both me and mine, and beat down my house flat;
Therefore, I pray your aid.

T. Trusty. I warrant you that.

C. Custance. Have I so many years lived a sober life,
And showed myself honest, maid, widow, and wife,
And now to be abused in such a vile sort?
To see how poor widows live, all void of comfort!

T. Trusty. I warrant him do you no harm nor wrong
at all.

C. Custance. No, but Mathew Merygreeke doth me most
appal;

That he would join himself with such a wretched lout.

T. Trusty. He doth it for a jest, I know him out of
doubt.

And here cometh Merygreeke.

C. Custance. Then shall we hear his mind.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

MERYGREEKE; CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; TRIST. TRUSTY.

M. Mery. Custance and Trusty both, I do you here well
find.

C. Custance. Ah! Mathew Merygreeke, ye have used me
well!

M. Mery. Now, for altogether, ye must your answer tell.
Will ye have this man, woman? Or else, will ye not?
Else will he come,—never boar so brim,¹ nor toast so hot.

C. Custance. But why join ye with him?

T. Trusty. For mirth?

C. Custance. Or else in sadness?

M. Mery. The more fond² of you both, hardly the matter
guess.

T. Trusty. Lo! how say ye, dame?

M. Mery. Why, do ye think, Dame Custance,
That in this wooing I have meant ought but pastance?

C. Custance. Much things ye spake, I wot, to maintain
his dotage.

M. Mery. But well might ye judge, I spake it all in
mockage;

¹ Brim, raging, fierce. Icelandic "brim," surf; violent beating of the sea upon the shore.

² Fond, foolish, the first sense of the word. The modern sense is derived from an unreasoning and excessive partiality for any one or any thing.

For why? Is Roister Doister a fit husband for you?

T. Trusty. I dare say ye never thought it.

M. Mery. No, to God I vow.

And did not I know afore of the insurance
Between Gawin Goodluck and Christian Custance?

And did not I, for the nonce, by my conveyance,

Read his letter in a wrong sense, for dalliance?

That if you could have take it up at the first bound,

We should thereat such a sport and pastime have found,

That all the whole town should have been the merrier.

C. Custance. Ill ache your heads both! I was never
wearer,

Nor never more vext, since the first day I was born.

T. Trusty. But, very well I wist, he here did all in scorn.

C. Custance. But I feared thereof to take dishonesty.

M. Mery. This should both have made sport, and showed
your honesty:

And Goodluck, I dare swear, your wit therein would 'low.

T. Trusty. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be
now.

M. Mery. And nothing yet too late: for, when I come to
him.

Hither will he repair with a sheep's look full grim,

By plain force and violence, to drive you to yield.

C. Custance. If ye two bid me, we will with him pitch a
field,

I and my maids together.

M. Mery. Let us see; be bold!

C. Custance. Ye shall see women's war.

T. Trusty. That fight will I behold.

M. Mery. If occasion serve, taking his part full brim,³
I will strike at you, but the rap shall light on him.

When we first appear—

C. Custance. Then will I run away,

As though I were afraid.

T. Trusty. Do you that part well play,

And I will sue for peace.

M. Mery. And I will set him on;

Then will he look as fierce as a Cotswold lion.⁴

T. Trusty. But when go'st thou for him?

M. Mery. That do I very now.

C. Custance. Ye shall find us here.

M. Mery. Well, God have mercy on you. [Ex.]

T. Trusty. There is no cause of fear; the least boy in the
street—

C. Custance. Nay, the least girl I have, will make him
take his feet.

But hark! methink they make preparation.

T. Trusty. No force,⁵ it will be a good recreation.

C. Custance. I will stand within, and step forth speedily,
And so make as though I ran away dreadfully.

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.

R. ROYSTER; M. MERYGREEKE; C. CUSTANCE; D. DOUGHTIE;
HARPAX; TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

R. Royster. Now, sirs, keep your ray,⁶ and see your
hearts be stout.

But where be these caitiffs? Methink they dare not rout.⁷
How sayst thou, Merygreeke? What doth Kit Custance
say?

M. Mery. I am loth to tell you.

R. Royster. Tush! speak, man. Yea, or nay?

³ Brim, furiously.

⁴ Cotswold lion, sheep.

⁵ No force, no matter.

⁶ Ray, row, line, order.

⁷ Rout, strike. Icelandic "rota," to stun by a blow.

M. Mery. Forsooth, sir, I have spoken for you all that I can;

But if ye win her, ye must e'en play the man;
E'en to fight it out ye must a man's heart take.

R. Royster. Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest, I have a stomach.

M. Mery. A stomach, quod you? yea, as good as e'er man had.

R. Royster. I trow, they shall find and feel that I am a lad.

M. Mery. By this cross, I have seen you eat your meat as well

As any that e'er I have seen of, or heard tell.

A stomach, quod you? He that will that deny,

I know, was ne'er at dinner in your company.

R. Royster. Nay, the stomach of a man it is that I mean.

M. Mery. Nay, the stomach of a horse or a dog, I ween.

R. Royster. Nay, a man's stomach, with a weapon, mean I.

M. Mery. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoon in a pie.

R. Royster. Nay, the stomach of a man to try in strife.

M. Mery. I never saw your stomach cloyed yet in my life.

R. Royster. Tush; I mean in strife or fighting to try.

M. Mery. We shall see how ye will strike now, being angry.

R. Royster. Have at thy pate, then, and save thy head if thou may.

M. Mery. Nay, then, have at your pate again, by this day.

R. Royster. Nay, thou mayst not strike at me again, in nowise.

M. Mery. I cannot in fight make to you such warrantise: But, as for your foes here, let them the bargain buy.

R. Royster. Nay, as for they shall every mother's child die.

And, in this my fume, a little thing might make me
To beat down house and all: and else, the de'il take me.

M. Mery. If I were as ye be, by gog's dear mother,
I would not leave one stone upon another.

Though she would redeem it with twenty thousand pounds.

R. Royster. It shall be even so, by his lily wounds!

M. Mery. Be not at one with her, upon any amends.

R. Royster. No, though she make to me never so many friends.

Not if all the world for her would undertake:

No, not God himself neither, shall not her peace make.

On, therefore! march forward! Soft, stay awhile yet.

M. Mery. On!

R. Royster. Tarry.

M. Mery. Forth!

R. Royster. Back.

M. Mery. On!

R. Royster. Soft. Now forward set.

Enter C. CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. What business have we here? Out, alas, alas!¹

R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Didst thou see that, Merygreeke, how afraid she was?

Didst thou see how she fled apace out of my sight?

Ah, good sweet Custance! I pity her, by this light!

M. Mery. That tender heart of yours will mar altogether;
Thus will ye be turned with wagging of a feather.

R. Royster. On, sirs, keep your ray.

M. Mery. On, forth, while this gear is hot.

R. Royster. Soft! the arms of Calais! I have one thing forgot.

M. Mery. What lack we now?

R. Royster. Retire, or else we be all slain.

M. Mery. Back, for the pashe of God! back, sirs, back again!

What is the great matter?

R. Royster. This hasty forth-going
Had almost brought us all to utter undoing;
It made me forget a thing most necessary.

M. Mery. Well remembered of a captain, by Saint Mary.

R. Royster. It is a thing must be had.

M. Mery. Let us have it then.

R. Royster. But I wot not where or how.

M. Mery. Then wot not I when.

But what is it?

R. Royster. Of a chief thing I am to seek.²

M. Mery. Tut! so will ye be, when ye have studied a week.

But tell me what it is.

R. Royster. I lack yet an headpiece.

M. Mery. The kitchen collocavit³ the best hens to grease;
Run, fetch it, Dobinet, and come at once withal,
And bring with thee my potgun, hanging by the wall.

I have seen your head with it, full many a time,

Covered as safe as it had been with a scrine:⁴

And, I warrant it save your head from any stroke,

Except, perchance, to be amazéd⁵ with the smoke:

I warrant your head therewith, except for the mist,

As safe as if it were fast locked up in a chist.

And lo, here our Dobinet cometh with it now.

D. Dough. It will cover me to the shoulders well enow.

M. Mery. Let me see it on.

R. Royster. In faith, it doth meetly well.

M. Mery. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must
us tell

What to do.

R. Royster. Now forth in ray, sirs, and stop no more.

M. Mery. Now, Saint George to borrow!⁶ Drum, dub a dub afore.

T. Trusty. What mean you to do, sir? Commit manslaughter?

R. Royster. To kill forty such is a matter of laughter.

T. Trusty. And who is it, sir, whom ye intend thus to spill?

R. Royster. Foolish Custance here forceth me against my will.

T. Trusty. And is there no mean your extreme wrath to slake?

She shall some amends unto your good ma'ship make.

R. Royster. I will none amends.

T. Trusty. Is her offence so sore?

M. Mery. And⁷ he were a lout, she could have done no more.

² To seek, wanting. In early English, and still in Milton's time, being "to seek" meant being deficient in it.

³ Kitchen collocavit, large kitchen pot. In Mr. Thomas Wright's volume of "Vocabularies," "colok = cantharus," a large pot; and in Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic Words," "collock" is given as in Northern dialect, a pail. As all sorts of things find their way into such a pot, Udall plays on the analogy to Latin "collocare," and calls it a "collocavit."

⁴ Scrine, case, chest, box. Latin "serinium," whence shrine.

⁵ Amazéd, stupefied. See "Shorter English Poems," page 174 Note 1.

⁶ To borrow, for our surety. First-English "borga," a surety.

⁷ And, if.

¹ Here she runs away.

She hath called him fool, and dressed him like a fool,
Mocked him like a fool, used him like a fool.

T. Trusty. Well, yet the sheriff, the justice, or constable,
Her misdemeanour to punish might be able.

R. Royster. No, sir; I mine own self will, in this present
cause,

Be sheriff, and justice, and whole judge of the laws.

This matter to amend, all officers be I shall:

Constable, bailiff, sergeant—

M. Mery. And hangman and all.

T. Trusty. Yet, a noble courage, and the heart of a man,
Should more honour win by bearing with a woman.

Therefore, take the law, and let her answer thereto.

R. Royster. Merygreeke, the best way were even so to do.

What honour should it be with a woman to fight?

M. Mery. And what, then, will ye thus forego and lose
your right?

R. Royster. Nay, I will take the law on her, withouten
grace.

T. Trusty. Or, if your ma'ship could pardon this one
trespace,

I pray you, forgive her.

R. Royster. Hoh!

M. Mery. Tush, tush, sir! do not.

T. Trusty. Be good maister to her.

R. Royster. Hoh!

M. Mery. Tush! I say, do not.

And what! shall your people here, return straight home?

R. Royster. Yea, levy¹ the camp, sirs, and hence again,
each one.

But be still in readiness, if I hap to call;

I cannot tell what sudden chance may befall.

M. Mery. Do not off your harness, sirs, I you advise,
At the least for this fortnight, in no manner wise.

Perchance, in an hour, when all ye think least,

Our maister's appetite to fight will be best.

But soft, ere ye go, have once at Custance' house.

R. Royster. Soft, what wilt thou do?

M. Mery. Once discharge my harquebouse;

And, for my heart's ease, have once more with my potgoon.

R. Royster. Hold thy hands! else is all our purpose clean
fardoon.

M. Mery. And it cost me my life —

R. Royster. I say, thou shalt not.

M. Mery. By the mat, but I will have once more with
hail shot.

I will have some pennyworth; I will not lose all.

ACT IV.—SCENE 8.

*M. MERYGREEKE; C. CUSTANCE; R. ROYSTER; TIB. T.; AM. ALYFACE;
M. MUMBLECRUST; TRUPENIE; DOBINET DOUGHTIE; HARPAK.*

Two Drums with their Ensigns.

C. Custance. What caitiffs are those, that so shake my
house wall?

M. Mery. Ah, sirrah! now, Custance, if ye had so much
wit,

I would see you ask pardon, and yourselves submit.

C. Custance. Have I still this ado with a couple of fools?

M. Mery. Hear ye what she saith?

C. Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tools,

In a ray.²

M. Mery. Dubba-dub, sirrah!

R. Royster. In a ray!

They come suddenly on us.

M. Mery. Dubdadub!

R. Royster. In a ray!

That ever I was born! we are taken tardy.

M. Mery. Now, sirs, quit yourselves like tall men and
hardy.

C. Custance. On afore, Trupenie! Hold thine own,
Annot!

On toward them, Tibet, for 'scape us they cannot!

Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust! so, stand fast together.

M. Mery. God, send us a fair day!

R. Royster. See, they march on hither.

Tib. Talk. But, mistress.

C. Custance. What sayst thou?

Tib. Talk. Shall I go fetch our goose?

C. Custance. What to do?

Tib. Talk. To yonder captain I will turn her loose.

And³ she gape and hiss at him, as she doth at me,

I durst jeopard my hand she will make him flee.

C. Custance. On forward!

R. Royster. They come.

M. Mery. Stand!

R. Royster. Hold!

M. Mery. Keep!

R. Royster. There!

M. Mery. Strike!

R. Royster. Take heed!

C. Custance. Well said, Trupenie!

Trupenie. Ah, [rascals]!

C. Custance. Well done, indeed!

M. Mery. Hold thine own, Harpax! Down with them,
Dobinet!

C. Custance. Now, Madge; there, Annot; now stick them,
Tibet!

Tib. Talk. All my chief quarrel is to this same little
knave,

That beguiled me last day; nothing shall him save.

D. Dough. Down with the little quean, that hath at me
such spite!

Save you from her, maister, it is a very sprite!

C. Custance. I myself will Mounsire Grand Captain under-
take.

R. Royster. They win ground!

M. Mery. Save yourself, sir, for God's sake!⁴

R. Royster. Out, alas! I am slain: help!

M. Mery. Save yourself!

R. Royster. Alas!

M. Mery. Nay, then, have at you, mistress.

R. Royster. Thou hittest me, alas!

M. Mery. I will strike at Custance here.

R. Royster. Thou hittest me!

M. Mery. So I will.

Nay, Mistress Custance.

R. Royster. Alas! thou hittest me still.

Hold!

M. Mery. Save yourself, sir!

R. Royster. Help! out, alas! I am slain!

M. Mery. Truce! hold your hands! truce, for a while,
or twain.

Now, how say you, Custance? for saving of your life,

Will ye yield, and grant to be this gentleman's wife?

C. Custance. Ye told me he loved me: call ye this love?

M. Mery. He loved awhile, even like a turtle-dove.

C. Custance. Gay love, God save it; so soon hot, so soon
cold.

³ And, if.

⁴ Here Custance attacks Ralph on one side, and Merygreeke pro-
fessing to strike at her from the other side of him, Ralph gets a drub-
bing from them both.

¹ Levy, raise. French "lever."

² In a ray, in a row.

M. Mery. I am sorry for you: he could love you yet, so he could.

R. Royster. Nay, by cock's precious, she shall be none of mine.

M. Mery. Why so?

R. Royster. Come away; by the mat, she is man-kind! I durst adventure the loss of my right hand, If she did not slay her other husband.

And see, if she prepare not again to fight!

M. Mery. What then? Saint George to borrow, Our Lady's knight.

R. Royster. Slay else whom she will, by gog, she shall not slay me.

M. Mery. How then?

R. Royster. Rather than to be slain, I will flee.

C. Custance. To it again, my knightesses! down with them all!

R. Royster. Away, away, away! she will else kill us all.

M. Mery. Nay, stick to it, like an hardy man and a tall.

And see that no false surmises thou¹ me tell.
Was there such ado about Custance, of a truth?

Sim. Sure. To report that I heard and saw to me is ruth;

But both my duty, and name, and propriety,
Warneth me to you to show fidelity.

It may be well enough, and I wish it so to be,
She may herself discharge, and try her honesty;
Yet, their claim to her, methought, was very large,
For with letters, rings, and tokens, they did her charge.
Which when I heard and saw, I would none to you bring.

G. Good. No, by Saint Mary, I allow thee in that thing.
Ah, sirrah! now I see truth in the proverb old,

"All things that shineth is not by and by² pure gold:"
If any do live a woman of honestý,
I would have sworn Christian Custance had been she.

Sim. Sure. Sir, though I to you be a servant true and just,

Yet do not ye therefore your faithful spouse mistrust;



GOODLUCK RETURNED. (From a Sketch by Holbein in Erasmus's "*Moriae Encomium*.")

R. Royster. Oh, bones, thou hittest me! Away, or else die we shall.

M. Mery. Away, for the pashe of our sweet Lord Jesus Christ!

C. Custance. Away, lout and lubber, or I shall be thy priest! [Exeant om.]

So, this field is ours; we have driven them all away.

Tib. Talk. Thanks to God, mistress, ye have had a fair day.

C. Custance. Well, now go ye in, and make yourself some good cheer.

Omnes pariter. We go.

T. Trusty. Ah, sir! what a field we have had here!

C. Custance. Friend Tristram, I pray you be a witness with me.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, I shall depose for your honestý.

And now, fare ye well, except something else ye would.

C. Custance. Not now, but when I need to send, I will be bold. [Exeat.]

I thank you for these pains. And now I will get me in
Now Roister Doister will no more wooing begin. [Ex.]

But examine the matter, and if ye shall it find
To be all well, be not ye for my words unkind.

G. Good. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why.
But here cometh Custance forth; we shall know by and by.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

C. CUSTANCE; GAWIN GOODLUCK; SIM. SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for news good;
For about this hour is the time, of likelihood,
That Gawin Goodluck, by the sayings of Suresbý,
Would be at home; and lo! yond I see him, I.
What, Gawin Goodluck! the only hope of my life,
Welcome home, and kiss me, your true espoused wife.

G. Good. Nay, soft, Dame Custance; I must first, by your licéce,

See whether all things be clear in your consciéce.

I hear of your doings to me very strange.

C. Custance. What! fear ye that my faith towards you should change?

¹ *Thou, thee, ye, you.* The reader may conveniently observe in this short dialogue the use of "thou" to a retainer and "you" to a superior. Also the old right use of "ye" and "you" as nominative and accusative—*thou* and *thee*.

² *By and by*, at once. This is the first sense of the phrase, which like "presently" and "anon" has acquired the sense of delay. The phrase has its old sense in Matthew xiii. 21, "When tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended." The first form is an emphatic use of "by" in the sense of nearness. The phrase occurs again twice in the last scene of this play.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

GAWIN GOODLUCK; SIM. SURESBY.

G. Good. Sim Suresby, my trusty man, now advise thee well,

G. Good. I must needs mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled, for I hear that certain men with you have wrangled about the promise of marriage by you to them made.

C. Custance. Could any man's report your mind therein persuade?

G. Good. Well, ye must therein declare yourself to stand clear,

Else, I and you, Dame Custance, may not join this year.

C. Custance. Then would I were dead, and fair laid in my grave.

Ah! Suresby, is this the honesty that ye have, To hurt me with your report, not knowing the thing?

Sim. Sure. If ye be honest, my words can hurt you nothing;

But what I heard and saw, I might not but report.

C. Custance. Ah, Lord, help poor widows, destitute of comfort!

Truly, most dear spouse, nought was done but for pastance.

G. Good. But such kind of sporting is homely dalliance.

C. Custance. If ye knew the truth, ye would take all in good part.

G. Good. By your leave, I am not half well skilled in that art.

C. Custance. It was none but Roister Doister, that foolish mome.

G. Good. Yea, Custance, better (they say) a bad 'scuse, than none.

C. Custance. Why, Tristram Trusty, sir, your true and faithful friend,

Was privy both to the beginning and the end.

Let him be the judge, and for me testify.

G. Good. I will the more credit that¹ he shall verify; And, because I will the truth know, e'en as it is, I will to him myself, and know all, without miss. Come on, Sim Suresby, that before my friend thou may Avouch thee the same words, which thou didst to me say.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE 3.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. O Lord! how necessary it is now of days, That each body live uprightly all manner ways; For let never so little a gap be open, And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken. How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought, And yet, see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought. But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts, and eke intents; And thou art the deliverer of all innocents. Thou didst help the adulteress, that she might be amended; Much more then help, Lord, that never ill intended. Thou didst help Susanna, wrongfully accused, And no less dost thou see, Lord, how I am now abused. Thou didst help Hester, when she should have died; Help also, good Lord, that my truth may be tried. Yet, if Gawin Goodluck with Tristram Trusty speak, I trust of ill report the force shall be but weak; And lo! yond they come, sadly² talking together: I will abide, and not shrink for their coming hither.

ACT V.—SCENE 4.

GAWIN GOODLUCK; TRISTRAM TRUSTY; C. CUSTANCE; SIM. SURESBY.

G. Good. And was it none other than ye to me report?

T. Trusty. No; and here were ye wished, to have seen the sport.

¹ That, that which.

² Sadly, seriously.

G. Good. Would I had, rather than half of that in my purse.

S. Sure. And I do much rejoice the matter was no worse. And like as to open it I was to you faithful, So of Dame Custance' honest truth I am joyful.

For, God forfend that I should hurt her by false report.

G. Good. Well, I will no longer hold her in discomfort.

C. Custance. Now come they hitherward: I trust all shall be well.

G. Good. Sweet Custance, neither heart can think, nor tongue tell,

How much I joy in your constant fidelity.

Come now, kiss me, the pearl of perfect honesty.

C. Custance. God let me no longer to continue in life Than I shall towards you continue a true wife.

G. Good. Well, now to make you for this some part of amends,

I shall desire first you, and then such of our friends

As shall to you seem best, to sup at home with me,

Where at your fought field we shall laugh and merry be.

Sim. Sure. And, mistress, I beseech you, take with me no grief;

I did a true man's part, not wishing your reproof.

C. Custance. Though hasty reports, through surmises growing,

May of poor innocents be utter overthrowing,

Yet, because to thy maister thou hast a true heart,

And I know mine own truth, I forgive thee, for my part.

G. Good. Go we all to my house, and of this gear no more.

Go, prepare all things, Sim Suresby; hence, run afore!

Sim. Sure. I go.

G. Good. Good. But who cometh yond? Mathew Merygreeke?

C. Custance. Roister Doister's champion; I shrew his best cheek.

T. Trusty. Roister Doister's self, your wooer, is with him too.

Surely, something there is with us they have to do.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.

M. MERYGREEKE; RALPH ROISTER; GAWIN GOODLUCK; TRISTRAM TRUSTY; C. CUSTANCE.

M. Mery. Yond I see Gawin Goodluck, to whom lieth my message.

I will first salute him after his long voyage, And then make all things well concerning your behalf.

R. Royster. Yea, for the pashe of God.

M. Mery. Hence! out of sight, ye calf, Till I have spoke with them, and then I will you fet.

R. Royster. In God's name.

M. Mery. What, Master Gawin Goodluck! well met: And, from your long voyage, I bid you right welcome home.

G. Good. I thank you.

M. Mery. I come to you from an honest mome.

G. Good. Who is that?

M. Mery. Roister Doister, that doughty kite.

C. Custance. Fie! I can scarce abide ye should his name recite.

M. Mery. Ye must take him to favour, and pardon all past;

He heareth of your return, and is full ill aghast.

G. Good. I am right well content he have with us some cheer.

C. Custance. Fie upon him, beast! then will not I be there.

G. Good. Why, Custance, do ye hate him more than ye love me?
C. Custance. But for your mind, sir, where he were, would I not be.
T. Trusty. He would make us all laugh.
M. Mery. Ye ne'er had better sport.
G. Good. I pray you, sweet Custance, let him to us resort.
C. Custance. To your will I assent.
M. Mery. Why, such a fool it is,
 As no man for good pastime would forego or miss.
G. Good. Fet him, to go with us.
M. Mery. He will be a glad man. [Ex.
T. Trusty. We must, to make us mirth, maintain him all we can.
 And lo, yond he cometh, and Merygreeke with him.
C. Custance. At his first entrance, ye shall see I will him trim.
 But first, let us hearken the gentleman's wise talk.
T. Trusty. I pray you, mark if ever ye saw crane so stalk!

ACT V.—SCENE 6.

R. Roister; *M. Merygreeke;* *C. Custance;* *G. Goodluck;*
T. Trusty; *D. Doughtie;* *Harpax.*

R. Roister. May I then be bold?
M. Mery. I warrant you on my word.
 They say they shall be sick but¹ ye be at their board.
R. Roister. They were not angry, then?
M. Mery. Yes, at first, and made strange;
 But when I said your anger to favour should change,
 And therewith had commended you accordingly,
 They were all in love with your ma'ship by and by;
 And cried you mercy, that they had done you wrong.
R. Roister. For why? no man, woman, nor child can hate me long.
M. Mery. "We fear" (quod they) "he will be avenged one day;
 Then for a penny give all our lives we may."
R. Roister. Said they so indeed?
M. Mery. Did they? yea, even with one voice.
 "He will forgive all," quod I. Oh, how they did rejoice!
R. Roister. Ha, ha, ha!
M. Mery. "Go fetch him" (say they) "while he is in good mood;
 For, have his anger who lust, we will not, by the rood."
R. Roister. I pray God that it be all true, that thou hast me told—
 And that she fight no more.
M. Mery. I warrant you; be bold.
 To them, and salute them.
R. Roister. Sirs, I greet you all well.
Omnes. Your maistership is welcome.
C. Custance. Saving my quarrel.
 For sure I will put you up into the Exchequer.
M. Mery. Why so? Better nay. Wherefore?
C. Custance. For an usurer.
R. Roister. I am no usurer, good mistress, by his arms.
M. Mery. When took he gain of money, to any man's harms?
C. Custance. Yes, a foul usurer he is, ye shall see else.
R. Roister. Didst not thou promise she would pick no more quarrels?
C. Custance. He will lend no blows, but he have in recompense
 Fifteen for one, which is too much, of conscience.

¹ But, unless.

R. Roister. Ah, dame! by the ancient law of arms, a man
 Hath no honour to foil his hands on a woman.
C. Custance. And where other usurers take their gains yearly,
 This man is angry but he have his by and by.
G. Good. Sir, do not for her sake bear me your displeasure.
M. Mery. Well, he shall with you talk thereof more at leisure.
 Upon your good usage, he will now shake your hand.
R. Roister. And much heartily welcome from a strange land.
M. Mery. Be not afeared, Gawin, to let him shake your fist.
G. Good. Oh! the most honest gentleman that e'er I wist²
 I do beseech your ma'ship to take pain to sup with us.
M. Mery. He shall not say you nay (and I too, by the mass),³
 Because ye shall be friends, and let all quarrels pass.
R. Roister. I will be as good friends with them as e'er I was.
M. Mery. Then, let me fet your choir, that we may have a song.
R. Roister. Go.
G. Good. I have heard no melody all this year long.
M. Mery. Come on, sirs, quickly.
R. Roister. Sing on, sirs, for my friends' sake.
D. Dough. Call ye these your friends?
R. Roister. Sing on, and no more words make.
Here they sing.
G. Good. The Lord preserve our most noble queen of renown.
 And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown.
C. Custance. The Lord strengthen her most excellent majesty,
 Long to reign over us in all prosperity.
T. Trusty. That her godly proceedings, the faith to defend,
 He may stablish and maintain through to the end.
M. Mery. God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to protect,
 Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct.
R. Roister. God grant her loving subjects both the mind and grace,
 Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace.
Harpax. Her highness' most worthy counsellors, God prosper,
 With honour and love of all men to minister.
Omnes. God grant the nobility her to serve and love,
 With all the whole commonty, as doth them behove!

AMEN.

All plays by Udall were supposed to have perished until a single copy of "Ralph Roister Doister," without its title-page, was found in 1818 by the Rev. T. Briggs, an old Etonian, who presented it to the

² Wist, knew.

³ By the mass. This, which the rhyme shows to have been written, was changed to "Jesus" in the printed edition under Elizabeth. The word "mass" was not repudiated by the earlier reformers, and is used in Edward VI.'s first Service Book; but "Ralph Roister Doister" was written in the reign of Henry VIII. The old "God Save the Queen" with which the play ends is, it will be seen, an addition made in Elizabeth's reign, thoroughly Protestant, by the same hand that had just struck the word "mass" out of the copy.

Library of Eton College. Though its date is gone with the title-page, it is, no doubt, a copy of the edition known to have been printed in 1566. The much earlier date of the play itself is proved by a reference to it in 1553, in the third edition of Sir Thomas Wilson's "Rule of Reason, conteynyng the Arte of Logique." In that book, under the head of "The Ambiguitie," Ralph's love-letter is given as "An Example of soche doubtful writing, whiche by reason of poincting maie have double sense, and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Vdal." Still among scholars, we turn now from Eton to the Inner Temple.¹ The first English tragedy, "Gorboduc," was produced five years after the death of Nicholas Udall. It was written for the Christmas festivities of the Inner Temple in the

accord with the doctrine and discipline of Calvin at Geneva. As a youth of eighteen, he was employed and favoured by the Protector Somerset, and published a translation into English of Peter Martyr's letter to Somerset. After the death of the Protector, whom he is said to have served as a state amanuensis, Norton in 1555 turned to the law, and entered himself as a student of the Inner Temple. His strong interest in the religious questions of his time continued throughout all his life. A few months before his participation in the writing of "Gorboduc," he published in a folio of nine hundred pages (about one hundred and fifty being a table of matters contained in the book) a translation into English of Calvin's great summary of his doctrine, "The Institutes," which had been completed at Geneva but two years



ETON COLLEGE.

year 1561 by two young members of that Inn—Thomas Norton, then twenty-nine years old, and Thomas Sackville, then aged twenty-five.

Thomas Norton was the eldest son of a Bedfordshire gentleman, who lived to old age on the manor of Sharpenhoe, in the parish of Streatley, and died there in 1583, when his heir had but another year to live. As a youth, Thomas Norton became a ready Latin scholar, but was not sent to either of the Universities. It was not until nearly four years after he had taken part in the writing of "Gorboduc" that he entered himself at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, where he remained until he graduated as M.A. in 1569, when he was thirty-seven years old. Thomas Norton's early training, whatever it was, had developed in him deep religious feeling and an active interest in the Reformation of the Church, which he would have been glad to see brought into

before. A few months after "Gorboduc" was acted, there appeared the completion of Sternhold's version of the Psalms into English as "The Whole Booke of Psalmes collected into English metre by T. Sternhold, L. Hopkins, and others," in which one of the "others" was Thomas Norton; versions of twenty-eight psalms were contributed by him.²

Thomas Sackville, who joined Norton in the writing of "Gorboduc," had an advantage over his fellow-labourer in being really a poet. He was the son of Sir Richard Sackville, and was born at Buckhurst, in the parish of Withyham, in Sussex, in the year 1536. He was at Oxford for a time, but removed to Cambridge, and there graduated. Thomas Sackville, married when he was nineteen, was a member of Parliament for the county of Westmoreland at twenty-one, and at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign entered Parliament again as member for East Grinstead, which is the town nearest to Buckhurst. He was also much employed in private attendance on the queen, whom his father served as Privy Councillor, and who recognised in him a touch of

¹ Mr. Edward Arber has included in his admirable series of "English Reprints" "Ralph Roister Doister," with its text exactly printed from the copy at Eton, which was made accessible to him by the kindness of the Provost and Fellows of the College. Its price is sixpence; and every book produced by Mr. Arber may be obtained by post, direct from the editor, for its price in postage-stamps. His address is E. Arber, Esq., F.S.A., Bowes, Southgate, N.

² See Vol. II. of this Library, "Illustrations of English Religion," pages 149 and 173.

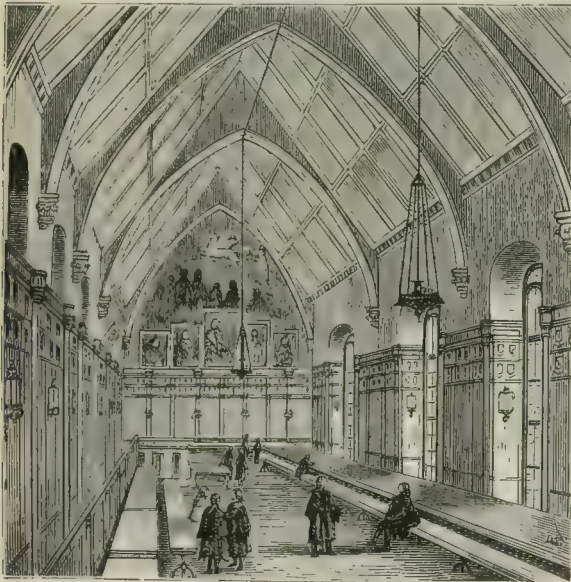
blood relationship, for his grandmother had been aunt to the queen's mother. His career was to be that of a statesman. He had brought from the universities, and since maintained, reputation as a wit and poet. In 1560, Jasper Heywood wrote how

"Sackville's sonnets sweetly sauced
And featly finéd be,"

and the part taken by him in the production of "The Mirror for Magistrates" has been told in another volume of this Library, which contains the work of his that best assures his place among the poets.¹

He was Mr. Thomas Sackville in 1561, when he joined in the writing of "Gorboduc," and had entered himself of the Inner Temple, not that he might study law as his profession, but that he might obtain the knowledge of law necessary to a statesman. He was not knighted until 1567, when he was also made on the same day a baron of the realm, as Lord Buckhurst, and from that day forward his public life was exclusively political. He became first Earl of Dorset in 1604, and died in 1608.

The performance of "Gorboduc" in 1561 was at one of the "Grand Christmasses" kept by the members of the Inner Temple. The question as to the keeping of a "Grand Christmas" was discussed in a parliament of the Inn, held on the eve of St. Thomas's Day, December 21st. If it was resolved upon, the two youngest of those who served as butlers for the festival lighted two torches, with which they preceded the benchers to the upper end of the hall.



OLD HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

The senior bencher there made a speech; officers were appointed for the occasion, "and then, in token

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 169-177. On page 170 there is a portrait of Sackville, and on pages 170-177 will be found the whole of Sackville's "Induction" to "The Mirror for Magistrates," followed by other illustrations of that work on pages 177-184.

of joy and good liking, the Bench and company pass beneath the hearth, and sing a carol."²

The revellings began on Christmas Eve, when three Masters of the Revels sat at the head of one of the tables. All took their places to the sound of music played before the hearth. Then the musicians withdrew to the buttery, and were themselves feasted. They returned when dinner was ended to sing a song at the highest table. Then all tables were cleared, and revels and dancing were begun, to be continued until supper and after supper. The senior master of the Revels, after dinner and after supper, sang a carol or song, and commanded other gentlemen there present to join him. This form of high festivity was maintained during the twelve days of Christmas, closing on Twelfth Night. On Christmas Day (which in 1561 was a Thursday), at the first course of the dinner, the boar's head was brought in upon a silver platter, followed by minstrelsy. On St. Stephen's Day, December the 26th, the Constable Marshal entered the hall in gilt armour, with a nest of feathers of all colours on his helm, and a gilt pole-axe in his hand; with him sixteen trumpeters, four drums and fifes, and four men armed from the middle upward. Those all marched three times about the hearth, and the Constable Marshal, then kneeling to the Lord Chancellor, made a speech, desiring the honour of admission into his service, delivered his naked sword, and was solemnly seated. That was the usual ceremonial when a grand Christmas was kept. At this particular Christmas, 1561, in the fourth year of Elizabeth, it was Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, who was Constable Marshal, and with chivalrous gallantry, taking in fantastic style the name of Palaphilos, Knight of the Honourable Order of Pegasus, Pegasus being the



ARMORIAL DEVICE OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

he contributed to the splendour of this part of the entertainment. After the seating of the Constable Marshal, on the same St. Stephen's Day, December the 26th, the Master of the Game entered in green velvet, and the Ranger of the Forest in green satin; these also went three times about the fire, blowing their hunting-horns. When they also had been ceremoniously seated, there entered a huntsman with a fox and a cat bound at the end of a staff. He was followed by nine or ten couple of hounds, who hunted the fox and cat to the blowing of horns, and killed

² Sir William Dugdale's "Origines Juridicales," in which full details are given of the usages at a "Grand Christmas" in the Inner Temple.

them beneath the fire. After dinner, the Constable Marshal called a burlesque court, and began the Revels, with help of the Lord of Misrule. At seven o'clock in the morning of St. John's Day, December the 27th (which was a Saturday in 1561), the Lord of Misrule was afoot with power to summon men to breakfast with him when service had closed in the church. After breakfast, the authority of this Christmas official was in abeyance till the after-dinner Revels. So the ceremonies went on till the Banqueting Night, which followed New Year's Day. That was the night of hospitality. Invitations were sent out to every House of Court, that they and the Inns of Chancery might see a Play and Masque. The hall was furnished with scaffolds for the ladies who were then invited to behold the sports. After

to general tranquillity," and spoke of "concord and unity, the very marks which they were now to shoot at." But unity was hard to attain. When she had been queen not quite a year, the Spanish Ambassador reported from London to the Count de Feria, "It is the devil's own business here. But the Catholics grow stronger daily; and the heretics are quarrelling with one another so bitterly that they have forgotten their other enemies." To say nothing of other jarring notes, in August, 1561, Mary Stuart landed in Scotland. Sackville and Norton, therefore—one of them a young poet with the aspirations of a statesman, the other a man intensely interested in the contest against Roman Catholic influence—resolved to present before their audience of privy councillors, lawyers, and other foremost men, a play



ACTING TERENCE. (Copied by Strutt from an early-printed edition of Terence.)

the Play, there was a Banquet for the ladies in the library; and in the hall there was also a Banquet for the Lord Chancellor and invited ancients of other Houses. On Twelfth Day, the last of the Revels, there were brawn, mustard, and malmsey for breakfast after morning prayer, and the dinner as on St. John's Day. It was for the Banqueting Day of the Grand Christmas of the Inner Templars that the two members of that Inn, Thomas Sackville, whose father was then governor of the Temple, and Thomas Norton, wrote a play in English upon the model of the tragedies of Seneca, as "Ralph Roister Doister" had been written on the model of Plautus or Terence, and acted instead of "Andria" or "Phormio."

There was a reason for their choice of subject. Elizabeth had not been very long upon the throne. Before her accession England had been a house divided against itself by strong conflicts of opinion. Elizabeth was queen of a divided people. In her first speech from the throne she said that her desire was "to secure and unite the people of this realm in one uniform order, to the honour and glory of God, and

that should urge with all possible force "concord and unity" as the very mark at which a nation must shoot. Their patriotic purpose was to insist on the queen's thought, by writing a play that should dwell throughout upon the danger hanging over any nation that is as a house divided against itself. They found a tale of civil strife to suit their purpose in the same old chronicle which has yielded also to poetry the story of King Lear, and which brought King Arthur again among us, Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle of British kings. The story chosen by them is, indeed, in the chronicle the next narrative after that of Lear. Cordelia in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle enabled her father to defeat his sons-in-law, and end his life as King of all Britain. She succeeded him, and was for five years queen; then she was rebelled against by her sister's sons, Margan and Cunedagius. They overcame her, and divided the island between themselves. But Margan then attacked Cunedagius, who, by overthrowing his cousin, again brought Britain under single rule. And this is said by the ingenious chronicler to have happened at the time when

Romulus and Remus founded Rome. Then Geoffrey goes on to the story which seemed to Sackville and Norton fitted for their purpose :

At last Cunedagius dying, was succeeded by his son Rivallo, a fortunate youth, who diligently applied himself to the affairs of the government. In his time it rained blood three days together, and there fell vast swarms of flies, followed by a great mortality among the people. After him succeeded Gurgustius his son; after him Sisillius; after him Jago, the nephew of Gurgustius; after him Kinmarcus the son of Sisillius; after him Gorbogudo, who had two sons, Ferrex and Porrex.

When their father grew old they began to quarrel about the succession; but Porrex, who was the most ambitious of the two, formed a design of killing his brother by treachery, which the other discovering, escaped, and passed over into Gaul. There he procured aid from Suard, king of the Franks, with which he returned and made war upon his brother; coming to an engagement, Ferrex was killed and all his forces cut to pieces. When their mother, whose name was Widen, came to be informed of her son's death, she fell into a great rage, and conceived a mortal hatred against the survivor. For she had a greater affection for the deceased than for him, so that nothing less would appease her indignation for his death, than her revenging it upon her surviving son. She took, therefore, her opportunity when he was asleep, fell upon him, and with the assistance of her women tore him to pieces. From that time a long civil war oppressed the people, and the island became divided under the power of five kings, who mutually harassed one another.

Having arranged this story for their purpose, the authors of our first tragedy parted the work between them; Norton writing the first, second, and third acts, and Sackville the fourth and fifth, though, as they worked in fellowship, each may have had some hand in the part chiefly entrusted to the other. They divided the story into five acts, each closed with a chorus, exactly in Seneca's manner, and the verse they agreed to use was the blank verse upon which Italian poets had been experimenting. Experiment of that kind had been first tried among us at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, when the Earl of Surrey, imitating the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, or the poet Molza, who allowed that Cardinal to take all credit for his work, translated into blank verse the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*. Very little blank verse had been tried in England, and that had not been printed until just before Elizabeth's accession. The use of it in our first tragedy was, therefore, a trial made accidentally of a new-fashioned measure. When other tragedies followed, the more familiar forms of rhyming verse were at first generally used, and "Gorboduc" had probably no part in determining the later adoption of blank verse by English dramatists. We have blank verse now as it has been developed by the genius of two such poets as Shakespeare and Milton. Only in England has it thus been created anew by supreme masters of song. For that reason we have it as a national measure, and the worthiest that ever any nation called its own. In "Gorboduc" there was slight indication of its undeveloped powers.

The story, as arranged for representation, was

set forth in an Argument by the two dramatists. When put thus baldly, it is, with its "kill, kill, kill," a little ludicrous through the intensity of its suggestion that disunion may lead to the extremest ills.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY.

Gorboduc, King of Britain, divided his realm in his lifetime to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissension. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

The play was received with great applause. Lord Robert Dudley, high in honour at that particular grand Christmas in the Inner Temple, and first favourite of the queen, would add his witness to the common report of that zeal for the welfare of England, which had caused the writers of the play to insist with all their might upon concord and unity as the very mark at which good Englishmen should aim. The queen, therefore, added to the lesson all emphasis in her power by commanding the play to be repeated about a fortnight later—that is to say, on the 18th of January, 1562 (new style)—before herself and her court at Whitehall. It thus had the conspicuous success that, in a new thing, always suggests imitation.

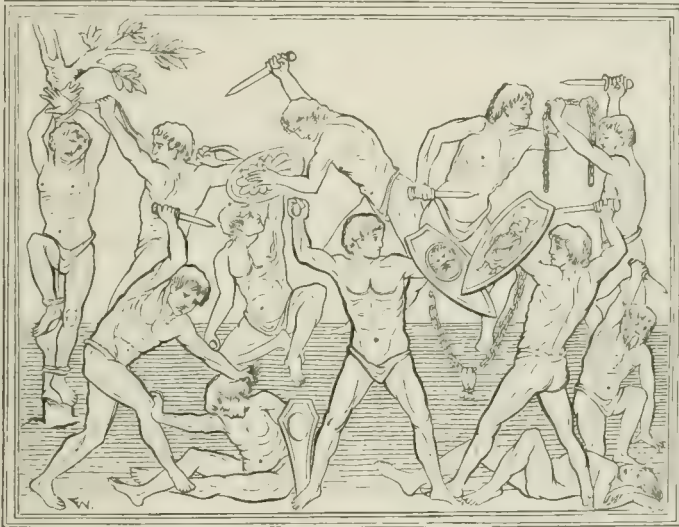
A contemporary MS. note¹ says of the performance before Queen Elizabeth that "on the 18th of January, 1561" (new style, 1562), "there was a play in the Queen's hall at Westminster by the gentlemen of the Temple after a great mask, for there was a great scaffold in the hall, with great triumph as has been seen; and the morrow after, the scaffold was taken down."

The fame of the play caused some young Templar in the year 1565 (the year after the birth of Shakespeare) to sell a copy of it—perhaps one of the MS. copies used by the performers in learning their parts—to William Griffith, a bookseller, whose shop was opposite the Temple in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, and by him it was first published on the 22nd of September of that year as "The Tragedie of Gorboduc, whereof three Actes were wrytten by Thomas Nortone, and the two last by Thomas Sackvyle. Set forth as the same was shewed before the Queen's most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes Court of Whitehall, the xviii. day of January, Anno Domini, 1561. By the gentlemen of Thynner Temple in London." This was an unauthorised publication; upon which the following note was made in the authorised edition, which did not appear until the beginning of 1571 (1570, old style):—"Where this Tragedy was for furniture of part of the Grand Christmas in the Inner Temple, first written about nine years ago by the right honourable Thomas, now Lord Buckhurst, and by T. Norton, and afterwards

¹ Cotton MSS., Vit. F. v.

showed before Her Majesty, and never intended by the authors thereof to be published: yet one W. G." [William Griffith] "getting a copy thereof at some young man's hand that lacked a little money and much discretion, in the last great Plague, anno 1565, about five years past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton far out of London, and neither of them both made privy, put it forth exceedingly corrupted"—and so here was a true copy, printed by John Day, at Aldersgate. Probably to distinguish this edition from the spurious one, the title of the play was altered from "Gorboduc"—under which name it must certainly have been presented—to "Ferrex and Porrex." The title of this edition was "The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex, set forth without addition or alteration, but altogether as the same was shewed on stage before the Queens Maiestie about nine yeares past, vz, the xviii. day of Janvarie, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." The first, second, and third acts it will be enough to describe with occasional quotation; the fourth and fifth acts (Sackville's part) are the

best, and shall be given complete. The text quoted is, of course, that of the authorised edition; but all variations from it in the edition of 1565, published by William Griffith, will be found in foot-notes. Each act was preceded by an allegorical masque foreshadowing the meaning of its story, and closed with meditative stanzas spoken by a Chorus of four wise elders of Britain. As the original name of the play was "Gorboduc"—for the young man "that lacked a little money and much discretion" would not have been so indiscreet as to raise money upon its credit by selling it under any other name than its own—we may set aside as an after-thought the change of title. It may be true, however, that besides the distinguishing clearly by a difference of name authorised from the unauthorised copies, the central thought of the play—strife, and the ruin in its train—is better marked by the names of the two brothers between whom the feud began, than by the single name of the father whose establishment of a divided power in the land caused all the misery that followed.



STRIFE.

From a Relievo in Terra-cotta by Antonio Pollaiuolo (in the South Kensington Museum).

GORBODUC.

THE ORDER OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIRST ACT,
AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF.

First, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on¹ his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength² to break; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them pulled³ out one of the sticks, and brake it: and the rest plucking out all the other sticks, one after another, did easily break them,⁴ the same being severed; which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed; as befell on

Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy; and upon the dissension of the brethren, to whom it was divided.

ACT I.

has two scenes, one for the Queen Videna, one for the King Gorboduc.

SCENE I.—Queen Videna, wife to King Gorboduc, is, at night, in anxious dialogue with her elder son, Ferrex, because her husband has resolved, by dividing his kingdom between both sons, to spoil Ferrex of his birthright. On the day then about to dawn

He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his council to his fond devise.

For. Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed
I trust they eke will bear the like to me.

¹ On, in. (W. G.'s copy.)

² Strengths. (W. G.)

³ Plucked. (W. G.)

⁴ Them omitted. (W. G.)

Vid. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill¹ success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them;
And so they will, for so is wont to be,
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, and civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returns again,
By Jove's just judgment and deserved wrath,
Brings them to cruel² and reproachful death
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

Fer. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

Vid. The end! thy end I fear: Jove end me first!

SCENE 2.—Gorboduc, King of Great Britain, is consulting with two of his lords, Arostus and Philander, and his secretary, Eubulus, whose name is Greek for good counsel, and from whom especially proceeds good counsel for the English. Gorboduc first tells his friends that he needs faithful advice from them, for the well-being of himself and of his sons. Arostus promises for all that he shall have it. Gorboduc then says—

My lords, I thank you all. This is the case:
Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,
Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,
Who now, in my decaying³ years, are grown
Well towards riper state of mind and strength,
To take in hand some greater princely charge.
As yet they live and spend their hopeful days
With me, and with their mother, here in court.
Their age now asketh other place and trade,
And mine also doth ask another change,
Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twain
The realm divided in⁴ two sundry parts:
The one, Ferrex, mine elder son, shall have;
The other, shall the younger,⁵ Porrex, rule.
That both my purpose may more firmly⁶ stand,
And eke that they may better rule their charge,
I mean forthwith to place them in the same;
That in my life they may both learn to rule,
And I may joy to see their ruling well.
This is, in sum, what I would have you weigh:
First, whether ye allow⁷ my whole devise,
And think it good for me, for them, for you,
And for our country, mother of us all:
And if ye like it and allow it well,
Then, for their guiding and their governance,
Shewe forth the such means of circumstance,
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.

Arostus agrees with the king smoothly in a speech of seventy lines; finding reasons to show that his grace hath wisely thought. Philander, in a speech of a hundred lines, partly agrees with Arostus, partly differs from him:—

As for dividing of this realm in twain,
And lotting out the same in equal parts
To either of my lords, your grace's sons,
That think I best for this your realm's behoof,
For profit and advancement of your sons,
And for your comfort and your honour eke:
But so to place them while your life do last,
To yield to them your royal governance,
To be above them only in the name
Of father, not in kingly state also,
I think not good for you, for them, nor us.

It is good that the brothers should have equal state:—

But now the head to stoop beneath them both,
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good orders bears.
And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course⁸
Hath been perverted in disordered wise,
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
The children cease to know they should obey;
And often over-kindly⁹ tenderness
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.

So let the sons divide rule of the kingdom, but hold power subject to their father, who remains the "prince and father of the commonweal." It is then the turn of Eubulus to advise, which he does in a speech of ninety lines. His argument is—

To part your realm unto my lords your sons
I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
But worst of all for this our native land.
Within one land, one single rule is best:
Divided reigns do make divided hearts;
But peace preserves the country and the prince.
Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
So great is his desire to climb aloft,
In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
That faith and justice, and all kindly love,
Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,
Where equal state doth raise an equal hope
To win the thing that either would attain.
Your grace remembreth how in passéd years,
The mighty Brute, first prince of all this land,
Possess'd the same, and ruled it well in one:
He, thinking that the compass did suffice
For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,
Cut it in three, as you would now in twain.
But how much British¹⁰ blood hath since been spilt,
To join again the Sundered unity!
What princes slain before their timely hour!¹¹
What waste of towns and people in the land!
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoils!
Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,
Ruthful remembrance is yet raw¹² in mind.

¹ Enyll. (W. G.)

³ Deceyuyng (deceiving). (W. G.)

⁵ Other. (W. G.)

² Civil. (W. G.)

⁴ Into. (W. G.)

⁶ Framely. (W. G.)

⁷ Allow, approve. French "allouer;" Latin "allocare." The word was commonly applied to the admission of a charge in accounts, as in our phrase of "allowing the witness his expenses."

⁸ That where nature. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Brutish. (W. G.)

¹² Had. (W. G.)

⁹ Our unkindly. (W. G.)

¹¹ Honour. (W. G.)

The gods forbid the like to chance again :
And you, O king, give not the cause thereof.

Eubulus forecasts what may happen if Gorboduc should carry out his purpose, and says —

Good is I grant of all to hope the best,
But not to live still dreadless of the worst.
So trust the one that th' other be foreseen.

Gorboduc having thus taken counsel of others, follows his own ; and with his resolve to do so, thus the act ends :—

Gor. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part :
But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,
To fear the nature of my loving sons,
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain
Can there work hate, where nature planteth love ;
In one self purpose do I still abide.
My love extendeth equally to both,
My land sufficeth for them both also.
Humber shall part the marches of their realms :
The southern part the elder shall possess,
The northern shall Porrex, the younger, rule.
In quiet I will pass mine aged days,
Free from the travail and the painful cares
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And wrieth¹ them to the ways of youthful lust,
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their careful charge,
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
To tread down truth, or favour false deceit ;
I mean to join to either of my sons
Some one of those whose long approv'd faith
And wisdom tried may well assure my heart
That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
Into their fenced ears with grave advice.
This is the end ; and so I pray you all
To bear my sons the love and loyalty
That I have found within your faithful breasts.

Aros. You, nor your sons, my sovereign lord, shall want

Our faith and service, while our hearts² do last.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne
In steadfast place, by known and doubtless right,
And chiefly when descent on one alone
Makes single and unparted reign to light ;
Each change of course unjoins the whole estate,
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

The strength that, knit by fast³ accord in one,
Against all foreign power of mighty foes
Could of itself defend itself alone,
Disjoin'd once, the former force doth lose.
The sticks, that sundered brake so soon in twain,
In fagot bound attempted were in vain.

Of tender mind, that leads the partial eye
Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroys the wrongly⁴ lov'd child thereby.

This doth the proud son of Apollo prove,
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,
Inflam'd the parch'd earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king that doth divide his land,
And change⁵ the course of his descending crown,
And yields the rein into his children's hand,
From blissful state of joy and great renown
A mirror shall become to princes all,
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.

The First Act being ended, a Dumb Show pre-
luded in this manner the Second Act :—

First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art ; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill-advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befell in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

ACT II.

has two scenes, one for Ferrex and his counsellors, one bad, one good ; the other for Porrex and his counsellors, one bad, one good.

SCENE I.—Ferrex, the elder brother, consults with two advisers, Hermon, a parasite, and Dordan, a counsellor assigned to him by his father. He marvels why his father should have taken from him half his birthright. Hermon agrees in wondering : it would have looked more reasonable if he had rebelled, or murdered some one of his kin. But Ferrex invokes on himself eternal plagues and never-dying wars—

If ever I conceived so foul a thought
To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

Then Dordan interposes words that make for love and peace :—

Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did ever think so foul a thing of you ;
For he, with more than father's tender love,
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,

¹ Wrieth, turns awry.

² Lives. (W. G.)

³ Last. (W. G.)

⁴ Wrongful. (W. G.)

⁵ Changed. (W. G.)

(Who long might live to see your ruling well)
 To you, my lord, and to his other son,
 Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty;
 Which never would so wise a prince have done,
 If he had once misdeemed that in your heart
 There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
 But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
 Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
 Made him to place you thus in royal throne,
 And now to give you half his realm to guide;
 Yea, and that half which, in¹ abounding store
 Of things that serve² to make a wealthy realm,
 In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
 In things of needful use, which friendly sea

And thus to match his younger son with me
 In equal power, and in as great degree?
 Yea, and what son?

Hermon inflames yet more the anger that good
 Dordan seeks to cool. In vain Dordan warns:—

Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
 That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
 Sowing the seeds of such unkindly hate,
 Travail by treason to destroy you both.

Hermon flatters in Ferrex the "noble gifts of
 princely qualities" that make him worthy of his



A DUMB SHOW IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.³

Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,⁴
 In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
 Doth pass the double value of the part
 That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.
 Such is your case, such is your father's love.

Fer. Ah, love, my friends! Love wrongs not whom
 he loves.

Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you that giveth you
 So large a reign ere that the course of time
 Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
 Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Fer. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
 My native right of half so great a realm,

birthright. In mildness and in sober governance he
 far excels his brother, to whose fiery head, Hermon
 suggests, mild sufferance of so great a wrong would
 presently give courage to invade the whole. There-
 fore, advises Hermon,

While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind
 The loathed wrong of your disinheritance;
 And ere your brother have, by settled power,
 By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
 Got him some force and favour in the⁵ realm;
 And while the noble queen, your mother, lives,
 To work and practise all for your avail;
 Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
 Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
 Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
 In your own kingdom triumphs over you.
 Show now your courage meet for kingly state,⁶
 That they which have avow'd to spend their goods,

¹ Which, in, within. (W. G.)

² Seme. (W. G.)

³ This cut is taken from Strutt's "Manners and Customs of the English." It was copied from a large painting on wood that surrounded the portrait of Sir Henry Unton, with pictured incidents in his life. Sir Henry Unton died in debt in the year 1596. The incident here pictured is the masque held at his wedding, and it serves to show the method of presenting such an entertainment.

⁴ Ports. (W. G.)

⁵ This. (W. G.)

⁶ Estate. (W. G.)

Their lands, their lives and honours in your cause,
 May be the bolder to maintain your part,
 When they do see that coward fear in you
 Shall not betray, ne fail their faithful hearts.
 If once the death of Porrex end the strife,
 And pay the price of his usurp'd reign,
 Your mother shall persuade the angry king,
 The lords, your friends, eke shall appease his rage.
 For they be wise, and well they can foresee,
 That ere long time your agéd father's death
 Will bring a time when you shall well requite
 Their friendly favour or their hateful spite,
 Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.
 Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
 But they will further cast their reaching eye
 To view and weigh the times and reigns to come.
 Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,
 That he yet will, or that the realm will bear,
 Extreme revenge upon his only son:
 Or, if he would, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterprise?
 And here you be now plac'd in your own,
 Amid your friends, your vassals, and your strength:
 We shall defend and keep your person safe,
 Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
 Or age or sorrow end his weary days.
 But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge
 Of nature's law, repining at the fact,
 Withhold your courage from so great attempt,
 Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law.
 The gods do bear and well allow in kings
 The things that they abhor in rascal routs.
 When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
 And then in cruel and unkindly wise
 Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,
 The¹ spoil of towns, ruins² of mighty realms;
 Think you such princes do suppose³ themselves
 Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods?
 Murders and violent thefts in private men
 Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;
 Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
 Of noble conquests, in the hands of kings.⁴
 But if you like not yet so hot devise,
 Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
 But though, with peril of your own estate,
 You will not be the first that shall invade;
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safety stand upon your guard.

Dor. O heaven! was there ever heard or known,
 So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
 Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
 This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;
 Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
 Your present murder and eternal shame.
 Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink
 So high a treason in your princely breast.

Fer. The mighty gods forbid that ever I
 Should once conceive such mischief in my heart!
 Although my brother hath bereft my realm,
 And bear, perhaps, to me an hateful mind,

Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
 Or shall I so destroy my father's life
 That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say:
 Cease you to speak so any more to me;
 Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat
 So foul a tale. In silence let it die.
 What lord or subject shall have hope at all,
 That under me they safely shall enjoy
 Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,
 With whom, neither one only brother dear,
 Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
 But, sith I fear my younger brother's rage,
 And sith, perhaps, some other man may give
 Some like advice, to move his grudging head
 At mine estate; which counsel may perchance
 Take greater force with him than this with me,
 I will in secret so prepare myself,
 As, if his malice or his lust to reign
 Break forth in⁵ arms or sudden violence,
 I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.

[*Exit FERREX and HERMON.*]

Dordan remains to utter his misgiving, and leaves
 to warn Gorboduc of the traitorous counsel that now

—will whirl about

The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.

Reverence of him, perhaps, shall stay the growing
 mischiefs:—

If this help not, then woe unto themselves,
 The prince, the people, the divided land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 2.—Porrex, the younger brother, consults
 with two advisers, Tyndar, a parasite, and Philander,
 a counsellor assigned to him by his father. He is
 told by the parasite of these preparations for war
 which his brother had resolved to make as safeguard
 against outbreak from Porrex, and which are now
 made into reasons for attacking him:—

Por. And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
 Against his brother as his mortal foe?
 And now, while yet his agéd father lives?
 Neither regards he him, nor fears he me?
 War would he have? and he shall have it so.

The hot temper of Porrex is quickened by the
 reports of Tyndar, the parasite. Philander urges in
 vain that Porrex should send to his brother for ex-
 planation before moving unkindly war, and send to
 Gorboduc, who would appease the kindled minds of
 his sons, and rid Porrex of this fear:—

Por. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all;
 Ne will to him, ne to my father send.
 If danger were for one to tarry there,
 Think ye it safety to return again?
 In mischiefs, such as Ferrex now intends,
 The wonted courteous laws to messengers
 Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.
 Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
 Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,

¹ To. (W. G.)

² And reigns. (W. G.)

³ Suppress. (W. G.)

⁴ Of the preceding four lines the two beginning "Yet none offence" preceded in William Griffith's edition the two beginning "Murders and violent thefts."

⁵ With. (W. G.)

That have disclosed his¹ treason unto me,
 Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.
 Or shall I to the king, my father send?
 Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives,
 That loves my brother, and that hateth me?
 Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
 To Ferrex to oppress me all² unware?
 I will not; but I will invade his realm,
 And seek the traitor prince within his court.
 Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I abide, and treat,³ and send, and pray,
 And hold my yielden throat to traitor's knife,
 While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,
 Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?
 Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,
 Then to the king, my father, will I send.
 The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt PORREX and TYNDAR.*]

Philander remains to utter his misgivings, and leaves to warn Gorboduc, "ere this mischief come to the likely end." Then the Chorus sums up the act thus:—

CHORUS.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,
 Is left to random of their own delight,
 And wields whole realms by force of sovereign sway,⁴
 Great is the danger of unmastered might,
 Lest skillless rage throw down, with headlong fall,
 Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,
 And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,
 Oh, hardly may the peril be repressed.

Ne fear of angry gods, ne law's kind,
 Ne country's care⁵ can fired hearts restrain,
 When force hath armed envy and disdain.

When kings of foreset⁶ will neglect the rede
 Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales
 That do their fancies' noisome humour feed,
 Ne reason nor regard of right avails,
 Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach, too late,
 To learn the mischiefs of misguided⁷ state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermines
 The love of brethren, to destroy them both.
 Woe to the prince, that pliant ear inclines,
 And yields his mind to poisonous tale that flow'th
 From flattering mouth! And woe to wretched land,
 That wastes itself with civil sword in hand!
 Lo, thus it is, poison in gold to take,
 And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

The Second Act being ended, a Dumb Show precluded in this manner the Third Act:—

First, the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners, all clad in black, b-tokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissension of brethren, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the music ceased.

ACT III.

has only one scene, which opens with Gorboduc between his good counsellor, Eubulus, and his flatterer, Arostus, in extreme grief at news of the growth of discord, sent in a letter from Dordan, the good counsellor of Ferrex:—

Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
 Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
 If timely speed provide not hasty help.

* * * * *

Read, read my lords; this is the matter why
 I called ye now, to have your good advice.

The letter from DORDAN, the Counsellor of the elder Prince.

EUBULUS readeth the letter.

My sovereign lord, what I am loath to write,
 But loathest am to see, that I am forced
 By letters now to make you understand.
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled
 By traitorous fraud⁸ of young untemper'd wits,
 Assembleth force against your younger son,
 Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
 And furious pangs of his inflam'd head.
 Disdain, saith he, of his disinheritance⁹
 Arms him to wreak the great pretended¹⁰ wrong
 With civil sword upon his brother's life.
 If present help do not restrain this rage,
 This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.

Your Majesty's faithful,
 and most humble subject,

DORDAN.

Arostus advises that both sons be sent for, and that Gorboduc trust to their reverence of his honour, age, and state; if that be not enough, let him join force against whichever son is disobedient. But then enters Philander, the good counsellor of Porrex, to tell that the brothers are in arms against each other. Gorboduc gives way to anger and despair. Philander suggests that loving Jove may have

—tempered so the time

Of this debate to happen in your days,
 That you yet living may the same appease,
 And add it to the¹¹ glory of your latter age,
 And they, your sons, may learn to live in peace.

Eubulus says, "Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen," but it is a time for action, not for vain lament. Some wise and noble personage must carry

¹ That hath disclosed this. (W. G.)

² At. (W. G.)

³ And treat, entreat. (W. G.)

⁴ Fray. (W. G.)

⁵ Countrie, care. (W. G.)

⁶ Foreset, a set purpose before asking counsel, as was Gorboduc's case. Not to be confounded with foresight.

⁷ Misguiding. (W. G.)

⁸ Traitours framde. (W. G.)

⁹ Inheritance. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Pretended, offered, held forth.

¹¹ Add it to the, pronounced swiftly "add't'the," upon the principle of the dropped d of the past tense in words with a root ending in t, runs the four syllables into two.

warning to one of the sons, while the father prepares force wherewith, if necessary, by the terror of his power to stay the rage of both, or yet of one at least. But it is too late. After the manner of the ancient drama, which related, but did not show, violent deeds, a messenger enters, and the act ends with his tidings :—

O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
That ever woeful messenger did tell,
That ever wretched land hath seen before,
I bring to you : Porrex your younger son
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to Ferrex did allot to rule ;
And with his own most bloody hand he hath
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

Gor. O heavens, send down the flames of your revenge !

Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
The traitor son, and then the wretched sire !
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath ;
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To fatal sceptre and accurs'd reign.
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft Morgan his life with cousin's hand ?
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still¹ before the heaven's face,
With endless mischiefs on the curs'd brood.
The wicked child thus² brings to woeful sire
The mournful plaints to waste his very³ life.
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife ;
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
The dead black streams of mourning,⁴ plaints, and woe.

Sackville's Fourth and Fifth Acts are now given without abridgment :—

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW
BEFORE THE FOURTH ACT.

First, the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came forth from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megara, and Tisiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand : each driving before them a king and a queen ; which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyzes, Althæa ; after

that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow ; that is to say, Porrex slain by his own mother, and of King Gorboduc and Queen Videna, killed by their own subjects.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

VIDENA *solus.*

Why should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress ?
O me, most woeful wight, whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,
Have pierc'd this breast, and life with iron reft ?
Or in this palace here, where I so long
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
Once, once have happ'd, in which these huge frames
With death by full might have oppress'd me ?
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,
Sometime had ruth of mine accurs'd life,
To rend in twain, and swallow me therein ?
So had my bones possess'd now in peace
Their happy grave within the clos'd ground,
And greedy worms had gnawn this pin'd heart
Without my feeling pain : so should not now
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb,
Wherein my heart, yelden to death, is grav'd ;
Nor dreary thoughts, with pangs of pining grief,
My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.
O my beloved son ! O my sweet child !
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight !
Is my beloved⁵ son, is my sweet child,
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight,
Murder'd with cruel death ? O hateful wretch !
O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth !
Thou, Porrex, thou this damn'd deed hast wrought ;
Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye⁶ the same.
Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,
To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself :
The gods on thee in hell shall wreak the⁷ wrath,
And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitiff wight.
If after blood so eager were thy thirst,
And murder'd mind had so possess'd thee,
If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like
Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood :
Wild savage beasts, might not their slaughter serve
To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst
Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill ?
Or if nought else but death and blood of man
Might please thy lust, could none in Britain land
Whose heart betorn out of his panting⁸ breast
With thine own hand, or work what death thou would'st,
Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease¹⁰
That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee,
But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapp'd,
Where thou in dismal hour receiv'dst life ?
Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,
Mightest thou not have reach'd a mortal wound,

⁵ Well beloved. (W. G.)

⁶ Abye. (W. G.) See Note 2, page 31.

⁷ Their. (W. G.)

⁸ The. (W. G.)

⁹ Lovest. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Appease. (W. G.)

¹ "Still" is omitted in W. G.'s edition.

² This. (W. G.)

³ Wery. (W. G.)

⁴ Mourning. (W. G.)

And with thy sword have pierc'd this curs'd womb
That the accurs'd Porrex brought to light,
And given me a just reward therefore?
So Ferrex yet¹ sweet life might have enjoyed,
And to his aged father comfort brought,
With some young son in whom they both might live.
But whereunto waste I this ruthless speech,
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine:
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
Never, O wretch, this womb conceiv'd thee;
Nor never bode I painful throes for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew.
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast;
But, from thy birth, the cruel tiger's teats
Have nurs'd thee;² nor yet of flesh and blood
Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
Or that these hands will not be wroked on thee?
Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,
That lov'd him more dearly than herself?
And doth she live, and is not venged on thee?

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

GORBODUC; AROSTUS.

Gor. We marvel much, whereto this ling'ring stay
Falls out so long: Porrex unto our court,
By order of our letters, is return'd;
And Eubulus received from us behest,
At his arrival here, to give him charge
Before our presence straight to make repair,
And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

Aros. Lo where he comes, and Eubulus with him.

Enter EUBULUS and PORREX.

Eub. According to your highness' hest to me,
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such haste therein.

Gor. We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which law³ of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life,
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the law of kind,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again; and justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet sithens thou 'rt our child, and sith as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst allege
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work,

And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Por. Neither, O king, I can or will deny
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft:
Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail,
Oh! would it might as full appear to sight,
As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.
So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthless heart
Melting in tears within a manly breast,
Through deep repentance of his bloody fact;
If ever grief, if ever woeful man
Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,
I think the torment of my mournful case,
Known to your grace as I do feel the same,
Would force even Wrath herself to pity me.
But as the water, troubled with the mud,
Shows not the face which else the eye should see;
Even so your ireful mind with stirr'd thought
Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.
But this unhap, amongst so many haps,
I must content me with, most wretched man,
That to myself I must reserve⁴ my woe,
In pining thoughts of mine accurs'd fact;
Sithens I may not show⁵ my smallest grief,
Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
Which I esteem the greatest misery
Of all mishaps that fortune now can send.
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
To⁶ purchase life; for to the gods I clepe⁷
For true record of this my faithful speech;
Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
To die the death that by your grace's doom,
By just desert, shall be pronounced to me;
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech,
Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
I mean not this as though I were not touch'd
With care of dreadful death, or that I held
Life in contempt: but that I know the mind
Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail.
And for my guilt, I yield the same so great
As in myself I find a fear to sue
For grant of life.

Gor. In vain, O wretch, thou showest
A woeful heart: Ferrex now lies in grave,
Slain by thy hand.

Por. Yet this, O father, hear;
And then I end. Your majesty well knows,
That when my brother Ferrex and myself
By your own hest were join'd in governance
Of this your grace's realm of Britain land,
I never sought nor travailed for the same;
Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
But from your highness' will alone it sprung,
Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.
But how my brother's heart even then repined
With swollen disdain against mine equal rule,
Seeing that realm, which by descent should grow
Wholly to him, allotted half to me;
Even in your highness' court he now remains,
And with my brother then in nearest place,
Who can record what proof thereof was showed,
And how my brother's envious heart appeared.
Yet I that judg'd it my part to seek
His favour and good will, and loath to make

¹ Of. (W. G.)² "Thee" omitted. (W. G.)³ Laws. (W. G.)⁴ Refer. (W. G.)⁵ "Here" added. (W. G.)⁶ Should. (W. G.)⁷ Clepe, call. First-English "clippian."

Your highness know the thing which should have brought
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him :
Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
A loving heart within a brother's breast,
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love
And faithful heart, he gave to me his hand.
This made me think that he had banished quite
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
Such hearty love as I did owe to him.
But after once we left your grace's court,
And from your highness' presence lived apart,
This equal rule still, still did grudge him so,
That now those envious sparks which erst lay raked
In living cinders of dissembling breast,
Kindled so far within his heart¹ disdain,
That longer could he not refrain from proof
Of secret practice to deprive me life
By poison's force; and had bereft me so,
If mine own servant hired to this fact,
And moved by truth with² to work the same,
In time had not bewrayed it unto me.
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,
His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
Black treason hid; then, then did I despair
That ever time could win him friend to me:
Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
Wrapp'd under cloak, then saw I deep deceit
Lurk in his face and death prepared for me:
Even nature moved me then to hold my life
More dear to me than his, and bade this hand,
Since by his life my death must needs ensue,
And by his death my life mote³ be preserved,
To shed his blood, and seek my safety so.
And wisdom willéd me without protract⁴
In speedy wise to put the same in ure.⁵
Thus have I told the cause that mov'd me
To work my brother's death; and so I yield
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.

Gor. O cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banished be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be showed. Depart therefore our sight.
Accurséd child! [*Exit PORREX.*] What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
That even in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.⁶

Aros. Your grace should now, in these grave years
of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate.
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,

To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The arméd breast where force doth light in vain.

Gor. Many can yield right sage and grave⁷ advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;⁸
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Enter MARCELLA

Mar. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? is all the world
Drownéd in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas! within the mother's breast
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood:
If ruth be banish'd thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

Gor. Madam, alas, what means your woeful tale?

Mar. O silly woman! why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same:
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthless records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas! is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife, is left of life.

Gor. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful Light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech!

Eub. Patient, your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound received, but not of certain death.

Gor. Oh let us then repair unto the place,
And see if Porrex live,⁹ or thus be slain.

[*Exeunt GORRIBUS and EUBULUS.*]

Mar. Alas, he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
E'en with a twinkle¹⁰ a senseless stock I saw.

Aros. O damnéd deed!

Mar. But hear his ruthless end:
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,¹¹
Whose strength now failing straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, e'en now¹² unclos'd.
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
We then, alas! the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name

¹ Hearts. (W. G.)

² With hate. (W. G.) The word is omitted by accident in the authorised edition, the sense being that the servant was moved by a true nature with hatred of the thing he was to do.

³ To. (W. G.)

⁴ Protract, delay.

⁵ Ure, use.

⁶ Grave. (W. G.)

⁷ Grave and sage. (W. G.)

⁸ Kind, nature.

⁹ If that Porrex. (W. G.)

¹⁰ Twink. (W. G.)

¹¹ Start for started, the *ed* being lost in the final *t* of the root-word.

¹² New. (W. G.)

Of Mother, and to cry to her for aid
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying (alas! for nought else could we do)
His ruthful end, ran to the woeful bed,
Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might
Wiped in vain, with napkins next at hand,
The sudden streams of blood that flush'd fast
Out of the gaping wound. O what a look!
O what a ruthful steadfast eye methought
He fix'd upon my face! which to my death
Will never part from me, when with a braid¹
A deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight;
And straight, pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

Aros. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Mar. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assign'd
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel heart that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas! so heinous crime was wrought.
O Queen of adamant! O marble breast!
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely cheer and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage,
His noble limbs in such proportion cast
As would have rapt a silly woman's thought;
If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand, the wretched weapon
Ev'n to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother! thou to murder thus thy child!
E'en Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
That bowed the head-piece of thy friendly foe!
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword:—
Which never now these eyes may see again!
Aros. Madam, alas! in vain these complaints are shed;
Rather with me depart, and help to 'swage²
The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king
Must needs by nature grow by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Mar. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
Not I, alas! that heart is not in me.
But let us go, for I am grieved anew,
To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [Exeunt.]

CHORUS.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men;
And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
Within ambitious breast are lodg'd, then
Behold how Mischief wide herself displays,
And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the³ heaven's face,
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
The mighty god ev'n moveth from his place,
With wrath to wreak: then sends he forth with speed
The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.
These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
Jove, by his just and everlasting doom,
Justly hath ever so requited it.

The times before record, and times to come
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood;
And happy he, that can in time beware
By others' harms, and turn it to his good.
But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIFTH ACT.

First, the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebussiers, and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms, and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which, by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility, after the death of King Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in the succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchy.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

CLOTYN; MANDUD; GWENARD; FERGUS; ⁴ EUBULUS.

Clot. Did ever age bring forth such tyrant hearts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
The mother, she hath dyed her cruel hands
In blood of her own son; and now at last
The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.

Man. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunish'd rest?

Ev'n yet they cease not, carried on⁵ with rage,
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,
To slay them all, and to uproot the race
Both of the king and queen; so are they moved
With Porrex' death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltless king, without desert all;⁶
And traitorously have murder'd him therefore,
And eke the queen.

Gwen. Shall subjects dare with force

³ This. (W. G.)

⁴ Clotyn is Duke of Cornwall; Mandud is Duke of Lloegria, in the south; Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland; and Fergus, Duke of Albany, or Scotland, the north. These were all the divisions of the kingdom.

⁵ Out. (W. G.)

⁶ At all. (W. G.)

¹ Braid, sudden start.

² Assuage. (W. G.)

To work revenge upon their prince's fact?
 Admit the worst that may : as sure in this
 The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son :
 Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
 Arise against his lord, and slay his king?
 O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
 Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
 And with the body thrown unto the fowls,
 As carrion food, for terror of the rest.

Ferg. There can no punishment be thought too great
 For this so grievous crime : let speed therefore
 Be used therein, for it behooveth so.

Eub. Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,
 And I as one consent with ye in all.
 I hold it more than need, with¹ sharpest law
 To punish this² tumultuous bloody rage.
 For nothing more may shake the common state,
 Than sufferance of uproars without redress;
 Whereby how some kingdóms of mighty power,
 After great conquests made, and flourishing
 In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought,
 I pray to Jove that we may rather wail
 Such hap in them than witness in ourselves.
 Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees,³
 Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
 Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
 But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,
 Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
 By justice' plague on these rebellious wights;
 Methinks ye rather should first search the way,
 By which in time the rage of this uproar
 Might be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.
 Even yet the life of Britain land doth hang
 In traitors' balance of unequal weight.
 Think not, my lords, the death of Gorboduc,
 Nor yet Videna's blood, will cease their rage :
 Ev'n our own lives, our wives, and children dear,⁴
 Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands,
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,
 And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.
 For, give once sway unto the people's lusts,
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
 And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,
 So will they headlong run with raging thoughts
 From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,
 To ruin of the realm, themselves, and all :
 So giddy are the common people's minds,
 So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
 Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have,
 What hugy number is assembled still :
 For though the traitorous fact, for which they rose,
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field ;
 So that, how far their furies yet will stretch,
 Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek

By present battle to repress their power,
 Speed must we use to levy force therefore ;
 For either they forthwith will mischief work,
 Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease.
 These violent things may have no lasting long.⁵
 Let us, therefore, use this for present help ;
 Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace
 With gift of pardon, save unto the chief ;
 And that upon condition that forthwith
 They yield the captains of their enterprise,
 To bear such guerdon of their traitorous fact
 As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
 And wholesome terror to posterity.
 This shall, I think, scatter⁶ the greatest part
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,
 And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.
 When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
 The captains to mistrust the multitude,
 Whose safety bids them to betray their heads ;
 And so much more, because the rascal routs,
 In things of great and perilous attempts,
 Are never trusty to the noble race.
 And while we treat, and stand on terms of grace,
 We shall both stay their furious rage the while,
 And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth
 Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.
 In the mean while, make you in readiness
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.
 Horsemen, you know, are not the commons' strength,
 But are the force and store of noble men,
 Whereby the unchosen and unarmed sort
 Of skilless rebels, whom none other power
 But number makes to be of dreadful force,
 With sudden brunt may quickly be oppressed.
 And if this gentle mean of proffered grace
 With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail
 As to assuage their desp'rate courages ;
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
 As present age, and eke posterity,
 May be adrad with horror of revenge
 That justly then shall on these rebels fall.
 This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

Clot. Neither this case admits debate at large ;
 And though it did, this speech that hath been said,
 Hath well abridged the tale I would have told.
 Fully with Eubulus do I consent
 In all that he hath said : and if the same
 To you, my lords, may seem for best advice,
 I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

Man. My lords, then let us presently depart,
 And follow this that liketh us so well.

[*Exeunt CLOTYN, MANDUB, GWENARD, and*

EUBULUS.

Ferg. If ever time to gain a kingdom here
 Were offered man, now it is offered me.
 The realm is reft both of their king and queen,
 The offspring of the prince is slain and dead,
 No issue now remains, the heir unknown,
 The people are in arms and mutinies,
 The nobles, they are busied how to cease
 These great rebellious tumults and uproars ;
 And Britain land, now desert left alone,
 Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,
 Offers herself unto that noble heart

¹ With the. (W. G.)

² The. (W. G.)

³ The following lines here followed in the unauthorised edition of 1565. They must have been written, or they would not have been in W. G.'s copy. Their omission implies a shrinking from responsibility for so unreserved a definition of royal prerogative :—

"That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
 Call to account the doings of his prince,
 Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,
 No more than may the hand cut off the head ;
 In act nor speech, no not in secret thought
 The subject may rebel against his lord,
 Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seat,
 With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes."

⁴ "Dear" omitted in W. G.'s edition.

⁵ Lond. (W. G.)

⁶ Flatter. (W. G.)

That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
 Shall I, that am the Duke of Albany,
 Descended from that line of noble blood
 Which hath so long flourished in worthy fune
 Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts
 Of right should rest above the baser sort,
 Refuse to venture life to win a crown?
 Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand
 My fact herein, if I attempt by arms
 To seek the same now in these times of broil?
 These dukes' power can hardly well appease
 The people that already are in arms.
 But if, perhaps, my force be once in field,
 Is not my strength in power above the best
 Of all these lords now left in Britain land?
 And though they should match me with power of men,
 Yet doubtful is the chance of battles joined.
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the sceptre then of Great Britaine;
 If slain amid the plain this body lie,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this.
 But that I died giving the noble charge
 To hazard life for conquest of a crown.
 Forthwith, therefore, will I in post depart
 To Albany, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secret friends
 By secret practice shall solicit still,
 To seek to win to me the people's hearts.

[Exit.]

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

EURYLUS solus.

Eub. O Jove, how are these people's hearts abused!
 What blind fury thus headlong carries them?
 That though so many books, so many rolls
 Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues
 Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft
 Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell
 What just reward these traitors still receive:
 Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
 To such assign'd, yet can they not beware,
 Yet cannot stay their lewd rebellious hands;¹
 But suffering, lo,² foul treason to disdain
 Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,
 Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
 A ruthless case, that those, whom duty's bond,³
 Whom grafted law, by nature, truth, and faith,
 Bound to preserve their country and their king,
 Born to defend their commonwealth and prince,
 E'en they should give consent thus to subvert
 Thee, Britain land, and from thy⁴ womb should spring.
 O native soil, those that will needs destroy
 And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
 For lo, when once the dukes had offer'd grace
 Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled
 By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads,
 One sort⁵ that saw the dangerous success
 Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
 And knew the difference of prince's power
 From headless number of tumultuous routs,
 Whom common country's care, and private fear
 Taught to repent the error of their rage,

Laid hands upon the captains of their band,
 And brought them bound unto the mighty dukes:
 And⁶ other sort, not trusting yet so well
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their own offence than that they could conceive
 Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed,
 Or for that they their captains could not yield,
 Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before,
 Stole home by silence of the secret night:
 The third unhappy and enraged⁷ sort
 Of desperate hearts, who, stain'd in princes' blood,
 From traitorous furor could not be withdrawn
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,
 By proffered life, ne yet by threatened death,
 With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,
 Careless of country, and aweless of God,
 Stood bent to fight, as furies did them move
 With violent death to close their traitorous life.
 These all by power of horsemen were oppressed,
 And with revenging sword slain in the field,
 Or with the strangling cord hang'd on the trees,
 Where yet their carrion carcases do preach
 The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.
 But lo, where do approach the noble dukes
 By whom these tumults have been thus appeased.

Enter CLOTYN, MANDUP, GWENARD, and AROSUS.

Clot. I think the world will now at length beware
 And fear to put on arms against their prince.

Man. If not, those traitorous hearts that dare rebel,
 Let them behold the wide and huge fields
 With blood and bodies spread of⁸ rebels slain;
 The lofty trees clothed with the corpses⁹ dead
 That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

Aros. A just reward; such as all times before
 Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.

Gwen. But what means he that cometh here so fast?

Enter NUSTICS.

Nun. My lords, as duty and my troth doth move,
 And of my country work a¹⁰ care in me,
 That, if the spending of my breath avail'd¹¹
 To do the service that my heart desires,
 I would not shun to embrace a present death:
 So have I now, in that wherein I thought
 My travail might perform some good effect,
 Ventured my life to bring these tidings here.
 Fergus, the mighty duke of Albany,
 Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
 With twenty thousand men: hither he bends
 His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown.
 Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad,
 That to this realm no certain heir remains,
 That Britain land is left without a guide,
 That he the sceptre seeks for nothing else
 But to preserve the people and the land,
 Which now remain as ship without a stern.¹²
 Lo, this is that which I have here to say.¹³

Clot. Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus
 Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?

⁶ Au. (W. G.)⁷ Unraged. (W. G.)⁸ Body spread, with. (W. G.)⁹ Corpses were in Old English bodies living or dead, as in Latin "corpus," French "corps."¹⁰ And. (W. G.)¹¹ Avail. (W. G.)¹² Stern, rudder.¹³ Hereto said. (W. G.)¹ Yet can they not stay their rebellious hands. (W. G.)² To. (W. G.)³ Bound. (W. G.)⁴ The. (W. G.)⁵ Sort, band, company of men. (See Note 1, page 26.)

O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untampered wilfulness,
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,
Should once attain the crown of Britain land!
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Man. Though we remain without a certain prince,
To wield the realm, or guide the wand'ring rule,
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our country, that contains
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
That ever is or may be dear to man,
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
Let us advance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gen. Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed.
And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death,
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In loathsome life to linger out our days,¹
To see the huge heaps of these unhaps,
That now roll down upon the wretched land,
Where empty place of princely governance,
No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey
To endless storms and waste of civil war.

Bras. That ye, my lords, do disagree in one,
To save your country from the violent reign
And wrongfully usurped tyranny
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realm, and in this realm yourselves,
From foreign thralldom of so proud a prince,
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,
With happy honour to requite it you.
But, O my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince;
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord
Remains no more, since the young kings be slain,
And of the title of the descended crown
Uncertainly the divers minds do think,
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
Will partial fancy and affection deem;
But most uncertainly will climbing pride
And hope of reign withdraw to² sundry parts
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.
When once this noble service is achieved
For³ Britain land, the mother of ye all,
When once ye have with armed force repress'd
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,
That threatens thralldom to your native land;
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
And find the princely state an open prey
To greedy lust and to usurping power,
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care
Of ancient honour of your ancestors,
Of present wealth and nobless of your stocks,
Yea, of the lives and safety yet to come
Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;
Then help to salve the well-near hopeless sore!
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat.
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear

Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves
The crown, by colour of pretended right,
Or by what other means soe'er it be,
Till first by common counsel of you all
In parliament, the regal diadem
Be set in certain place of governance;
In which your parliament, and in your choice,
Prefer the right, my lords, without⁴ respect
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause
That may set forward any other's part:
For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.
Right mean I his or hers, upon whose name
The people rest by mean of native line,
Or by the virtue of some former law
Already made their title to advance.
Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king,
Such one so born within your native land;
Such one prefer, and in no wise admit
The heavy yoke of foreign governance:
Let foreign titles yield to public wealth,
And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
With that same heart, my lords, keep out also
Unnatural thralldom of stranger's reign;
Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,
Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

Eub. Lo, here the end of Brutus' royal line,
And lo, the entry to the woeful wrack
And utter ruin of this noble realm!
The royal king and eke his sons are slain;
No ruler rests within the regal seat;
The heir, to whom the sceptre 'longs, unknown;
That to each force of foreign princes' power,
Whom vantage of our wretched state may move⁵
By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm,
And to the proud and greedy mind at home,
Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire,
Lo, Britain realm is left an open prey,
A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
Who seeth not now how many rising minds
Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm?
And who will not by force attempt to win
So great a gain, that hope persuades to have?
A simple colour shall for title serve.
Who wins the royal crown will want no right,
Nor such as shall display by long descent
A lineal race to prove him lawful king.⁶
In the mean while these civil arms shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
And far and near spread thee, O Britain land:
All right and law shall cease, and he that had
Nothing to-day to-morrow shall enjoy
Great heaps of gold; and he that flowed in wealth,
Lo, he shall be bereft⁷ of life and all:
And happiest he that then possesseth least.
The children fatherless shall weep and wail;
With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish,
One kinsman shall bereave another's life,
The father shall unwitting slay the son,
The son shall slay the sire and know it not.
Women and maids the cruel soldier's sword
Shall pierce to death, and silly children lo,
That playing in the streets and fields are found,

¹ With. (W. G.)

² "May move" was omitted in W. G.'s edition.

³ To prove himself a king. (W. G.)

⁴ Shall be reft. (W. G.)

⁵ Lives. (W. G.) ⁶ From. (W. G.) ⁷ From. (W. G.)

By violent hands shall close their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier
 Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
 Ev'n thou, O wretched mother, half alive,
 Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child
 Slain with the sword while he yet sucks thy breast.
 Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed.
 Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,
 But dearth and famine shall possess the land.
 The towns shall be consumed and burnt with fire,
 The peopled cities shall wax desolate;
 And thou, O Britain,¹ whilom in renown,
 Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,
 Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twain,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
 These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
 Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
 To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
 This is the end, when in fond² princes' hearts
 Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place:
 These are the plagues, when murder is the mean
 To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
 Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
 Nought but the blood of her own child may swage;
 These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise
 To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.
 This, this ensues, when noble men do fail
 In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
 And this doth grow, when lo, unto the prince,
 Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
 No certain heir remains, such certain heir,³
 As not all only is the rightful heir,
 But to the realm is so made known⁴ to be;
 And truth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,
 To owe faith there where right is known to rest.
 Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
 When is of parliament no hope at all,
 Which, though it be assembled by consent,
 Yet is not likely with consent to end;
 While each one for himself, or for his friend,
 Against his foe, shall travail what he may;
 While now the state, left open to the man
 That shall with greatest force invade the same,
 Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope;
 When will they once with yielding hearts agree?
 Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?
 No, no: then parliament should have been holden,
 And certain heirs appointed to the crown,
 To stay their title on⁵ established right,
 And in the people plant⁶ obedience
 While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
 By lawful summons and authority
 Might make a parliament to be of force,
 And might have set the state in quiet stay.
 But now, O happy man, whom speedy death
 Deprives of life, he is enforced to see
 These hugy mischiefs, and these miseries,
 These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs.
 Of justice, yet must God in fine restore
 This noble crown unto the lawful heir:
 For right will always live, and rise at length,
 But wrong can never take deep root to last.

THE ENDE OF THE TRAGEDIE OF KYNGE GORBODUC.

Conspicuous success bred imitation. Young barristers and others from the Universities, with their careers before them and their bread to earn, could see in the success of "Gorboduc" their opportunity if they had wit. There was pleasure to be given to large audiences by real plays in English, and there were companies of actors, servants of great houses trained to the playing of interludes, ready enough to apply their skill to more attractive matter. They lost their licences to act if in their interludes they were held to have touched religion or government; as actors of plays, in the true classical sense of the word, they would earn more from the people and be less molested by the government. Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, had a company of theatrical servants, and had written in 1559, a year or two before the production of "Gorboduc," to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord President of the North, asking leave for them to play in Yorkshire, they having leave already to play in other shires. In 1560, a few months before the production of "Gorboduc," Sir Thomas Cawarden died, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas Benger in his office of Master of the Revels and Masks (Magister Jocorum, Revellorum, et Mascorum). Queen Mary's expenditure on players and musicians had been between two and three thousand pounds a year in salaries. Elizabeth reduced this establishment, but still paid salaries to interlude players and musicians, to a keeper of bears and mastiffs, as well as to the gentlemen and children of the chapel. The master of the children had a salary of forty pounds a year; the children had largesse at high feasts, and when additional use was made of their services; and each gentleman of the chapel had nineteenpence a day, with board and clothing.

The master of the chapel who at this time had the training of the children was Richard Edwards, who had written lighter pieces for them to act before her Majesty, and now applied his skill to the writing of English comedies, and teaching his boys to act them for the pleasure of the Queen. The new form of entertainment made its way at Court and through the country, "Gorboduc" having been acted before the Queen at Whitehall, on the 18th of January, 1562, on the 1st of February following there was a play of "Julius Caesar" acted at Court.

In 1563 there was a plague in London, of which 21,530 persons died. Archbishop Grindal advised Sir William Cecil, the secretary (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to forbid all plays for one year, and if it were for ever, he said, that would not be amiss. They were acted on scaffolds in public places, like the interludes; and, like them, with no more stage appointment than the dressing of the actors. Now that the public thronged to be thus entertained, the place of acting commonly chosen was one of the large inn-yards, which have not yet everywhere disappeared. The yard was a great square rudely paved, entered by an archway, and surrounded by the buildings of the inn, which had an outside gallery on the level of the first floor, and a second gallery sometimes surrounding the yard on the floor above. Chaucer's "Tabard" in Southwark—its name afterwards perverted to the "Talbot"—which stood until 1874 as it had been rebuilt in Elizabeth's reign, may serve as an example. The inn-yard having

¹ Britain land. (W. G.)

² Young. (W. G.)

³ Certainty. (W. G.)

⁴ Unknown. (W. G.)

⁵ Of. (W. G.)

⁶ Plant the people in. (W. G.)

been hired for a performance, saving, of course, the rights of customers whose horses were stabled round about, a stage was built at one end under the surrounding gallery. It was enclosed by curtains tent-fashion, which hung from above and included a bit of the inn-gallery for uses of the drama. The platform was strewn with rushes. Musicians were placed in the gallery outside the curtain. One sound of the trumpet called the public in, and they stood on the rough stones in the yard—the original “pit”—unless they engaged rooms that opened upon the surrounding gallery, in which they might enjoy themselves, and from which they could look out on the actors. Those rooms were the first private boxes, and when buildings were erected for the acting of plays, their private

who were exacting in their notions of wit. The writers were young University men, with credit for wit at stake; and while the plays in the inn-yards could not satisfy the crowd that paid to see them unless they told good stories vigorously and sent their scenes home to the common sympathies of men, the poets who wrote them were compelled to keep in mind the taste of the polite world, by whose judgment socially they must needs stand or fall. Plays written, not for the inn-yards, but for the Court, might appeal only to appetite for wit, and, neglecting the deeper passions of life, play fancifully with a classical fable, or work out ingeniously through mythological details some subtle under-thought or delicate piece of compliment to the Queen.



TALBOT INN-YARD. CHAUCER'S TABARD. (From a Sketch in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1812.)

boxes were at first called “rooms.” The inn-gallery has been developed into the “dress circle” of modern times. The second flourish of trumpets invited all spectators to settle themselves in their places. After the third sound of the trumpet, the curtain was drawn, and the actors began to represent in action the story made for them into a play. There was no scenery. The bit of inn-gallery included between the curtains might be a balcony for a Juliet, a town-wall or a tower to be defended, a palace-roof, or any raised place that was required by the action. The writer and the actors of the play were the whole play. They alone must present everything by their power to the imaginations of those upon whom they exercised their art. At Court, for the Queen's pleasure, there was still only the scaffold on which to present the story, and beyond the dressing of the actors, only the most indispensable bits of stage appointment; as a seat, if the story required that one should sit, or a table if necessary. But if the poet wanted scene-painting, he must paint his own scene in his verse. It is evident also from contemporary satires that the actors did not stint sound and fury where the play allowed it. But although the greater part of the audience was uneducated, there were present also the courtiers, scholars, and poets,

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE DATE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH TRAGEDY TO THE YEAR IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT SHAKESPEARE CAME TO LONDON—A.D. 1561 TO A.D. 1586.

THOMAS PRESTON, M.A., a Fellow of King's College, who became LL.D., and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is said to have pleased Queen Elizabeth so greatly by his acting in the tragedy of “Dido,” presented before her by his University, in 1564, that she granted him twenty pounds a year for doing so. Perhaps this included recognition of skill as a dramatist, for he was the author of the play of “Cambyzes,” to which Shakespeare is supposed to have alluded when he made Falstaff, in the first part of “Henry IV.,” offer to rebuke the Prince in character of his father, saying, “Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it might be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.” The play is said to have been acted in 1561, as early as “Gorboduc,” and it is called a comedy, but it is neither comedy nor tragedy. The Vice of the Morality appears in it as the furtherer of mischief, whose duplicity gives him the name of Ambidexter. Other allegorical characters help to

work out the lesson upon the responsibility of kings and magistrates which is drawn from the story of Cambyases. In the printed black-letter copy there is indication of the manner in which the numerous characters of the piece were distributed among eight actors; one man playing Lord Smirdis, Ruff, and Venus.

KING CAMBISES.

THE DIVISION OF THE PARTS.

Counsel.	}	For one man.
HUF.		
PRAXASPES.		
Murder.		
LOB.		
The 3 Lord.	}	For one man.
Lord.		
RUF.		
Commons cry.		
Commons Complaint.		
Lord SMIRDIS.	}	For one man.
VENUS.		
Knight.		
SNUF.		
Small habilitie.		
Proof.	}	For one man.
Execution.		
Attendance.		
Second Lord.		
CAMBISES.		
Epilogus.	}	For one man.
Prologue.		
SISAMNES.		
Diligence.		
Crueltie.		
HOB.	}	For one man.
Preparation.		
The 1 Lord.		
AMRIDENTER.		
Triall.		
Meretrix.	}	For one man.
Shame.		
OTIAN.		
Mother.		
Lady.		
Queene.	}	For one man.
Young Child.		
CUPID.		

First, to set forth the purpose of the play,

The PROLOGUE Entereth.

Agathon, he whose counsel wise to princes well extended,
By good advice unto a prince three things he hath commended;
First is, that he hath government, and ruleth over men;
Secondly, to rule with laws, eke justice (saith he) then;
Thirdly, that he must well conceive he may not always reign:
Lo, thus the rule unto a prince, Agathon squared plain.
Tully the wise whose sapience in volumes great doth tell,
Who in wisdom in that time did many men excel,
A prince (saith he) is of himself a plain and speaking law,
The law a schoolmaster divine, this by his rule I draw.
The sage and witty Seneca his words thereto did frame:
The honest exercise of kings, men will ensue the same.
But contrary wise if that a king abuse his kingly seat,
His ignominy and bitter shame in fine shall be more great.
In Persia there reigned a king who Cyrus hight by name,
Who did deserve, as I do read, the lasting blast of fame:
But he, when sisters three had wrought to shear his vital
thread,
As heir due to take the crown, Cambyases did proceed;
He in his youth was trained up by trace of virtue's lore,
Yet (being king) did clean forget his perfect race before.

Then cleaving more unto his will such vice did imitate,
As one of Icarus his kind, forwarning then did hate;
Thinking that none could him dismay, nor none his facts
could see;

Yet at the last a fall he took, like Icarus to be.

Else as the fish, which oft had take the pleasant bait from
hook,

In safe did spring and pierce the streams when fisher fast did
look

To hoist up from the watery waves unto the dried land,
Then scaped, at last by subtle bait come to the fisher's hand:
Even so this king Cambyases here, when he had wrought his
will,

Taking delight the innocent his¹ guiltless blood to spill,
Then mighty Jove would not permit to prosecute offence,
But what measure the king did mete the same did Jove
commence,

To bring to end with shame his race; two years he did not
reign:

His cruelty we will dilate, and make the matter plain;
Craving that this may suffice now your patience to win:
I take my way; behold, I see the players coming in.

After the Prologue, King Cambyases enters with a knight and counsellor. His father Cyrus, he says, is dead, he has become King of Persia, and means war against the rebellious Egyptians. His counsellor bids him go forward and merit just reward.

But then your grace must not turn back from this pretended²
will,

For to proceed in virtuous life employ endeavour still;
Extinguish vice, and in that cup to drink have no delight:
To martial feats and kingly sport fix all your whole delight.

His knight promises doughty support, but as the drums strike up for the march, his counsellor reminds Cambyases that he must appoint some one to rule the land in his absence. The king, therefore, sends his knight to fetch Sisamnes, whom the counsellor holds also to be a fit man, though a lord adds—

Report declares he is a man that to himself is nigh;
One that favoureth much the world, and too much sets thereby.

Cambyases, therefore, warns Sisamnes that he will be punished severely if he do not look well to his bond. Then the King leaves for the wars to sound of drum and trumpet. Sisamnes remains to express his new sense of unlimited power, with a resolve to do his duty. Then "Enter the Vice with an old cap-case on his head, an old pail about his hips for harness, a scummer and a potlind by his side, and a rake on his shoulder." The Vice³ of the Morality-play played

¹ The innocent his, for "of the innocent," a form used in misconception of the origin of *'s* as a genitive sign. It was wrongly supposed to be a contraction of *his*. Really it was from *es*, once the genitive sign of masculine and neuter nouns ending in a consonant.

² Pretended, intended. So *pretence* was used also for *intention*, as when Macbeth says,

"Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice."

³ The Vice usually wore a fool's dress and became the clown of the old plays. In the comment at the end of the second act of Ben Jonson's "Staple of News," Mirth asks, "How like you the Vice in the play?" Says Expectation, "Which is he?" Mirth: "Three or four: Old Covetousness, the sordid Pennybody," &c. Tattle: "But

clown's tricks while he represented the spirit prompting man to evil. The entertainment furnished by him was continued in the early drama by adding a clown to the *dramatis personæ*. The Vice in burlesque arms, like those of Roister Doister in his battle with Christian Custance, enters with "Stand away, stand away!"

Ambidexter.

Harnessed I am prepared to the field:
I would have been content at home to have bod,
But I am sent forth with my spear and shield.
I am appointed to fight against a snail,
And Wilkin Wren the ancient¹ shall bear;
I doubt not but against him to prevail.
To be a man my deeds shall declare.

* * * * *
Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,
To see if I can all men beguile.
Ha, my name, my name would you so fain know?
Yea, iwis,² shall ye, and that with all speed:
I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show;
A, a, now I have it, I have it in deed.
My name is Ambidexter, I signify one
That with both hands finely can play;
Now with king Cambyzes, and by and by³ gone:
Thus do I run this and that way.
For while I mean with a soldier to be,
Then give I a leap to Sisamnes the judge;
I dare avouch, ye shall his destruction see:
To all kind of estates I mean for to trudge.
Ambidexter, may he is a fellow if ye knew all:
Cease for a while, hereafter hear more ye shall.

Now "enter three Ruffians, Huff, Ruff, and Snuff, singing." They swear much, as they are going to the wars. Seeing the Vice, they propose to bump him against a post. He attacks them. "Here let him swinge them about." Presently they draw swords. He is terrified. They shake hands and become friends. Meretrix enters, and Ruff and Snuff fight for her favour. "Here draw and fight. Here she must lay on and coil them both, the Vice must run his way for fear, Snuff fling down his sword and buckler and run his way." The woman then beats Ruff and makes him her servant. When they are gone the Vice, Ambidexter, returns and looks for Sisamnes. Sisamnes enters, and the Vice presently tempts him. The old spelling shall now be left untouched:

Ambidexter. Jesu, maister Sisamnes, with me you are wel acquainted:
By me rulers may be trimly painted.
Ye are unwise, if ye take not time while ye may:
If ye wil not now, when ye would ye shall have nay.
What is he, that of you dare make exclamation,

here is never a fiend to carry him away; besides, he has never a wooden dagger. I would not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at everybody he meets." Mirth: "That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hocus Pocus in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts like the knave of clubs."

¹ Ancient, ensign, standard. A standard-bearer, or ensign, was called an ancient. So "Ancient Pistol" was equivalent to Ensign Pistol.

² Iwis = First-English "gewis," certainly.

³ By and by, immediately. See Note 2, p. 44.

Of your wrong dealing to make explication?
Can you not play with bothe hands, and turn with the winde?
Sisamnes. Believe me, your woords draw deep in my minde.
In coloure wise unto this day to bribes I have inclyned:
More the same for to frequent, of trueth I am now minded.
Behold, even now unto me suters doo proceed.

Small Habilitie. I beseech you heer, good maister judge, a poor mans cause to tender;

Condemne me not in wrongful wise, that never was offender.
You knowe right wel, my right it is, I have not for to give;
You take away from me my due, that should my corps⁴ releeve.
The *Commons* of you doo complain, from them you devocate;⁵
With anguish great, and greevous words, ther hearts doo penetrate.

The right you sel unto the wrong, your private gain to win;
You violate the simple man, and count it for no sin.

Sisamnes. Holde thy tung, thou prating knave, and give to me reward;

Els in this wise, I tel thee trueth, thy tale wil not be heard.

Ambidexter, let us go hence, and let the knave alone.

Amb. Farewel, *Small Habilitie*, for helpe now get ye none.
Bribes hath corrupt him, good lawes to pollute. [*Ezeunt.*

S. Habilitie. A naughtie man that wil not obay the kings constitute.

With hevvy hart I wil return, til God redresse my pain.

[*Exit.*

Enter SHAME, with a trump black.

Shame. From among the grisly gosts I come, from tirants testy train;⁶

Unseemly *Shame*, of sooth I am procuréd to make plain
The odious facts and shameless deeds that *Cambyzes* king dooth use;

All pietie, and vertuose life, he dooth it clene refuse
Lechery and drunkenness, he dooth it much frequent;
The tigers kinde to immitate, he hath given ful consent.
He nought esteemes his *Councel* grave, ne vertuous bringing up;

But dayly stil receives the drink of damnéd vice's cup:
He can bide no instruction, he takes so greet delight,
In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his spight.
As Fame dooth sound the royall trump of worthy men and trim,
So *Shame* dooth blowe with strained blast the trump of shame on him. [*Exit.*

Enter the KING, LORD, PRAXASPES, and SISAMNES.

King. My judge, since my departure hence, have you used judgement right?

If faithful stuard I ye find, the same I wil requite.

Sisamnes. No dout, your grace shal not once hear, that I have doon amis.

Pra. I much rejoice to heare so good news as this.

Enter COMMONS CRY running in speak this verse, go out again hastily.

Com. Cry. Alas, alas! how are the *Commons* oppressed by that vile judge, *Sisamnes* by name?

I doo not knowe, how it should be redressed; to amend the life no whit he dooth frame.

We are undoon, and thrown out of doore, his damnable dealing dooth us so torment:

At his hand we can find no releaf nor succoure. God grant him grace for to repent! [*Run away crying.*

⁴ Corps, body, as in French, not necessarily a dead body.

⁵ Devocate, call down (complaint).

⁶ We find in "tyrant's testy train"
A sample of "Cambyzes vein."

King. What doleful cryes be these, my lord, that sound doo in mine eare?

Intelligence if you can give, unto your king declare.
To me it seemeth my *Commons* all they doo lament and cry
Out of *Sisammes* judge most cheef, even now standing us by.

Prax. Even so (o king) it seemed to me as you rehearsall made:

I dout the judge culpable be in some respect or trade.

Sisammes. Redouted king, have no mistrust, no whit your mind dismay;

There is not one that can me charge, or ought against me lay.

Enter COMMONS COMPLAINT, with PROOF, and TRIALL.

Com. Complaint. *Commons Complaint* I represent, with thrall of dolful state,

By urgent cause erected foorth my grief for to dilate.

Unto the king I will prepare my misery to tel,

To have releef of this my greef, and fettered feet so fel.

Redouted prince, and mightie king, my self I prostrate heer;

Vouchsafe (o king) with me to beare for this that I appear.

With humble sute I pardon crave of your moste royall grace,

To give me leave my minde to breke, before you in this place.

King. Commons Complaint, keep nothing back, fear not thy tale to tel:

What ere he be within this land that hath not used thee wel,
As princes mouth shall sentence give, he shall receive the same;
Unfolde the secrets of thy brest, for I extinguish blame.

Com. Complaint. God preserve your royall grace, and send you blissful dayes,

That all your deeds might stil accord to give the Gods the praise.

My complaint is (o mightie king) against that judge you by;
Whose careless deeds, gain to receive, hath made the *Commons* cry:

He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he dooth oppresse,
Taking releef from infants yung, widowes and fatherlesse.

King. Untrustful traitor, and corrupt judge, how likest thou this complaint?

Forewarning I to thee did give, of this to make restraunte:

And hast thou done this devilish deed, mine ire to augment?

I sentence give, thou *Judas* judge; thou shalt thy deed repent.

Sisammes. O pusant prince, it is not so, his complaint I deny.

Com. Complaint. If it be¹ not so (most mightie king) in place then let me dye:

Beholde that I have brought with me, bothe *Proof* and *Tryall* true,

To stand even heer, and sentence give, what by him did issue.

Proof. I, *Proof*, doo him in this appeal, he did the *Commons* wrong;

Unjustly he with them hath delt, his greedy was so strong:

His hart did covet in to get, he cared not which way;

The poor did leese their due and right, because they want to pay

Unto him for bribes indeed, this was his wunted use:

Wheras your grace good lawes did make, he did the same abuse.

Tryall. I, *Tryall*, heer to verify what *Proof* dooth now unfold,

To stand against him in his wrong as now I dare be bolde.

King. How likest thou this, thou caitive vile? canst thou the same deny?

Sisammes. O noble king, forgive my fact, I yeeld to thy mercy.

King. Complaint, and Proof, redresse will I all this your misery:

Depart with speed from whence you came, and straight commaund by me

The execution man to come before my grace with haste.

All. For to fulfil this your request, no time we meane to waste. [*Exeunt they three.*]

King. My lord, before my grace go call *Otian* this judges sonne;

And he shall heare, and also see, what his father hath doon.

The father he shall suffer death, the sonne his rounge succeed;

And if that he no better proove, so likewise shall he speed.

Prax. As your grace hath commaundment given, I meane for to fulfil. [*Step aside and fetch him.*]

King. Accurséd judge, couldst thou consent to do this curséd il?

According unto thy demandaund, thou shalt for this thy gilt

Receive thy death before mine eyes, thy blood it shalbe spilt.

Prax. Beholde (o king) *Sisammes* sonne, before you dooth appeere.

King. *Otian*, this is my minde, therefore to me come near:

Thy father heer for judgment wrong procuréd hath his death,

And thou his sonne shalt him succeed, when he hath lost his breth;

And if that thou doost once offend, as thou seest thy father have,

In likewise shalt thou suffer death, no mercy shall thee save.

Otian. O mightie king, vouchsafe your grace, my father to remit;

Forgive his fault, his pardon I doo aske of you as yet.

Alas, although my father hath your princely hart offended,

Amends for misse he wil now make, and faults shalbe amended.

Instead of his requested life, pleaseth your grace take mine;

This offer I as tender childe, so duty dooth me binde.

King. Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shall dye the death;

Where is the execution man, him to bereave of breath?

Enter EXECUTION.

Execution. At hand, and if it like your grace, my duty to dispatch;

In hope that I, when deed is doon, a good rewarde shall catch.

King. Dispatch with swoord this judges life, extinguish fear and cares.

So doon, draw thou his curséd skin, strait over both his eares.

I wil see the office doon, and that before mine eyes.

Execution. To doo the thing my king commaunds, I give the enterprise.

Sisammes. *Otian*, my sonne, the king to death by law hath me condemned;

And you in rounge and office mine, his graces wil hath placed:

Use justice therefore in this case, and yeeld unto no wrong,

Lest thou do purchase the like death, or ever² it be long.

Otian. O father deer, these words to hear, that you must dye by force,

Bedewes my cheeks with stilléd tears; the king hath no remorse.

The grevous greef and strained sighes, my hart doth breke in twain,

And I deplore, moste woeful childe, that I should see you slain.

O false, and fickle, frowning dame, that turneth as the winde,
Is this the joy in fathers age, thou me assignest to find?

O doleful day, unhappy houre, that looving childe should see:

His father deer before his face, thus put to death should bee.

Yet, father, give me blessing thine, and let me once embrace

Thy comely corps in fouled armes, and kisse thy ancient face.

¹ If it be, pronounced "if 't be." Even heer, e'en here. In reading the lines aloud such contractions should not be forgotten.

² Or ever = ere ever. First-English "æ'r," before.

Sisammes. O childe, thou makes mine eyes to run, as rivers
doo by streme;

My leave I take of thee my sonne, beware of this my beame.

King. Dispatch even now, thou man of death, no longer
seeme to stay.

Execution. Come M. *Sisammes*, come on your way, my office
I must pay;

Forgive therefore my deed.

Sisammes. I doo forgive it thee, my friend; dispatch there-
fore with speed.

[*Smite him in the neck with a sword to signify his
death.*]

Prax. Beholde (o king) how he doth bleed, beeing of life
bereft.

King. In this wise he shall not yet be left.

Pul his skin over his eares, to make his death more vile:

A wretch he was, a cruel thief, my *Commons* to begile.

[*Flea him with a false skin.*]

Otian. What child is he of natures mould could bide the
same to see,

His father flead in this wise? Oh how it greeveth me!

King. *Otian*, thou seest thy father dead, and thou art in
his rume:

If thou beest proud as he hath been, even thereto shalt thou
come.

Otian. O king, to me this is a glasse, with greef in it I view
Example that unto your grace I doo not prove untrue.

Prax. *Otian*, convey your father hence, to tomb where he
shall lye.

Otian. And if it please your lordship, it shalbe doon by and
by.

Good execution man, for need, help me with him away.

Execution. I wil fulfil as you to me did say.

[*They take him away.*]

King. My lord, now that my grace hath seen, that finisht
is this deed,

To question mine give tentative care, and answere make with
speed.

Have not I doon a gracious deed, to redresse my *Commons* wo?

Prax. Yea, truly, if it please your grace, ye have in deed
doon so:

But now (o king) in friendly wise I counsel you in this;

Certain vices for to leave that in you placéd is:

The vice of drunkennes (o king) which dooth you sore infect,
With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.

King. Peace, my lord; what needeth this? of this I wil not
hear:

To pallaice now I wil return, and there to make good cheer.

God *Baccus* he bestowes his gifts, we have good store of wine;

And also that the ladies be both passing brave and fine:

But, stay; I see a lord now come, and eke a valiant knight.

What newes, my lord? to see you heer my hart it dooth
delight.

Enter LORD and KNIGHT to meet the KING.

Lord. No newes, (o king) but of duty come, to wait upon
your grace.

King. I thank you, my lord, and looving knight, I pray
you with me trace.

My lords, and knight, I pray ye tel, I will not be offended:

Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended?

Prax. The *Persians* much praise your grace, but one thing
discommend,

In that to wine subject you be, wherin you doo offend.

Sith that the might of wines effect dooth oft subdue your
brain,

My counsel is, to please their harts, from it you would refrain.

Lord. No, no, my lord, it is not so; for this of prince they
tel,

For vertuous proof and princely facts *Cirus* he dooth excel;
By this his grace by conquest great the *Egyptians* did convince:
Of him reporte abroad dooth passe, to be a worthy prince.

Knight. In person of *Cresus* I answer make, we may not
his grace compare

In whole respect for to be like *Cirus* the kings father:

In so much your grace hath yet no childe as *Cirus* left behinde,
Even you I meane, *Cambises* king, in whome I favour finde.

King. *Cresus* said wel in saying so: but, *Praxaspes*, tel me
why

That to my mouth in such a sort, thou should avouch a lye,
Of drunkennes me thus to charge: but thou with speed shalt
see

Whether that I a sober king or els a drunkard bee.

I knowe thou hast a blisful babe, wherin thou doost delight:
Me to revenge of these thy words I wil go wreke this spight.

When I the most have tasted wine, my bowe it shalbe bent,

At hart of him even then to shoot, is now my whole intent:

And if that I his hart can hit, the king no drunkard is;

If hart of his I doo not kil, I yeeld to thee in this.

Therefore, *Praxaspes*, fetch to me thy yungest sonne with
speed;

There is no way, I tel thee plain, but I wil doo this deed.

Praxaspes. Redouted prince, spare my sweet childe, he is
mine only joy:

I trust, your grace to infants hart no such thing wil imploy.

If that his mother hear of this, she is so nigh her flight,

In clay her corps wil soon be shrinde, to passe from worlds
delight.

King. No more adoo, go fetch me him, it shalbe as I say:

And if that I doo speak the woord how dare ye once say nay?

Praxaspes. I wil go fetch him to your grace; but so, I trust,
it shall not be.

King. For feare of my displeasure great, go fetch him unto
me.

Is he gone? Now, by the Gods, I will doo as I say:

My lord, therefore, fil me some wine, I hartely you pray;

For I must drink to make my brain somewhat intoxicate:

When that the wine is in my hed, oh, trimly I can prate.

Lord. Heere is the cup with filléd wine, therof to take
repaste.

King. Give it me to drink it of, and see no wine be waste:

[*Drinks.*]

Once again inlarge this cup; for I must taste it still: [*Drinks.*]

By the gods, I think, of pleasant wine I cannot take my fil.
Now drink is in, give me my bowe, and arrowes from sir

knight;

At hart of child I meane to shoot, hoping to cleave it right.

Knight. Beholde (o king) wher he dooth come, his infant

yung in hand.

Prax. O mightie king your grace behest with sorow I have

scand,

And brought my childe fro mothers knee before you to appeare,

And she therof no whit dooth knowe that he in place is heer.

King. Set him up my mark to be, I wil shoot at his hart.

Prax. I beseech your grace not so to doo, set this pretence¹
a parte.

Farewel, my deer and looving babe; come kisse thy father
deer:

A greivous sight to me it is, to see thee slain even heer.

Is this the gain now from the king for giving counsel good,
Before my face with such despite to spil my sonnes hart blood?

O hevvy day to me this is, and mother in like case.

¹ Pretence, intention.

Yung Child. O father, father, wipe your face, I see the tears run from your eye:

My mother is at home sowing of a band; alas, deer father, why doo you cry?

King. Before me as mark now let him stand; I wil shoot at him my minde to fulfil.

Yung Child. Alas, alas! father, wil you me kil?

Good'master king, doo not shoot at me, my mother loves me best of all. [Shoot.

King. I have despatched him, down he dooth fall; As right as a line his hart I have hit:

Nay thou shalt see, *Praxaspes*, straunger newes yet.

My knight, with speed his hart cut out, and give it unto me.

Knight. It shalbe doon (o mightie king) with all seleritie.

Lord. My Lord *Praxaspes*, this had not been but your tung must be walking,

To the king of correction you must needs be talking.

Prax. No correction (my lord), but counceel for the best.

Knight. Heere is the hart, according to your graces behest.

King. Beholde, *Praxaspes*, thy sonnes own hart: oh, how wel the same was hit!

After this wine to doo this deed, I thought it very fit:

Esteeme thou maist right wel therby, no drunkard is the king,

That in the midst of all his cups could do this valiant thing.

My lord, and knight, on me attend; to pallaice we wil go,

And leave him heer to take his sonne when we are gone him fro.

All. With all our harts we give consent to wait upon your grace.

Prax. A woful man (o lord) am I, to see him in this case:

My dayes I deem desires their end, this deed will help me hense.

To have the blossoms of my feeld destroyed by violence.

Enter MOTHER.

Mother. Alas, alas! I doo heare tel, the king hath kild my sonne:

If it be so, wo worth the deed, that ever it was doon.

It is even so, my lord I see, how by him he dooth weep:

What ment I that from hands of him this childe I did not keep?

Alas! husband and lord, what did you meane to fetch this child away?

Prax. O lady wife, I little thought for to have seen this day.

Mother. O blissful babe, o joy of womb, harts comfort and delight,

For counceel given unto the king is this thy just requite?

O hevy day, and doleful time, these mourning tunes to make!

With blubred eyes into mine armes from earth I wil the take,

And wrap thee in mine apron white: but oh! my heavy hart!

The sightful pangs that it sustains would make it in two to part

The death of this my sonne to see; O hevy mother now, That from thy sweet and sugred joy, to sorrow so shouldst bow.

What greef in womb did I retain, before I did thee see?

Yet, at the last, when smart was gone, what joy wert thou to me?

How tender was I of thy food for to preserve thy state?

How stilled I thy tender hart at times early and late?

With velvet paps I gave thee suck, with issue from my brest,

And daunced thee upon my knee to bring thee unto rest.

Is this the joy of thee I reap (o king) of tigers brood?

Oh, tigers whelp, hadst thou the hart, to see this childes hart blood?

Nature inforceth me, alas! in this wise to deplore;

To wring my hands, o wele away, that I should see this houre!

Thy mother yet will kisse thy lips, silk soft and pleasant white;

With wringing hands lamenting for to see thee in this plight.

My lording deer, let us go home, our mourning to augment.

Prax. My lady deer, with hevy hart to it I doo consent; Between us bothe the child to bere unto our lordly place.

[Exeunt.

Enter AMBIDEXTER.

Amb. In deed, as ye say, I have been absent a long space:

But is not my cosin *Cutpurse* with you in the mene time?

To it, to it, *Cosin*; and doo your office fine.

How like you *Sisammes* for using of me?

He plaid with bothe hands, but he sped il favouredly.

The king him self was godly up trained;

He professed virtue, but I think it was fained:

He playes with bothe hands good deeds and ill;

But it was no good deed, *Praxaspes* sonne for to kil:

As he for the good deed on the judge was commended,

For all his deeds els he is reprehended.

The moste evil disposed person that ever was,

All the state of his life he would not let passe,

Some good deeds he wil do though they be but few:

The like things this tirant *Cambices* dooth shew.

No goodness from him to none is exhibited;

But still malediction abrode is distributed.

And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race,

What infamy he wil woork against his owne grace.

Whist, no more words: heer comes the kings brother.

Enter lord SMIRDIS, with ATTENDANCE and DILIGENCE.

Smirdis. The kings brother by birth am I, issued from *Cirus* loynes:

A greef to me it is to hear of this the kings repines.

I like not wel of those his deeds, that he dooth still frequent;

I wish to God, that otherwise his minde he could content:

Yung I am, and next to him, no mo of us there be;

I would be glad a quiet realme in this his reign to se.

Atten. My lord, your good and willing hart the gods wil recompence,

In that your minde so pensive is, for those his great offence.

My lord his grace shall have a time to pair and to amende:

Happy is he that can escape, and not his grace offend.

Dili. If that wicked vice he could refrain, from wasting wine forbere,

A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his square.

Ambi. My lord, and if your honor it shall please,

I can informe you what is best for your ease;

Let him alone, of his deeds do not talke,

Then by his side ye may quietly walke;

After his death you shalbe king,

Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing.

In the meane time live quietly, doo not with him deale;

So shall it redownd true to your weale.

Smirdis. Thou saist true, my friend, that is the best:

I knowe not whether he loove me, or doo me detest.

Atten. Learne from his company all that you may;

I faithful *Attendance* will your honor obey.

If against your honor he take any ire,

His grace is as like to kindle his fire

To your honors destruction as otherwise.

Dili. Therefore, my lord, take good advise,

And I *Diligence* your case wil so tender,

That to his grace your honor shalbe none offender.

Smirdis. I thank you bothe, intire freends, with my honor stil remain.

Ambi. Beholde, where the king dooth come with his train.

Enter KING, and 1 LORD.

King. O lording deer, and brother mine, I joy your state to see;

Surmising much what is the cause you absent thus from mee.

Smirdis. Pleaseth your grace, no absence I, but redy to fulfil,

At all assayes, my prince and king, in that your grace me wil,
What I can doo in true defence, to you, my prince, aright;
In redynes I alwaies am to offer foorth my might.

King. And I the like to you again doo heer avouch the same.

All. For this your good agreement heer, now praised be Gods name.

Ambi. But hear ye, noble prince;—hark in your eare:—
It is best to doo as I did declare.

King. My lord and brother *Smirdis* now, this is my minde and wil,

That you to court of mine return, and there to tarry stil
Til my return within short space your honor for to greet.

Smirdis. At your behest so wil I doo, til time again we meet:

My leave I take from you (o king); even now I doo departe.

[*Exeunt SMIRDIS, ATTENDANCE, and DILIGENCE.*]

King. Farewel, lord and brother mine, farewel with all my hart.

My lord, my brother *Smirdis* is of youth and manly might;
And in his sweet and pleasant face my hart dooth take delight.

Lord. Yea, noble prince, if that your grace before his honor dye,

He wil succeed, a vertuous king, and rule with equitie.

King. As you have said, my lord, he is cheef heire next my grace:

And if I dye to morrow, next he shall succeed my place.

Ambi. And if it please your grace (o king) I herd him say,
For your death unto the God day and night he ded pray;
He would live so vertuously, and get him such a praise,
That *Fame* by trump his due deserts, his honor should up raise.

He said, your grace deservéd had the cursing of all men;
That ye should never after him get any praise agen.

King. Did he speak thus of my grace, in such dispyghtful wise?

Or els doost thou presume to fil my princely ears with lies?

Lord. I cannot think it in my hart that he would report so.
King. How sayst thou? speake the truth, was it so or no?

Ambi. I think so, if it please your grace, but I cannot tel.

King. Thou plaist with bothe hands, now I perceive wel.

But for to put all douts aside, and to make him leese his hope,
He shall dye by dent of sword, or els by choking rope.

Shall he succeed when I am gone, to have more praise than I?
Were he father, as brother mine, I swere, that he shall dye.

To pallaice mine I wil therefore, his death for to pursue.

[*Exit.*]

Ambi. Are ye gone? straight way I wil followe you.

How like ye now, my maisters? dooth not this geer cotton?¹
The proverbe olde is verified, soon ripe and soon rotten.

He wil not be quiet til his brother be kild:

His delight is wholly to have his blood spild.

Mary, sir, I tolde him a notable lye:

If it were to doo again, man, I durst doo it I.

Mary, when I had doon, to it I durst not stand:

Thereby you may perceive I use to play with eche hand.

But how now, cosin *Cutpurse*?² with whome play you?

Take heed, for his hand is groping even now:

Cosin, take heed, if ye do secretly grope;

If ye be taken, cosin, ye must looke through a rope. [*Exit.*]

Enter lord SMIRDIS alone.

Smirdis. I am wandering alone, heer and there to walke;
The court is so unquiet, in it I take no joy:
Solitary to myself now I may talke;
If I could rule, I wist what to say.

Enter CRUELTYE and MURDER, with bloody hands.

Crueltie. My coequal partner *Murder*, come away;
From me long thou maist not stay.

Murder. Yes, from thee I may stay, but not thou from me:
Therefore I have a prerogative abooove thee.

Crueltie. But in this case we must together abide:
Come, come; lord *Smirdis* I have spide:

Lay hands on him with all festination,³
That on him we may work our indignation.

Smirdis. How now, my freends? What have you to doo with me?

Murder. King *Cambises* hath sent us unto thee,
Commaunding us straightly,⁴ with out mercy or favour,
Upon thee to bestow our behaviour;
With *Crueltie* to murder you, and make you away.

[*Strike him in divers places.*]

Smirdis. Yet pardon me, I hartely you pray:

Consider, the king is a tirant tyrannious;
And all his dooings be damnable and parnitious:
Favour me therefore, I did him never offend.

[*A little bladder of vinegar prikt.*]

Crueltie. No favour at all; your life is at an end.

Even now I strike his body to wound:

Beholde now his blood springs out on the ground.

Murder. Now he is dead, let us present him to the king.

Crueltie. Lay to your hand, away him to bring.

[*Exeunt.*]

Then *Ambidexter* the Vice enters, and both weeps and laughs over what has happened, after which there is another clownish scene, with the rude fighting that excited laughter. *Hob* and *Lob*, two rustics, are setting out for market at five in the morning, and though the scene is in Persia, *Hob* says—

Chave⁵ two goslings, and a chine of pork.

There is no vatter⁶ between this and York.

Presently they gossip over the deeds of King *Cambyses*. *Ambidexter* threatens to report them. Each accuses the other of having been first to broach treason, and, says the stage direction, "Here let them fight with their staves, not come near another by three or four yards; the Vice set them on as hard as he can; one of their wives come out and all to beat the Vice, he run away.—Enter *Marian*—may-be-good, *Hob's* wife, running in with a broom and part them." But when *Hob* and *Lob* have shaken hands, *Marian* attacks the Vice, and, says the stage direction, "Here let her swinge him in her broom, she gets him down, he her down, thus one on the top of another make pastime." At last when she is down, he runs away, and she jumps up to run after him. Then enters *Venus* with *Cupid* who has his bow and two

³ Festination, speed.

⁴ Straightly, strictly.

¹ Cotton, succeed. The phrase is from cloth-making, the cloth cottoned when it rose to a regular nap. The word passed from the sense of prosperous issue to accord or agreement.

² Here the Vice professes to see a pickpocket among the audience.

⁵ Chave, I have. Ch as an initial sound to verbs in the first person for the old "ic" or "ich," I, was often used in old plays as a sign of rustic English.

⁶ Vatter, fatter.

shafts, one headed with gold and one with lead. Venus means that King Cambyes shall be enamoured of a lady who is kin to him, and bids Cupid shoot at him when she shall give the word. The lady enters with her waiting-maid and a lord who says—

Lady dear, to king akin, forthwith let us proceed
To trace abroad the beauty fields as erst we had decreed, &c.

They do so proceed, and king Cambyes enters with a lord and knight to see the lady "trace up and down." Venus bids Cupid shoot. Venus and Cupid then depart, and the king offers marriage to the lady who is his "cousin german nigh of birth by mother's side come in." The lady declines, but the king compels, and Ambidexter describes presently the haste to the wedding. Next enters Preparation to set out the wedding feast, and the Vice picks quarrel enough to secure the entertainment of another comic fight. Then they are friends. The Vice helps to set the table and upsets a dish of nuts. After more words from the Vice, Ambidexter,

Enter KING, QUEEN, LORDS, &c.

King. My queen, and lords, to take repast let us attempt the same;

Heer is the place, delay no time, but to our purpose frame.

Queen. With willing harts your whole behest we minde for to obey.

All. And we, the rest of princes train, wil do as you do say.

[Sit at the banquet.]

King. Me think, mine eares dooth wish the sound of musicks harmony;

Heer for to play before my grace, in place I would them spy.

[Play at the banquet.]

Ambi. They be at hand, sir, with stick and fidle;

They can play a new daunce called, *Hey, didle, didle.*

King. My queen, parpend, what I pronounce I wil not violate;

But one thing which my hart makes glad, I minde to explicate:
You knowe, in court up trained is a Lyon very yung,
Of on¹ litter two whelps beside, as yet not very strong:
I did request on whelp to see and this young Lyon fight:
But Lyon did the whelp convince by strength of force and might;

His brother whelp, perceiving that the Lyon was too good,
And he by force was like to see the other whelp his blood,
With force to lion he did run his brother for to help;
A wunder great it was to see that friendship in a whelp.
So then the whelpes between them both the lion did convince;²
Which thing to see before mine eyes did glad the hart of prince.

[At this tale told let the QUEENE weep.]

Queene. These woords to hear makes stilling³ teares issue from christal eyes.

King. What doost thou meane, my spouse, to weep for losse of any prise?

Queen. No, no, (o king) but as you see friendship in brothers whelp,

When one was like to have repulse, the other yielded help.
And was this favour shoud in dogs, to shame of royall king?
Alack, I wish these eares of mine had not once heard this thing.

Even so should you (o mightie king) to brother been a stay;
And not without offence to you, in such wise him to slay.

In all assayes it was your parte, his cause to have defended;
And who so ever had him misused, to have them reprehended:
But faithful loove was more in dog, than it was in your grace.

King. O cursed caitive, vicious and vile, I hate thee in this place.

This banquet is at an end, take all these things away:
Before my face thou shalt repent the woords that thou doost say.

O wretch most vile, didst thou the cause of brother mine so tender,

The losse of him should greeve thy hart, he being none offender.

It did me good his death to have, so will it to have thine;
What friendship he had at my hands, the same even thou shalt finde.

I give consent, and make a vow, that thou shalt dye the death:
By *Cruels* sword, and *Murder* fel, even thou shalt lose the breth.

Ambidexter, see with speed to *Crueltie* ye go;

Cause him hether to approach, *Murder* with him also.

Ambi. I redy am for to fulfil, if that it be your graces wil.

King. Then nought oblight⁴ my message given, absent thy self away.

Ambi. Then in this place I wil no longer stay.

If that I durst, I would mourne your case;

But, alas! I dare not for feare of his grace.

[Exit AMBIDEXTER.]

King. Thou cursed gil,⁵ by all the gods I take an oathe and swere,

That flesh of thine these hands of mine in pieces small could tere;

But thou shalt dye by dent of swoord, there is no freend ne fee
Shall finde remorce at princes hand, to save the life of thee.

Queene. Oh, mightie king and husband mine, vouchsafe to heer me speke,

And licence give to spouse of thine, her patient mind to breke:
For tender loove unto your grace my woords I did so frame,
For pure loove dooth hart of king me violate and blame.

And to your grace is this offense that I should purchase death?
Then curséd time that I was queen, to shorten this my breth:
Your grace doth know by mariage true, I am your wife and spouse,

And one to save an others helth (at troth plight) made our vows.

Therefore, o king, let looving queen, at thy hand find remorse,
Let pitie be a meane to quench that cruel raging force:

And pardon plight from princes mouth, yeeld grace unto your queen,

That amitie with faithful zeal may ever be us between.

King. A, caitive vile, to pitie thee, my hart it is not bent;
Ne yet to pardon your offence, it is not mine intent.

Two lords having pleaded to the king in vain for mercy to the queen, and only set his heart on fire thereby,

Enter CRUELTY and MURDER.

Crueltie. Come, *Murder*, come; let us go forth with might,
Once again the kings commaundement we must fulfil.

Murder. I am contented to doo it with a good wil.

King. *Murder* and *Crueltie*, for bothe of you I sent,
With all festination your offices to frequent:

¹ On, one.

² Convince. Latin "convincere," completely overcome.

³ Stilling, dropping. Latin "stillare," to drop; whence "still" and "distil." So "stilled," in the speech of Otian, p. 68.

⁴ Oblight. Latin "oblitus," forgotten.

⁵ Gil, Jill; used to the Queen as a name of contempt by her false Jack, Cambyes.

Lay holde on the queen, take her to your power,
And make her away with in this houre;
Spare for no feare, I doo you ful permit:
So I from this place doo meane for to flit.

Bothe. With couragious harts (o king) we wil obey.

King. Then come, my lords, let us departe away.

Both the Lords. With hevvy harts we wil doo all your grace dooth say.

[*Exeunt KING and LORDS.*]

Crueltie. Come, lady and queen, now are you in our handling:

In faith, with you we wil use no dandling.

Murder. With all expedition, I, *Murder*, wil take place,

Thou thou¹ be a queene, ye be under my grace.

Queene. With patience I wil you bothe obey.

Crueltie. No more words, but go with us away.

Queen. Yet, before I dye, some psalme to God let me sing.

Bothe. We be content to permit you that thing.

Queen. Farewel, you ladyes of the court, with all your masking hew:

I doo forsake these broderd gardes, and all the facions new,
The court and all the courtly train, wherein I had delight;
I banished am from happy sporte, and all by spightful spight.
Yet with a joyful hart to God a psalme I meane to sing,
Forgiving all, and the king, of eche kind of thing.

[*Song and Exeunt.*]

Enter AMBIDEXTER weeping.

Ambi. A, a, a, a; I cannot chuse but weep for the queene:

Nothing but mourning now at the court there is seen.

Oh, oh, my hart, my hart; oh, my [sides] wil break:

Very greef so torments me that scarce I can speake.

Who could but weep for the losse of such a lady?

That can I not doo, I sweare by mine honesty.

But, lord! so the ladyes mourne crying, alack!

Nothing is worne now but onely black;

I believe, all cloth in *Watling street* to make gownes would not serve:

If I make a lye the devil let ye sterve:

All ladyes mourne bothe yung and olde;

There is not one that weareth a points worth of gold.

There is a sorte for feare for the king doo pray,

That would have him dead, by the masse I dare say.

What a king was he that has used such tyranny?

He was a kin to bishop *Bonner*,² I think verily;

For bothe their delights was to shed blood,

But never intended to do any good.

Cambises put a judge to death, that was a good deed;

But to kil the yung childe was worse to proceed;

To murder his brother, and then his owne wife!

So help me God, and holidam, it is pitie of his life.

Hear ye? I wil lay twentie thousand pound,

That the king him self dooth dye by some wound;

He hath shed so much blood, that his wil be shed:

If it come so to passe, in faith then he is sped.

Enter the KING without a gown, a sword thrust up into his side bleeding.

King. Out alas! what shall I doo? my life is finished;

Wounded I am by sudain chaunce, my blood is minished:

Gogs hart, what meanes might I make my life to preserve?

Is there nought to be my help? nor is there nought to serve?

¹ Thou thou, though thou.

² Edmund Bonner had been deprived of his bishopric under Edward VI., restored under Mary, and deprived again as well as imprisoned under Elizabeth, to whom he refused to swear allegiance. He was living when these lines were written, and died in the Marshalsea in 1569.

Out upon the court, and lords that there remain!

To help my greef in this my case, will none of them take pain?

Who but I in such a wise his death wounds could have got?

As I on horse back up did leepe, my sword from scabard shot,

And ran me thus into the side, as you right wel may see.

A mervels chaunce, unfortunate, that in this wise should be.

I feele my self a dying now, of life bereft am I;

And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I spy.

Thus gasping heer on ground I lye, for nothing I doo care;

A just reward for my misdeeds my death dooth plain declare.

[*Here let him quicke and star.*]

Ambi. Now now, noble king! pluck up your hart;

What, wil you die, and from us departe?

Speeke to me, and³ you be alive:

He cannot speake; but behold, how with death he dooth strive.

Alas, good king! alas, he is gone!

The devil take me, if for him I make any mone.

I did prognosticate of his end, by the masse;

Like as I did say, so is it come to passe.

I wil be gone; if I should be found heer,

That I should kil him, it would appeer:

For feare with his death they doo me charge,

Farewel, my maisters, I wil go take barge;

I meane to be packing, now is the tide:

Farewel, my maisters; I wil no longer abide.

[*Exit Ambidexter.*]

Enter three LORDS.

First Lord. Behold, my lords, it is even so as he to us did tel;

His grace is dead upon the ground, by dent of sword moste fel.

Second Lord. As he in saddle would have lept, his sword from sheath did go,

Goring him up into the side; his life was ended so.

Third Lord. His blood so fast did issue out, that nought could him prolong:

Yet before he yeelded up the ghost, his hart was very strong.

First Lord. A just rewarde for his misdeeds the God above hath wrought;

For certainly the life he led was to be counted nought.

Second Lord. Yet a princely buriall he shall have, according his estate;

And more of him heer at this time, we have not to dilate.

Third Lord. My lords, let us take him up, to carry him away.

Bothe. Content we are with one accord, to do as you do say.

[*Exeunt all.*]

EPILOGUS.

Right gentle audience, heere have you perused

The tragicall history of this wicked king;

According to our duety, we have not refused,

But to our best intent exprest every thing:

We trust none is offended for this our dooing.

Our author craves likewise, if he have squared amisse,

By gentle admonicion to knowe where the fault is.

His good wil shall not be neglected to amende the same;

Praying all to beare therefore with his simple deed,

Until the time serve a better he may frame:

Thus yeelding you thanks, to end we decreed

That you so gently have suffred us to proceed,

In such patient wise as to hear and see:

We can but thank ye therefore, we can doo no more we.

³ And, if.

As duty bindes us, for our noble queene let us pray,
 And for her honorable counsell, the truth that they may
 use,
 To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day;
 To maintain Gods woord they may not refuse,
 To correct all those, that would her grace and graces lawes
 abuse;
 Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
 To be guided by truth, and defended from wrong.
 Amen q.¹ Thomas Preston.

At Christmas, 1564-65, a tragedy by Richard Edwards was acted before the Queen, in her palace of Whitehall—Wolsey's York Place—by the children



PART OF OLD WHITEHALL PALACE.
 From J. T. Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster."

of Her Majesty's Chapel, of whom he had become Master in 1561. Edwards was born in Somersetshire in 1523, was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, at its foundation in 1547, and at Elizabeth's Court was known as musician as well as poet. The tragedy of his acted before the Court at Christmas, 1564, is supposed to have been his "Tragical Comedy," as he called it, of "Damon and Pythias," which was not printed until 1582. Richard Edwards's

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

is a play through which there runs the worth of friendship as a central thought. The speaker of the prologue thus began his address to the assembled company, with a reference to the old interludes:—

On every side whereas I glance my roving eye,
 Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy:

¹ q, quoth.

But if your eager looks do long such toys to see
 As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be,
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasure that you sought
 Is frustrate quite of toying plays. A sudden change is
 wrought:
 For lo, our author's Muse that masked in delight
 Hath forced his pen against his kind no more such sports to
 write.

But he justifies comedy that is fitly written in accordance with the rules of Horace:—

Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth
 not swerve,
 In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe.
 Thus much for his defence he saith, as poets erst have done
 Which heretofore in comedies the selfsame race did run:
 But now for to be brief, the matter to express
 Which here we shall present is this: Damon and Pythias,
 A rare example of friendship true, it is no legend lie,
 But a thing once done indeed, as histories do descry.
 Which done of yore, in long time past, yet present shall be
 here,
 Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear:
 Lo, here, in Syr'cuse th' ancient town which once the Romans
 won,
 Here Dionysius' palace² within whose court the thing most
 strange was done,
 Which matter mixt with mirth and care, a just name to apply,
 As seems most fit we have it termed a tragical comedy.
 Wherein talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat,
 We talk of Dionysius' court, we mean no court but that.
 And that we do so mean, who wisely call'th to mind
 The time, the place, the author, here most plainly shall it find.
 Lo this I spake for our defence, lest of others we should be
 shent.³
 But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be
 meant;
 Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and
 eye,
 To hear the cause and see the effect of this new Tragical
 Comedy.

The Prologue having thus secured candid attention from the English Queen and Court to a lesson on the worth of friendship and the Prince's need of a true, equal friend, the scene, supposed to be before the palace of King Dionysius at Syracuse, opens with the entrance of Aristippus, a philosopher, who seeks as a parasite his own advantage. The real Aristippus is said to have been born at Cyrene, and, though once a disciple of Socrates, to have founded, in philosophy, the Cyrenaic school, which encouraged full, refined enjoyment of the pleasure of the sense.⁴

² The measure is got by contraction into "Di'n'y's pal'ce;" or, if "palace" was a dissyllable, by contraction of the next word "wi'n."

³ Shent, blamed.

⁴ "Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res,
 Temptantem majora fere præsentibus æquum."

See the rest of the passage in Horace's Epistle 17 of Book I. Thomas Creech thus translated it:—

"If Aristippus patiently could dine
 On herbs, he would the courts of kings decline;
 If he that censures me knew how to use
 The courts of kings, he would his herbs refuse.
 Now which of these you think is best declare;
 Or else, my junior yon, with patience hear

His freedom of life offended the Athenians, and he left Athens to become a flatterer of Dionysius of Syracuse, who died A.D. 367. Aristippus begins the play by saying that it may seem strange for a philosopher to have become a courtier, but

Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophers
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
For in loving of wisdom, proof doth this try,
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*.¹
I am wise for myself, then tell me of troth,
Is not that great wisdom as the world go'th?
Some philosophers in the streets go ragged and torn
And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn,
But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius's palace,
Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace.
I can talk of philosophy as well as the best,
But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest.



SYRACUSE.

When Aristippus has completed this setting forth of his own character, there enters to him Carisophus, a parasite of simpler sort, who complains that Aristippus, since his coming to Syracuse, has usurped his place:

— none but Aristippus now makes the king sport.
Ere you came hither, poor I was some body,
The king delighted in me, now I am but a noddy.

Aristippus replies that he did not come to be the king's fool. Carisophus is a great parasite, whom the king often feeds from his table:—

I envy not your state, nor yet your great favour;
Then grudge not at all if in any behaviour

Why Aristippus' humour's best; for thus
He bobb'd the Cynic, as the story goes:
I for myself, to please the people you
Break jests; my way's the better of the two:
I make my court, am free from fear or force;
To carry me the king provides a horse,
Whilst you beg scraps, and though you boast you live
And nothing want, are less than those that give.
All fortune fitted Aristippus well,
Aiming at greater, pleased with what befell."

¹ He is wise in vain, who is not wise to himself. A Latin version of a line in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus.

I make the king merry with pleasant urbanitie
Whom I never abused to any man's injurie.

"But," says Carisophus, "you get more in one day than I do in five." Aristippus replies that there has been change in the taste for mirth; a finer sort is in fashion. If he has prospered in applying himself to it, that comes not of his desert, but of the king's favour:—

Caris. It may so be; yet in your prosperitie
Despise not an old courtier, Carisophus is he,
Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour;
Diligently to please, still at hand, there never was rumour
Spread in the town of any small thing, but I
Brought it to the king in post by and by:²
Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attain,
Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again;

So we two linked in friendship, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may help one another.

Friendship being the theme of the play, and the self-denial that true friendship involves, we have here, as foil in the setting of Damon and Pythias, the friendship between self-seekers. Aristippus flatters Carisophus:—

Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,
While his life lasteth, never to fail.

Caris. A thousand thanks I give you, O friend Aristippus.

Arist. O friend Carisophus.

Caris. How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

Arist. None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God avow,

I speak as I think, believe me.

Caris. Sith we are now so friendly joined, it seemeth to me
That one of us help each other in every degree:
Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence.

² By and by, immediately.

Arist. Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as ye would wish :

But I pray you tell me thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place will you take your journey?

Caris. I will not dissemble, that were against friendship.
I go into the city some knavés to nip
For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure ;
In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure.
Farewell, Aristippus, now for a time. [Exit.]

Aristippus, being left alone, muses philosophically upon the jest of friendship between a philosopher and an ass :—

We are as like in conditions as Jack Fletcher and his bolt ;¹
I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt
As touching good letters, but otherwise such a crafty knave
If you seek a whole region his like you cannot have :
A villain, for his life ; a varlet dyed in grain ;
You lose money by him if you sell him for one knave, for
he serves for twain ;
A flattering parasite, a sycophant also,
A common accuser of men ; to the good an open foe.
Of half a word he can make a legion of lies
Which he will avouch with such tragical cries
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.
Were he indeed to be hanged by and by
He cannot tell one tale, but twice he must lie.
He spareth no man's life to get the king's favour,
That he will never leave. Methink then that I
Have done very wisely to join in friendship with him, lest
perhaps I,
Coming in his way, might be nipt ; for such knaves in pre-
sence
We see oft times put honest men to silence.
Yet have I played with his beard in knitting this knot :
I promised friendship, but—you love few words—I spake it,
but I mean it not.
Who markés this friendship between us two
Shall judge of the worldly friendship without more ado ;
It may be a right pattern thereof ; but true friendship indeed
Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.

Having thus brought the scene into relation with the central motive of the play, while the errand on which Carisophus departs leads on to the main action, Richard Edwards made Aristippus check himself for talking philosophy when he had taken only "the fine kind of courtesy" for his profession. The king must be stirring ; it is now bright day, and as he means to prosper, he will lose no time in hastening to court. He departs, therefore, to attend on Dionysius.

Then enter Damon and Pythias as mariners, who have just landed from Greece after a stormy passage, to pay a visit of curiosity to the famous city of Syracuse. Pythias is still sea-sick, and, anxious for lodging, calls their servant, Stephano. He enters presently much cumbered with the luggage of his masters, and in wrath at the drunken sailors who would not help him to carry it up.

Damon. Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Siracusai.

We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of this burden by and by.

Steph. Good master, make haste, for I tell you plain
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

Pythias. Come on thy ways ; thou shalt be eased, and that anon. [Exeunt.]

Carisophus then enters in search of prey, complaining that his game has become shy :

— now, not with one I can meet
That will join in talk with me ; I am shunned in the street.
My credit is cracked where I am known, but I hear say
Certain strangers are arrived ; they were a good prey
If haply I might meet with them. I fear not, I,
But in talk I should trip them, and that very finely.

Carisophus departs to court to watch the practices of his friend Aristippus, whom he cannot trust long out of sight, and the stage is then occupied for a short time by Will, the servant-boy of Aristippus, and Jack, the servant-boy of Carisophus. They discuss their masters, and the new court-favour of Aristippus, which Jack fears will put out of conceit his master Carisophus :—

Will. Fear not that, Jack ; for like brother and brother
They are knit in true friendship the one with the other ;
They are fellows, you know, and honest men both,
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be loth.

Jack. Yea, but I have heard say there is falsehood in
fellowship ;
In the court sometimes one gives another the slip.

When Will and Jack have hurried away lest they be caught idling, the one servant of Damon and Pythias enters, and describes the love between his masters, who are as one to each other and to him their man :—

For I, Stephano, lo, so naméd by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alike ; the one and the other
I duly obey, I can do no other.
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.
To him I stand bond, yet serve I another,
Whom Damon, my master, loves as his own brother.
A gentleman, too, and Pythias he is named,
Fraught with virtúe, whom vice never defamed :
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted,
But loved so kindly and friendly each other,
As though they were brothers by father and mother :
Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced,
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced,
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue,
To have no respect, but only to virtúe :
All one in effect, all one in their going,
All one in their study, all one in their doing :
These gentlemen both, being of one condition,
Both alike of my service have all the fruition :
Pythias is joyful, if Damon be pleased :
If Pythias be served, then Damon is eased.

¹ Jack Fletcher is the arrow-maker, and his bolt is "an arrow with a round or half-round bob at the end of it, with a sharp-pointed arrow-head proceeding therefrom." A shaft had not the round button behind its point. A bird bolt had no point before its button.

Serve one, serve both, so near, who would win them;
I think they have but one heart between them.
In travelling countries, we three have contrived¹
Full many a year: and this day arrived
At Siracusæ in Sicilia, that ancient town,
Where my masters are lodged; and I up and down
Go seeking to learn what news here are walking,
To hark of what things the people are talking.

I like not this soil: for as I go plodding,
I mark there two, there three, their heads alway nodding,
In close secret wise, still whispering together.
If I ask any question, no man doth answer:
But shaking their heads, they go their ways speaking,
I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking:
Some strangeness there is, that breedeth this musing.
Well, I will to my masters, and tell of their using,
That we may learn, and walk wisely together:
I fear we shall curse the time we came hither.

[Exit.

Every day he sheweth some token of cruelty,
With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city:
I tremble to hear the people's murmuring,
I lament, to see his most cruel dealing:
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun;
O my dear masters, what hath he done!

Damon. What is that? tell us quickly.

Steph. As I this morning passed in the street,
With a woful man (going to his death) did I meet.
Many people followed, and I of one secretly
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die?
He whispered in mine ear, nought hath he done but thus,
In sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius;
Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post,
By whom condemned for suspicion, his life he hath lost:
Marcia was his name, as the people said.

Pythias. My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano
For wishing we had not come hither; seeing it is so,
That for so small cause, such cruel death doth ensue.



THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS.

The play was printed without division into acts and scenes; but if we are to consider it a play in five acts, here we may say that a short first act ends. Then enters Aristippus, in dialogue with his lackey Will upon the attention paid by the ladies to the pleasure-loving philosopher; and Will is bidden to learn secretly how they talk of his master in the court. One purpose of this short scene is to allow imagined time for Stephano to seek Damon and Pythias; therefore, when Aristippus and Will leave the stage, Stephano enters with the friends, and Damon asks:—

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast told me?

Steph. Sir, for lies, hitherto ye never controlled me.
Oh that we had never set foot on this land,
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand!

¹ *Contrived*, passed away (or worn-out) time. From Latin "*contrivi*," past of "*contero*." So in Shakespeare's "*Taming of the Shrew*,"—

"P'ease you we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health."

(Quoted in Nares's "*Glossary illustrating English Authors*," edited by Halliwell and Wright, a book of much value to English students.)

Damon. My Pythias, where tyrants reign, such cases are not new,

Which fearing their own state with cruelty,
To sit fast as they think, do execute speedily
All such as any light suspicion have tainted.

Steph. With such quick carvers, I list not be acquainted.

Damon. So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still,
When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill:
Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all people's love,
And in their own conscience a continual hell they prove.

Pythias. As things by their contraries are always best proved,

How happy are then merciful princes of their people beloved!
Having sure friends every where, no fear doth touch them,
They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night

*Secure dormiunt in utraque aurem.*²

² They sleep securely at either ear. The phrase is from Terence's "*Heautontimoroumenos*," where Syrus advises Clitipho to play a certain trick that he may sleep at ease with both his ears. "*In aurem utramvis otiose ut dormias*." To sleep with either ear, or to sleep with the right ear, was a Roman phrase for security. The tyrant Dionysius is said to have needed more than his natural ear. The Ear of Dionysius pictured above is a chamber among the Latomia or caverns formed in quarrying to build Syracuse. They were used as prisons. One cavern nearly sixty feet high, and winding some two

O my Damon, if choice were offered me, I would choose to be
Pythias

As I am (Damon's friend) rather than be King Dionysius.

Steph. And good cause why: for you are entirely beloved
of one,

And as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of none.

Damon. That state is most miserable: thrice happy are we,
Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity:

Which amity first sprung, without vaunting be it spoken, that
is true,

Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is
conserved by virtue:

Which virtue always, though worldly things do not frame,

Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal fame:

Whereof if men were careful, for virtue's sake only

They would honour friendship, and not for commodity:

But such as for profit in friendship do link,

When storms come, they slide away sooner than a man will
think:

My Pythias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue,

To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on
virtue.

Pythias. My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof
to me,

The gods forbid, but that Pythias with Damon in all things
should agree.

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,¹

But that true friends should be two in body, but one in
mind?

As it were one transformed into another, which against kind
Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am alone,
I forget I am Pythias, methinks I am Damon.

Steph. That could I never do, to forget myself, full well I
know

Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano:

But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,

See that in this court you walk very wisely:

You are but newly come hither, being strangers ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye go:

Many spies are abroad, you cannot be too circumspect.

Damon. Stephano, because thou art careful of me thy
master, I do thee praise;

Yet think this for a surety, no state to displease

By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend; we will here be

As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of
every degree.

Pythagoras said, that this world is like unto a stage,

Whereon many play their parts: the lookers-on the sage

Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn

The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to
discern.

Steph. Good faith, sir, concerning the people they are not
gay,

And as far as I see they be mummers, for nought they say,

For the most part, whatsoever you ask them.

The soil is such, that to live here I cannot like.

Damon. Thou speakest according to thy learning, but I say,

hundred feet into the rock, tapered to a point, from which a passage
led to a small chamber near the top, in which, says the legend,
Dionysius sat to overhear the conversation of his prisoners. Visitors
drawn up into the chamber by means of a rope and chair can hear the
tearing of a dry piece of paper in the cave below, and conversations
below can be heard, if not in whisper.

¹ A friend is another self. Edwards quotes Cicero, "*De Amicitia*,"
where the phrase is "*alter idem*." Unless, says Cicero, we take this
thought into friendship, a true friend will never be found: "*est enim
is quidem tanquam alter idem.*"

Omnis solum fortis patria:² a wise man may live every where;
Therefore, my dear friend Pythias,
Let us view this town in every place,
And then consider the people's manners also.

But first Pythias suggests that they dine: a good
notion for Stephano. They depart in search of a
dinner, leaving the stage for Carisophus, who enters
seeking prey, and hoping to find it in the strangers.
When Damon and Stephano return, he retires to
watch them. They return from short commons.
Stephano's comment on their ill-fare causes Damon
to remark as he dismisses him,—and bids him
return to wait on Pythias, who for a purpose stays
at home,—

Damon. Not in vain, the poet sayeth: *Naturam furcæ
expellas, tamen usque recurrit*.³

For train up a bondman never to so good behaviour,

Yet in some point of servility he will favour:

As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, is loving and kind,

Yet touching his belly, a very bondman I him find:

He is to be borne withal, being so just and true,

I assure you, I would not change him for a new:

But methinks, this is a pleasant city,

The seat is good, and yet not strong, and is great pity.

Caris. I am safe, he is mine own.

Damon. The air is subtle and fine, the people should be
witty,

That dwell under this climate in so pure a region,

A trimmer plot⁴ I have not seen in my peregrination:

Nothing misliketh me in this country,

But that I hear such muttering of cruelty:

Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius,

But king's matters passing our reach, pertain not to us.

Caris. Dionysius (quoth you?) since the world began,

In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man:

A despitful tyrant to all men, I marvel I,

That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

Damon. My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing,

That any man should lift up his sword against the king:

Or seek other means by death him to prevent,

Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent:

But, my friend, leave off this talk of King Dionysius.

Caris. Why, sir? he cannot hear us.

Damon. What then?

It is not safe talking of them that strike afar off:

But leaving king's matters, I pray you show me this courtesý,

To describe in few words the state of this city.

A traveller I am, desirous to know

The state of each country, wherever I go:

Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby:

It is not for nought, that the poet doth cry,

² From Ovid's "*Fasti*." Probably the printer, and not Edwards
himself, is answerable for "*omnis solum*."

"*Omne solum forti patria est; ut piscibus æquor;*

Ut volucris, vacuo quicquid in orbe patet."

(To the brave every soil is fatherland; as sea to fish; as to the bird
the wide void over earth.)

³ Horace, Ep. I. It should be "*Naturam expelles furcá, tamen
usque recurret.*" (You may thrust out Nature with a pitchfork, but
she will always hasten back.)

⁴ Plot, space of ground.

"In Cambridge then I found agen
A resting plot." (Tusser.)

Die mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Troje,

*Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et urbes.*¹

In which verses, as some writers do scan,

The poet describeth a perfect wise man :

Even so, I being a stranger, addicted to philosophy,

To see the state of countries myself I apply.

Caris. Sir, I like this intent; but may I ask your name without scorn?

Damon. My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.

Caris. You do wisely, to search the state of each country,

To bear intelligence thereof, whither you lust: he is a spy.

Sir, I pray you, have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby: View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly

Will return to you again, and then will I show

The state of all this country, and of the court also. [*Erit.*

Damon. I thank you for your courtesy. This chanceth well that I

Met with this gentleman so happily,

Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something,

Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,

And that to a stranger: but look where he comes in haste.

Here entereth CARISOPHUS and SNAP.

This is the fellow, Snap, snap him up: away with him.

Snap. Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court.

Damon. To the court, sir? and why?

Caris. Away with him, I say.

Damon. Use no violence, I will go with you quietly.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

And here, perhaps, we may suppose the end of a short second act.

Then Aristippus enters, happy in new gifts obtained by pleasing Dionysius:

With sundry sports and taunts, yesternight I delighted the king,

That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring,

And I thought he laughed not merrier than I, when I got this money.

But, mumbudget, for Carisophus I espy

In haste to come hither: I must handle the knave finely.

O Carisophus, my dearest friend, my trusty companion!

What news with you? where have you been so long?

Here entereth CARISOPHUS.

My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last,

I have not spent all my time in waste.

I have got a prey, and that a good one I trow.

Arist. What prey is that? fain would I know.

Caris. Such a crafty spy I have caught, I dare say.

As never was in Sicilia before this day;

Such a one, as viewed every weak place in the city,

Surveyed the haven, and each bulwark, in talk very witty:

And yet by some words himself he did betray.

Arist. I think so in good faith, as you did handle him.

Caris. I handled him clerkly, I joined in talk with him courteously;

But when we were entered, I let him speak his will, and I Sucked out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly

He was come hither to know the state of the city.

And not only this, but that he would understand

The state of Dionysius' court, and of the whole land;

Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay,

Till I had done a little business of the way,

Promising him to return again quickly: and so did convey

Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff, which came and up-snatched him,

Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him.

After² I ran to Dionysius, as fast as I could,

And betrayed this matter to him, which I have you told:

Which thing when he heard, being very merry before,

He suddenly fell in dump and, foaming like a boar,

At last he swore in great rage, that he should die

By the sword, or the wheel, and that very shortly.

I am too shamefaced for my travel and toil,

I crave nothing of Dionysius, but only his spoil:

Little hath he about him, but a few moth-eaten crowns of gold,

I've pouched them up already, they are sure in hold:

And now I go into the city, to say sooth,

To see what he hath at his lodging, to make up my mouth.

Arist. My Carisophus, you have done good service; but what is the spy's name?

Caris. He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence lately he came.

Arist. By my troth, I will go see him, and speak with him too if I may.

Caris. Do so, I pray you; but yet by the way,

As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king.

Arist. *Dictum sapienti sat est:*³ friend Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?

No, I warrant you, though I say little to your face,

I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionysius, when I am in place.

If I speak one word for such a knave, hang me. [*Erit.*

Carisophus remains to utter his distrust of his philosophical friend. Then he calls his boy Jack to follow him to Damon's lodging, and support him if any stir arise. For, says Carisophus, "Rather than I will lose the spoil I will blade it out."

Here entereth PYTHIAS and STEPHANO.

What strange news are these? ah, my Stephano!

Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?

Steph. It is true, oh cruel hap! he is taken for a spy,

And as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die.

Pythias. To die? alas! for what cause?

Steph. A sycophant falsely accused him: other cause there is none;

But, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,

Seest thou this injustice, and wilt thou stay any longer

From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire,

To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?

¹ From Horace's "Art of Poetry," a version of the opening of Homer's "Odyssey" there cited with praise. But Edwards gives inaccurately the second line, "Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes." Roger Ascham, in his "Schoolmaster," quoted with praise his friend Mr. Watson's English version of the lines Latinised by Horace:—

"All travellers do gladly report great praise of Ulysses,
For that he knew many men's manners, and saw many cities."

² After, afterwards.

³ A word to the wise is sufficient. From the "Persa" of Plautus, act iv., end of scene 7:—

Saturio. Tace.

Timbulo. Utrum lenone me videbas colluqu,

Tum turbam facito.

Saturio. Dictum sapienti sat est."

Alas! master Pythias, what shall we do?

Being in a strange country, void of friends, and acquaintance too.

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day?

To see thy true master unjustly made away?

Pythias. Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,

Let us make virtue our friend, of mere necessity:

Run thou to the court, and understand secretly

As much as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I

Will make some means to entreat Aristippus:

He can do much (as I hear) with King Dionysius.

Steph. I am gone, sir—ah, would to God my travel and pain

Might restore my master to his liberty again!

Pythias. Ah, woful Pythias! sith now I am alone,

What way shall I first begin to make my moan?

What words shall I find apt for my complaint?

Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril, of force! I must now faint.

But no music, as in joyful tunes thy merry notes I did borrow

So now lend me thy yernful² tunes, to utter my sorrow.

Here Pythias sings, and the regals play.

Awake, ye woful wights,

That long have wept in woe:

Resign to me your plaints and tears,

My hapless hap to show.

My woe no tongue can tell,

No pen can well descry:

Oh, what a death is this to hear!

Damon my friend must die.

The loss of worldly wealth

Man's wisdom may restore,

And physic hath provided too

A salve for every sore:

But my true friend once lost,

No art can well supply:

Then, what a death is this, to hear

Damon my friend must die!

My mouth refuse the food,

That should my limbs sustain:

Let sorrow sink into my breast,

And ransack every vein:

You furies all at once

On me your torments try:

Why should I live, seeing I hear

Damon my friend must die?

Gripe me, you greedy griefs,

And present pangs of death,

You sisters three, with cruel hands,

With speed come stop my breath:

Shrine me in clay alive,

Some good man stop mine eye:

O death, come now, seeing I hear

Damon my friend must die.

He speaketh this after the song.

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint;

But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?

*Multum juvat in re mala animus bonus.*³

I will to the court myself, to make friends, and that presently,

I will never forsake my friend in time of misery—

But do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

Here entereth STEPHANO.

O Pythias, Pythias, we are all undone!

Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow;

I heard Dionysius swear, that Damon should die to-morrow.

Pythias. How camest thou so near the presence of the king,

That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing?

Steph. By friendship I got into the court, where, in great audience,

I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give this cruel sentence,

By these express words: that Damon the Greek, that crafty spy,

Without further judgment, to-morrow should die:

Believe me, Pythias, with these ears I heard it myself.

Pythias. Then how near is my death also? ah, woe is me!

Ah, my Damon, another myself: shall I forego thee?

Steph. Sir, there is no time of lamenting now, it behoveth us

To make means to them which can do much with Dionysius,

That he be not made away ere his cause be fully heard; for we see

By evil report things be made to princes far worse than they be.

But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favour with King Dionysius,

Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for us:

And in the mean season, I will to your lodging, to see all things safe there.

Pythias. To that I agree; but let us slip aside his talk to hear.

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS.

Here is a sudden change, indeed, a strange metamorphosis, This court is clean altered, who would have thought this?

Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,

Is quite changed now into such melancholy,

That nothing can please him: he walked up and down,

Fretting and chafing, on every man he doth frown:

Insomuch, that when I in pleasant words began to play,

So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so short,

I perceive it is not safe playing with lions but when it please them;

If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease⁴ them,

And so perhaps get a clap: mine own proof taught me this,

That it is very good to be merry and wise:

The only cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked man,

Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentleman;

And hath incensed the king against him so despitefully,

That Dionysius hath judged him to-morrow to die.

I have talked with Damon, whom though in words I found very witty,

Yet was he more curious than wise, in viewing this city:

³ When things go badly a good heart helps much. The line (inaccurately quoted) is from the "Captivi" of Plautus, act ii., sc. 1:—

"Philocrates. Oh, oh, oh!

Lurarii. Ejulatione laud opus est: oculis multam miseriam additis. In re mala animo si bono utare, adjuvat."

There is a like thought in another of the plays of Plautus, "Pseudolus," act i., sc. 5: A good heart, when things go badly, halves the ill. "Bonus animus in mala re dimidium est mali."

⁴ Disease, make uneasy.

¹ Of force, of necessity.

² Yernful, full of grief. First-English "geornfull," full of desire, eager, anxious; also "geornest," earnest.

But truly, for ought I can learn, there is no cause why
So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die:
Howsoever it be, this is the short and long,
I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong:
I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in this case,
Nought availeth persuasion, where froward opinion taketh
place.

Pythias. Sir, if humble suits you would not despise,
Then bow unto me your pitiful eyes:
My name is Pythias, in Greece well known,
A perfect friend to that woful Damon,
Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie,
By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die:
For whom I crave your mastership's goodness,
To stand his friend in this great distress:
Nought hath he done worthy of death, but very fondly,¹
He being a stranger, he viewed this city,
For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes.
But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise,
My suit is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace;
In which doing, you shall not do good to one only,
But you shall further two, and that fully.

Arist. My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

Pythias. Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

Arist. I am of the court, but none of the counsel.

Pythias. As I hear, none is in greater favour with the king,
than you at this day.

Arist. The more in favour the less I dare say.

Pythias. It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

Arist. To help another and hurt myself, it is an evil point
of courtesy.

Pythias. You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the innocent.

Arist. He is not innocent whom the king thinketh nocent.

Pythias. Why, sir, do you think this matter past all
remedy?

Arist. So far past, that Dionysius hath sworn, Damon
to-morrow shall die.

Pythias. This word, my trembling heart cutteth in two:

Ah, sir, in this woful case what wist I best to do?

Arist. Best to content yourself, when there is no remedy,

He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery:

Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,

The chiefest counsellor about King Dionysius:

Which pitieth Damon's case in this great extremity,

Persuading the king from all kinds of cruelty.

Pythias. The mighty gods preserve you, for this word of
comfort:

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort

To Eubulus, that good counsellor.

But hark, methink I hear a trumpet blow.

Arist. The king is at hand, stand close in the press;
beware, if he know

You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spy also:

Farewell, I dare not be seen with you.

*Here entereth KING DIONYSIUS, EUBULUS the Counsellor,
and GRONNO the Hangman.*

Dion. Gronno, do my commandments, strike off Damon's
irons by and by,²

Then bring him forth, I myself will see him executed presently.

Gronno. O mighty king, your commandment will I do
speedily.

Dion. Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall
die.

Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy?

Eub. That he conspired against your person, his accuser
cannot say.

He only viewed your city, and will you for that make him
away?

Dion. What he would have done, the guess is great he
minded me to hurt,

That came so slyly, to search out the secret state of my court:
Shall I still live in fear? no, no: I will cut off such imps
betime,

Lest that to my further danger too high they climb.

Eub. Yet have the mighty gods immortal fame assigned
To all worldly princes, which in mercy be inclined.

Dion. Let Fame talk what she list, so I may live in safety.

Eub. The only mean to that, is, to use mercy.

Dion. A mild prince the people despiseth.

Eub. A cruel king the people hateth.

Dion. Let them hate me, so they fear me.

Eub. That is not the way to live in safety.

Dion. My sword and power shall purchase my quietness.

Eub. That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness.

Dion. Dionysius ought to be feared.

Eub. Better for him to be well beloved.

Dion. Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

Eub. Believe her not, she is a light goddess, she can laugh
and lure.

Dion. A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his
enemy.

Eub. A greater praise to win him by clemency.

Dion. To suffer the wicked to live, it is no mercy.

Eub. To kill the innocent it is great cruelty.

Dion. Is Damon innocent, which so craftly undermined
Carisophus,

To understand what he could of King Dionysius?

Which surveyed the haven, and each bulwark in the city,

Where battery might be laid, what way best to approach?
shall I

Suffer such a one to live that worketh me such despite?

No, he shall die; then I am safe, a dead dog cannot bite.

Eub. But yet, O mighty king, my duty bindeth me

To give such counsel, as with your honour may best agree:

The strongest pillars of princely dignity

I find is justice with mercy and prudent liberality:

The one judgeth all things by upright equity;

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each extremity.

As to spare those which offend maliciously

It may be called no justice, but extreme injury:

So upon suspicion of each thing not well proved

To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,

It seemeth of tyranny; and upon what fickle ground all
tyrants do stand,

Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be rightly scann'd.

And not only these citizens, but who curiously seeks

The whole histories of all the world, not only of Romans and
Greeks,

Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall,

Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated of all.

Of merciful princes, to set out their passing felicity

I need not, enough of that even these days do testify;³

They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, they dread
no enemy,

They are feared and loved: and why? they rule with justice
and mercy,

³ Reverence here by the actor towards Queen Elizabeth, who sits in
front.

¹ Fondly, foolishly.

² By and by, immediately.

Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have swerved.

Mercy unto those where opinion is that they have mercy deserved.

Of liberality nought I say, but only this thing,

Liberality upholdeth the state of a king;

Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this issue,

To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue.

Which merciful justice if you would follow, and provident liberality,

Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *Et fruges consumere nati*,¹

Parasites with wealth puffed up, should not look so high;

Nor yet, for this simple fact, poor Damon should die.

Dion. With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy;

I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only;

Till he be gone whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly?

Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently,

My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword:

This quaking dread, nothing but Damon's blood can stay.

Better he die than I to be tormented with fear alway:

He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto,

It is lawful for kings as they list all things to do.

Here entereth GRONNO, bringing in DAMON, and PYTHIAS meeteth him by the way.

Pythias. Oh, my Damon!

Damon. Oh, my Pythias, seeing death must part us, farewell for ever.

Pythias. O Damon, my sweet friend!

Snap. Away from the prisoner! what a press have we here? *Gronno.* As you commanded, O mighty king, we have brought Damon.

Dion. Then go to, make ready; I will not stir out of this place

Till I see his head stricken off before my face.

Gronno. It shall be done, sir. Because your eyes² have made such ado,

I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too.

Damon. O mighty king, whereas no truth my innocent life can save,

But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have, Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person: Yet now I plead not for life, nor will I crave your pardon; But seeing in Greece, my country, where well I am known, I have worldly things fit for my alliance,³ when I am gone, To dispose them or⁴ I die, if I might obtain leisure, I would account it, O king, for a passing great pleasure; Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon not this, But to set my things in a stay: and surely I will not miss, Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace, To return again at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place.

Grant me, O king, such time to dispatch this injury, And I will not fail when you appoint, even here my life to yield speedily.

Dion. A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent,

Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present;

And yet though I swear the contrary, do that I require, Give me a pledge for thy return, and have thy own desire.— He is as near now as he was before.

Damon. There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman.

Dion. It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world doth stand;

Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword.

If I might with my honour, I would recall my word.

Pythias. Stand to your word, O king, for kings ought nothing say,

But that they would perform in perfect deeds alway.

A pledge you did require when Damon his suit did move, For which with heart and stretched hands most humble thanks I give:

And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend

That loves him better than his own life, and will do to his end,

Take me, O mighty king, my life to pawn for his,

Strike off my head if Damon hap at his day for to miss.

Dion. What art thou that chargest me with my word so boldly here?

Pythias. I am Pythias, a Greek born, which hold Damon my friend full dear.

Dion. Too dear perhaps to hazard thy life for him: what fondness⁵ moveth thee?

Pythias. No fondness, but perfect amity.

Dion. A mad kind of amity! advise thyself, if Damon fail at his day,

Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mo his life to pay?

Pythias. Most willingly, O mighty king. If Damon fail, let Pythias die.

Dion. Thou seemest to trust his words, that pawnest thy life so frankly.

Pythias. What Damon sayeth, Pythias believeth assuredly.

Dion. Take heed, for life worldly men break promise in many things.

Pythias. Though worldly men do so, it never haps amongst friends.

Dion. What callest thou friends, are they not men? is not this true?

Pythias. Men they be, but such men as love one another for virtue.

Dion. For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon?

Pythias. For that virtue which yet to you is unknown.

Dion. Eubulus, what shall I do? I would dispatch this Damon fain,

But this foolish fellow so chargeth me, that I may not call back my word again.

Eub. The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.

What you have said this whole court beareth witness.

Save your honour whatsoever you do.

Dion. For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will. Go to,

Pythias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee,

For two months he is thine, unbind him, I set him free;

Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon.

Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bed,

If he return not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head.

¹ Born to consume the fruits. From Horace's first Epistle.

² This is spoken to Damon, who was condemned for use of his eyes.

³ Fit for my alliance, fit to be bequeathed to my kindred.

⁴ Or, ere,

⁵ Fondness, foolishness.

Pythias. For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks.
O joyful day!

Dion. Gronno, take him to thee, bind him, see him kept in safety.

If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt die.

Eubulus, let us depart, to talk of this strange thing within.

Eub. I follow.

Gronno. Damon, thou servest the gods well to-day, be thou of comfort.

As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in sport.

You heard what the king said? I must keep you safely:

By cock, so I will; you shall rather hang than I.

Come on your way.

Pythias. My Damon, farewell; the gods have you in his keeping.

Damon. Oh, my Pythias, my pledge, farewell; I part from thee weeping,

But joyful at my day appointed I will return again,

When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain.

Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee in prison alone. [home.

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will walk Ah, my Pythias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.

Pythias. Farewell, my Damon.

Damon. Loth I am to depart, sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay;

O music, sound my doleful complaints when I am gone my way.

[Exit Damon.

Gronno. I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept too. Come, Pythias,

So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case:

Wilt thou venture thy life for a man so fondly?

Pythias. It is no venture; my friend is just, for whom I desire to die.

Gronno. Here is a mad man! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,

And if I would die for her, I would I were in hell.

Wilt thou do more for a man than I would do for a woman?

Pythias. Yea, that I will.

Gronno. Then come on your ways, you must to prison in haste;

I fear you will repent this folly at last.

Pythias. That shalt thou never see; but O music, as my Damon requested thee,

Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity.

The music may be said, perhaps, to mark the place of transition from the third act to the fourth.

Here the regals¹ play a mourning song, and Damon cometh in in mariner's apparel, and Stephano with him.

Weep no more, Stephano, this is but destiny;

Had not this hap, yet I know I am born to die,

Where, or in what place, the gods know alone,

To whose judgment myself I commit; therefore leave off thy moan,

And wait upon Pythias in prison till I return again,

In whom my joy, my care and life doth only remain.

Steph. Oh, my dear master, let me go with you; for my poor company

Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery.

Damon. O Stephano, hast thou been so long with me,

And yet dost not know the force of true amity?

I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one:

Wait upon Pythias, and think thou art with Damon.

Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away;

The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey:

Therefore farewell, Stephano, commend me to my friend Pythias,

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woful case.

Steph. Farewell, my dear master, since your pleasure is so, O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!

O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragedy!—

But what a noise is this? is all well within, trow ye?

I fear all be not well within: I will go see—

Come out, you weasel; are you seeking eggs in Damon's chest?

Then follows a scene, in which Carisophus, unsupported by his boy Jack, is ignominiously thrashed by Stephano for plundering in Damon's lodgings.

Caris. Oh, sir, I am a courtier; when courtiers shall hear tell,

How you have used me, they will not take it well.

Steph. Nay, all right courtiers will ken me thank;² and wot you why?

Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his kind so finely.

What, sir? all are not courtiers that have a counterfeit show?

In a troop of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye know,

Such as thy stealth creep in under the colour of honesty,

Which sort under that cloak do all kind of villainy:

A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of urbanity,

Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of villainy:

But such as thou art, fountains of squirility,³ and vain delights:

Though you hang by the courts, you are but flattering parasites,

As well deserving the right name of courtesy,

As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry:

I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your well-willer.

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,

A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave;

Whether I will or no, these names you must have:

How well you deserve this, by your deeds it is known,

For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon,

Whose woful case the gods help alone.

Caris. Sir, are you his servant, that you pity his case so?

Steph. No, bum troth,⁴ good man Grambe, his name is Stephano:

I am called Onaphets, if needs you will know.

The knave beginneth to sift me, but I turn my name in and out,

Cretiso cum Cretense,⁵ to make him a lout. [Aside.

When left by Stephano, Carisophus takes revenge by thrashing his boy Jack; and departs to get a dressing for his bruises.

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS.

By mine own experience I prove true that many men tell,
To live in court not beloved, better be in hell:

What crying out, what cursing is there within of Carisophus,
Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius?

Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,

Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sentence.

² Ken me thank, owe me thanks. The old phrase, "Con me thank."

³ Squirility, scurrility.

⁴ Bum troth. A contraction of *by my troth*.

⁵ I Cretise with a Cretan. An ancient proverb to express meeting a liar with lies. Compare St. Paul's quotation from Epimenides (Titus i. 12).

¹ Regals. Italian "regale," a small portable organ.

Which strange name when they heard, every man laughed heartily,

And I by myself scanned his name secretly ;

For well I knew it was some mad-headed child

That invented this name, that the log-headed knave might be beguiled :

In tossing it often with myself to and fro,

I found out that Onaphets backward, spell'd Stephano.

I smiled in my sleeve, how to see by turning his name he dressed him,

And how for Damon his master's sake, with a wooden cudgel he blessed him.

None pitied the knave, no man nor woman, but all laugh'd him to scorn,

To be thus hated of all, better unborn.

Far better Aristippus had provided, I trow ;

For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low.

I offend none, insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*¹

But in all this jollity one thing amazeth me,

The strangest thing that ever was heard or known,

Is now happened in this court, by that Damon

Whom Carisophus accused ; Damon is now at liberty,

For whose return Pythias his friend lieth in prison, alas ! in great jeopardy.

To-morrow is the day, which day by noon if Damon return not earnestly

The king hath sworn that Pythias should die,

Whereof Pythias hath intelligence very secretly,

Wishing that Damon may not return till he have paid

His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore ever said,

That any man for his friend would die so willingly ?

O noble friendship ! O perfect amity !

Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly.

The king himself museth hereat, yet is he far out of square,

That he trusteth none to come near him,

Not his own daughters will he have

Unsearched to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbers his beard to shave,

Not with knife or razor, for all edge-tools he fears,

But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs.

Was there ever man that lived in such misery ?

Well, I will go in with a heavy and pensive heart too,

To think how Pythias, this poor gentleman, to-morrow shall die. [Exit.

Now follows an episode of the shaving of Grim the Collier, slightly connected with the plot by a few allusions, but essentially a distinct interlude. It allows inartistically for an imagined interval before the crowning incident of the play, and occupies, with irrelevant matter, the greater part of what should represent the fourth act, in which interest and expectation ought to be raised to the utmost. It is early morning before the palace gate. Jack and Will enter ; quarrel about their masters ; fight together before the palace gate ; are quieted by angry words from Snap, the tipstaff, who passes by ; become friends ; and then unite in jesting talk with Grim the Collier, who has been long waiting for somebody to open the gate, and take in the coals he has brought "for the king's mouth."² Grim boasts

of his savings ; lectures the two mischievous pages on their bombast hose ; is plied with wine by them ; and asks—

Is that true that abroad is blown ?

Jack. What is that ?

Grim. Hath the king made those fair damsels his daughters To become now fine and trim barbers ?

Jack. Yea, truly, to his own person.

Grim. Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands, I would give one sack of coals to be washed at their hands : If I came so near them, for my wit I'd not give three chips, If I would not steal one swap at their lips.

Jack. Will, this knave is drunk ; let us dress him, Let us rife him so, that he have not one penny to bless him, And steal away his debentures too.

Will. Content ; invent the way, and I am ready.

Jack. Faith, and I will make him a noddy.

Father Grim, if you pay me well, I will wash you and shave you too,

Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters do :

In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress you trim and fine.

Grim. Should³ fain learn that : come on then, I'll give thee a whole pint of wine

At tavern for thy labour, when I've money for my ventures here.

Here Will fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, a razor, and clothes, and a pair of spectacles.

Jack. Come, mine own father Grim, sit down.

Then follows a burlesque scene of the shaving, during which Grim is robbed of his money, and a burlesque three-part song is sung to a burden of "too nidden, and toddle toddle doo nidden," with Grim's rejoicing that "me think ich am lighter than ever ich was." They all depart happy, but Grim soon returns with outcry on his loss, and finding Snap, the tipstaff, is taken by him into the palace to identify the rogues.

Then what may be called the fifth act opens, with a scene of the false friendship before the demonstration of the true. Carisophus, having opposed himself to Eubulus, has fallen into disgrace at court, and looks in vain for aid to his "friend" Aristippus.

Caris. A friend ought to shun no pain, to stand his friend instead.

Arist. Where true friendship is, it is so indeed.

Caris. Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together ?

Arist. The chiefest link lacked thereof, it must needs dis sever.

Caris. What link is that ? fain would I know.

Arist. Honesty.

Caris. Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship ?

Arist. Yea, truly, and that knot so knit will never slip.

Caris. Belike then, there is no friendship but between honest men.

Arist. Between the honest only ; for, *amicitia inter bonos* ; saith a learned man.

English Poems" the reference to Skelton's "Bouge of Court," page 129.

³ Should, I would. See Note 5, page 71.

⁴ Friendship is between the good. (Cicero.)

¹ See Note 4, p. 74.

² The bouche (mouth) or bouge of court was the old name for court provisioning and right of eating at the royal table. See in "Shorter

Caris. Yet evil men use friendship in things dishonest,
where fancy doth serve.

Arist. That is no friendship, but a lewd liking, it lasts but
awhile.

Caris. What is the perfectest friendship among men that
ever grew?

Arist. Where men love one another, not for profit, but for
virtue.

Caris. Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?

Arist. They must needs, for in two bodies they have but
one heart.

Caris. Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry,
Is there no perfect friendship, but where is virtue and
honesty?

Arist. What a devil then meant Carisophus
To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?
In whom is as much virtue, truth and honesty,
As there are true feathers in the three cranes of the vintry:¹
Yet their feathers have the shadow of lively feathers, the
truth to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man.
To be plain, because I know thy villainy,
In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,
Under the cloak of friendship I played with his head,
And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be
led:

My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,
As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity:
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
Wherein, I know, of the wise I shall not be blamed:
If you ask me, *Quare*?² I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum
dissimulare.*

To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,
In faith Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*:
Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing,
I do not dissemble, now I say I will not speak for thee to the
king:

Therefore sink in thy sorrow, I do not deceive thee,
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee. [*Exit.*]

Caris. He is gone! is this friendship to leave his friend in
the plain field?

Well, I see now I myself have beguiled,
In matching myself with that false fox in amity,
Which hath me used to his own commodity:
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways,
Lo this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days:
Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly;
And he with me the like, hath requited me craftily.
It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly,
For all the world may know, *Incidi in foveam quam feci*.³
Well, I must content myself, none other help I know,
Until a merry gale of wind may hap to blow. [*Exit.*]

Eub. Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,
When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,
Must yield of force, there need no subtle sleight,
No vaunted speech the matter to convey.
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire,
The more ye quenck, the more increased is the fire.

This thing I prove in Pythias' woful case,
Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament:
The day is come, when he in Damon's place
Must lose his life: the time is fully spent,
Nought can my words now with the king prevail,
Against the wind and striving streams I fail:
For die thou must, alas! thou seely Greek.
Ah, Pythias, now come is thy doleful hour:
A perfect friend, none such in a world to seek.
Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour,
Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name,
Among the gods, within the book of fame.

Then the Muses sing:—

Alas! what hap hast thou, poor Pythias, now to die!
Woe worth⁴ the man which for his death hath given us cause
to cry.

Eub. Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Methink I hear, with yellow rented hairs,
The Muses frame their notes, thy state to moan:
Among which sort, as one that mourn'th with heart,
In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. With yellow rented hairs, come on you Muses nine,
Fill now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your complaints
resign:

For Pythias I bewail, which presently must die,
Woe worth the man which for his death, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?
I think even from the heavens above, the gods did him down
send

To show such friendship's power, which forced thee now to
die.

Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. What tiger's whelp was he, that Damon did accuse?
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death dost not
refuse?

O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!

Woe worth the man, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.

Eub. Thou young and worthy Greek, that showest such
perfect love,
The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above:
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.
Woe worth the man which for his death, &c.

Muses. Woe worth the man which for his death hath given
us cause to cry.

Eub. Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for that in misery
Ye did vouchsafe to strain⁵ your notes to walk:
My heart is rent in two with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth, to see this place
At all points ready for the execution of Pythias.
Need hath no law: will I, or nill⁶ I, must be done.
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand.
Gronno, I came hither now to understand,

¹ The three cranes of the Vintry were used at the Vintry wharf in Thames Street for unloading the wine casks from the ships that brought them. They also supplied a name to a neighbouring tavern in the Three Cranes Lane.

² *Quare*, wherefore? I answer, Because it is the part of the prudent to dissemble much.

³ "I have fallen into the pit which I digged." (Proverbs xxviii. 10.)

⁴ *Woe worth*, woe befall. First-English "woorthan," to become.

⁵ *Strain*, constrain. So Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice," "On what compulsion must I, tell me that? The quality of Money is not strained."

⁶ In First English "nellan" was a recognised negative of "willan," and here "nill," as a negative of "will," is as much an English verb as "will" itself. It only lives now in the phrase "willy-nilly."

If all things are well appointed for the execution of Pythias :
The king himself will see it done here in this place.

Gronno. Sir, all things are ready, here is the place, here is
the hand, here is the sword,

Here lacketh none but Pythias, whose head at a word,
If he were present, I could finely strike off.

You may report that all things are ready.

Eub. I go with heavy heart to report it. Ah, woful Pythias!
Full near now is thy misery. [Exit.]

Gronno. I marvel very much, under what constellation
All hangmen are born, for they are hated of all, beloved of
none :

Which hatred is showed by this point evidently,
The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city :
That such spite should be, I know no cause why,
Unless it be for their office sake, which is cruel and bloody.
Yet some men must do it, to execute laws.

Methink they hate me without any just cause.

But I must look to my toil, Pythias must lose his head at one
blow,

Else the boys will stone me to death in the street as I go.

But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also :

I see there is no help, Pythias his life must forego.

Here entereth DIONYSIUS and EUBULUS.

Dion. Bring forth Pythias, that pleasant companion,
Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon.

It pricketh fast upon noon, I do him no injury,

If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,

If Damon return not, which now in Greece is full merry :

Therefore shall Pythias pay his death, and that by and by.

He thought belike, if Damon were out of the city,

I would not put him to death, for some foolish pity :

But seeing it was his request, I will not be mocked ; he shall
die.

Bring him forth.

Here entereth SNAP.

Snap. Give place, let the prisoner come by ; give place.

Dion. How say you, sir ? where is Damon, your trusty
friend ?

You have played a wise part, I make God avow :

You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

Pythias. Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready
also

For my true friend Damon this life to forego,

Even at your pleasure.

Dion. A true friend ! a false traitor, that so breaketh his
oath.

Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loath.

Pythias. I am not loath to do whatsoever I said,

Nor at this present pinch of death am I dismayed :

The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer,

That they have reserved me to this passing great honour,

To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do not mistrust,

My friend Damon is no false traitor, he is true and just :

But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may ;

The wind may be contrary, sickness may let¹ him, or some
misadventure by the way,

Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,

That fame may resound how Pythias for Damon did die :

He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can,

His mind is here, he hath some let, he is but a man.

That he might not return, of all the gods I did require,

Which now to my joy do grant my desire.

But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death

May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath ?

O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by,²

Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.

Stephano, the right pattern of fidelity,

Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon, and of him
crave liberty

When I am dead, in my name ; for thy trusty service

Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.

O my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend, to me
most dear ;

While life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of thee ;

And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amity,
Shall hover about the place wheresoever thou be.

Dion. Eubulus, this gear is strange, and yet because

Damon hath falsed his faith, Pythias shall have the law.

Gronno. despoil him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

Gronno. It shall be done : since you came into this place

I might have stricken off seven heads in the space.

By'r lady, here are good garments, these are mine by the rood,

It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.

Now, Pythias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a pretty boy,

And with a trice, thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

Here entereth DAMON running, and stays the sword.

Stay, stay, stay ! for the king's advantage stay !

O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet fully past ;

Within the compass of mine hour, lo ! here I come at last ;

A life I owe, and a life I will pay :

Ah ! my Pythias, my noble pledge, my constant friend !

Ah, woe is me ! for Damon's sake, how near were thou to thy
end !

Give place to me, this room is mine, on this stage must I
play ;

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysius his blood
to pay.

Gronno. Are you come, sir ? you might have tarried if you
had been wise,

For your hasty coming you are like to know the price.

Pythias. O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine
office ?

Did not I bid thee make haste in anywise ?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twice ?

Not to die for my friend, is present death to me ; and alas !

Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my face ?

What double death is this ? but, O mighty Dionysius,

Do true justice now, weigh this aright, thou noble Eubulus.

Let me have no wrong as now stands the case,

Damon ought not to die, but Pythias :

By misadventure, not by his will, his hour is past ; there-
fore I,

Because he came not at his just time, ought justly die :

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king,

All this court can bear witness of this thing.

Damon. Not so, O mighty king, to justice it is contrary,

That for another man's fault the innocent should die :

Not yet is my time plainly expired, it is not fully noon

Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the town.

Pythias. Believe no clock, the hour is past by the sun.

Damon. Ah, my Pythias, shall we now break the bonds of
amity ?

Will you now overthrow me, which heretofore so well did
agree ?

Pythias. My Damon, the gods forbid but we should agree ;
Therefore agree to this, let me perform the promise I made
for thee,

Let me die for thee ; do me not that injury,

¹ Let, hinder.

² By and by, immediately.

Both to break my promise and to suffer me to see thee die,
Whom so dearly I love: this small request grant me,
I shall never ask thee more, my desire is but friendly:
Do me this honour, that fame may report triumphantly,
That Pythias for his friend Damon was contented to die.

Damon. That you were contented for me to die, fame
cannot deny;

Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy,
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pythias, for him,
guiltless, to die;

Therefore content thyself, the gods requite thy constant faith,
None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysius' wrath.

And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey,
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,
To requite that good turn ere I die, for your behalf this I say,
Although your regal state Dame Fortune decketh so,
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye show,
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread,
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless
head;

No trusty band, no faithful friends, do guard thy hateful
state.

And why? whom men obey for deadly fear, sure them they
deadly hate.

That you may safely reign, by love get friends, whose con-
stant faith

Will never fail, this counsel gives poor Damon at his death:
Friends are the surest guard for kings; gold in time does
wear away,

And other precious things do fade, friendship will ne'er
decay.

Have friends in store therefore, so shall you safely sleep;
Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you take no
keep.

Abandon flattering tongues, whose clacks truth never tells;
Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom Dame Virtue
dwells;

Let them your playfellows be: but O, you earthly kings,
Your sure defence and strongest guard stands chiefly in faith-
ful friends;

Then get you friends by liberal deeds; and here I make an
end.

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon, Pythias' friend.
O my Pythias! now farewell for ever, let me kiss thee ere I
die;

My soul shall honour thee, thy constant faith above the
heavens shall fly.

Come, Gronno, do thine office now; why is thy colour so
dead?

My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have honesty in
striking off this head.

Dion. Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly appalled, my limbs
wax weak;

This strange friendship amazeth me so, that I can scarce
speak.

Pythias. O mighty king, let some pity your noble heart
move;

You require but one man's death, take Pythias, let Damon
live.

Eub. O unspeakable friendship!

Damon. Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why
My constant friend Pythias for Damon's sake should die.

Alas, he is but young, he may do good to many.
Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?

Gronno. My hand with sudden fear quivereth.

Pythias. O noble king, show mercy upon Damon, let
Pythias die.

Dion. Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth. Eubulus, want
shall I do?

Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two?

What heart is so cruel that would divide them asunder?

O noble friendship, I must yield; at thy force I wonder.

My heart this rare friendship hath pierced to the root,
And quenched all my fury. This sight hath brought all this
about,

Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learn'd persuasion
could never do.

O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above

Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my behove:

Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship meant.

My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly bent;

My fearful life I thought with terror to defend,

But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful friend,

Which will not spare his life at time of present need.

O happy kings who in your courts have two such friends
indeed!

I honour friendship now, which that you may plainly see,

Damon, have thou thy life, from death I pardon thee;

For which good turn, I crave this honour do me lend,

O friendly heart, let me link with you two to make me the
third friend.

My court is yours; dwell here with me, by my commission
large;

Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your
charge:

Make me a third friend, more shall I joy in that thing,

Than to be called as I am, Dionysius, the mighty king.

Damon. O mighty king, first for my life most humble
thanks I give;

And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so
move,

That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,
Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in
store.

For my part, most noble king, as a third friend, welcome to
our friendly society;

But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in
true equality.

Dion. Unequal though I be in great possessions,

Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions.

Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away;

Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy:

True friendship will I honour unto my life's end,

My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

Pythias. For this your deed, most noble king, the gods
advance your name,

And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to
frame,

With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to me,

With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity:

Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend,
That you may know of amity the mighty force, and eke the
joyful end:

And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground,
Within whose realm at time of need no faithful friends are
found.

Dion. Your instruction will I follow, to you myself I do
commit.

Eubulus, make haste to set new apparel fit

For my new friends.

Eub. I go with joyful heart, O happy day! [Exit.

Gronno. I am glad to hear this word; though their lives
they do not lease,

It is not reason the hangman should lose his fees:

These are mine,¹ I am gone with a trice.

[Exit.]

Here entereth EUBULUS with new garments.

Dion. Put on these garments now, go in with me, the jewels of my court.

Damon and Pythias. We go with joyful hearts.

Steph. O Damon, my dear master, in all this joy remember me.

Dion. My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

Damon. Stephano, for thy good service, be thou free.

[Ex. all but Stephano.]

Steph. O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day!

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual joy :

Vive le roi, with Damon and Pythias, in perfect amity.

Vive tu Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality :

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won,

I am a free man, none so merry as I now under the sun.

Farewell, my lords, now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,

And me long to enjoy my long-desiréd liberty.

[Exit.]

Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear.

Purged is the court of vice, since friendship entered in,
Tyranny quails, he studieth now with love each heart to win;
Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward;
And painted speech, that glosseth for gain, from gifts is quite debarr'd.

One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain ;

Where virtue doth not knit the knot there friendship cannot reign,

Without the which, no house, no land, no kingdom can endure,

As necessary for man's life, as water, air, and fire ;

Which fram'th the mind of man, all honest things to do ;

Unhonest things friendship ne crav'th, nor yet consents thereto.

In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,

A sweet companion in each state, true friendship is alway :

A sure defence for kings, a perfect trusty band,

A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemy's cruel hand,



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT SYRACUSE

Here entereth EUBULUS beating CARISOPHUS.

Eub. Away, villain, away, you flattering parasite,

Away the plague of this court : thy filed tongue that forged lies

No more here shall do hurt : away, false sycophant, wilt thou not ?

Caris. I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.

Why whip ye me alone ? a plague take Damon and Pythias ; since they came hither

I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas ! I know not whither.

Yet Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall try,

There shall be found even in this court as great flatterers as I.

Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain ;

I doubt not but to spy a time when I may creep in again.

[Exit.]

Eub. The serpent that eats men alive, Flattery, with all her brood,

Is whipped away in princes' courts, which yet did never good.

What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,

To all the world, Dionysius' court now plainly doth express,

Who since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,

A rare, and yet the greatest gift that God can give to man :
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends have been since the world began.

A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kings to have ;
But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith,

The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth.

The Last Song.

The strongest guard that kings can have,
Are constant friends their state to save :
True friends are constant both in word and deed,
True friends are present, and help at each need :
True friends talk truly, they gloss for no gain ;
When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain :
True friends for their true prince refuse not their death :
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth !

Long may she govern in honour and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health :
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire :
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith,
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth !

¹ Running away with the cloak, &c., of which Pythias had been despoiled before laying his head on the block for Damon.

The modern drama was developed, as we have seen, somewhat earlier in Italy than in the other countries of Europe, and when developing it was supported by literary societies or academies, who built for it many theatres, or began to do so, before we had any such buildings in England. Sansovino, the sculptor and architect, whose work was so highly prized that he shared with Titian the honour of exemption from a public tax, built one of the first Italian theatres at Canareggio; and Sansovino died, aged ninety-one, in 1570. Palladio, whose famous work on architecture appeared in that year 1570, built a theatre at Carita in which was represented the "Antigono," a tragedy by the Conte di Monte Vicentino, printed in 1565. The Florence theatres were built by the academies of the *Infocati*, the *Immobili*, and the *Sorgenti*; in Siena by the academies of the *Rozzi* and the *Intronati*. The plan of these Italian theatres was almost invariably based on the ancient model. Such amphitheatres were erected in Venice by Sansovino and Palladio, and used by the companies of the *Sempiterni*, the *Accesi*, and the *Calza*. At Ferrara, the Duke Alfonso II. of Este, who married Lucrezia Borgia in 1501, built, before Sansovino or Palladio, a theatre from designs made for him by the poet Ariosto, who provided both the theatre and plays. He wrote for this house five comedies, beginning in 1498, when he was twenty-four years old; and with these the history of modern Italian comedy may be said to begin. Ariosto even appeared on the stage sometimes as speaker in his own person of the prologue to one of his own plays.

In 1566, two plays by George Gascoigne, the author of the "Steel Glas,"¹ were acted in the Hall of Gray's Inn. One was a translation into English prose of one of the earliest Italian comedies, produced at Ferrara, "I Suppositi," one of the five comedies written by Ariosto. The other play of Gascoigne's was a tragedy, "Jocasta," taken, not from the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides, but also from an Italian original, the "Giocasta" of Ludovico Dolce, printed by Paul son of Aldus Manutius, at Venice in 1549.

Ariosto meant by his "I Suppositi"²—according to both an Italian and Latin sense of the word—persons put in place of one another, the Substitutes; and this sense is so far from being suggested by Gascoigne's title, "The Supposes," that he sprinkles the margin of his text with a few indications of supposings of the common kind that can be got out of the story. This is Gascoigne's prologue, based on Ariosto's.

THE SUPPOSES.

THE PROLOGUE, OR ARGUMENT.

I suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reap the fruit of my travails: and, to be plain, I mean presently to present you with a comedy called *Supposes*; the very name whereof may, peradventure, drive into every of your heads a sundry suppose, to suppose the meaning of our supposes. Some, perchance, will suppose we mean to occupy your ears with sophisticated handling of subtle suppositions; some other will

suppose, we go about to decipher unto you some quaint conceits, which hitherto have been only supposed as it were in shadows; and some I see smiling, as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vain suppose of some wanton suppose. But understand, this our suppose is nothing else but a mistaking or imagination of one thing for another: for you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master, the freeman for a slave, and the bond-slave for a freeman, the stranger for a well-known friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose that even already you suppose me very fond that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtleties of these our supposes; where, otherwise indeed, I suppose, you should have heard almost the last of our supposes, before you could have supposed any of them aright. Let this then suffice.

Gascoigne's translation is a free and lively one, from Ariosto's unrhymed verse into prose, and it is the first prose comedy in our literature. The descent from the Latin drama is still clearly marked. In the prologue to the edition of his "Suppositi," published at Venice in 1525, Ariosto pointed out that he framed his story from "The Eunuch" of Terence and "The Captives" of Plautus.

The first act opens with a scene between Polynesta, "the young woman," and Balia, her nurse, who calls her out of the house when none are by to warn her that she will "be spied one day talking with Dulippo." Dulippo and Erostrato are the chief "Supposes," one a supposed servant, and the other a supposed master; Dulippo, the feigned servant, being lover, and Erostrato, the feigned master, suitor to Polynesta. Balia, who had been paid for recommending Dulippo and giving him opportunities of meeting Polynesta, wishes she had not chosen for her darling a poor servant of her father. Polynesta replies to the nurse in riddle, "I would thou knewest I love not Dulippo nor any of so mean estate, but have bestowed my love more worthily than thou deemest; but I will say no more at this time." "I am glad," says Balia, "you have changed your mind yet." "Nay," answers the lady, "I neither have changed, nor will change it." Presently she explains:—

Polynesta. Well, hear you me then: this young man whom you have always taken for Dulippo, is a noble born Sicilian, his right name Erostrato, son to Philogano, one of the worthiest men in that country.

Balia. How? Erostrato? Is it not our neighbour which—

Polynesta. Hold thy talking, nurse, and hearken to me, that I may explain the whole case unto thee. The man whom to this day you have supposed to be Dulippo is, as I say, Erostrato, a gentleman that came from Sicilia to study in this city, and even at his first arrival met me in the street, fell enamoured of me; and of such vehement force were the passions he suffered, that immediately he cast aside both long gown and books, and determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more commodiously both see me, and talk with me, he exchanged both name, habit, clothes, and credit with his servant Dulippo (whom only he brought with him out of Sicilia); and so with the turning of a hand, of Erostrato a gentleman, he became Dulippo, a serving-man, and soon after sought service of my father, and obtained it.

Balia. Are you sure of this?

Polynesta. Yea, out of doubt. On the other side, Dulippo

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pp. 184 to 195

² "Questa supposizion nostra significa

Quel che in vulgar si dice porre in cambio "

(Ariosto's Prologue.)

took upon him the name of Erostrato, his master, the habit, the credit, books, and all things needful to a student; and in short space profited very much, and is now esteemed as you see.

Balia. Are there no other Sicilians here, nor none that pass this way, which may discover them?

Polynesta. Very few that pass this way, and few or none that tarry here any time.

Balia. This hath been a strange adventure; but, I pray you, how hang these things together, that the student, whom you say to be the servant and not the master, is become an earnest suitor to you, and requireth you of your father in marriage?

Polynesta. That is a policy devised between them, to put Dr. Dotipoll¹ out of conceit; the old dotard, he that so instantly doth lie upon my father for me.—But look, where he comes; [Heaven] help me, it is he; out upon him! what a luskie² younker is this? yet had I rather be a nun a thousand times, than be cumbered with such a coystrel.

Balia. Daughter, you have reason; but let us go in before he come any nearer.

[POLYNESTA goeth in, and BALIA stayeth a little while after, speaking a word or two to the doctor, and then departeth.]

SCENE II.

CLEANDER, doctor; PASIPHILLO, parasite; BALIA, nurse.

Cle. Were these dames here, or did mine eyes dazzle?

Pas. Nay, sir, here were Polynesta and her nurse.

Cle. Was my Polynesta here? alas! I knew her not.

Balia. He must have better eyesight that should marry your Polynesta, or else he may chance to oversee the best point in his tables sometimes.

Pas. Sir, it is no marvel; the air is very misty to-day; I myself know her better by her apparel than by her face.

Cle. In good faith, and I thank God I have mine eyesight good and perfect, little worse than when I was but twenty years old.

Pas. How can it be otherwise? you are but young.

Cle. I am fifty years old.

Pas. He tells ten less than he is.

Cle. What sayest thou of ten less?

Pas. I say I would have thought you ten less; you look like one of six and thirty, or seven and thirty at the most.

Cle. I am no less than I tell.

Pas. You are like enough to live fifty more; show me your hand.

Cle. Why, is Pasiphillo a chiromancer?

Pas. What is not Pasiphillo? I pray you, show me it a little.

Cle. Here it is.

Pas. Oh, how strait and infract³ is this line of life! You will live to the years of Melchisedeck.

Cle. Thou wouldst say, Methusalem.

Pas. Why, is it not all one?

Cle. I perceive you are no very good Bibler, Pasiphillo.

Pas. Yes, sir, an excellent good bibbeler, specially in a

bottle. Oh, what a mouth⁴ of Venus here is; but this light serveth not very well; I will behold it another day, when the air is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure, to your contentation.

Cle. You shall do me great pleasure; but tell me, I pray thee, Pasiphillo, whom dost thou think Polynesta liketh better, Erostrato or me?

Pas. Why, you out of doubt; she is a gentlewoman of a noble mind, and maketh greater account of the reputation she shall have in marrying your worship, than that poor scholar, whose birth and parentage God knoweth, and very few else.

Cle. Yet he taketh it upon him bravely in this country.

Pas. Yea; where no man knoweth the contrary; but let him brave it, boast his birth, and do what he can; the virtue and knowledge that is within this body of yours is worth more than all the country he came from.

Cle. It becometh not a man to praise himself, but, indeed, I may say, and say truly, that my knowledge had stood me in better stead at a pinch, than could all the goods in the world. I came out of Otranto when the Turks won it;⁵ and, first, I came to Padua, after, hither; where by reading, counselling, and pleading, within twenty years I have gathered and gained as good as ten thousand ducats.

Pas. Yea, marry, this is the right knowledge; philosophy, poetry, logic, and all the rest are but pigling sciences in comparison to this.

Cle. But pickling indeed, whereof we have a verse:

"The trade of law doth fill the boisterous bags;
They swim in silk when other roist in rags."

Pas. O excellent verse! who made it? Virgil?

Cle. Virgil? Tush! it is written in one of our glosses.

The old lawyer says that he has doubled or quadrupled his wealth since he left Otranto, but he lost there his only son, a child of five years old. Now he complains that his suit to Polynesta is put off by Damon, her father, with delays. Pasiphillo, the parasite, was to have told him that Dr. Cleander offered a dower of two thousand ducats; to which, says Pasiphillo, Damon answered, "Nothing, but that Erostrato had proffered the like." Pasiphillo is broker on both sides, and dines better with Erostrato than with the rich and penurious doctor. Dr. Cleander sends the parasite again upon his suit for Damon's daughter, and bids him unwillingly to dinner when he shall have come back. But Erostrato dines early, and Dulippo sends him to dine with Erostrato before he has yet started on his errand. Then Dulippo, after lament over his position, dreading that the rich doctor of law may yet carry away Polynesta, says—

Dul. I hoped to have cast a block in his way, by the means that my servant (who is supposed to be Erostrato, and with my habit and credit is well esteemed) should proffer himself a suitor, at the least to countervail the doctor's proffers. But my master, knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with fair words, but to accept the doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his son-in-law. Well, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet again some new conspiracy to drive

⁴ Perhaps *mount*.

⁵ That was in 1480, when the appearance of the Turks in Italy with this success caused stir in Christendom.

¹ Dr. Dotipoll. See Note 1, page 16.

² *Luskie*, lazy. Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary renders *raisonné*, a luskie, lout, lurdan, a lubberly sloven, heavie sot, lumpish layden. Spenser uses the word in the "Faerie Queen," VI. i. 35:—

"But when he saw his foe before in view,
He shook off luskishness."

Probably allied to Latin "*laxus*," lux, loose; Italian "*lascio*," I'venough "*lascio*;" French "*lache*."

³ *Infract*, unbroken.

master doctor out of conceit, and to lay a snare that the fox himself might be caught in; what it is I know not, nor I saw him not since he went about it. I will go see if he be within, that, at least if he help me not, he may yet prolong my life for this once. But here cometh his lackey.—Ho, Jack Pack, where is Erostrato?

[Here must CRAPINO be coming in with a basket and a stick in his hand.]

SCENE IV.

CRAPINO, the lackey; DULIPPO.

Cra. Erostrato? Marry, he is in his skin.

Dul. Ah, boy, I say, how shall I find Erostrato?

Cra. Find him; how mean you, by the week or by the year?

Dul. You crack-halter, if I catch you by the ears, I'll make you answer directly.

Cra. Indeed!

Dul. Tarry me a little.

Cra. In faith, sir, I have no leisure.

Dul. Shall we try who can run fastest?

Cra. Your legs be longer than mine, you should have given me the advantage.

Dul. Go to: tell me, where is Erostrato?

Cra. I left him in the street, where he gave me this casket (this basket I would have said), and bade me bear it to Dalio, and return to him at the duke's palace.

Dul. If thou see him, tell him I must needs speak with him immediately; or, abide awhile, I will go seek him myself rather than be suspected by going to his house.

[CRAPINO departeth, and DULIPPO also; after, DULIPPO cometh on again seeking EROSTRATO.]

Here ends the first act. The second opens with a scene between the "Supposes," Dulippo and Erostrato, which develops a third substitute. The servant supposed to be master has gained a fortnight's delay in deciding who bids highest to be Polynesta's husband. He had offered as large a dower as the doctor.

Eros. I said further that I received letters lately from my father, whereby I understood that he would be here very shortly to perform all that I had proffered; therefore I required to request Damon on my behalf that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fortnight or more.

Dul. This is somewhat yet; for by this means I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer; but at the fortnight's end when Philogano cometh not, how shall I then do? Yea, and though he came, how may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see, that, to follow this amorous enterprise, I have set aside all study, all remembrance of my duty, and all dread of shame? Alas, alas! I may go hang myself.

Eros. Comfort yourself, man, and trust in me: there is a salve for every sore; and doubt you not to this mischief we shall find a remedy.

Dul. O friend, revive me, that hitherto since I first attempted this matter have been continually dying.

Eros. Well, hearken awhile then. This morning I took my horse, and rode into the fields to solace myself, and as I passed the ford beyond St. Antony's Gate, I met at the foot of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men, and, as methought by his habit and his looks, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him; I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would. He answered that he had come from Venice, then from Padua, now was going

to Ferrara, and so to his country, which is Siena. As soon as I knew him to be a Siennese, suddenly lifting up mine eyes (as it were, with an admiration), I said unto him, Are you a Siennese, and come to Ferrara? Why not, said he. Quoth I (half and more with a trembling voice), Know you the danger that should ensue if you be known in Ferrara to be a Siennese? He (more than half amazed) desired me earnestly to tell him what I meant.

Dul. I understand not whereto this tendeth.

Eros. I believe you; but hearken to me.

Dul. Go to, then.

Eros. I answered him in this sort: Gentleman, because I have heretofore found very courteous entertainment in your country, being a student there, I account myself as it were bound to a Siennese; and, therefore, if I knew of any mishap towards any of that country, God forbid, but I should disclose it. And I marvel that you knew not of the injury that your countrymen offered the other day to the ambassadors of Count Hercules.¹

Dul. What tales he telleth me! What appertain these to me?

Eros. If you will hearken awhile, you shall find them no tales, but that they appertain to you more than you think for.

Dul. Forth.

Eros. I told him further, these ambassadors of Count Hercules had divers mules, waggons, and chariots, laden with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, and other things, which they carried as presents (passing that way) to the King of Naples; the which were not only stayed in Siene by the officers whom you call customers, but searched, ransacked, tossed, and turned, and in the end exacted for tribute, as if they had been the goods of a mean merchant.

Dul. Whither will he? Is it possible that this gear appertain any thing to my cause? I find neither head nor foot in it.

Eros. Oh, how impatient you are! I pray you, stay awhile.

Dul. Go to, yet awhile then.

Eros. I proceeded that, upon these causes, the duke sent his chancellor to declare the case unto the senate there, of whom he had the most uncourteous answer that ever was heard: whereupon he was so enraged with all of that country that, for revenge, he had sworn to spoil as many of them as ever should come to Ferrara, and to send them home in their doublet and their hose.

Dul. And, I pray thee, how couldst thou upon the sudden devise or imagine such a lie, and to what purpose?

Eros. You shall hear by and by a thing as fit for our purpose as any could have happened.

Dul. I would fain hear you conclude.

Eros. You would fain leap over the stile, before you come at the hedge; I would you had heard me, and seen the gestures that I enforced to make him believe this.

Dul. I believe you, for I know you can counterfeit well.

Eros. Further, I said, the Duke had charged upon great penalties, that the innholders and victuallers should bring word daily of as many Siennese as came to their houses. The gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, a man of small *sapientia*, when he hear these news, would have turned his horse another way.

Dul. By likelihood he was not very wise, when he would believe that of his country, which, if it had been true, every man must needs have known it.

Eros. Why not, when he had not been in his country for a

¹ Ariosto's play being acted in Ferrara, he lays the scene there, at the time of Duke Hercules, then very recent.

month past : and I told him this had happened within these seven days.

Dul. Belike he was of small experience.

Eros. I think of as little as may be ; but best of all for our purpose, and good adventure it was that I met with such an one. Now hearken, I pray you.

Dul. Make an end, I pray thee.

Eros. He, as I say, when he heard these words, would have turned the bridle, and I, feigning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and careful for him, paused awhile, and after, with a great sigh, said unto him,—Gentleman, for the courtesy, as I said, I have found in your country, and because your affairs shall be the better dispatched, I will find the means to lodge you in my house, and you shall say to every man that you are a Sicilian of Cathanea, your name Philogano, father to me, that am indeed of that country and city, called here Erostrato ; and I, to pleasure you, will, during your abode here, do you reverence as you were my father.

Dul. Out upon me ! What a gross-headed fool am I ! Now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

Eros. Well, and how like you of it ?

Dul. Indifferently ; but one thing I doubt.

Eros. What is that ?

Dul. Marry, that when he hath been here two or three days he shall hear of every man that there is no such thing between the duke and the town of Siene.

Eros. As for that, let me alone. I do entertain, and will entertain him so well, that within these two or three days I will disclose unto him all the whole matter, and doubt not but to bring him in for performance of as much as I have promised to Damon ; for what hurt can it be to him when he shall bind a strange name and not his own ?

Dul. What, think you he will be entreated to stand bound for a dower of two thousand ducats by the year ?

Eros. Yea, why not ? if it were ten thousand, as long as he is not indeed the man that is bound ?

Dul. Well, if it be so, what shall we be the nearer to our purpose ?

Eros. Why, when we have done as much as we can, how can we do any more ?

Dul. And where have you left him ?

Eros. At the inn, because of his horses ; he and his man shall lie in my house.

Dul. Why brought you him not with you ?

Eros. I thought better to use your advice first.

Dul. Well, go take him home, make him all the cheer you can ; spare for no cost, I will allow it.

Eros. Content ; look, where he cometh.

Dul. Is this he ? go meet him. By my troth, he looks like a good soul ; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a cod's head. I will rest here awhile to decipher him.

[EROSTRATO *espies* the SIENESE, and goeth towards him ; DULIPPO stands aside.]

SCENE II.

The SIENESE : PAQUETTO and PETRUCHIO, his servants ;

EROSTRATO.

Siene. He that travelleth in this world passeth by many perils.

Paq. You say true, sir ; if the boat had been a little more laden this morning at the ferry we had been all drowned ; for, I think, there are none of us that could have swam.

Siene. I speak not of that.

Paq. Oh, you mean the foul way that we had since we came from this Padua ; I promise you I was afraid twice or thrice that your mule would have lien fast in the mire.

Siene. What a blockhead thou art ! I speak of the peril we are in presently since we came into this city.

Paq. A great peril, I promise you, that we were no sooner arrived but you found a friend that brought you from the inn and lodged you in his own house.

Siene. Yea, marry ; God reward the gentle young man that we met, for else we should have been in a wise case by this time. But have done with these tales, and take you heed—and you also, sirrah—take heed that none of you say we be Siene's, and remember that you call me Philogano of Cathanea.

Paq. Sure, I shall never remember these outlandish words ; I could well remember Haccanea.

Siene. I say Cathanea, and not Haccanea, with a vengeance.

Paq. Let another name it then when need is, for I shall never remember it.

Siene. Then hold thy peace, and take heed thou name not Siene.

Paq. How say you, if I feign myself dumb, as I did once in the house of Crisobolus ?

Siene. Do as thou thinkest best ; but look, where cometh the gentleman whom we are so much bound unto.

Eros. Welcome, my dear father, Philogano.

Siene. Gramercy, my good son Erostrato.

Eros. That is well said ; be mindful of your tongue, for these Ferrareses be crafty.

Siene. No, no ; be you sure, we will do as you have bidden us.

Eros. For, if you should name Siene, they would spoil you immediately, and turn you out of the town, with more shame than I would should befall you for a thousand crowns.

Siene. I warrant you ; I was giving them warning as I came to you, and I doubt not but they will take good heed.

Eros. Yea, and trust not the servants of my household too far, for they are Ferrareses all ; and never knew my father, nor never came in Sicilia. This is my house ; will it please you to go in ? I will follow.

[*They go in ; DULIPPO torrieth, and espies the doctor coming in with his man.*]

The doctor seeks the sycophant Pasiphilo to bid him to dinner and send him on errand then to Damon, Polynesta's father. The doctor's man, Carion, has misgivings as to the effect of another mouth on the small quantity of dinner in the house. Dulippo then intervenes as Damon's man, and turns the doctor's wrath against the parasite by pouring on him abuse, which he gives in solemn confidence as the sketch of Cleander with which Pasiphilo amuses both Damon and his daughter, while he really serves Erostrato. With the establishing of this new element of confusion, the second act ends.

The third act opens with a quarrel between Dalio, the cook, and Crapino, the lackey of the supposed Erostrato. Both are laden, and the lackey has a basket of eggs. Erostrato separates them, and gives directions for a feast that is afoot. Dulippo enters and asks for the supposed Philogano, who is within. Erostrato asks for Pasiphilo.

Dul. He dined this day with my master ; but whether he went from thence I know not : what would you with him ?

Eros. I would have him go tell Damon, that Philogano, my father, is come, and ready to make assurance of as much as he shall require. Now shall I teach master doctor a school point ; he travaileth to none other end but to catch cornua,

and he shall have them: for as old as he is, and as many subtleties as he has learned in the law, he cannot go beyond me one ace.

Dul. O dear friend, go thy ways: seek Pasiphilo: find him out, and conclude somewhat to our contentation.

Eros. But where shall I find him?

Dul. At the feasts, if there be any; or else in the market with the poulterers or fishmongers.

Eros. What should he do with them?

Dul. Marry, he watcheth whose caters buy the best meat. If any buy a fat capon, a good breast of veal, fresh salmon, or any such good dish, he followeth to the house; and either with some news, or with some stale jest, he will be sure to make himself a guest.

Eros. In faith, and I will seek there for him.

Dul. Then must you needs find him; and when you have done I will make you laugh.

Eros. Whereat?

Dul. At certain sport I made to-day with master doctor.

Eros. And why not now?

Dul. No, it asketh further leisure; I pray thee dispatch, and find out Pasiphilo, that honest man.

[*DULIPPO tarreth. EROSTRATO goeth out.*]

Dulippo, remaining, compares his controversy with the doctor to a game at primero. Then enters Damon:—

Damon. Dulippo?

Dul. Here, sir.

Damon. Go in, and bid Nevola and his fellows come hither, that I may tell them what they shall go about; and go you into my study, there upon the shelf you shall find a roll of writings which John of the dean made to my father, when he sold him the grange farm, endorsed with both their names; bring it hither to me.

Dul. It shall be done, sir.

Damon. Go; I will prepare other manner of writings for you than you are aware of. O fools that trust any man but themselves now-a-days! O spiteful fortune! thou dost me wrong, I think, that from the depth of hell-pit thou hast sent me this servant to be the subversion of me and all mine.

[*The servants come in.*]

Come hither, sirs; and hear what I shall say unto you: go into my study, where you shall find Dulippo: step to him all at once, take him, and with a cord that I have laid on the table for the nonce, bind him hand and foot, carry him into the dungeon under the stairs, make fast the door, and bring me the key, it hangeth by upon a pin on the wall. Dispatch, and do this gear as privily as you can; and thou, Nevola, come hither to me again with speed.

Nev. Well, I shall.

Left to himself, Damon laments his discovery of the relations between his daughter Polynesta and the supposed servant Dulippo. Nevola then returns:—

Nev. Sir, we have done as you bade us, and here is the key.

Damon. Well, go then, Nevola, and seek master Castling, the jailer; he dwelleth by St. Anthony's Gate; desire him to lend me a pair of the fetters he useth for his prisoners, and come again quickly.

Nev. Well, sir.

Damon. Hear you: if he ask what I would do with them, say you cannot tell; and tell neither him nor any other what is become of Dulippo.

[*DAMON goeth out.*]

Nev. I warrant you, sir. For upon the devil, it is a thing almost impossible for a man now-a-days to hide money, but the metal will stick on his fingers. I marvelled alway at this fellow of mine, Dulippo, that of the wages he received he could maintain himself so bravely apparelled, but now I perceive the cause, he had the disbursing and receipt of all my master's affairs, the keys of the granary; Dulippo here, Dulippo there; in favour with my master, in favour with his daughter, what would you more? He was *augester jactator*, he was as fine as the crusado,¹ and we silly wretches as coarse as canvas. Well, behold what it is come to in the end; he had better to have done less.

[*PASIPHILLO saith, it is impossible.*]

Pasiphilo, who has overheard all while lying in a barn after too much dinner, suddenly appears. He had overheard also how Psiteria, an old hag living in the house, who next comes on the stage, had betrayed the secret to Damon when in anger, because the nurse had scolded her. Psiteria is sorry now—"It pitieth me to see the poor young woman how she weeps, wails, and tears her hair, not esteeming her own life half so dear as poor Dulippo's: and her father, he weeps on the other side, that it would pierce a heart of stone with pity." The third act ends here, and the fourth opens with another complication of the plot. The supposed Erostrato is in perplexity:—

Eros. What shall I do? Alas, what remedy shall I find for my rueful estate? What escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shift over our subtle supposes? for though to this day I have usurped the name of my master, and that without check or control of any man, now shall I be openly deciphered, and that in the sight of every man; now shall it openly be known whether I be Erostrato, the gentleman, or Dulippo, the servant. We have hitherto played our parts in abusing others; but now cometh the man that will not be abused, the right Philogano, the right father of the right Erostrato. Going to seek Pasiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water-gate, behold I espied my fellow Litio, and by and by my old master Philogano setting forth his first step on land. I to fuge² and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right Erostrato of his right father Philogano, that to so sudden a mishap some subtle shift might be on the sudden devised. But what can be imagined to serve the turn, although we had months' respite to beat our brains about it, since we are commonly known, at the least supposed, in this town, he for Dulippo, a slave and servant to Damon, and I for Erostrato, a gentleman and a student? But, behold, run, Crapino, to yonder old woman before she get within the doors, and desire her to call out Dulippo; but hear you, if she ask who would speak with him, say thyself and none other.

[*EROSTRATO exiit. PSITERIA comes, and saith that she will do it.*]

Crapino is sent to ask whether Dulippo be within. The crone answers, with his prison in her mind, "Yes, that he is, I warrant him." Lackey and crone quarrel till Crapino is called away by Erostrato, who spies the true Philogano coming, and runneth about to hide him." Philogano entering with Ferrarese, an inn-

¹ The crusado was a Portuguese coin, so named from the cross that was on one side of it. It was of gold, and worth on two pennyweights six grains, equivalent to nine shillings English.

² To run, took flight.

keeper, and Litio, his servant, says "there is no love to be compared like the love of the parents towards their children." He has come out of Sicily only to see his son and have him home with him. He has suffered much, for an old man, from bad lodging on the way, but most from the custom-house searchers :

Fer. Well, this passage shall seem pleasant unto you when you shall find your child well and in health ; but I pray you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into Sicilia, than to come yourself, specially since you had none other business ? Peradventure you had rather endanger yourself by this noisome journey than hazard to draw him from his study.

Phil. Nay, that was not the matter ; for I had rather have him give over his study altogether, and come home.

Fer. Why, if you minded not to make him learned, to what end did you send him hither at the first ?

Phil. I will tell you. When he was at home he did as most young men do : he played many mad pranks, and did many things that liked me not very well, and I, thinking that by that time he had seen the world he would learn to know himself better, exhorted him to study, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I think he was scarce here so soon as I felt the want of him in such sort, as from that day to this I have passed few nights without tears. I have written to him very often that he should come home, but continually he refused, still beseeching me to continue his study, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profit greatly.

Fer. Indeed, he is very much commended of all men, and specially of the best reputed students.

Phil. I am glad he hath not lost his time ; but I care not greatly for so much knowledge. I would not be without the sight of him again so long for all the learning in the world. I am old now, and if God should call me in his absence, I promise you I think it would drive me into desperation.

Fer. It is commendable in a man to love his children, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike.

Phil. Well, I confess it is my fault ; and yet I will tell you another cause of my coming hither, more weighty than this. Divers of my country have been here since he came hither, by whom I have sent unto him, and some of them have been thrice, some four or five times at his house, and yet could never speak with him. I fear he applies his study so, that he will not lease the minute of an hour from his book. What, alas ! he might yet talk with his countrymen for a while ; he is a young man, tenderly brought up : and if he fare thus continually night and day at his book, it may be enough to drive him into a frenzy.

Fer. Indeed, enough were as good as a feast. Lo you, sir, here is your son Erostrato's house ; I will knock.

Phil. Yea, I pray you knock.

Fer. They hear not.

Phil. Knock again.

Fer. I think they be on sleep.

Litio. If this gate were your grandfather's soul you could not knock more softly ; let me come. Ho, ho ! is there any body within ?

[DALIO cometh to the window, and there maketh them answer.]

SCENE IV.

DALIO, the cook ; FERRARESE, the innholder ; PHILOGANO ;
LITIO, his man.

Dalio. What is there ? I think he will break the gates in pieces.

Litio. Marry, sir, we had thought you had been on sleep within, and therefore we thought best to wake you. What doth Erostrato ?

Dalio. He is not within.

Phil. Open the door, good fellow, I pray thee.

Dalio. If you think to lodge here, you are deceived, I tell you ; for here are guests enough already.

Phil. A good fellow, and much for thy master's honesty, by our lady ; and what guests, I pray thee ?

Dalio. Here is Philogano, my master's father, lately come out of Sicilia.

Phil. Thou speakest truer than thou art aware of ; he will be, by that time thou hast opened the door ; open, I pray thee heartily.

Dalio. It is a small matter for me to open the door, but here is no lodging for you ; I tell you plain, the house is full.

Phil. Of whom ?

Dalio. I told you : here is Philogano, my master's father, come from Cathanea.

Phil. And when came he ?

Dalio. He came three hours since or more ; he lighted at the Angel, and left his horses there ; afterwards my master brought him hither.

Phil. Good fellow, I think thou hast good sport to mock me.

Dalio. Nay, I think you have good sport to make me tarry here, as though I have nothing else to do ; I am matched with an unruly mate in the kitchen, I will go look to him another while.

Phil. I think he be drunken.

Fer. Sure he seems so ; see you not how red he is about the gills ?

Phil. Abide, fellow ; what Philogano is it whom thou talkest of ?

Dalio. An honest gentleman, father to Erostrato, my master.

Phil. And where is he ?

Dalio. Here within.

Phil. May we see him ?

Dalio. I think you may if you be not blind.

Phil. Go to, go tell him here is one would speak with him.

Dalio. Marry, that I will willingly do.

Phil. I cannot tell what I should say to this gear. Litio, what thinkest thou of it ?

Litio. I cannot tell you what I should say, sir ; the world is large and long ; there may be more Philoganos and more Erostratos than one, yea, and more Ferraras, more Sicilias, and more Cathaneas : peradventure, this is not that Ferrara which you sent your son unto.

Phil. Peradventure thou art a fool, and he was another that answered us even now. But be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house ?

Fer. Nay then, God help, think you I know not Erostrato's house ? Yes, and himself also ; I saw him here no longer since than yesterday. But here comes one that will tell us tidings of him ; I like his countenance better than the other's that answered us at the window erewhile.

[DALIO draweth his head in at the window, the
SIENESE cometh out.]

SCENE V.

SIENESE ; PHILOGANO ; DALIO.

Sien. Would you speak with me, sir ?

Phil. Yes, sir, I would fain know whence you are.

Sien. Sir, I am a Sicilian, at your commandment.

Phil. What part of Sicilia?

Sen. Of Cathanea.

Phil. What shall I call your name?

Sen. My name is Philogano.

Phil. What trade do you occupy?

Sen. Merchandise.

Phil. What merchandise brought you hither?

Sen. None; I came only to see a son that I have here, whom I saw not these two years.

Phil. What call they your son?

Sen. Erostrato.

Phil. Is Erostrato your son?

Sen. Yea, verily.

Phil. And are you Philogano?

Sen. The same.

Phil. And a merchant of Cathanea?

Sen. What need I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lie.

Phil. Yes, you have told me a false lie, and thou art a villain, and no better.

Sen. Sir, you offer me great wrong with these injurious words.

Phil. Nay, I will do more than I have yet proffered to do: for I will prove thee a liar and a knave to take upon thee that thou art not.

Sen. Sir, I am Philogano of Cathanea out of all doubt: if I were not, I would be loath to tell you so.

Phil. Oh, see the boldness of this brute beast! what a brazen face he setteth on it!

Sen. Well, you may believe me if you list; what wonder you?

Phil. I wonder at thy impudency: for thou nor nature that framed thee can ever counterfeit thee to be me, ribald villain, and lying wretch that thou art.

Dalio. Shall I suffer a knave to abuse my master's father thus? Hence, villain, hence, or I will sheathe this good falchion in your paunch; if my master Erostrato find you prating here on this fashion to his father, I would not be in your coat for more coneyskins than I gat these twelve months. Come you in again, sir, and let this cur bark here till he burst.

[DALIO *palleth the SIENESE in at the doors.*

SCENE VI.

PHILOGANO: LITIO: FERRARESE.

Phil. Litio, how liketh thou this gear?

Litio. Sir, I like it as evil as may be; but have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of Ferrara? and now may you see it falleth out accordingly.

Fer. Friend, you do not well to slander the city; these men are no Ferrarese, you may know by their tongue.

Litio. Well, there is never a barrel better herring between you both; but indeed your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faults to escape unpunished.

Fer. What know the officers of this? think you they know of every fault?

Litio. Nay, I think they will know as little as may be, specially when they have no gains by it; but they ought to have their ears as open to hear of such offences, as the inn-gates be to receive guests.

Phil. Hold thy peace, fool.

Litio. By the mass, I am afraid that we shall be proved fools both two.

Phil. Well, what shall we do?

Litio. I would think best we should go seek Erostrato himself.

Fer. I will wait upon you willingly, and either at the schools or at the convocations we shall find him.

Phil. By our lady, I am weary; I will run no longer about to seek him; I am sure hither he will come at the last.

Litio. Sure my mind gives me that we shall find a new Erostrato ere it be long.

Fer. Look where he is; whither runs he? Stay you awhile; I will go tell him you are here.—Erostrato, Erostrato, ho! Erostrato, I would speak with you.

[EROSTRATO is heard upon the stage, calling for a servant.

SCENE VII.

Faigued EROSTRATO: FERRARESE: PHILOGANO: LITIO: DALIO.

Eros. Now I can hide me no longer. Alas, what shall I do? I will set a good face on, to bear out the matter.

Fer. O Erostrato, Philogano, your father, is come out of Sicilia.

Eros. Tell me that I know not. I have been with him, and seen him already.

Fer. Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know hot of his coming.

Eros. Why, have you spoken with him? when saw you him, I pray you?

Fer. Look, where he stands; why go you not to him? Look you, Philogano, behold your dear son Erostrato.

Phil. Erostrato? this is not Erostrato. This seemeth rather to be Dulippo; and it is Dulippo indeed.

Litio. Why, doubt you of that?

Eros. What saith this honest man?

Phil. Marry, sir, indeed you are so honourably clad, it is no marvel if you look big.

Eros. To whom speaketh he?

Phil. What! God help, do you not know me?

Eros. As far as I remember, sir, I never saw you before.

Phil. Hark, Litio, here is good gear; this honest man will not know me.

Eros. Gentlemen, you take your mark amiss.

Litio. Did not I tell you of the falsehood of Ferrara, master? Dulippo hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither.

Phil. Peace, I say.

Eros. Friend, my name is not Dulippo; ask you throughout this town of great and small, they know me; ask this honest man that is with you, if you will not believe me.

Fer. Indeed, I never knew him otherwise called than Erostrato; and so they call him, as many as know him.

Litio. Master, now you may see the falsehood of these fellows: this honest man your host is of council with him, and would face us down that it is Erostrato; beware of these mates.

Fer. Friend, thou doest me wrong to suspect me, for sure I never heard him otherwise called than Erostrato.

Eros. What name could you hear me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise enough, to stand playing here with this old man; I think he be mad.

Phil. Ah, runagate! ah villain, traitor! dost thou use thy master thus? What hast thou done with my son, villain?

Dalio. Dost this dog bark here still? and will you suffer him, master, thus to revile you?

Eros. Come in, come in; what wilt thou do with this pestle?

Dalio. I will rap the old [driveller] on the costard.

Eros. Away with it;—and you, sirrah, lay down these stones. Come in at door, every one of you:—bear with him for his age;—I pass not for his evil words.

[EROSTRATO *taketh up his servants and goes out the door.*

SCENE VIII.

PHILOGANO; FERRARESE; LITIO.

Phil. Alas! who shall relieve my miserable estate; to whom shall I complain? since he whom I brought up of a child, yea, and cherished him as if he had been mine own, doth now utterly deny to know me; and you, whom I took for an honest man, and he that should have brought me to the sight of my son, are compact with this false wretch, and would face me down that he is Erostrato. Alas! you might have some compassion of my age, to the misery I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comfort in this country; or at the least you should have feared the vengeance of God, the Supreme Judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts), in bearing this false witness with him, whom heaven and earth do know to be Dulippo, and not Erostrato.

Litio. If there be many such witnesses in this country, men may go about to prove what they will in controversies here.

Fer. Well, sir, you may judge of me as pleaseth you, and how the matter cometh to pass I know not; but truly ever since he came first hither, I have known him by the name of Erostrato, the son of Philogano, a Cathanese. Now whether he be so indeed, or whether he be Dulippo (as you allege), let that be proved by them that knew him before he came hither. But I protest before God, that which I have said is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but even as I have heard him called and reputed of all men.

Phil. Out and alas! he whom I sent hither with my son to be his servant and to give attendance on him, hath either cut his throat, or by some evil means made him away, and hath not only taken his garments, his books, his money, and that which he brought out of Sicilia with him, but usurpeth his name also, and turneth unto his own commodity the bills of exchange that I have always allowed for my son's expenses. O miserable Philogano! O unhappy old man! O eternal God, is there no judge, no officer, no higher powers whom I may complain unto for redress of these wrongs?

Fer. Yes, sir, we have potentates, we have judges, and above all, we have a most just prince; doubt you not but you shall have justice, if your cause be just.

Phil. Bring me then to the judges, to the potentates, or to whom thou thinkest best; for I will disclose a pack of the greatest knavery, a fardle¹ of the foulest falsehood that ever was heard of.

Litio. Sir, he that will go to the law, must be sure of four things: first, a right and a just cause; then a righteous advocate to plead; next, favour *coram iudice*;² and, above all, a good purse to procure it.

Fer. I have not heard that the law hath any respect to favour; what you mean by it I cannot tell.³

Phil. Have you no regard to his words, he is but a fool.

Fer. I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is favour.

Litio. Favour call I to have a friend near about the judge who may so solicit thy cause, as, if it be right, speedy sentence may ensue without any delays; if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last, thine adversary being weary, shall be glad to compound with thee.

Fer. Of thus much (although I never heard thus much in this country before) doubt you not, Philogano, I will bring you to an advocate that shall speed you accordingly.

Phil. Then shall I give myself, as it were, a prey to the lawyers, whose insatiable jaws I am not able to feed, although I had here all the goods and lands which I possess in mine own country, much less being a stranger in this misery. I know their cauteles of old; at the first time I come they will so extol my cause, as though it were already won; but within a sevendnight or ten days, if I do not continually feed them as the crow doth her brats, twenty times in an hour, they will begin to wax cold, and to find cavils in my cause, saying, that at the first I did not well instruct them, till at the last, they will not only draw the stuffing out of my purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

Fer. Yea, sir, but this man that I tell you of is half a saint.

Litio. And the other half a devil, I hold a penny.

Phil. Well said, Litio; indeed I have but small confidence in their smooth looks.

Fer. Well, sir, I think this whom I mean is no such manner of man; but if he were, there is such hatred and evil will between him and this gentleman (whether he be Erostrato or Dulippo, whatsoever he be), that I warrant you he will do whatsoever he can do for you, were it but to spite him.

Phil. Why, what hatred is betwixt them?

Fer. They are both in love and suitors to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a wealthy man in this city.

Phil. Why, is the villain become of such estimation that he dare presume to be a suitor to any gentlewoman with a good family?

Fer. Yes, sir, out of all doubt.

Phil. How call you his adversary?

Fer. Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors in our city.

Phil. For God's love, let us go to him.

Fer. Go we then.

Here is the knot of the comedy well tied at the end of the fourth act, and in the fifth act follows the unravelling.

The supposed Erostrato is seeking to give up his false position that has brought him into trouble. Pasiphilo enters, and is to be sent to Damon's house,

E lo più abhominevol malefizio
Che potesse uom pensar, non che commettere.

Lizio. Padron, a chi vuol litigar bisognano
Quattro cose: ragion primo bonissima:
E poi chi ben la sappia dire: e terzo
Chi la faccia: e favor poi.

Ferrarese. Di quest' ultima
Parte non odo, che le leggi facciano
Menzion alcuna: che cosa e? Chiariscilo.

Lizio. Aver amici potenti: ch'al Giudice
Raccomandin la causa tua, che vincere
Dovendo, brevemente la espedischino,
E se tu hai torto che la differischino,
E giorni, e mesi, e tanto in lungo menino,
Che stanco al fin di spese, affanni, e strazii,
Brumi accordarsi teco il tuo avversario.

Ferrarese. Di questa parte, quantunque, Filogono,
Non s'usi in questa terra.

¹ *Fardle* or *fardel*, a burden, a pack. Low Latin "fardellus;" French "fardeau."

² *Coram iudice*, before the judge.

³ The ignorance of a Ferrarese as to the meaning of corruption in high places was designed by Ariosto as a compliment to the Duke of Ferrara, in whose theatre the play was acted. The passage may be interesting to some readers as a specimen of the verses that George Gascoigne turned into prose. I begin at Gascoigne's "Yes, sir, we have potentates."

Ferrarese. Ci abbiamo Podestà, ci abbiamo i Giudici.
E sopra tutti un Principe giustissimo,
Voi non avete da temer, Filogono,
Che vi si manchi di ragione, avendola.

Filogono. Per vostra fe, venite, andiamo al Principe.
Al Podestade, o sia a qual altro Giudice;
Che la maggior barriera v'è intendano,

where he will "ask for Dulippo, and tell him." But Dulippo is in prison, in a vile dungeon within Damon's house. Then the supposed Erostrato hears all that had happened to his master, the supposed Dulippo. That he may be alone under emotion, Erostrato sends the parasite to do as he will in the kitchen, savoury with the great feast that was on foot. What shall he do? He can think of no deceit that will save him. He is driven upon the last resource—telling the truth:—

Eros. Well, sith there is no other remedy, I will go to my M. Philogano, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his son feel the smart of some sharp revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus will I do. Yet I know, that for mine own part I shall do better penance for my faults forepassed; but such is the good will and duty that I bear to Erostrato, as even with the loss of my life I must not stick to adventure anything which may turn to his commodity. But what shall I do; shall I go seek my master about the town, or shall I tarry his return hither? If I meet him in the streets he will cry out upon me, neither will he hearken to anything that I shall say, till he have gathered all the people wondering about me as it were an owl. Therefore I were better to abide here; and yet if he tarry long I will go seek him, rather than prolong the time to Erostrato's peril.

[PASIPHILLO *returneth* to EROSTRATO.]

SCENE IV.

PASIPHILLO, *fringed* EROSTRATO.

Pas. Yea, dress them, but lay them not to the fire till they will be ready to sit down. This gear goes in order, but if I had not gone in there had fallen a foul fault.

Eros. And what fault, I pray thee?

Pas. Marry, Dalio would have laid the shoulder of mutton and the capon both to the fire at once, like a fool; he did not consider that the one would have more roasting than the other.

Eros. Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

Pas. Why? and either the one should have been burned before the other had been roasted, or else he must have drawn them off the spit, and they would have been served to the board either cold or raw.

Eros. Thou hast reason, Pasiphilo.

Pas. Now, sir, if it please you I will go into the town and buy oranges, olives, and capers, for without such sauce the supper were more than half lost.

Eros. There are within already, doubt you not, there shall lack nothing that is necessary. [EROSTRATO *exit*.]

Pas. Since I told him these news of Dulippo, he is clean beside himself; he hath so many hammers in his head, that his brains are ready to burst; and let them break, so I may sup with him to-night, what care I? But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that comes before? Well said, by my troth, we will teach master doctor to wear a cornered cap of a new fashion. [Marry], Polynesta shall be his, he shall have her out of doubt, for I have told Erostrato such news of her, that he will none of her.

[CLEANDER and PHILOGANO *come in talking of the matter in controversy*.]

SCENE V.

CLEANDER; PHILOGANO; LITIO; PASIPHILLO.

Cle. Yea, but how will ye prove that he is not Erostrato, having such presumptions to the contrary; or how shall it be thought that you are Philogano when another taketh upon

him this same name, and for proof bringeth him for a witness which hath been ever reputed here for Erostrato?

Phil. I will tell you, sir: let me be kept here fast in prison, and at my charges let there be some man sent into Sicilia, that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest men in Cathanea, and by them let it be proved if I or this other be Philogano, and whether he be Erostrato, or Dulippo my servant; and if you find me contrary, let me suffer death for it.

Pas. I will go salute master doctor.

Cle. It will ask great labour and great expenses to prove it this way, but it is the best remedy that I can see.

Pas. God save you, sir.

Cle. And reward you as you have deserved.

Pas. Then shall he give me your favour continually.

Cle. He shall give you a halter, knave and villain that thou art.

Pas. I know I am a knave, but no villain; I am your servant.

Cle. I neither take thee for my servant, nor for my friend.

Pas. Why, wherein have I offended you, sir?

Cle. Hence, to the gallows, knave!

Pas. What, soft and fair, sir, I pray you; *I præ, sequar*,¹ you are mine elder.

Cle. I will be even with you be you sure, honest man.

Pas. Why, sir, I never offended you.

Cle. Well, I will teach you. Out of my sight, knave!

Pas. What! I am no dog, I would you wist.

Cle. Pratest thou yet, villain? I will make thee.

Pas. What will you make me? I see well the more a man doth suffer you, the worse you are.

Cle. Ah, villain, if it were not for this gentleman, I would tell you what I—

Pas. Villain? nay, I am as honest a man as you.

Cle. Thou liest in thy throat, knave.

Phil. Oh, sir, stay your wisdom.

Pas. What, will you fight? marry, come on.

Cle. Well, knave, I will meet with you another time; go your way.

Pas. Even when you list, sir, I will be your man.

Cle. And if I be not even with thee, call me out.

Pas. Nay, by the mass, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing; if I had either lands or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the law.

Phil. Sir, I perceive your patience is moved.

Cle. This villain,—but let him go, I will see him punished as he hath deserved. Now to the matter, how said you?

Phil. This fellow hath disquieted you, sir; peradventure you would be loth to be troubled any farther.

Cle. Not a whit, say on, and let him go with a vengeance.

Phil. I say, let them send at my charge to Cathanea.

Cle. Yea, I remember that well, and it is the surest way as this case requireth. But tell me, how is he your servant, and how came you by him. Inform me fully in the matter.

Phil. I will tell you, sir. When the Turks won Otranto—

Cle. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishap.

Phil. How, sir?

Cle. For I was driven among the rest out of the town, it is my native country, and there I lost more than ever I shall recover again while I live.

Phil. Alas, a pitiful case, by St. Anne.

Cle. Well, proceed.

Phil. At that time (as I said) there were certain of our

¹ Go before, I will follow.

country that scoured those coasts upon the seas, with a good bark well appointed for the purpose, and had espial of a Turkey vessel that came laden from thence with great abundance of riches.

Cle. And peradventure most of mine.

Phil. So they boarded them, and in the end overcame them, and brought the goods to Palermo, from whence they came; and amongst other things that they had, was this villain, my servant, a boy at that time, I think not past five years old.

Cle. Alas! I lost one of that same age there.

Phil. And I being there, and liking the child's favour well, proffered them four-and-twenty ducats for him, and had him.

Ch. What! was the child a Turk, or had the Turks brought him from Otranto?

Phil. They said he was a child of Otranto; but what is that to the matter? Once twenty-four ducats he cost me, that I wot well.

Cle. Alas! I speak it not for that, sir; I would it were he whom I mean.

Phil. Why, whom mean you, sir?

Litio. Beware, sir, be not too lavish.

Cle. Was his name Dulippo then, or had he not another name?

Litio. Beware what you say, sir.

Phil. What the devil hast thou to do? Dulippo? No, sir, his name was Carino.

Litio. Yea, well said; tell all and more too, do.

Cle. O Lord, if it be as I think, how happy were I. And why did you change his name then?

Phil. We called him Dulippo because when he cried as children do sometimes, he would always cry on that name, Dulippo.

Cle. Well, then I see well he is mine own only child whom I lost when I lost my country. He was named Carino after his grandfather, and this Dulippo whom he always remembered in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished and brought him up.

Litio. Sir, have I not told you enough of the falsehood of Ferrara? This gentleman will not only pick your purse, but beguile you of your servant also, and make you believe he is his son.

Cle. Well, good fellow, I have not used to lie.

Litio. Sir, no, but everything hath a beginning.

Cle. Fie, Philogano! have you not the least suspect that may be of me?

Litio. No, marry; but it were good he had the most suspect that may be.

Cle. Well, hold thou thy peace a little, good fellow.—I pray you tell me, Philogano, hath the child any remembrance of his father's name, his mother's name, or the name of his family?

Phil. He did remember them, and could name his mother also: but sure I have forgotten the name.

Litio. I remember it well enough.

Phil. Tell it then.

Litio. Nay, that I will not, marry; you have told him too much already.

Phil. Tell it, I say, if thou can.

Litio. Can! yes, by the mass, I can well enough, but I will have my tongue pulled out, rather than tell it, unless he tell it first; do you not perceive, sir, what he goeth about?

Cle. Well, I will tell you, then. My name you know already; my wife his mother's name was Sophronia; the house that I came of, Spiagia.

Litio. I never heard him speak of Spiagia, but indeed I have heard him say his mother's name was Sophronia. But

what of that? A great matter I promise you. It is like enough that you two have compact together to deceive my master.

Cle. What needeth me more evident tokens? This is my son out of doubt whom I lost eighteen years since; and a thousand thousand times since have I lamented for him; he should have also a mould¹ on his left shoulder.

Litio. He hath a mould there indeed.

Cle. Fair words, fellow Litio. Oh, I pray you, let us go talk with him. O Fortune, how much am I bound to thee if I find my son.

Phil. Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune, that know not where my son is become; and you, whom I choose to be mine advocate, will now (by the means of this Dulippo) become mine adversary.

Cle. Sir, let us go first find mine, and I warrant you, yours will be found also ere it be long.

Phil. God grant; go we then.

Cle. Sith the door is open I will never knock nor call, but we will be bold to go in.

Litio. Sir, take you heed, lest he lead you to some mischief.

Phil. Alas, Litio, if my son be lost, what care I what become of me?

Litio. Well, I have told you my mind, sir; do you as you please. [*Exeunt. DAMON and PSITERIA come in.*]

Damon is angry because Pasiphilo, who is a common gossip, knows the disgrace of his daughter. How could he know it but of Psiteria? Psiteria explains that they were overheard because the parasite lay close by in the stable. Damon grieves at open shame upon his house. Yet he has heard that Dulippo was of no servile estate, but a gentleman of good parentage in Sicily. Small dowry would now content him with an honest marriage. Then comes Pasiphilo to tell all the truth to Damon:—

Pas. For where you have always supposed this gentleman to be Erostrato, it is not so; but your servant whom you have imprisoned, hitherto supposed to be Dulippo, he is indeed Erostrato, and that other is Dulippo. And thus they have always, even since their first arrival in this city, exchanged names, to the end that Erostrato, the master, under the name of Dulippo, a servant, might be entertained in your house, and so win the love of your daughter.

Damon. Well, then, I perceive it is even as Polynesta told me.

Pas. Why, did she tell you so?

Damon. Yea, but I thought it but a tale.

Pas. Well, it is a true tale, and here they will be with you by and by,² both Philogano, this worthy man, and master doctor Cleander.

Damon. Cleander? What to do?

Pas. Cleander? Why, thereby lies another tale, the most fortunate adventure that ever you heard; wot you what? This other Dulippo, whom all this while we supposed to be Erostrato, is found to be the son of Cleander, whom he lost at the loss of Otranto, and was after sold in Sicilia to this Philogano, the strangest case that ever you heard: a man might make a comedy of it; they will come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves.

Damon. Nay, I will first go hear the story of this Dulippo,

¹ Mould, mole. First-English "mœl," a spot or mark.

² By and by, immediately.

be it Dulippo or Erostrato, that I have here within, before I speak with Philogano.

Pas. So shall you do well, sir; I will go tell them that they may stay awhile, and look where they come.

[*DAMON goeth in. SIENESE, CLEANDER, and PHILOGANO come upon the stage.*]

SCENE VIII.

SIENESE: CLEANDER: PHILOGANO.

Sien. Sir, you shall not need to excuse the matter any farther; since I have received no greater injury than by words, let them pass, like wind; I take them well in worth, and am rather well pleased than offended, for it shall both be a good warning to me another time how to trust every man at the first sight; yea, and I shall have good game hereafter to tell this pleasant story another day in mine own country.

Cle. Gentleman, you have reason; and be you sure that as many as hear it will take great pleasure in it. And you, Philogano, may think, that God in heaven above hath ordained your coming hither at this present, to the end I might recover my lost son, whom by no other means I could ever have found out.

Phil. Surely, I think no less, for I think that not so much as a leaf falleth from the tree, without the ordinance of God. But let us go seek Damon; for me thinketh¹ every day a year, every hour a day, and every minute too much till I see my Erostrato.

Cle. I cannot blame you; go we then. Carino, take you that gentleman home in the meantime; the fewer the better to be present at such affairs.

[*PASIPHILLO stayeth their going in.*]

SCENE IX.

PASIPHILLO: CLEANDER.

Pas. Master doctor, will you not show me this favour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

Cle. Gentle Pasiphillo, I must needs confess I have done thee wrong, and that I believed tales of thee, which indeed I find now contrary.

Pas. I am glad, then, that it proceeded rather of ignorance than of malice.

Cle. Yea, believe me, Pasiphillo.

Pas. Oh, sir, but yet you should not have given me such foul words.

Cle. Well, content thyself, Pasiphillo: I am thy friend as I have always been; for proof whereof, come sup with me to-night, and from day to day this sevensnight be thou my guest. But behold, here comes Damon out of his house.

[*Here they come all together.*]

SCENE X.

CLEANDER: PHILOGANO: DAMON: EROSTRATO: PASIPHILLO: POLYNESTA: NEVOLA, and other servants.

Cle. We are come unto you, sir, to turn your sorrow into joy and gladness; the sorrow we mean that of force² you have sustained since this mishap of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comfort, sir, and assure yourself that this young man which youthfully and not maliciously hath committed this amorous offence is very well able (with consent of this worthy man, his father) to make you sufficient amends, being born in Cathanea, of Sicilia, of a noble house, no way inferior unto you, and of wealth (by the report of such as know it) far exceeding that of yours.

Phil. And I here, in proper person, do present unto you, sir, not only my assured friendship and brotherhood, but do earnestly desire you to accept my poor child (though unworthy) as your son-in-law; and for recompense of the injury he hath done you, I proffer my whole lands in dower to your daughter: yea, and more would, if more I might.

Cle. And I, sir, who have hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in marriage, do now willingly yield up and quit claim to this young man, who both for years and for the love he beareth her, is most meetest to be her husband. For where I was desirous of a wife by whom I might have issue, to leave that little which God hath sent me, now have I little need, that (thanks be to God) have found my dearly-beloved son, whom I lost of a child at the siege of Otranto.

Damon. Worthy gentleman, your friendship, your alliance, and the nobility of your birth are such, as I have much more cause to desire them of you, than you to request of me that which is already granted. Therefore I gladly and willingly receive the same, and think myself most happy now of all my life past, that I have gotten so toward a son-in-law to myself, and so worthy a father-in-law to my daughter; yea, and much the greater is my contentation, since this worthy gentleman, master Cleander, doth hold himself satisfied. And now behold your son.

Eros. O father!

Pas. Behold the natural love of the child to the father, for inward joy he cannot pronounce one word; instead whereof he sendeth sobs and tears to tell the effect of his inward invention. But why do you abide here abroad? Will it please you to go into the house, sir?

Damon. Pasiphillo hath said well: will it please you to go in, sir?

Nev. Here I have brought you, sir, both fetters and bolts.

Damon. Away with them now.

Nev. Yea, but what shall I do with them?

Damon. Marry, I will tell thee, Nevola. To make a right end of our supposes, lay one of those bolts in the fire, and make thee a suppository as long as mine arm, God save the sample.—Nobles, and gentlemen, if you suppose that our supposes have given you sufficient cause of delight, show some token whereby we may suppose you are content.

*Et plausant.*³

The "Jocasta," which is not by Gascoigne only, but by Gascoigne and Kinwelmarsh, is a translation from the Italian of Lodovico Dolce, whose free version of Euripides is exactly followed, including the chorus, which, in the manner of Seneca, is used only for the closing of each act. The second, third, and fifth acts were translated by George Gascoigne, the first and fourth by Francis Kinwelmarsh. A dumb show was planned to introduce each act, as in "Gorboduc," and this was invented by the English translators to suit the requirements of the Gray's Inn Festival. There was no precedent for that in Lodovico Dolce. There was also an original Epilogue, written for the piece by Christopher Yelverton. The blank verse of the play is well written. For example, let us take the opening of the fourth act. The translator here is not Gascoigne, but Kinwelmarsh.

The speakers are a Messenger (Nuntius) and Jocasta. The Messenger first speaks:—

¹ Me thinketh, seems to me. From First-English "thinean," to seem, not "thencan," to think.

² Of force, of necessity. (See "Shorter English Poems," page 112, note 13.)

³ And they shall have applauded.

O sage and sober dames, O shamefast maids,
O faithful servants of our agéd queen,
Come lead her forth, sith unto her I bring
Such secret news as are of great import.
Come forth, O queen, surcease thy woful plaint,
And to my words vouchsafe a willing ear.

[*The queen, with her train, cometh out of the palace.*]

Joc. My servant dear, dost thou yet bring me
news

Of more mishap? Ah, weary wretch! alas!
How doth Eteocles? whom heretofore
In his increasing years I wonted aye
From dangerous hap with favour to defend.
Doth he yet live? or hath untimely death
For cruel fight bereft his flowering life?

Nun. He lives, O queen, hereof have ye no doubt,
From such suspect myself will quit you soon.

Joc. The vent'rous Greeks have haply ta'en the
town.

Nun. The gods forbid!

Joc. Our soldiers, then, perchance,
Disperséd been and yielded to the sword.

Nun. Not so; they were at first in danger, sure,
But in the end obtained victory.

Joc. Alas! what then becomes of Polynice?
Oh, canst thou tell? is he dead or alive?

Nun. You have, O queen, yet both your sons alive.

Joc. Oh, how my heart is easéd of his pain!

Well, then, proceed, and briefly let me hear
How ye repulsed your proud presuming foes,
That thereby yet at least I may assuage
The swelling sorrows in my doleful breast,
In that the town is hitherto preserved:
And for the rest, I trust that mighty Jove
Will yield his aid.

In George Gascoigne's prose translation of "I Suppositi," there is often a rudeness of style that contrasts unfavourably with the grace of the original. But although in most of our earliest plays the art was obviously imperfect, there was the vigour in them of a sound mind, with worthiness of purpose that would lead in after years to higher things. With all the grace of Ariosto's comedy, the plot included a relation between Polynesta and the feigned servant which, by the manner of its treatment, reflected a low tone of morality; and although it gave more reason for the anger and grief of the father and the giving up of his suit by Cleander, it was, on the whole, so needless a degradation of the two chief characters that I have passed it over in the telling of the story. George Gascoigne reproduced it, but it was foreign to the nature of an English play. The bitterest opponents of the stage under Elizabeth admitted that the plays were very honest, and had healthy aims.

In the year 1566, when Gascoigne's "Supposes" and "Jocasta" were acted in the Hall at Gray's Inn, Richard Edwards's play of "Palamon and Arcyte" was acted before Queen Elizabeth in the Hall of Christ Church, Oxford. At the beginning of the play part of the stage fell down, whereby five persons were hurt and three were killed. The scaffolding was reconstructed, the play went on, and the queen enjoyed it, giving eight guineas to one of the young actors who had pleased her much.

At court it was the business of the Master of the Revels to have plays rehearsed before him, and to choose the best for the queen's entertainment. In the course of 1571, Elizabeth had represented before her "Lady Barbara," by Sir Robert Lane's men; "Iphigenia," by the children of Paul's; "Ajax and Ulysses," by the children of Windsor; "Narcissus," by the children of the chapel; "Cloridon and Radiamanta," by Sir Robert Lane's men; "Paris and Vienna," by the children of Westminster. The children were in each case boys of the choir trained also to act.

In May, 1574, the Earl of Leicester, who was a good friend to the stage, procured for those of his servants forming his own company of players the first royal patent to a dramatic company. By this patent James Burbage, John Perkin, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wylson were privileged to act within the City of London and its Liberties, and in any other city; "provided that the said Comedies, Tragedies, Interludes, and Stage Plays be by the Master of the Revels for the time being before seen and allowed; and that the same be not published or shown in the time of Common Prayer, or in the time of great and common Plague in our City of London."

Reservation of the time of Common Prayer points to the fact that the earliest plays were presented to the people chiefly on Sundays and saints' days. Before the Reformation, usage that still prevails in Roman Catholic countries gave the holiday-time after church to sports and entertainments of the people. In the reformed Church of England the discipline of Calvin, who laid stress upon the keeping holy of the Sabbath Day, was not accepted at all points, though insisted upon by that large section of the Church called by Archbishop Parker Puritan or Precisian. Tolerance of Sunday sports became, indeed, in after years one of the grounds of contest between Puritans and their opponents. In 1574, the Mayor and Corporation of London represented Puritan opinion, and objected strongly to the forcing of the players on the City. Then Leicester procured the writing of a letter from the Privy Council that required the Lord Mayor "to admit the Comedy Players within the City of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." The Corporation argued against this, objecting to performances on sacred days; to the unmeet drawing of young men and maids to the inns; to the waste of money; to the seditious matter that might be spoken on the stage; to the danger by occasional fall of the scaffolding, as well as by chance hurt of the players with weapons and gunpowder used in performances; to the risk of contagion by bringing together crowds, among whom would be some sick of plague or other infectious disease. The Common Council framed regulations that required each exhibition of a play to have its separate licence from the mayor, and half its profits to be given to the poor; but had not long patience even with this limited toleration, and in December, 1575, issued a complete prohibition of the performance of plays in the City, and prayed the Lords that they would issue a like prohibition for all "places near unto the City." The Justices of Middlesex had joined the Corporation in its opposition to the

players, who then appealed for protection to the Privy Council. In its answer to their appeal, the City said: "It may be noted how uncomely it is for youth to run straight from prayers to plays, from God's service to the devil's." If the Earl of Leicester's company, known as the Queen's Players, was to be forced on the City, let the names of these actors be registered, and none but just these be suffered to appear upon a stage in London; and, it was urged, let them not act when the death-rate is over fifty a week. Forty or fifty being then the average death-rate when there was no plague, and plague or other spread of sickness being very common in those days of unwholesome dwellings, this was another way of getting an approach to prohibition. In 1576, the City desired to stop acting at inns, and proposed that the players should be required to perform in private houses (where there would be no room for an audience large enough to pay them for their skill); that they should never act on the Sabbath, nor on holidays of the Church till after evening prayer, and then never so late as to make it impossible for every one of the spectators who stayed to the end to reach home before dark. Moreover, there was to be no acting unless the death-rate had been for twenty days below fifty a week. Breach of these orders was to be followed by forfeiture of toleration.

Upon such terms it was impossible for any actors to live under the jurisdiction of the City of London. James Burbage and his companions were, therefore, driven to look for a place outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction where they might still be within reach of the considerable audiences to be drawn from London. Such a place they found among the houses built upon the ground that had once belonged to the great monastery of the Dominicans or Black Friars. The monastery had been built in the time of Edward I.; and had a handsome church with privileges, including right of sanctuary. Its large precinct enclosed many shops, and had been entered by four gates. Its inhabitants, exempt from City law, were subject only to the king, to the Superior of the monastery, and to their own justices. Several Parliaments had been held in the great church of the Black Friars, and there in 1529 Wolsey and Campeggio had heard the question of divorce between Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Black Friars was surrendered to the king in 1538. In 1547, the Prior's lodgings and the Hall were sold to Sir Francis Bryan, and afterwards Edward VI. granted the rest to Sir Thomas Cawarden.

The site of the monastery and its precincts—not included within the liberties of the City till the reign of James I.—became, in Elizabeth's day, a fashionable quarter; and when James Burbage and his fellow-players, to escape control of the Corporation, took a house in Blackfriars, and converted it into a theatre of their own, they could not do so without combating much opposition from the polite neighbours, who were averse to noise and crowd. But they achieved their object, and opened, in 1576, the Blackfriars Theatre, the first place set apart in England for performances of plays. About the

same time, two other buildings were erected, for the distinct purpose of presenting plays in them. These were outside the City bounds, in the pleasant fields at Shoreditch, a quarter then preferred for the houses and gardens of rich foreign merchants trading in London. These houses were called "The Theatre" and "The Curtain," built on the south-western side of the site of the suppressed Priory of St. John the Baptist, called Holywell. One recommendation of the place chosen for them was that, outside Bishopsgate, a well-kept street (now Bishopsgate Street Without) extended for some way into the open country, and thus gave easy and safe way of approach for the play-goers. Four years afterwards, such acting within the City as still lingered in its inn-yards was finally suppressed. At one of the inn-yards—that of the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate Hill, where now these pages are printed—it was said that the devil in person appeared one day on the stage to play his own part for himself among his friends.

In 1576, when the first theatres were built, Shakespeare was twelve years old. In that year, Stephen Gosson, a young man of Kent, who had been educated at Christ Church, Oxford, came to London at the age of twenty-one, wrote poetry, and attached himself as author and player to the new Curtain Theatre. He wrote a tragedy on "Catiline's Conspiracies," and a comedy called "Captain Mario," now lost. But while young Gosson was among the actors, his religious mind inclined more and more to the side of the preachers who condemned the stage. In a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, on the 3rd of November, 1577, in time of plague, the Rev. T. Wilcocks said:—"Look but upon the common plays in London, and see the multitude that flocketh to them and followeth them: behold the sumptuous theatre-houses, a continual monument of London's prodigality and folly. But I understand they are now forbidden because of the plague. I like the policy well if it hold still, for a disease is but botched or patched up that is not cured in the cause, and the cause of plagues is sin, if you look to it well; and the cause of sin are plays; therefore the cause of plagues are plays." On the 24th of August, 1578, the Rev. John Stockwood, of Tunbridge, preaching at Paul's Cross, said:—"Will not a filthy play, with the blast of a trumpet, sooner call thither a thousand than an hour's tolling of the bell bring to the sermon a hundred?" And he said of the plays:—"Have we not houses of purpose built with great charges for the maintenance of them, and that without the liberties, as who would say, 'There! Let them say what they will say, we will play. I know not how I might, with the godly learned especially, more commend the gorgeous playing places erected in the fields than to term it, as they please to have it called, a Theatre. . . . I will not here enter this disputation, whether it be utterly unlawful to have any plays, but will only join in this issue, whether in a Christian commonwealth they be tolerable on the Lord's Day.'" Stephen Gosson was convinced by 1579 that he should not only quit the theatre, but join with his own voice in the denunciations of it, and he published in that year a pamphlet called "The School of Abuse, containing a Pleasant Invec-

tive against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth." Here he condemned alike poets and players. But it is noticeable that in speaking of the dramatists he deals with the probable answer of "some Archplayer or other that hath read a little," who might say that the immorality of the old comedies was no part of the plays then seeking the favour of the people. "The comedies that are exercised in our days are better sifted. They show no such bran. The first smelt of Plautus, these taste of Menander. The lewdness of gods is altered and changed to the love of young men; force to friendship; wooing allowed by assurance of wedding. Nor are the abuses of the world revealed; every man in a play may see his own faults, and learn by this glass to amend his manners. Deformities are checked in jest and mated in earnest. The sweetness of music and pleasure of sports temper the bitterness of rebukes." In such wise Gosson, while attacking the stage, represents the claim it then put forward to be a teacher of duty and upholder of all that was honest and of good report. The plays that have come down to us from those times bear witness to the truth of such a plea, and Gosson does not contradict it. For what is his reply? "They are either so blind that they cannot, or so blunt that they will not, see why this exercise should not be suffered as a profitable recreation. For my part, I am neither so fond a physician nor so bad a cook but I can allow my patient a cup of wine to meals, although it be hot; and pleasant fancies to drive down his meat if his stomach be queasy. Notwithstanding, if people will be instructed, God be thanked, we have divines enough to discharge that, and more by a great many than are well hearkened to." The substantial ground of offence was retention of the old custom of Sunday entertainment—Sabbath conflict between the trumpets summoning to plays and the bells summoning to prayers.

Gosson dedicated his "School of Abuse" to Philip Sidney. Edmund Spenser, who was then a young man of about six-and-twenty, publishing his "Shepherd's Calendar" while for a short time in employment of the Earl of Leicester, wrote in October, 1579, to his friend, Gabriel Harvey, "New books I hear of none, but only of one that, writing a certain book and dedicating it to Master Sidney, was for his labour scorned; if at least it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn. Such folly is it not to regard aforehand the inclination and quality of him to whom we dedicate our books." There can be little doubt that a Puritan outcry against poets, brought home to him by the dedication of Gosson's pamphlet, caused Philip Sidney to write, in 1580 or 1581, his "Apologie for Poetrie," which was not published until 1595, after its author's death. This book reasoned boldly and calmly for the poet's art that it is first among the exercises of man's intellect. The poet must delight and teach. All worthy pursuits of men "one and other, having this scope, to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying of his own divine essence." "Now, thereon," said Philip Sidney, "of all sciences (I speak still of human and according to the human conceit) is our

poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of grapes; that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportions, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you; with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. And pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such others as have a pleasant taste, which if one should begin to tell them the nature of aloes or rhubarb they would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So it is in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves), glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas, and hearing them must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again." Sir Philip Sidney spoke here for his fellow-poets and for his time as well as for himself. In that spirit every good poet of Elizabeth's reign approached his work. The crudeness of construction in the early plays is criticised in Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie." He wrote before there was a play written by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, or any one of the chief precursors of Shakespeare; when the plays were such as have been represented thus far by our specimens. Of Comedy and Tragedy in themselves Sidney wrote:—

To the arguments of abuse I will after answer; only thus much now is to be said, that the Comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry, the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic, the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for, of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in "pistrinum;"¹ although perchance the sack of his own

¹ In *pistrinum*. Corn was pounded usually in the *pistrinum* by oxen or asses. Slaves when lazy or worthless were often put "in *pistrinum*" to do asses' work.

faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himself to dance the same measure, whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth; so that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent Tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humours; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded; that maketh us know, "*qui sceptrum duro sævus imperio regit, timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit.*"¹ But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheraus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no farther good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart.

Of the defect of art in our earliest plays, Sidney wrote:—

Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, are cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Excepting Gorboduc (again I say of those that I have seen) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place; and the uttermost time presupposed in it, should be, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places artificially imagined.

But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child; delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space; which, how absurd

it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of the Eunuch in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know, that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be showed; if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some "*Nuntius*," to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent an history, they must not, as Horace saith, begin "*ab ovo*," but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed: I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body; leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies as Plautus hath *Amphytrio*. But, if we mark them well, we shall find, that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears; or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else: where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight: as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy

¹ "The cruel man who with a hard rule holds the sceptre, fears those who fear him, the dread comes home to its author." Two lines from Act V. of the "*Oedipus*" of Seneca.

in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example; we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter: we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight: we delight in good chances: we laugh at mischances: we delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias,¹ in the mouth of some such men as, for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in Alexander's picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight: so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love, procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn, since it is certain

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit?*²

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveller: these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness: as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan³ do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it, because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

So stood opinion between the poets and the Puritans in 1580. Stephen Gosson, sincere in attack, although his view of the case was not a wide one, withdrew from the stage to poverty, and was for five years a tutor in the country. He took some part in continuance of the controversy raised against the players, who defended themselves in their own way in February, 1582, with "A Play of Plays," which was then acted at the Shoreditch "Theatre." The players had much favour, and more play-houses were built.

In 1580, a theatre was established on the ground of the suppressed monastery at Whitefriars. But

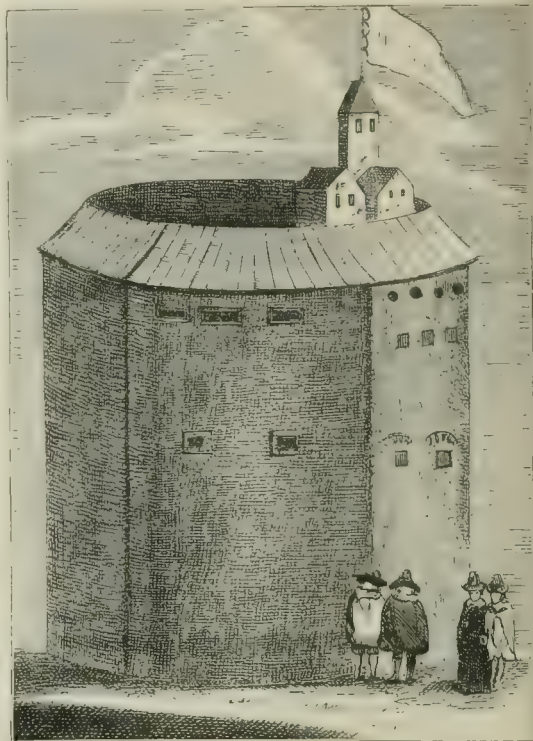
¹ Bias, Old French "biais," slope.

² From the third Satire of Juvenal, thus paraphrased by Samuel Johnson in his "London:"

"Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest."

³ The Tragedies of George Buchanan were in Latin.

the Whitefriars Theatre was not used after 1616. On the Surrey side of the Thames the old building in Paris Garden, which had been used for bear-baiting, was turned into a theatre, and other theatres that sprang up on that side of the water were the



THE GLOBE THEATRE. BUILT IN 1594; REBUILT IN 1613.

Rose, the Hope, and the Swan, on Bankside, opened about 1581. The Hope was used as a bear-garden on two days of the week.

On the 13th of June, 1583, several persons were killed and many maimed during a play acted on Sunday, by the fall of a rotten gallery in the old building used at Paris Garden as a theatre. This was accepted as God's judgment upon the question of Sabbath-day performances. They were then prohibited by the Privy Council; and when Shakespeare came to London, three years later, that old cause of offence was at an end.

Among the court plays, ancient history and mythology still furnished a large part of the material for exercise of fancy; and about the year 1583 George Peele, then twenty-five years old, wrote "The Arraignment of Paris," which was presented before Queen Elizabeth by the children of her chapel, and first printed, without the author's name, in 1584.

George Peele was of Devonshire, and cites his native county, "No better hay in all Devonshire," in the piece here taken as an illustration of his genius. He was about six years older than Shakespeare; studied at Broadgates Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford; graduated as B.A. in 1577, and as M.A. in 1579; and was a noted poet in his

university, where he probably wrote a poem on "The Tale of Troy," which he published in 1589 as "an old poem of mine own." He translated, when at Oxford, one of the Iphigenias of Euripides, but that version is lost. He came to London about five years before Shakespeare, in 1581, was a married man in 1583, and possessed some land in right of his wife. In 1583 he was concerned at Oxford in the production of two plays at Christchurch, when Albertus Alasco, a Polish Prince Palatine, was being hospitably received by the university at her Majesty's desire. He must have been then known as a dramatist in London. In 1584 there was printed, without author's name, his "Arraignment of Paris, a Pastoral, presented before the Queen's Majesty by the Children of her Chapel." In Peele's

ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS,

after a prologue by Até, the first act opens with a dainty pastoral scene, in which Pan, Faunus, and Sylvanus prepare to welcome the goddesses, whose near approach is felt. Pomona enters, to join the reception, and she asks—

Thinkest, Faunus, that these goddesses will take our gifts in worth.

To which Faunus replies,—

Yea, doubtless, for shall tell thee, dame, 'twere better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, but bad and basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will scorn.

The whole play is designed as a tribute of homage to the queen, before whom it was to be presented.

Flora joins in the preparation to receive the goddesses, and presently Pomona says—

Pom. Hark, Flora, Faunus! here is melody,
A charm of birds,¹ and more than ordinary.

[*An artificial charm of birds heard within.*]

Pan. The silly birds make mirth; then should we do them wrong,
Pomona, if we will bestow an echo to their song.

The song. A quire within and without.

Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida, may it continue still!

Muses. [*Within.*] Ye country gods that in this Ida won,²
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

Gods. Behold, in sign of joy we sing.
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.

Muses. [*Within.*] The Muses give you melody to gratulate this chance,

¹ Charm of birds. "Charm" is of the same root as the Latin "carmen." So birds are themselves said to be "charmed" by musical sounds. Milton uses the same phrase in "Paradise Lost," "with charm of earliest birds." (Book IV., line 641.)

² Won, dwell. First-English "wunian."

And Phoebe, chief of sylvan chace, commands you all to dance.

Gods. Then round in a circle our spontaneous must be;
Hold hands in a hornpipe, all a-dance in glory. [*Dance.*]
Muses. [*Within.*] Reverence, reverence, most humble reverence!

Gods. Most humble reverence!

RHAINES leading the way, enter JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS.
PAN alone sings.

THE SONG.

The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salute your states,
Fair, wise, and worthy as you be,
And thank the gracious ladies three
For honour done to Ida. [*The birds sing.*]

The goddesses speak, and are welcomed with pastoral grace. Then the scene changes to a picture of the rustic love of Paris and Cœnone:—

Enter PARIS and CÆNONE.

Par. Cœnone, while we bin dispos'd to walk,
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store,
Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

Cœn. Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;
So shall thy just request be not denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Par. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Cœnone, for thy sake,
This idle task on me to undertake.

They sit under a tree together.

Cœn. And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, dare say:
How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below;
How mighty men made foul successful war
Against the gods and state of Jupiter;
How Phorcey's imp, that was so trick and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;
How Salmacis, resembling idleness,
Turns men to women all through wantonness;
How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love-offence;
Of Daphne turn'd into the laurel-tree,
That shows a mirror of virginity;
How fair Narcissus tooting on his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;
How cunning Philomela's needle tells
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they liv'd not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,

How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,
 What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask:
 All these are old and known I know, yet, if thou wilt have
 any,
 Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Ænone hath not
 many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt: but sith my cunning not
 compares with thine,

Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Æn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's*
Curse,

"*They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change
 for worse!*"

The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,
 Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.

Par. No better thing; begin it, then: Ænone, thou shalt
 see

Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and me.

They sing; and while ÆNONE sings, he pipes.

CUPID'S CURSE.

Æn. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;

The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A love for any lady.

Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be;

Thy love is fair for thee alone,
 And for no other lady.

Æn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
 As fresh as bin the flowers in May,

And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry merry merry roundelay,

Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
 They that do change old love for new,

Pray gods they change for worse!

Both. They that do change, &c.

Æn. Fair and fair, &c.

Par. Fair and fair, &c.

Thy love is fair, &c.

Æn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
 My love can many a pretty thing,

And of his lovely praises ring

My merry merry roundelays,

Amen to Cupid's curse,—

They that do change, &c.

Par. They that do change, &c.

Both. Fair and fair, &c.

The song being ended, they rise.

Æn. Sweet shepherd, for Ænone's sake be cunning in this
 song,

And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her
 wrong.

Par. My vow is made and witness'd, the poplar will not
 start,

Nor shall the nymph Ænone's love from forth my bleeding
 heart.

I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,
 And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkiss'd unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

So ends the first act.

In the next the three goddesses appear again.
 The weather changes as they speak, and

*The storm being past of thunder and lightning, and ATE having
 trundled the ball into place, crying "Fatum Trojæ,"¹ JUNO
 takes it up.*

Juno. Pallas, the storm is past and gone, and Phœbus
 clears the skies,

And, lo, behold a ball of gold, a fair and worthy prize!

Ven. This posy wills the apple to the fairest given be;
 Then is it mine, for Venus hight the fairest of the three.

Pal. The fairest here, as fair is meant, am I, ye do me
 wrong;

And if the fairest have it must, to me it doth belong.

Juno. Then Juno may it not enjoy, so every one says no,
 But I will prove myself the fairest ere I lose it so.

[*They read the posy.*]

The brief is this, *Detur pulcherrimæ*,

Let this unto the fairest given be,

The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Pal. *Detur pulcherrimæ*,

Let this unto the fairest given be,

The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Ven. *Detur pulcherrimæ*,

Let this unto the fairest given be,

The fairest of the three,—and I am she.

Juno. My face is fair; but yet the Majesty

That all the gods in heaven have seen in me

Have made them choose me, of the planets seven,

To be the wife of Jove and queen of heaven.

If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,

The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. That Venus is the fairest, this doth prove,

That Venus is the lovely Queen of Love:

The name of Venus is indeed but Beauty,

And men me fairest call per excellency.

If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,

The only she that wins this prize am I.

Pal. To stand on terms of beauty as you take it,

Believe me, ladies, is but to mistake it.

The beauty that this subtle prize must win,

No outward beauty hight, but dwells within;

And sift it as you please, and you shall find,

This beauty is the beauty of the mind:

This fairness, virtue hight in general,

That many branches hath in special;

This beauty Wisdom hight, whereof am I,

By heaven appointed, goddess worthily.

And look how much the mind, the better part,

Doth overpass the body in desert,

So much the mistress of those gifts divine

Excels thy beauty, and that state of thine.

Then, if this prize be thus bequeath'd to beauty,

The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. Nay, Pallas, by your leave you wander clean:

We must not construe hereof as you mean,

But take the sense as it is plainly meant;

And let the fairest ha't, I am content.

Pal. Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

Unless unto some other point we grow:

But first here's none, methinks, dispos'd to yield,

And none but will with words maintain the field.

Juno. Then, if you will, t' avoid a tedious grudge,

Refer it to the sentence of a judge;

¹ The Fate of Troy: because the favour of Venus won by Paris, a Prince of Troy, led to his carrying off Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, from her Greek husband Menelaus. This caused the Greeks to besiege Troy, and leave it in ruin.

Whoe'er he be that cometh next in place,
Let him bestow the ball and end the case.

Ven. So can it not go wrong with me at all.

Pal. I am agreed, however it befall:

And yet by common doom, so may it be,
I may be said the fairest of the three.

Juno. Then yonder, lo, that shepherd swain is he,
That must be umpire in this controversy!

Enter PARIS.

Ven. Juno, in happy time, I do accept the man;
It seemeth by his looks some skill of love he can.

Par. [*Aside.*] The nymph is gone, and I, all solitary,
Must wend to tend my charge, oppress'd with melancholy.
This day (or else me fails my shepherd's skill)
Will tide me passing good or passing ill.

Juno. Shepherd, abash not, though at sudden thus
Thou be arrived by ignorance among us,
Not earthly but divine, and goddesses all three;
Juno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be.
Nor fear to speak for reverence of the place,
Chosen to end a hard and doubtful case.
This apple, lo, (nor ask thou whence it came,)
Is to be given unto the fairest dame!
And fairest is, nor she, nor she, but she
Whom, shepherd, thou shalt fairest name to be.
This is thy charge; fulfil without offence,
And she that wins shall give thee recompense.

Pal. Dread not to speak, for we have chosen thee,
Sith in this case we can no judges be.

Ven. And, shepherd, say that I the fairest am,
And thou shalt win good guerdon for the same.

Juno. Nay, shepherd, look upon my stately grace,
Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's mace
Thou mayst not see; and think Queen Juno's name,
To whom old shepherds title works of fame,
Is mighty, and may easily suffice,
At Phœbe's hand to gain a golden prize.
And for thy meed, sith I am queen of riches,
Shepherd, I will reward thee with great monarchies,
Empires, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold,
Sceptres and diadems curious to behold,
Rich robes, of sumptuous workmanship and cost,
And thousand things whereof I make no boast:
The mould whereon thou treadest shall be of Tagus' sands,
And Xanthus shall run liquid gold for thee to wash thy
hands;
And if thou like to tend thy flock, and not from them to fly,
Their fleeces shall be curled gold to please their master's
eye;
And last, to set thy heart on fire, give this one fruit to me,
And, shepherd, lo, this tree of gold will I bestow on thee!

Juno's Show.

*A Tree of Gold rises, laden with diadems and crowns
of gold.*

The ground whereon it grows, the grass, the root of gold,
The body and the bark of gold, all glistening to behold,
The leaves of burnished gold, the fruits that thereon grow
Are diadems set with pearl in gold, in gorgeous glistening
show;

And if this tree of gold in lieu may not suffice,
Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno bear the prize.

[*The Tree sinks.*]

Pal. Me list not tempt thee with decaying wealth,
Which is embas'd by want of lusty health;
But if thou have a mind to fly above,
Y-crown'd with fame, near to the seat of Jove,

If thou aspire to wisdom's worthiness,
Whereof thou mayst not see the brightness,
If thou desire honour of chivalry,
To be renowned for happy victory,
To fight it out, and in the champaign field
To shroud thee under Pallas' warlike shield,
To prance on barbéd steeds,—this honour, lo,
Myself for guerdon shall on thee bestow!
And for encouragement, that thou mayst see
What famous knights Dame Pallas' warriors be,
Behold in Pallas' honour here they come,
Marching along with sound of thundering drum.

PALLAS' Show.

*Enter Nine Knights in armour, treading a warlike almain,¹
by drum and fife; and then they having marched forth
again, VENUS speaks.*

Ven. Come, shepherd, come, sweet shepherd, look on me,
These bene too hot alarms these for thee:
But if thou wilt give me the golden ball,
Cupid my boy shall ha't to play withal,
That, whenso'er this apple he shall see,
The God of Love himself shall think on thee,
And bid thee look and choose, and he will wound.
Whereso thy fancy's object shall be found;
And lightly when he shoots he doth not miss:
And I will give thee many a lovely kiss,
And come and play with thee on Ida here;
And if thou wilt a face that hath no peer,

To ravish all thy beating veins with joy,
Here is a lass of Venus' court, my boy:
Here, gentle shepherd, here's for thee a piece,
The fairest face, the flower of gallant Greece.

VENUS' Show.

*Enter HELEN in her hebrery, with four Cupids attending on
her, each having his fan in his hand to fan fresh air in her
face: she sings as follows.²*

*Se Diana nel cielo è una stella
Chiara e lucente, piena di splendore,
Che porge luò all' affanato cuore;
Se Diana nel ferno è una dea,
Che dà conforto all' anime dannate,
Che per amor son morte desperate;
Se Diana, ch' in terra è delle ninfe
Reina imperativa di dolci fiori,
Tra bosch' e selve da morte a pastori,
Io son un Diana dolce e rara,
Che con li guardi io posso far guerra
A Dian' infern' in cielo, e in terra.*

[*Exit.*]

Par. Most heavenly dames, was never man as I,
Poor shepherd swain, so happy and unhappy;
The least of these delights that you devise,
Able to rape and dazzle human eyes.
But since my silence may not pardon'd be,
And I appoint which is the fairest she,

¹ Almain (Allemande) was a stately form of dance introduced from Germany. Its solemn musical accompaniment, without the dance, was also called sometimes an Almain.

² If Diana in Heaven is a clear and shining star, full of splendour, who gives light to the troubled heart; if Diana in Hell is a goddess who gives comfort to the condemned souls that have died in despair through love; if Diana who is on Earth the empress queen of the nymphs of the sweet flowers, among thickets and woods gives death to the shepherds: I am a Diana sweet and rare, who with my glances can give battle to Dian of Hell, in Heaven, or on Earth.

Pardon, most sacred dames, sith one, not all,
By Paris' doom must have this golden ball.
Thy beauty, stately Juno, dame divine,
That like to Phœbus' golden beams doth shine,
Approves itself to be most excellent;
But that fair face that doth me most content,
Sith fair, fair dames, is neither she nor she,
But she whom I shall fairest deem to be,
That face is hers that hight the Queen of Love,
Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures move;
And if the fairest face deserve the ball,
Fair Venus, ladies, bears it from ye all.

[Gives the Golden Ball to VENUS.]

Ven. And in this ball doth Venus more delight
Than in her lovely boy fair Cupid's sight.
Come, shepherd, come; sweet Venus is thy friend;
No matter how thou other gods offend.

[VENUS takes PARIS away with her.]

Juno. But he shall rue and ban the dismal day
Wherein his Venus bare the ball away;
And heaven and earth just witnesses shall be,
I will revenge it on his progeny.

Pal. Well, Juno, whether we be lief or loth,
Venus hath got the apple from us both.

The third act opens with a shepherd Colin's song of his passion of love, and a rustic dialogue upon it between Hobbinol, Diggon, and Thenot, to whom enters CEnone, with a wreath of poppy on her head, lamenting the perfidy of Paris. She sings a complaint, heard by Mercury, who talks with her, and tells her that he is sent by Jove to summon Paris, who is to be arraigned before an assembly of the gods at the complaint of the Queen of Heaven. The next scene associates Venus and Paris with the burial of the dead Colin, to the burden of song of the love Thestylis hath slain. Thestylis then woos a churl in vain, and sings her lament before the shepherds bear out Colin's hearse. Then

Enter MERCURY with VULCAN's Cyclops.

Mer. Fair Lady Venus, let me pardon'd be,
That have of long been well-beloved of thee,
If, as my office bids, myself first brings
To my sweet madam these unwelcome tidings.

Ven. What news, what tidings, gentle Mercury,
In midst of my delights, to trouble me?

Mer. At Juno's suit, Pallas assisting her,
Sith both did join in suit to Jupiter,
Action is enter'd in the court of heaven;
And me, the swiftest of the planets seven,
With warrant they have thence despatch'd away,
To apprehend and find the man, they say,
That gave from them that self-same ball of gold,
Which, I presume, I do in place behold;
Which man, unless my marks be taken wide,
Is he that sits so near thy gracious side.
This being so, it rests he go from hence,
Before the gods to answer his offence.

Ven. What tale is this? doth Juno and her mate
Pursue this shepherd with such deadly hate,
As what was then our general agreement,
To stand unto they nill be now content?
Let Juno jet, and Pallas play her part,
What here I have, I won it by desert;
And heaven and earth shall both confounded be,
Ere wrong in this be done to him or me.

Mer. This little fruit, if Mercury can spell,
Will send, I fear, a world of souls to hell.

Ven. What mean these Cyclops, Mercury? is Vulcan
wax'd so fine,

To send his chimney-sweepers forth to fetter any friend of
mine?—

Abash not, shepherd, at the thing; myself thy bail will be.—
He shall be present at the court of Jove, I warrant thee.

Mer. Venus, give me your pledge.

Ven. My ceston, or my fan, or both?

Mer. [taking her fan.] Nay, this shall serve, your word to
me as sure as is your oath,

At Diana's bower; and, lady, if my wit or policy
May profit him, for Venus' sake let him make bold with
Mercury. [Exit with the Cyclops.]

Ven. Sweet Paris, whereon dost thou muse?

Par. The angry heavens, for this fatal jar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly war. [Exeunt.]

The fourth act, after a pastoral prelude, contains
the arraignment of Paris. Here it will be observed
that Peele, for the rhetoric of the defence, passed out
of rhyme into blank verse:—

The gods being set in DIANA's bower; DIANA, JUNO, PALLAS,
VENUS, and PARIS, stand on sides before them.

Ven. Lo, sacred Jove, at Juno's proud complaint,
As erst I gave my pledge to Mercury,
I bring the man whom he did late attain,
To answer his indictment orderly;
And crave this grace of this immortal senate,
That ye allow the man his advocate.

Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven deny
A man to plead or answer by attorney.

Ven. Pallas, thy doom is all too peremptory.

Apol. Venus, that favour is denied him flatly:
He is a man, and therefore by our laws,
Himself, without his aid, must plead his cause.

Ven. Then 'bush not, shepherd, in so good a case;
And friends thou hast, as well as foes, in place.

Jun. Why, Mercury, why do ye not indict him?

Ven. Soft, gentle Juno, I pray you, do not bite him.

Juno. Nay, gods, I trow, you are like to have great silence,
Unless this parrot be commanded hence.

Jup. Venus, forbear, be still.—Speak, Mercury.

Ven. If Juno jangle, Venus will reply.

Mer. Paris, king Priam's son, thou art arraigned of par-
tiality,

Of sentence partial and unjust; for that without indifferency,
Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,
From them, to Lady Venus here, thou gav'st the prize away:
What is thine answer?

PARIS' oration to the Council of the Gods.

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadful Jove,
And you thrice-reverend powers, whom love nor hate
May wrest awry; if this to me a man,
This fortune fatal be, that I must plead
For safe excusal of my guiltless thought,
The honour more makes my mishap the less
That I a man must plead before the gods,
Gracious forbearers of the world's amiss,
For her, whose beauty how it hath entic'd,
This heavenly senate may with me aver.
But sith nor that nor this may do me boot,
And for myself myself must speaker be,
A mortal man amidst this heavenly presence;

Let me not shape a long defence to them
That ben beholders of my guiltless thoughts.
Then for the deed, that I may not deny,
Wherein consists the full of mine offence,
I did upon command ; if then I err'd,
I did no more than to a man belong'd.
And if, in verdict of their forms divine,
My dazzled eye did swerve or surfeit more
On Venus' face than any face of theirs,
It was no partial fault, but fault of his,
Belike, whose eyesight not so perfect was
As might discern the brightness of the rest.
And if it were permitted unto men,
Ye gods, to parley with your secret thoughts,
There ben that sit upon that sacred seat,
That would with Paris err in Venus' praise.
But let me cease to speak of error here ;
Sith what my hand, the organ of my heart,
Did give with good agreement of mine eye,
My tongue is void with process to maintain.

Plu. A jolly shepherd, wise and eloquent.

Par. First, then, arraign'd of partiality,
Paris replies, " Unguilty of the fact ; "
His reason is, because he knew no more
Fair Venus' cestion than Dame Juno's mace,
Nor never saw wise Pallas' crystal shield.
Then, as I look'd, I lov'd and lik'd at once,
And as it was referr'd from them to me
To give the prize to her whose beauty best
My fancy did commend, so did I praise
And judge as might my dazzled eye discern.

Nep. A piece of art, that cunningly, perdy,
Refers the blame to weakness of his eye.

Par. Now, for I must add reason for my deed,
Why Venus rather pleas'd me of the three :
First, in the entrails of my mortal ears,
The question standing upon beauty's blaze,
The name of her that hight the Queen of Love,
Methought, in beauty should not be excell'd.
Had it been destin'd to Majesty,
(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace.)
Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.
Had it to Wisdom been intitul'd,
My human wit had given it Pallas then.
But sith unto the Fairest of the three
That power, that threw it for my farther ill,
Did dedicate this ball ; and safest durst
My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,
To judge of form and beauty rather than
Of Juno's state or Pallas' worthiness,
That learn'd to ken the fairest of the flock,
And prais'd beauty but by nature's aim ;
Behold, to Venus Paris gave this fruit :
A daysman chosen there by full consent,
And heavenly powers should not repent their deeds.
Where it is said, beyond desert of hers
I honour'd Venus with this golden prize,
Ye gods, alas ! what can a mortal man
Discern betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven ?
Or, if I may with reverence reason thus ;
Suppose I gave, and judg'd corruptly then,
For hope of that that best did please my thought,
This apple not for beauty's praise alone ;
I might offend, sith I was pardon'd,
And tempted more than ever creature was
With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,
And so preferred beauty before them all,

The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.
And for the one, contentment is my wealth ;
A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,
A slender banquet in a homely scrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For arms, they dread no foes that sit so low ;
A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,
A sheep-cote thatch'd a shepherd's palace hight.
Of tragic muses shepherds can no skill ;
Enough is them, if Cupid ben displeas'd,
To sing his praise on slender oaten pipe.
And thus, thrice-reverend, have I told my tale,
And crave the torment of my guiltless soul
To be measur'd by my faultless thought.
If warlike Pallas or the Queen of Heaven
Sue to reverse my sentence by appeal,
Be it as please your majesties divine ;
The wrong, the hurt, not mine, if any be,
But hers whose beauty claim'd the prize of me.

The result of deliberation is "that Dian have the giving of the ball," and the fifth act shows the goddesses yielding to Elizabeth, present in place :—

DIANA, having taken their oaths, speaks.

DIANA describes the Nymph ELIZA, a figure of the Queen.

Dia. It is enough, and, goddesses, attend.
There wons within these pleasant shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,
Under the climate of the milder heaven ;
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
For favour of that sovereign earthly peer ;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,—
Far from disturbance of our country gods,
Amids the cypress-springs, a gracious nymph
That honours Dian for her chastity
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves,
The place Elyzium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is ;
A kingdom that may well compare with mine,
An ancient seat of kings, a second Troy,
Y-compass'd round with a commodious sea :
Her people are y-cleped Angeli,
Or, if I miss, a letter is the most :
She giveth laws of justice and of peace ;
And on her head, as fits her fortune best,
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm ;
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye ;
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid :
Her ancestors lived in the House of Fame :
She giveth arms of happy victory,
And flowers to deck her lions crown'd with gold.
This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth belowe,
This paragon, this only, this is she
In whom do meet so many gifts in one,
On whom our country gods so often gaze.
In honour of whose name the Muses sing ;
In state Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms
And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate,
As fair and lovely as the Queen of Love,
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires :
The same is she, if Phœbe do no wrong,
To whom this ball in merit doth belong.

Pal. If this be she whom some Zabeta call,
To whom thy wisdom well bequeaths the ball,
I can remember, at her day of birth,

How Flora with her flowers strew'd the earth,
How every power with heavenly majesty
In person honour'd that solemnity.

Juno. The lovely Graces were not far away,
They threw their balm for triumph of the day.

Ven. The Fates against their kind began a cheerful song,
And vow'd her life with favour to prolong.
Then first gan Cupid's eyesight waxen dim;
Belike Eliza's beauty blinded him.
To this fair nymph, not earthly, but divine,
Contents it me my honour to resign.

Pal. To this fair queen, so beautiful and wise,
Pallas bequeaths her title in the prize.

Juno. To her whom Juno's looks so well become,
The Queen of Heaven yields at Phœbe's doom;
And glad I am Diana found the art,
Without offence so well to please desert.

Dia. Then mark my tale. The usual time is nigh,
When wont the Dames of Life and Destiny,
In robes of cheerful colours, to repair
To this renown'd queen so wise and fair,
With pleasant songs this peerless nymph to greet;
Clotho lays down her distaff at her feet,
And Lachesis doth pull the thread at length,
The third with favour gives it stuff and strength,
And for contrâry kind affords her leave,
As her best likes, her web of life to weave.
This time we will attend, and in mean while
With some sweet song the tediousness beguile.

*The music sounds, and the Nymphs within sing or solfa with
voices and instruments awhile. Then enter CLOTHO,
LACHESIS, and ATROPOS, singing as follows:*¹ *the state
being in place.*

Clo. *Humane vitæ filum sic volvere Parcæ.*

Lach. *Humane vitæ filum sic tendere Parcæ.*

¹ *Clo.* So the Fates spin the thread of human life.

Lach. So the Fates stretch the thread of human life.

Atro. So the Fates cut the thread of human life.

Clo. Clotho bears.

Lach.

Lachesis draws.

Atro.

Atropos breaks it.

Atro. *Humane vitæ filum sic scindere Parcæ.*

Clo. *Clotho colum bajulat.*

Lach.

Lachesis trahit.

Atro.

Atropos occat.

TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.*

[*They lay down their properties at the Queen's feet.*

Clo. *Clotho colum pedibus.*

Lach. *Lachesis tibi pendula fila.*

Atro. *Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos offert.*

TRES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix, &c.*

After the song each of the Fates makes her offering in blank verse. Diana next—

Dia. And, lo, beside this rare solemnity,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to do,
A favour, far indeed contrâry kind,
Bequeath'd is unto thy worthiness,—
This prize from heaven and heavenly goddesses!

[*Delivers the ball of gold to the Queen's own hands.*

Accept it, then, thy due by Dian's doom,
Praise of the wisdom, beauty, and the state,
That best becomes thy peerless excellency.

Ven. So, fair Eliza, Venus doth resign
The honour of this honour to be thine.

Juno. So is the Queen of Heaven content likewise
To yield to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So Pallas yields the praise hereof to thee,
For wisdom, princely state, and peerless beauty.

OMNES SIMUL. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque deumque,
Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.*²

THE THREE TOGETHER: Live long blest with the gifts of men
and gods,

In body and mind free, wisest, pure, and chaste.

[*They lay down their properties at the Queen's feet.*

Clo. Clotho her distaff at your feet.

Lach. And Lachesis to you her hanging thread.

Atro. And to your hands her fate enclosing steel Atropos offers.

THE THREE TOGETHER. Live long blest, &c.

² ALL TOGETHER. Live long blest with gifts of men and gods,
In body and mind free, wisest, pure, and chaste.



PROPERTIES OF THE VICE AND FOOL: CAP, BAUBLE, LATH DAGGER, &c.

From Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE YEAR IN WHICH IT IS SUPPOSED THAT SHAKESPEARE CAME TO LONDON TO THE YEAR OF THE DEATH OF MARLOWE.—A.D. 1586 TO A.D. 1593.

WHILE the first theatres were being formed in London, William Shakespeare was a boy at Stratford, in Warwickshire. His father was John Shakespeare, a glover in Henley Street, who had married, in 1557, Mary Arden, of Wilmcote, youngest of seven daughters of Robert Arden, a husbandman. Mary Arden had a little inheritance from her father, who died a month before her marriage. There were about fifty-four acres at Wilmcote, in a property called Ashbies, and some interest in other land there; also two tenements in Snitterfield, and £6 13s. 4d. in cash. There are said to have been

lived, and Joan married in due time William Hart, a latter. Two years younger than Joan was another daughter, Anne, born in September, 1571, who died in April, 1579. In that year, therefore, if the baptisms represent the number of John Shakespeare's children, William Shakespeare was fifteen years old, with a brother Gilbert aged between twelve and thirteen, a sister Joan aged between ten and eleven, and a sister Anne, whose death at the age of seven or eight was one of the sorrows of the household. At that date the Blackfriars Theatre was only three years old, and Stephen Gosson turned from the stage to write his "School of Abuse."

The death of his little daughter Anne in that year was but one of the troubles of John Shakespeare. He was falling into poverty. In 1564, the year of the birth of his eldest son William, he was prosperous enough to pay a fair amount to subscriptions for



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE AT STRATFORD.

ten, and known to have been eight, children of the marriage. First and second of the eight were two girls born in 1558 and 1562. Each of these died in infancy. Next came a boy, who lived and lives, William Shakespeare, born in April, 1564. He was baptised on the 26th. A MS. note of an antiquary of the eighteenth century, William Oldys, records a tradition that Shakespeare died on his birthday; and as his monument says that he died, aged fifty-three, on the 23rd of April, 1616, the 23rd of April, fairly consistent with the record of his baptism on the 26th, is assumed to be Shakespeare's birthday. But Mr. Bolton Corney has observed that if Shakespeare died on his birthday he only completed his fifty-second year, and his age could not have been said, on a monument set up in the lifetime of his wife and daughters, to be fifty-three, unless he was born at some date before the 23rd of April. There is no direct, but good presumptive, evidence, and scarcely a doubt, that Shakespeare was born in the house visited by many pilgrims, and carefully preserved as his birth-place. The next child, of whose baptism there is record, was Gilbert Shakespeare, two years and a half younger than William. Then came, five years younger than William, a daughter, who, like the dead first-born, was called Joan. Gilbert and Joan

relief of the town poor. In the following year he was elected alderman. In 1568 and 1569 he was bailiff of Stratford and, by right of his office, magistrate; but he signed with his mark. When Shakespeare was born there was no English Tragedy or Comedy in print. The first Tragedy was printed when he was one year old, and when he was two years old the first Comedy. He was four or five years old at the date of the earliest record of "The Queen's Players" acting at Stratford. In 1570, when his son William was six years old, John Shakespeare rented for eight pounds Inghton Meadow, near Snitterfield. In the following year he was chosen head alderman. In 1574, when his son William was ten years old, John Shakespeare gave forty pounds for two freehold houses in Henley Street, with gardens and orchards. He already had a copyhold in the same street. Four years later the records of his poverty begin. In 1578 he mortgaged his wife's property, Ashbies, for forty pounds; paid 3s. 4d. when other aldermen paid 6s. 8d., for pikemen and billmen; and in November of the same year was excused payment of any part of the fourpence a week levied for relief of the poor. In 1579, when his little daughter Anne died, John Shakespeare raised money on his wife's interest in tenements at Snitter-

field, and from that date ceased to attend when summoned as alderman. Shakespeare was at that time fifteen years of age. There is no distinct evidence as to the place where he received his education, though it could hardly have been other than Stratford.



THE FREE SCHOOL AT STRATFORD.

How long William Shakespeare was at school we do not know. It is idle to guess. In what way he endeavoured to earn after leaving school,—whether he helped his father, who was sinking deeper into

as it can be proved that he was a lawyer, soldier, or what you will. Idle tales about him have passed current; as that of the unreasoning gossip, John Aubrey, who wrote in the seventeenth century that Shakespeare's father was a butcher, "and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech."

There is evidence of nothing until the 28th of November, 1582, which is the date of the bond preliminary to the licence of marriage with once asking the banns between William Shagspere and Anne Hathaway. Anne Hathaway was of Shottery, an outlying hamlet in the parish of Stratford, daughter of Richard Hathaway, husbandman, whose family had been long settled there. For as far back as William Shakespeare could remember, the Hathaways were friends of his father's, for record is found that Richard Hathaway stood as security for John Shakespeare as early as the year 1566. He had been dead a twelvemonth when his daughter Anne was married to John Shakespeare's son. According to the record of their tombs, Shakespeare died in 1616, aged fifty-three; his wife in 1623, aged sixty-seven. Her age, therefore, was sixty when her husband died, and she was seven years, or a few months more than seven years, his senior. Shakespeare's age at the time of his marriage was eighteen and seven months; Anne Hathaway's, therefore, about twenty-six. There was in those days a country custom of betrothal several months before marriage. Betrothment was a legal contract under Roman law. It remained so, and remains so yet, in various parts



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

poverty, or tried some other employment for his separate support,—we do not know. It is idle to guess. There have been many idle guesses. Anything can be said to be "proved" by giving personal reference to select scraps out of his plays. It may be "proved" that he committed murders, or was a king somewhere, and had rebellious subjects, as easily

of Europe, inducing the obligation to marry. How it was commonly regarded in Elizabeth's time, is indicated in George Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," where a magic lamp is to be blown out by one "that is neither maid, wife, nor widow." It is blown out by Venelia, who is betrothed, but not yet married, to Erestus. There had, doubtless, been such a betroth-

ment between Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. The love of a young man with thoughts and aspirations far beyond his years has not seldom rested on a woman somewhat more mature than girls of his own age, and there is not a trace of evidence that Shakespeare was not—while there is very good reason for holding that he was—happy throughout life in the wife who had his love when he was a youth of nineteen, who took him in his adversity, shared with him the prosperity he earned, and was beside him when he died. To her, I believe in his last years at Stratford, the gentle heart of Shakespeare could say, as tenderly as in the first years of marriage,

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still ;”

or in the words of another of his sonnets,

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

He had that within which defied Time. “No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :”

This do I vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

In 1583, on the 26th of May, William and Anne Shakespeare's first child, Susanna, was christened. In 1585, on the 2nd of February, twin children of theirs, a boy and girl, were christened by the names of Hamnet and Judith, after a husband and wife who were among Shakespeare's friends, Hamnet and Judith Sadler, bakers. The friendship was life-long, for Hamnet Sadler was a witness to Shakespeare's will, and had bequeathed to him in it 26s. 8d. “to buy him a ring.” In 1586 William Shakespeare, aged twenty-two, had a wife and three little ones, the eldest three years old, and the twins only at weaning time. In that year the poverty of his father was complete. In February and March he was arrested for debt, because there were no goods in his house to distrain upon. In September he was deprived of his alderman's gown. His son William, unable to assist his father, probably had at the same time so dark a prospect that he then obeyed his impulse as a poet, and resolved to try whether he could not earn a better livelihood in London than his native town promised to yield. There is an idle story that makes deer-stealing from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlecote, the cause of Shakespeare's quitting Stratford. Charlecote had only been built by Sir Thomas Lucy in 1558, the year of Elizabeth's accession, and in 1586 there was no deer park attached to it. Shakespeare had a low opinion of Sir Thomas Lucy ; but there can surely be other reasons for having a low opinion of a man than that one has stolen his goods and been whipped for it.

Some critics discuss the genius of Shakespeare in the spirit of those revellers in Chaucer's “Story of Cambuscan Bold,” who went out to admire and criticise the marvel of the enchanted horse that conquered

space and time. They found ingenious ways of running it down critically, according to what Chaucer calls the common custom of men to disparage what they do not understand, “They demen gladly to the badder end.” Desiring for some unknown reason to have it believed that Shakespeare did not love his wife, they say he did not love her because, having in his particular case chosen a wife older than himself, he allows a character in one of his plays to express with dramatic fitness the common opinion that the wife ought to be younger. Then they will have it that he did not love his wife because he did not take her to London with him. He went to London a poor adventurer, able only to afford bad lodging in an unhealthy city never wholly free from plague, and about every ten years seriously scourged with it. He had a natural affection for his native place, and all that is known of his management of his life indicates that from first to last he regarded Stratford as his home. He left his wife with her three-year-old little girl and her two babies among wholesome surroundings, physical and human, with his own kindred and friends and hers about them, and himself able to be with them whenever the theatres were closed. If he had not loved them, he might have brought them to London with a fair chance of becoming in a few years free of them all. The little ones could hardly have lived in such a London home as his poverty at first could compass, and his wife would have been taken from all the healthy surroundings of her old natural life into the companionship of wits and actors. Shakespeare's reverence for the simple ties of kindred and human fellowship, that strengthen as the child grows to the man, is manifest throughout his plays. He did not break from them, but cherished them, kept his wife and children part of them, and held by them himself till death.

When Shakespeare, aged about twenty-two, came to London, poor and unknown, joined the Blackfriars company, and, ready to be useful in any way, as actor or adapter of old plays, began his apprenticeship to his art and his study of life in the great resorts of men, a youth of his own age, born in the same year 1564, Christopher Marlowe, suddenly leaped into fame as a dramatist. Marlowe's career was short, for he died by violence in 1593, when his age was but a few months over twenty-nine. The few years of his brilliant success were the years, so to speak, of Shakespeare's apprenticeship. When Marlowe died, having brought the drama to the highest point then reached, Shakespeare was master of his art, and there were none left to compete with him.

Christopher Marlowe was the son of a shoemaker at Canterbury, and was only two months older than William Shakespeare. Marlowe was baptised in 1564, on the 26th of February ; Shakespeare on the 26th of April. From the King's School at Canterbury a way was made for young Marlowe, probably by help of a patron, to Benet College, Cambridge. In 1583 he graduated as B.A., and became M.A. in 1587. He was known as a poet at his university, and at that date had already achieved success as a dramatist by his play of “Tamburlaine the Great,” which probably was acted in 1586, and of which a second part soon followed the first. “Tamburlaine”

was first printed in 1590. The hero of this play—Timour the Tartar—was the Scythian shepherd who, in the fourteenth century, swept over kingdom after kingdom with gathering force, was crowned at Samarcand in 1370, invaded Persia, took Bagdad, spread fear of his arms as far as Moscow, entered India, made triumphal entry into Delhi, attacked, after return to Samarcand, the Ottoman Sultan Bajazet, and in 1402, after a famous battle, made the Sultan his prisoner. He was on his way to invade China, when he died in 1405. This was the hero of Marlowe's first play, in which the stage hero might strut and fume and utter grand extravagance, to the delight of the spectators who saw him first in shepherd's dress and saw him rise to be the Scourge of Kings. Both parts of "Tamburlaine" are stories of war and conquest, and of the growing pride of a successful warrior. The only gentler interest in the first part arises from the love of Tamburlaine to his captive, the daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, whom he has chosen for his bride before he besieges her father in Damascus. His custom is on the first day of a siege to march in white, on the second day in red, on the third day in black. If a besieged king yield to the white tents,

So shall he have his life, and all the rest;
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermillion tent,
He dies, and those who keep us out so long:
And when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contained,
Not one should 'scape but perish by our swords.

He is detained until the day of "black array" before Damascus. Interest therefore centres in the question, How will the pitiless warrior deal with the father and the kindred of his chosen bride? The first part of the play ends with the triumph of his love. He suffers Zenocrate to free her father, and then crowns her as his queen. In the second part of the play, called from Marlowe by the great success of the first, the setting forth of the career of conquest is continued, the death of Zenocrate being the only softer theme. The play ends with the death of Tamburlaine, who, with pride of success, rises to the topmost height of boastfulness.

In the first line of his short prologue to this play, Marlowe began his career as a dramatist by renouncing rhyme. The whole play is in resonant blank verse, and, abiding by this measure in later plays, Marlowe gave it the predominance it had acquired before his death as the fit verse for dramatic poetry. It was he also who developed this measure to the best form it attained before it was perfected by Shakespeare. In the second line of his prologue Marlowe repudiated for his drama the customary intrusion of rough jesting by the clown.

This was Christopher Marlowe's prologue to his "Tamburlaine."

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine

Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.



THE FOOL OF THE OLD PLAY.¹

From a Print by Breughel, copied in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare."

Once entered successfully upon the career of a dramatist, Marlowe settled in London, became, like Shakespeare, an actor, and seems once to have been hurt by an accident upon the stage of the Curtain in Shoreditch. "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" was the play of Marlowe's that soon followed the "Second Part of Tamburlaine," and maintained its author's credit with another great success.

The legend of Dr. Faustus had been gathered, in 1587, about recent traditions of a real person who is said to have died in the year 1538. The book published in 1587 at Frankfort on the Main, which first gave to Europe the history of Dr. Faustus, attracted wide attention and was immediately fastened upon by Marlowe as good matter for a play, which seems to have been written in 1588.

¹ In this figure of the clown, and in the sketch given, at the end of the last chapter, of properties of the Vice and Fool of the old plays, observe that the fool's cap is crested with a cock's comb, to which a figure of the whole head of the cock was sometimes added. Thence the word *cockcomb* as equivalent to one who acts the fool. The bells on the fool's cap and dress, the bladder for noisy banging about, and the pouch (represented also in Elizabeth's time by wide slops, as of the modern clown) to hold his baggings, need no comment. The stick with the fool's head and ass's ears carved on it was the bauble (Italian "babbola," a child's plaything). The clown used this as his badge of office, and, as represented in the sketch above, often had whimsical discourse with the fool's head upon it. It was to this familiar stage property that Cromwell referred when he said of the mace of the Parliament, in 1653, "Take away that bauble!"

Contemporary notices of the original Faustus are not wanting.

The learned Trithemius, Abbot of Spanheim, in a letter of the 20th of August, 1507, mentioned Magister Georgius Sabellicus, Faustus junior, as a pretender to magic, met with at Gelnhausen.

Conrad Mudt, Latinised Mutianus Rufus, a friend of Melancthon and Reuchlin, whom Luther praised for his culture and who died in 1526, wrote on the 3rd of October, 1513, from Erfurth, of the visit paid to that town a few days before by Georgius Faustus Hemitheus Hedibergensis, as a braggart and a fool who affected magic, whom he had heard talking in a tavern, and who had raised the theologians against him.

Under the date 1525, there is recorded in Vogel's "Annals of Leipzig" (published in 1714), Dr. Johann Faust's visit to the Auerbach cellar, and there is this date over one of the two pictures in the cellar showing (1) how Faustus rode out into the street on one of its casks of wine, and (2) how he regaled the students with the wine so carried off.

In the year 1539, Dr. Philip Begardi, in a book called "Index Sanitatis," speaks of the vast reputation of one Faustus for skill in physic and magic, and of many people who had complained to Begardi that Faustus had swindled them. But, he adds, what matter? *Hin ist hin*—gone is gone. This comment may possibly refer to Faust as dead and not worth saying any more about (tradition made his death-year 1538), but it may also mean that it is of no use for the cheated to complain of losses they will not recover: that it is of no use to cry over spilt milk. But about this time Faustus must have died, for in the undated second volume of Table Talk—"Convivialium Sermonum," by the Protestant theologian Johann Gast (Vol. I. was published in 1543)—there are stories of Faustus as dead, and they for the first time publish the statement that his body after death would not lie with its face to heaven, but five times, when so placed, turned itself face downward, and that the devil took him.

In 1561 the great naturalist, Conrad Gesner, writing to a friend on the 16th of August, referred to Faustus as a famous conjuror who died "not long ago."

In 1562 Johann Mennel, Latinised Manlius, published at Basle a Common-place Book ("Locorum Communium Collectanea") of notes taken during many years, chiefly of what he had heard in conversations with Melancthon, and also of things told to him by various learned men. He ascribed to Melancthon stories about Faustus, whom he had known. This Faustus was born at Kundling (Knittlingen, a frontier town of Wurtemberg), not far from his own native town of Bretten, in Baden. Faustus, Melancthon said, studied at Cracow, and learnt magic, which was openly taught there. It was, indeed, according to the views then held of the secrets of nature, a liberal science in the eyes of many advanced thinkers of the sixteenth century, who never thought of trading on the ignorant with vain pretensions. Afterwards, said Melancthon to Mennel, Faustus roamed about, and he was at a village inn in Wurtemberg when he was taken by the devil.

In 1587 Philip Camerarius, son of a close friend of

Melancthon's, writing a book of small talk which was not published until 1602, told of Faust as a well-known magician who lived "in the time of our fathers."

In 1587, on the 18th of April, two students of the University of Tübingen were imprisoned for writing a Comedy of Faustus. In autumn of the same year there appeared at the book fair of Frankfort on the Main, the German book from which all subsequent versions of the Faustus legend have descended. Its author was strongly Protestant, probably a pastor, and he made Faustus the hero of any stories of magic, serious or comic, that could be added to the popular tradition of his life and death, for the purpose of giving wide popularity to a lesson against pride of knowledge and presumption towards God, or helping to bring into contempt "the Pope that Pagan full of pride." The book was at once fastened upon by many readers. A metrical version of it into English was licensed by Aylmer, Bishop of London, before the end of the year. In 1588 there was a rhymed version of it into German, also a translation into low German, and a new edition of the original with some slight changes. In 1589 there appeared a version of the first German Faust book into French, by Victor Palma Cayet. The English pure version was made from the second edition of the original, that of 1588, and is undated, but probably was made at once. There was a revised edition of it in 1592. In 1592 there was a Dutch translation from the second German edition. This gives the time of the carrying off of Faustus by the devil as the night between the 23rd and 24th of October, 1538. The English version also gives 1538 as the year, and it is a date, as we have seen, consistent with trustworthy references to his actual life.

Marlowe's play was probably written in 1588, soon after the original story had found its way to England. He treated the legend as a poet, bringing out with all his power its central thought—man in the pride of knowledge turning from his God. The voices of his good and evil angel in the ear of Faustus, one bidding him repent and hope, the other bidding him despair, were devised by Marlowe himself for the better painting of a soul within the toils of Satan; and the beautiful scene in which an old man seeks to warn Faustus was developed into poetry out of a very trivial incident in the original. To the play as first published in 1604 additions had been made for which, on the 22nd of November, 1602, Dr. Bride and S. Rawley received four pounds. The popularity of the subject caused the piece to be very freely dealt with by the players; and although in the published version (which includes at least four pounds' worth of additions) the clown scenes bear a smaller proportion to the whole than in the original story, there can be no doubt that the appetite of the many for "such conceits as clownage keeps in pay" had led to a large addition of matter of this kind which Marlowe himself had avoided. He has no clown in any other play. There was evidence of more change in the next printed edition, that of 1616. There were other additions in 1624 and 1631, and one in 1663, spoilt by much later changes and additions. The text here given is the earliest, that of 1604.



DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

From the title-page of an old undated German Tract on Magic,
"D. Faustus Dreujacher Hollen-Zwang."

TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate¹ the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:²
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas³ his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarship grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning of a self-conceit
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon curséd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.⁴

[Exit.

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin

To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
*Bene disserere est finis logicus.*⁵
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus*:⁶
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicina sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills⁷ hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?

[Reads.

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei,*⁸ &c.

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

[Read.

*Exhereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.*⁹

Such is the subject of the Institute

And universal body of the law:

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best:

Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[Reads.

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[Reads.]

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera*,

What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!

These metaphysics of magicians

And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,

Is promis'd to the studious artisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles

Shall be at my command: emperors and kings

Are but obey'd in their provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;

⁵ "To discuss well is the end of logic." In what follows it will be observed that Faustus is looking to the chief aim of each of his studies—"levels at the end of every art."

⁶ Where the philosopher ends, the physician begins.

⁷ Bills, official writings, from "bulla," a seal. Physician's prescriptions were so called, as here.

⁸ When one and the same thing is bequeathed to two persons one has the thing, the other the value of the thing, &c.

⁹ A father cannot disinherit a son unless, &c. These are beginnings of passages in the Institutes of Justinian.

¹ Mate, deprive of force, confound. See "Shorter English Poems." Note 1, page 174.

² Rhodes. Roda is given in the English version of the Faust book as the birth-place of Faustus.

³ Whereas, where. So in "Henry VI.," Part II., act i., sc. 2:—"You do intend to ride unto St. Alban's Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk."

⁴ Here probably the speaker drew a curtain before quitting the stage.

But his dominion that¹ exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;²
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. O Faustus, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. *[Exit Angels.]*

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma³ from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge⁴
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,

Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and conceal'd arts:
Yet not your words, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa⁵ was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters⁶ with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love;
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;⁷
If learn'd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen⁸ in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And hear wise Bacon's and Albertus⁹ works.

¹ His dominion that, the dominion of him who.

² Valdes and Cornelius are not taken from the Faust book. Marlowe invented their names. The Good Angel and Evil Angel are also added by Marlowe throughout.

³ The Prince of Parma. Don John died on the 1st of October, 1578, and was succeeded in civil and military command in the Netherlands by Alexander Farnese, his nephew, cool, artful, and the ablest governor yet sent to the Netherlands from Spain. In July, 1581, the States-General at the Hague repudiated Philip II. by an Act of Abjuration, which recited his crimes against the people. The Prince of Orange then accepted the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand. Farnese showed military talent, but approved of the assassination of William on the 10th of July, 1584. In 1586 Farnese became, by the death of his father, Duke of Parma. In October of that year Sir Philip Sidney received his death-wound before Zutphen. In June, 1587, the Duke of Parma besieged Sluys. In November the Duke of Parma was at the head of 40,000 men, and Philip of Spain planned his action against England, with pretended negotiations for peace. The Duke of Parma was withdrawn to France in 1590, and absent from the Netherlands in 1591.

⁴ The fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge. Farnese, after the fall of Ghent, besieged Antwerp, and made a stupendous bridge across the Scheldt to cut the city off from the maritime provinces and the sea. Use of a fire-ship was then devised by an Italian engineer, and by its explosion eight hundred were killed. This was in 1585.

⁵ Agrippa, Cornelius Agrippa, whose reputation for magic probably caused Marlowe to call one of his German magicians *herr Cornelius*. Valdes recalls the old French "Vandès," an enchanter, thought by some to have been applied to Peter Waldus and the Waldenses.

⁶ *Almain rutters*, German "reiter," troopers.

⁷ The possessions of Spain in the New World much aided Philip of Spain in his conflict with the Protestants.

⁸ Well seen, skilled; once a common English phrase obtained probably by imitation of a classical form, "spectatus," which in Latin was used in a like sense. So Shakespeare writes in "The Taming of the Shrew," "It's a schoolmaster well seen in music."

⁹ Roger Bacon died, aged seventy-eight, in 1292. Albertus Magnus died, not younger than seventy-five, in 1280. Advanced students of nature passed with the unlearned for magicians. Even Virgil was by

The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity¹ thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was
wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.²

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his
boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.³

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us
where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument,
that you, being licentiates, should stand upon: therefore
acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces,
you would never ask me such a question; for is not he
corpus naturale?⁴ and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore
should you ask me such a question? But that I am by
nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to
love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty
foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see
you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed
over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian,⁵ and
begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master
is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine,
if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the
Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren,
my dear brethren! *[Exit.]*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that

the popular tales made into an enchanter. Roger Bacon was a Fran-
ciscan Friar, the foremost English thinker in the thirteenth century.
Albertus, a Suabian, who was called Magnus by the Latinising of his
surname Groot, was a Dominican Friar and Provincial of his Order,
which was established for the maintenance of strict orthodoxy and
resistance to the devil. His reputation for learning gave Albertus a
popular character like that of his English contemporary Roger Bacon,
and each of them became hero of a legend of a brazen head.

¹ *Quiddity*, Low Latin "*quidditas*," somethingness, a scholastic term
for the nature or essence of a thing. Then it came to be used for
any subtle turn or nicety; thus in the First Part of "Henry IV.,"
act 1, sc. 2, Falstaff says to Prince Hal, "How now, mad wag, what,
in thy quips and thy quiddities!" And Cranmer to Gardiner, "I
trow some mathematical quiddity, they cannot tell what." (Quoted
in Nares' "Glossary," edited by Halliwell and Wright.)

² So I prove it.

³ Latin "*non sequitur*." The jesting is with phrases of the schools.

⁴ Body natural. *Mobile*, movable.

⁵ I will set my countenance like a precisian. Both "precisian" and
"puritan" were names used in 1588, but in a comic scene there is no
security against later interpolation. In this text, however, no addition
can be later than 1604, the date of the quarto followed.

damned art for which they two are infamous through the
world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet
should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform
the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim
him.

First Schol. Oh, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,⁶
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehovæ! Ignei, ærii, aquatani spiritus, salvet! Orientis
princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon,
propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod
tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam
quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per
rota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*⁷

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:

⁶ *Hest*, First-English "*hæst*," command.

⁷ "Be gods of Acheron propitious to me! Farewell to Jehovah's
triple deity! Spirits of fire, air, and of water, hail! Belzebub, Prince of
the Orient, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate
you, that Mephistophilis may appear and rise, that you may [cause him
to break forth]. By Jove, Gehenna, and the consecrated water I now
sprinkle, and the sign of the cross I now make, and by our vows, let
there now rise to us the said Mephistophiles." Supposing "*tume-
raris*," a corrupt word, to have some sort of relation to "*tumescere*" and
"*tumescere*," I have jumped at a sort of meaning for it [cause him to
break forth] which may serve badly in place of none. In later quartos
the text reads "surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris." The
name of the familiar of Faustus first appears in the Frankfort
book of 1587, which was entitled "Historia von D. Johann Fausten,
dem weit beschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler, Wie er sich
gegen dem Teuffel auf eine benandte Zeit verschrieben, Was er inzwi-
schen für seltsame Abentheur gesehen, selbs angerichtet und getrieben,
biss er endlich seinen wohlverdienten lohn empfangen. Mehrertheils
auss seinen eygenen hinterlassenen Schrifften, allen hochtragenden
fürwitzigen und Gottlosen Menschen zum schrecklichen Beyspiel, ab-
schewlichen Exempel und trewhertziger Warnung zusammengezogen
und in Druck verfertigt. Jacobi IIII. Seydt Gott underthänig, wider-
stehet dem Teuffel, so fleuhet er von euch." A long title ending with
the text "Submit yourselves to God, resist the Devil, and he will flee
from you." In this first Faust book, the name as written by its in-
ventor was Mephostophiles. Among guesses at what the inventor of
the name meant by it, one is that he meant one who was not a lover of
light, from *μη*, *φως*, and *φίλος*, as it were Mephostophiles with the *s* of
φως inserted. To Beelzebub the Jews assigned the sovereignty of
evil spirits. There are several references in the New Testament to
this belief. Matthew x. 25, "It is enough for the disciple if he be
as his master. . . . If they have called the master of the house
Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"
Mark iii. 22, "He hath Beelzebub, and by the Prince of Devils casteth
he out devils;" also Luke xi. 15, "through Beelzebub the Chief of
the Devils." Bálzebub was the form of Baal (Baal means Lord),
worshipped at Ekron. The added word gives for the whole meaning,
Lord of the Fly. Baalzebub, another form of the word, is said to

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
*Quon regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.*¹

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Franciscan friar.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;²

For, when we hear one rack³ the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul:
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,

[*Exit MEPHIST.*]

Tell me what is that Lucifer⁴ thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it;⁵

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not torment'd with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What! is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being depriv'd of the joys of heaven?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

⁴ *Lucifer.* The name comes from Isaiah, chap. xiv., where Israel is to take up the proverb against the King of Babylon (verses 12–15), "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations. For thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit down also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the pit." From the time of St. Jerome downward this symbolical representation of the King of Babylon in his splendour and fall has been applied to Satan in his fall from heaven, probably because Babylon is in Scripture a type of tyrannical self-idolizing power, and is connected in the Book of Revelation with the empire of the Evil One. There is no other reason for giving the name of Lucifer to the Devil.

⁵ Compare Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book I., lines 254, 255,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven;"

and Book IV., lines 73–75,

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell."

Also "Comus," lines 381–4,

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day.
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

Mephistophilis is bound to give true answers to Faustus. Thus Marlowe, with dramatic truth, gives on his first appearance a touch of profound sadness to the fallen angel, that serves as a foil to the light heart with which Faustus, "leaving these vain trifles of men's souls," welcomes his ruin.

mean Lord of the Habitation, i.e. the Heavens or the Body of Man; others interpret it, Lord of Dung or of the Dunghill: and as the scarabee or dung-beetle was his symbol, another theory has made the dung-beetle his Fly, and found Bálzébub and Bálzéboul to be practically synonymous. Cornelius Agrippa, in his Magic, described nine orders of Demons:—(1) Those who have usurped the name of God, and the Prince of these is Beelzebub, who said, "I will mount above the clouds, I will be equal to the Most High." (2) The Lying Spirits, whose chief is the serpent Python that gave his name to the Pythian Apollo. (3) Vessels of Iniquity, called also Vessels of Wrath, inventors of evil arts, as dicing, &c., which lead men astray. Their chief is Belial, whose name means without restraint, prevaricator and apostate. (4) Avengers of misdeeds. Their chief is Asmodeus, that is, executor of judgment. (5) Those who seduce the people with evil magic, enabling witches and wizards to perform false miracles, to seduce men as the serpent seduced Eve. Their chief is Satan, or Lucifer. (6) Powers of the Air, who blend with thunder, produce pestilence, &c. The Prince of the Powers of the Air is Meririm, stormy spirit of the south. (7) The Furies who sow discord, war and devastation. Their chief is Apollyon, in Hebrew Abaddon, which means extermination. (8) The Accusers or Searchers, their chief Ashtaroth, which means explorer; in Greek διάβολος (devil), accuser or calumniator. (9) The Tempters called Evil Geniuses, whose chief is Mammon. Demogorgon, named in the incantation, signified in mediæval chemistry the central fire, the brimstone of which all is born. Gehenna was a name for Hell, derived from the fire and smoke in Ge-Hinnom, the valley of Hinnom on the west side of Jerusalem, where the Jews burnt the dead bodies of criminals, &c., to defile what had been a place sacred to Moloch, in whose worship children were passed through fire.

¹ Why not rule Mephistophilis in the form of a friar.

² By accident, in logical use of the term; not the essential cause.

³ *Rack.* First-English "ræcan," to stretch, torture, twist.

And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus.

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation¹ of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Here follows a comic scene between Faust's man Wagner and a clown, whom he takes into his service after frightening him into submission by summoning two devils, Baliol and Belcher, that he defied until they actually showed themselves.

FAUSTUS discovered in his study.

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? he loves thee not:
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

G. Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exit* Angels.]

Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden² shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
*Veni, veni, Mephistophile!*³

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will
my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*⁴

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of
thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire;⁵ come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again,
Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Writes.*

Faust. *Consummatus est;*⁶ this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?

*Homo, fuge:*⁷ whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Aside, and then exit.*

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Devils, who give crowns and
rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

⁴ It is a solace to the wretched to have had companions in grief. The line—expressing a common thought—was often quoted, but has not been traced to its source.

⁵ *Here's fire.* The sixth chapter of the old History of Faustus is headed "How Doctor Faustus set his blood in a saucer, on warm ashes, and writ as followeth."

⁶ It is accomplished.

⁷ *Homo, fuge, Man, fly.* The History says, "He took a small pen-knife, and pricked a vein in his left hand: and for certainty thereupon were seen on his hand these words, as if they had been written with blood, 'O homo, fuge.'"

¹ Speculation, in its first sense, spying out, observation, exploration.

² The signiory of Embden. A fortified seaport town in East Friesland, with docks, canals, and trade.

³ Come, come, Mephistophilis!

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul:

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made!

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above-written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.¹

Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?

Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!

Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here;

What! walking, disputing, &c.

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How! a wife!

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one; for I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one? Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a Devil drest like a Woman, with fire-works.

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her . . .

Meph. Tut, Faustus!

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.²

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [*Gives book.*]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*]

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*]

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. Oh, thou'rt deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*]

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,

Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faust. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and knives,

Poison, guns, halters, and venom'd steel

Are laid before me to dispatch myself;

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

² The renewed touch of melancholy in this reference is characteristic of Marlowe's Mephistophilis.

¹ See Note 5, page 119.

Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.¹

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?²

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*³

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this.

[Exit.]

Faust. Ay, go, accurs'd spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[Exit Angels.]

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour!

Seek thou to save distressed Faustus' soul?

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. Oh, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam⁴ too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime;
sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear
in their proper shapes.⁵

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this
show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. . . .
Sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon a wench's brow; or,
like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest: O my sweet gold!

Faust. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare

¹ Erring stars, wandering stars, planets. A planet is Greek *πλανήτης*, wandering, from *πλανᾶσθαι*, to wander.

² In place and time.

³ Because of unequal motion in respect of the whole.

⁴ A play on the double sense of the word is intended.

⁵ In the original History Faustus is entertained with a show of devils in many curious forms. Marlowe brings this into harmony with his poetical design by transforming it into a pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins.

pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers,¹—a small trifle to suffice nature. Oh, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. Oh, but my god-mother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who I, sir? . . . the first letter of my name begins with L.²

Faust. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the Sins.*]

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. Oh, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus! in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again, How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly, And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer! This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.*]

Come, Mephistophilis.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Learnéd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd.

[*Exit.*]

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrench'd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:

There saw we learnéd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;³
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple⁴ stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carv'd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramidés,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars
Whose *summum bonum*⁵ is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[*MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.*]

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet.⁶ Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL OF LORRAIN to the banquet, with Friars attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

Pope. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

[*Snatches the dish.*]

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat

³ One of the tales told of Virgil in his traditional character as an enchanter.

⁴ St. Mark's at Venice.

⁵ Highest good.

⁶ Sonnet or sennet, one of the musical forms of sounding on the trumpet or cornet.

¹ Bevers, repasts between meals; from Spanish and Italian "bever," to drink.

² A play of double meaning on the sound of the letter is intended.

from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. *[Snatches the dish.]*

Pope. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace. *[Snatches the cup.]*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[The POPE crosses himself.]

Faust. What! are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The POPE crosses himself again.]

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third;

I give you fair warning.

[The POPE crosses himself again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the ear;¹ and they all run away.]

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—

Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge.

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them; and so exeunt.]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so return'd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learn'd skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see perform'd.

[Exit.]

These words of the chorus show that the next scene in Marlowe's play was at the court of the Emperor. But there was here interpolated a very witless clown scene between Robin, the ostler at an inn, and Ralph his fellow-servant. Robin has stolen one of Dr. Faustus's conjuring books, and conjures foolishly. They steal a silver goblet, are searched for it by the Vintner to whom it belongs, and give it up when Mephistophilis enters, sets squibs to their backs, and goes out again. Mephistophilis enters to speak the lines which evidently followed the chorus in Marlowe's play, and a few lines—here printed between brackets—were interpolated in the theatre, to furnish an amusing exit for Robin and Ralph. Marlowe probably wrote "this villain's charms" (if "villain" was the word), "this damned slave," with reference to the power held over him by the doomed Faustus; and the interpolator thought he must join his comic conjurers to the company.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vex'd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

[Robin. How, from Constantinople! you have had a great journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone!

[Exit.]

Robin. How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a Knight, with Attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer. *[Aside.]*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such richés,² subdu'd so many kingdoms,

¹ In the box on the ear to the Pope and the playing tricks upon the Friar Marlowe followed the original book, and gratified the combatant Protestantism of his time.

² The accent on the last syllable of *richés* represents the old pronunciation. The word is not a plural from "rich," but a noun in the singular, the French "*richesse*."

As we that do succeed, or they that shall
 Hereafter possess our throne, shall
 (I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
 Of high renown and great authority:
 Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
 Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
 The bright shining of whose glorious acts
 Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
 As when I hear but motion made of him
 It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
 If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
 Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
 Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
 And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
 Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
 They us'd to wear during their time of life,
 Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
 And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*]

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*]

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*]

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. [*Exit.*]

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with Spirits in the shapes of
 ALEXANDER and his Paramour.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*Exeunt Spirits.*]

Faust. Will please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Re-enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight! . . . Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damn'd wretch and execrable dog,

Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,

How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?

Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. Oh, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he

offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [*Mephistophilis removes the horns.*].—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go, Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt EMPEROR, Knight, and Attendants.*]

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course That time doth run with calm and silent foot, Shortening my days and thread of vital life, Calls for the payment of my latest years: Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot.

Now follows a comic scene of a horse-courser, who gives Faustus fifty dollars for his horse, and is warned that he must not ride him into the water. The horse-courser departs content, and Faustus, left alone, meditates.

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end,

Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts!

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.

Tush! Christ did call the thief on the cross:

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

Faustus then sleeps in his chair, and is roused by the clamorous return of the horse-courser, who had been warned that the horse he bought must not be ridden through water; had tried the effect of such a ride, expecting greater profit; and found that, in the middle of the pond, his horse vanished, and he was sitting upon a bottle of hay. He is told by Mephistophilis that Faustus has not slept this eight nights, but being resolved to wake him, roars in his ear, pulls at his leg, pulls it off, to his dismay, and offers to pay Mephistophilis forty dollars more for the damage. Faustus has his leg again, and the play continues thus, after the clown scene, which was, doubtless, an interpolation.

Enter WAGNER.

Faust. How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, the DUCHESS, and FAUSTUS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that women [at times] do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and were it now summer, as it is

January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.

Here they be, madam: wilt please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly, For he hath given to me all his goods: And yet, methinks, if that his death were near, He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill Amongst the students, as even now he doth, Who are at supper with such belly-cheer As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life. See where they come! belike the feast is ended. [*Exit.*]

Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablist lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen, For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd, And Faustus' custom is not to deny The just requests of those that wish him well, You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece, No otherways for pomp and majesty Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her, And brought the spoils to rich Dardania. Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Musie sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.*]

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise, Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd With ten years' war the rape of such a queen, Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works, And only paragon of excellence,

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you. [*Exeunt Scholars.*]

Enter an Old Man.¹

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail To guide thy steps unto the way of life, By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal That shall conduct thee to celestial rest! Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, Tears falling from repentant heaviness Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness, The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin As no commiseration may expel But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet, Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die! Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;" And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[*MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.*]

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head, And with a vial full of precious grace Offers to pour the same into thy soul: Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel Thy words to comfort my distressed soul! Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer, Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*]

Faust. Accurs'd Faustus, where is mercy now? I do repent; and yet I do despair: Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast: What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul For disobedience to my sovereign lord: Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord To pardon my unjust presumption, And with my blood again I will confirm My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeign'd heart, Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.²

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crook'd age, That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer, With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul; But what I may afflict his body with I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee, To glut the longing of my heart's desire,— That I might have unto my paramour That heavenly Helen which I saw of late, Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow, And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

¹ In the original book the exhortation, from an old man who invited Faust to supper, is undramatic, and entirely without the poetic intensity here given to it by Marlowe's treatment.

² *Drift*, the being driven by an impelling force, which is here the force of conscience.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*]
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man. Accurséd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt,—on one side, Devils; on the other, Old Man.*]

Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would

weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God; to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me: I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars.—The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!"

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,

¹ Run slowly, slowly, horses of the night.

² "Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us." Luke xxiii. 30. "And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of His wrath is come." (Revelation vi. 16, 17.)

Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God.

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
Oh, no end's limited to damn'd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick¹ to hell!

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be chang'd to little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS.*]

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learn'd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[*Exit.*]

John Lyly wrote plays for the Court, when Marlowe wrote them for the People, but Lyly's first plays were produced somewhat earlier than Marlowe's first. John Lyly, born in the Weald of Kent in 1553 or 1554, was of about the same age as Edmund Spenser. He became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, and took his degrees in arts, that of B.A. in 1573, that of M.A. in 1575. In the winter of 1578 he wrote, and published in 1579, "Euphues: or, the Anatomie of Wit," a novel, with a very serious purpose, addressed to the courtiers in the ingenious way of speaking and writing then in fashion, which had gradually been introduced from Italy. Lyly caught the style so well, and refined on it so daintily, that his book, named after its hero, Euphues, had its name used as a name for the

¹ Quick, alive.

fashionable style, which was then called, and has been ever since called, Euphuism. The book is one of those which will be duly represented in another volume of this Library. In the year of the publication of "Euphues," Spenser produced his first book, "The Shepherd's Calendar," and Stephen Gosson published his "School of Abuse." In the following year, 1580, Lyly published a sequel to his "Euphues: or, the Anatomie of Wit," called "Euphues in England." He attached himself to the Court, and with a high reputation for witty conceit, wrote, in course of time, nine plays to please the Queen, seven in ingenious prose, one in rhyme, one in blank verse. His "Campaspe," "played before the Queenes Maiestie on New Yeares Day at night, by her Maiesties Children and the Children of Paules," and "Sappho and Phao," acted before the Queen, in like manner, on Shrove Tuesday, were first printed in 1584.

"Endymion" was acted before the Queen by the Children of Paul's at some date before 1589 or 1590, when there was an interdict on their performances, which lasted till about the end of the century. It was first printed in 1591, and written not later than 1588, when Lyly's age was thirty-four or thirty-five. His "Galathea" was printed in 1592, "Mother Bombie" in 1594. In 1590 and 1593 he was making vain suit for some substantial mark of Court favour to help him out of the poverty which caused him to write to the Queen in 1593:—"My last will is shorter than mine invention; but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholy without measure to my friends, and beggary without shame to my family." His plays were all produced before the death of Marlowe, although three of them—"The Woman in the Moon," "The Maid's Metamorphosis," and "Love's Metamorphosis"—were not printed until 1597, 1600, and 1601. In 1597, 1600, and 1603 he had children baptized in the parish of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, where he lived in his latter years, and died in November, 1606, aged fifty-two. Let us take his

ENDYMION.

Endymion aspires. His love is not to Earth—personified in Tellus—but to a beauty that is above the Earth. In the first scene of the first act he tells his aspiration to his faithful friend Eumenides; and in the second scene the slighted Earth, Tellus, holds dialogue of him with Floscula, a flowret. In this play I will leave the old spelling unaltered, that it may serve in all respects as an example of Elizabethan English.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

ENDYMION; EUMENIDES.

End. I find *Eumenides* in all things both varietie to content, and satietie to glut, saving onely in my affections; which are so stay'd, and withall so stately; that I can neither satisfie my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder. My thoughts *Eumenides* are stitched to the starres, which being as high as I can see, thou maist imagine how much higher they are then I can reach.

Eum. If you bee enamored of any thing above the Moone, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these

transitorie things under the Moone, you show your sencelesse, to attribute such loftie titles to such love trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the Moone nor above.

Eum. I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the Moone.

End. No but settled, either to die, or possesse the Moone herselfe.

Eum. Is *Endimion* mad, or doe I mistake? doe you love the Moone *Endimion*?

End. *Eumenides*, the Moone.

Eum. There was never any so peevish to imagine the Moone either capable of affection, or shape of a Mistris: for as impossible it is to make love sit to her humour which no man knoweth, as a coate to her forme, which continueth not in one bignes whilst she is measuring. Cease of¹ *Endimion* to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy bloud must be purged, which draweth you to a dotage no lesse miserable then monstrous.

End. My thoughts have no veines, and yet unles they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O faire *Cynthia*, why doe others terme thee unconstant, whom I have ever found unmoveable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who finding a constancie not to be matched in my sweet Mistris, have christned her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning. Is shee inconstant that keepeth a settled course, which since her first creation altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable, or commendable in the sea, then the ebbing and flowing; and shall the Moone, from whom the sea taketh this vertue, be accounted fickle for encreasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds, are nothing worth till they be blowne; nor blossomes accounted till they bee ripe fruite; and shal we then say they be changeable, for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? I,² but *Cynthia* being in her fulnesse decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honored. When malice cannot object any thing, folly will; making that a vice, which is the greatest vertue. What thing (my mistris excepted) being in the pride of her beautie, and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young againe? Tell mee *Eumenides*, what is hee that having a mistris of ripe yeeres, and infinite vertues, great honors, and unspeakable beautie, but would wish that she might grow tender againe? getting youth by yeeres, and never decaying beautie by time; whose faire face, neither the summers blaze can scorch, nor winters blast chap, nor the numbring of yeeres breed altering of colours. Such is my sweet *Cynthia*, whom time cannot touch, because she is divine, nor will offend because shee is delicate. O *Cynthia*, if thou shouldest alwayes continue at thy fulnesse, both Gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections; thinking it sufficient, if once in a moneth wee enjoy a glimpse of thy majestie; and then, to increase our griefes, thou doest decrease thy glemes; comming out of thy royall robes, wherewith thou dazelest our eyes, downe into thy swathe clowts, beguiling our eyes; and then—

Eum. Stay there *Endimion*, thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleepe would doe thee more good then speech: the Moone heareth thee not, or if she doe, regardeth thee not.

End. Vaine *Eumenides*, whose thoughts never grow higher then the crowne of thy head. Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love, or a heart to receive the impressions? follow thou thine owne fortunes, which creepe on the earth, and suffer mee to flie to mine, whose fall though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell.

Eum. Without doubt *Endimion* is bewitched, otherwise in a man of such rare vertues, there could not harbour a minde of such extreme madnesse. I will follow him, least in this fancie of the moone he deprive himselfe of the sight of the sunne. [Exit.]

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

TELLUS: FLOSCULA.

Tellus. Trecherous and most perjur'd *Endimion*, is *Cynthia* the sweetnesse of thy life, and the bitternesse of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame, as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me *Floscula* if falsenesse in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate. As long as sword, fire, or poyson may be hired, no traytor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oathes without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighes without end, forged to deceive a poore credulous virgin whose simplicitie had beene worth thy favour and better fortune? If the Gods sit unequall beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers deceits; then let mischief be as well forgiven in women, as perjurie winked at in men.

Flosc. Madame, if you would compare the state of *Cynthia* with your own; and the height of *Endimion* his thoughts, with the meannesse of your fortune; you would rather yeeld then contend, being betweene you and her no comparison; and rather wonder then rage at the greatnesse of his minde, being affected with a thing more then mortall.

Tellus. No comparison *Floscula*? and why so? is not my beautie divine, whose bodie is decked with faire flowers; and veines are vines, yeelding sweet liquor to the dullest spirits; whose eares are corne, to bring strength; and whose haire is grasse to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense, and myrrhe breath out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the Gods, breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which, neither thou nor *Endimion*, nor any could love, or live.

Flosc. But know you not faire ladie, that *Cynthia* governeth all things? Your grapes would be but drie huskes, your corne but chaffe, and all your vertues vaine; were it not *Cynthia* that preserveth the one in the bud, and nourisheth the other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures; suffer then *Endimion* to follow his affections, though to obtaine her be impossible, and let him flatter himselfe in his owne imaginations, because they are immortall.

Tellus. Loth I am *Endimion* thou shouldest die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldest live it grieveth me, because thou lovest *Cynthia* too well. In these extremities what shall I doe? *Floscula* no more words, I am resolved. He shall neither live, nor die.

Flosc. A strange practice, if it be possible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net, that he shall neither find the meanes to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, inso-much that he shall slake that love which hee now voweth to

¹ Cease of. The preposition was added to "cease," as it is added to "leave" in "leave off."

² I, in old English a frequent spelling of "ay," yes.

Cynthia; and burne in mine, of which hee seemeth carelesse. In this languishing, betweene my amorous devises, and his owne loose desires, there shal such dissolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thicke a skin; that neither hope of preferment, nor feare of punishment, nor counsell of the wisest, nor company of the worthiest; shall alter his humour, nor make him once to thinke of his honour.

Flosc. A revenge incredible, and if it may be, unnaturall.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a woman, to have neither meane, nor end; and of a woman deluded in love, to have neither rule, nor reason. I can doe it, I must; I will! All his vertues will I shadow with vices; his person (ah sweet person) shall he decke with such rich robes, as hee shall forget it is his owne person; his sharpe wit (ah wit too sharpe, that hath cut off all my joyes) shall hee use, in flattering of my face, and devising sonnets in my favour. The prime of his youth and pride of his time, shall be spent in melancholy passions, carelesse behaviour, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flosc. When this is done what then, shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote for ever in this delight?

Tellus. Ah *Floscula*, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate *Juno*, who would turne *Jupiters* lovers to beasts on the earth though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchantment, is like a flower that is wrought in silke, in colour and forme most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talke that I am favoured of *Endimion*.

Flosc. Well, use your owne will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft, is as unpleasant, as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

Tellus. *Floscula*, they that be so poore that they have neither net nor hooke, will rather poyson dowe¹ then pine with hunger: and she that is so opprest with love, that she is neither able with beautie nor wit to obtaine her friend, will rather use unlawfull meanes, then try intolerable paines. I will doe it. [Exit.]

Flosc. Then about it. Poore *Endimion*, what traps are laid for thee, because thou honourest one that all the world wondreth at. And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate, that studieth of all men to be the faithfullest. [Exit.]

From this suggestion of the spells of earth over the soul given to heavenward aspiration, we turn to a scene, developed from the clown scenes of the early drama, in which the clown's place is filled by the fantastic Sir Tophas, a precursor of Shakespeare's Don Adrian de Armado and Malvolio. Sir Tophas, between the two pages of *Endimion* and *Eumenides* and his own page *Epi*, enters, overloaded with implements. In this respect he may remind us of the first entry of the Vice in "Cambyes." A "fantastic person" was a favourite character in the Elizabethan drama, and in Lyly we see the process of his development out of a lower form of dramatic life.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA TERTIA.

DARES; SAMIAS; SIR TOPHAS; EPITON.

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the eares, what have we to doe but to be in knaverie up to the crownes.

Samias. O that we had Sir *Tophas* that brave squire in the midst of our mirth, *et ecce autem*, will you see the devill?²

Enter Sir TOPHAS.

Top. *Epi.**Epi.* Heere sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humour of love, it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to inferre they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, and I thinke it doth; and that is the cause you blow and are so pursie.

Top. Tush boy! I thinke it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet? what's that?*Top.* Doest thou not know what a poet is?*Epi.* No.

THE SONG OF APOLLO.

From the title-page to an edition of *Isocrates*, 1587.

Top. Why foole, a poet is as much as one should say, a poet. But soft, yonder be two wrens, shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.*Top.* Larkes or wrens, I will kill them.*Epi.* Larkes? are you blinde? they are two little boyes.

Top. Birds, or boyes, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their braines must as it were imbroder my bolts.

Sam. Stay your courage valiant knight, for your wisdom is so wearie that it stayeth it selfe.

Dar. Why Sir *Tophas* have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum*.³*Sam.* And why not friends?

Top. Because *Amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares*,⁴ now my prettie companions you shall see how unequall you be to me; but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my halfe friends; for reaching to my middle, so farre as from the ground to the waste I will be your friend.

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your bodie, from the waste to the crowne?

Top. My children *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*,⁵ you must thinke the rest immortall, because you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell yee my master is more then a man.² And here he is. Talk of the devil if you wish to see him.³ I deny the argument.⁴ Friendship is between equals.⁵ What is above you is nothing to you. A phrase of the school's.¹ Dowe, dough, bread.

Dar. And thou lesse then a mouse.

Top. But what be you two?

Sam. I am *Samias*, page to *Endimion*.

Dar. And I *Dares*, page to *Enanides*.

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clowne, why they are honourable, and warriers.

Top. Then are they my pretences.

Dar. Thine, and why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised warre, and therefore by *Mars* himselfe had given me for my armes a whole armorie; and thus I goe as you see, clothed with artillerie; it is not silkes (*milkisops*) nor tyssues, nor the fine wooll of *Ceres*;¹ but yron, steele, swords, flame, shot, terrour, clamour, bloud, and ruine, that rocks asleepe my thoughts, which never had any other cradle but cruelitic. Let me see, doe you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my wordes wound.

Sam. What then doe your blowes?

Top. Not onely wound, but also confound.

Sam. How darest thou come so neere thy master *Epi*? Sir *Tophus* spare us.

Top. You shall live. You *Samias* because you are little; you *Dares*, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have for every particular adversarie, a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use for our better skill in warre?

Top. You shall. Heere is a bird-bolt for the ugly beast the black-bird.

Dar. A cruell sight.

Top. Heere is the musket, for the untamed, (or as the vulgar sort terme it) the wilde mallard.

Sam. O desperate attempt!

Epi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dar. I, if he catch them.

Top. Heere is a speare and shield, and both necessary; the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trowt, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my speare and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him; and then herein I put him.

Sam. O wonderfull warre! *Dares*, didst thou ever heare such a dolt?

Dar. All the better, we shall have good sport hereafter, if wee can get leisure.

Sam. Leisure? I will rather loose my masters service then his company! looke how he *strowtes*; but what is this, call you it your sword?

Top. No, it is my *simiter*; which I by construction often studying to bee compendious, call my smiter.

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all *Mars* and *Ars*.

Sam. Nay, you are all masse and asse.

Top. Mocke you mee? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons, as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a masse or lump, is there no proportion in me? Am I all asse? is there no wit in me? *Epi*, prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, heare us speake! wee call you masse, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *Mas maris* is a man. Then *As* (as you know) is a weight, and we for your vertues account you a weight.

Top. The Latine hath saved your lives, the which a world

of silver could not have ransomed. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well Sir *Tophas* wee bid you farewell, and at our next meeting wee will be readie to doe you service.

Top. *Samias* I thanke you;—*Dares* I thanke you; but especially I thanke you both.

Sam. Wisely. Come, next time wee have some prettie gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will be very daintie.

Dar. Come let us see what our masters doe, it is high time.

[*Exeunt*]

Top. Now will I march into the field, where if I cannot encounter with my foule enemies, I will withdraw myselfe to the river, and there fortifie for fish: for there resteth no minute free from fight.

[*Exit*].

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA QUARTA.

TELLUS; FLOSCULA; DIPAS.

Tellus. Behold *Floscula*, wee have met with the woman by chance that wee sought for by travell; I will breake my minde to her without ceremonie or circumstance, least we loose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

Flosc. Use your discretion, I will in this case neither give counsell nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous then to force affection by sorcerie, neither do I imagine any thing more impossible.

Tellus. Tush *Floscula*! in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? and for the winning of *Endimion*, what impieties will I not practise? *Dipsas*, whom as many honor for age, as wonder at for cunning; listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose; for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spels, incantation, enchantment, exorcismes, fire, metalls, planets, or any practice; to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dipsas. Faire ladie, you may imagine that these horie haire are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken the sunne by my skill, and remove the moone out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged, and make hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot doe, but that onely which you would have mee doe; and therein I differ from the Gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evill appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats, and extreme love.

Tellus. Unhappie *Tellus*, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art.

Dipsas. This I can, breed slacknesse in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what shee that he honoureth?

Tellus. *Endimion*, sweet *Endimion* is hee that hath my heart; and *Cynthia*, too too faire *Cynthia*, the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the ladie that he delights in; and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dipsas. Would you have his love, either by absence or sicknes aslaked? Would you that *Cynthia* should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without colour?

Tellus. It is the onely thing I crave, that seeing my love to *Endimion* unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to *Cynthia* (though it be unspeakable) may bee suspected.

Dipsas. I will undertake it, and overtake him, that all his

¹ *Ceres* for *Seres*, Greek *Σηρες*, a people of Eastern Asia famed for their silk fabric. The modern Chinese.

love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate : but this will weare out with time, that treadeth all things downe but truth.

Tellus. Let us goe.

Dipsas. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

The second act opens with a picture of the spiritual aspirations of Endymion.



From Camden's *Britannia*, 1590.

FAIRE *Cynthia!* O unfortunate *Endimion!* Why was not thy birth as high as thy thoughts, or her beauty lesse then heavenly? or why are not thine honours as rare as her beautie? or thy fortunes as great as thy deserts? Sweet *Cynthia*, how wouldst thou be pleased, how possessed? will

labours (patient of all extremities) obtaine thy love? There is no mountaine so steepe that I will not climbe, no monster so cruell that I will not tame, no action so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest thou the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not to be expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold my sad teares, my deepe sighes, my hollow eyes, my broken sleepes, my heavie countenance. Wouldst thou have me vow'd onely to thy beautie, and consume every minute of time in thy service? remember my solitarie life, almost these seven yeares, whom have I entertained but mine owne thoughts, and thy vertues? What company have I used but contemplation? Whom have I wondred at but thee? Nay, whom have I not contemned, for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, onely because thou didst shine upon them? Have not injuries beene sweet to mee, if thou vouchsafest I should beare them? Have I not spent my golden yeeres in hopes, waxing old with wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? With *Tellus*, faire *Tellus*, have I dissembled, using her but as a cloake for mine affections, that others seeing my mangled and disordered mind, might thinke it were for one that loveth me, not for *Cynthia*, whose perfection alloweth no companion, nor comparison. In the midst of these distempereu thoughts of mine thou art not only jealous of my truth, but carelesse, suspicious, and secure : which strange humour maketh my minde as desperate as thy conceits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that barke most, when thou shinest brightest. But that fish (thy fish *Cynthia* in the floud *Araxis*) which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, and at thy wayning, as blacke as deepest darknesse. I am that *Endimion* (sweete *Cynthia*) that have carried my thoughts in equall ballance with my actions, being alwayes as free from imagining ill, as enterprizing; that *Endimion*, whose eyes never esteemed any thing faire, but thy face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy vertues, and whose heart imagined nothing miraculous, but thy government. Yea, that *Endimion*, who divorcing himselfe from the amiableness of all ladies, the braverie of all courts, the company of all men, hath chosen in a solitarie cell to live, onely by feeding on thy favour, accounting in the world (but thyselfe) nothing excellent, nothing immortall; thus maist thou see every

vaine, sinew, muscle, and artery of my love, in which there is no flatterie, nor deceit, error, nor art.

Then *Tellus* enters, and *Endymion* seeks to dissemble his higher desires, and greet her as the "only companion of his life." But his thoughts of heaven break out of his discourse with earth. *Cynthia*, he says, is incomparable. "*Cynthia* I honour in all humilitie, whom none ought, or dare adventure to love; whose affections are immortall, and vertues infinite. Suffer me therefore to gaze on the Moone, at whom, were it not for thyselfe, I would die with wondering." The next scene is given to the fantastic humours of Sir Tophas, after introducing the pages Dares and Samias with two damsels, *Scintilla* and *Favilla*, who first entertain the audience by quarrelling with one another, and then fool Sir Tophas. "What," asks *Scintilla*, "is yonder formall fellow?" "Sir Tophas," Dares answers, "Sir Tophas of whom we told you : if you be good wenches make as though you love him, and wonder at him." Says *Favilla*, "We will do our parts." "But first," says Dares, "let us stand aside, and let him use his garbe, for all consisteth in his gracing." Sir Tophas burns with martial ardour against the monster *Ovis*, he is disposed to kill and eat a sheep, and in his martial soul there is no place for love to *Scintilla* and *Favilla*, however much they flatter, admire, and ask, "Shall we die for your love, and find no remedie?" Then follows the last scene of the Second Act :—

ENDIMION; DIPSAS; BAGOA.

End. No rest *Endimion*? still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day, or thy thoughts by night? thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithfull because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile myselfe with sleepe, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I imbrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing : that as ebone, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savours; so my heart which cannot be bent by the hardnesse of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder banke never grew any thing but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that banke. O *Endimion*, *Tellus* was faire, but what awayleth beauty without wisdom? Nay, *Endimion*, she was wise, but what awayleth wisdom without honour? Shee was honorable *Endimion*, belie her not, I,¹ but how obscure is honour without fortune? Was she not fortunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majestie : thy majestie *Cynthia* all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it, or comprehend it. No more *Endimion*, sleepe or die; nay die, for to sleepe, it is impossible, and yet I know not how it commeth to passe, I feele such a heavinesse both in mine eyes and heart, that I am sodainly benumbed, yea in every joint: it may be wearinesse, for when did I rest? it may be deepe melancholy, for when did I not sigh? *Cynthia*, I² so, I say *Cynthia*.

[*He falls asleepe.*]

Dipsas. Little doest thou know *Endimion* when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed thy heart as lowe in love, as thy head lieth now in sleepe, thou mightest have commanded *Tellus* whom now instead of a mistris, thou shalt finde a tombe. These eies must I seale up by art, not nature, which

¹ I, ay.

² I, ay.

are to be opened neither by art nor nature. Thou that luid downe with golden lockes, shalt not awake untill they bee turned to silver haire: and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft downe, shall be filled with brissels as hard as broome: thou shalt sleepe out thy youth and flowing time, and become dry hay before thou knewest thyselfe greene grasse; and readie by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthfull in the court when thou laidst thee downe to sleepe. The malice of *Tellus* hath brought this to passe, which if shee could not have intreated of mee by faire meanes, shee would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintaine our sorceries. Fanne with this hemlocke over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleepe, whilst I goe in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art: take heed yee touch not his face, for the fanne is so seasoned that who so it toucheth with a leafe shall presently die, and over whom the winde of it breatheth, hee shall sleepe for ever. [Exit.

Bagoa. Let me alone, I will be carefull. What hap hadst thou *Endimion* to come under the hands of *Dipsas*. O faire *Endimion*! how it grieveth mee that that faire face must be turned to a withered skin, and taste the paines of death before it feeles the reward of love. I feare *Tellus* will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rewe; but I heare *Dipsas* comming, I dare not repine, least shee make me pine, and rocke mee into such a deepe sleepe, that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Enter DIPSAS.

Dipsas. How now, have you finished?

Bagoa. Yea.

Dipsas. Well then let us in, and see that you doe not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you doe, I will turne thy haire to adders, and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues; come away, come away. [Exit.

A DUMB SHEW.

Musique sounds.

Three ladies enter; one with a knife and a looking glasse, who by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab *Endimion* as hee sleepe, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares not.

At last, the first lady looking in the glasse, casts downe the knife. [Exit.

Enters an ancient Man with bookes with three leaves, offers the same twice.

Endimion refuseth, hee readeth two and offers the third, where hee stands awhile, and then *Endimion* offers to take it. [Exit.

The third act opens at the court of *Cynthia*, where *Eumenides* confirms the report of the dead sleep of his friend *Endymion*, and warms in his behalf even against the sharp and light tongued follower of *Cynthia*, *Semele*, whom he faithfully loves. *Tellus*, for scornful words of *Endymion*, is sent to imprisonment.

Cynth. Presumptuous girle, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable displeasure. *Corsites* carrie her to the castle in the desert, there to remaine and weave.

Cors. Shall shee worke stories or poetries?

Cynth. It skilleth not which, goe to, in both, for shee shall find examples infinite in either what punishment long tongues have. *Eumenides*, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all

the sages of the world, can find remedie, I will procure it; therefore dispatch with all speed: you *Eumenides* into Thessaly: You *Zontes* into Greece, (because you are acquainted in Athens). You *Pantalion* to Egypt, saying that *Cynthia* sendeth, and if you will, commandeth.

Eum. On bowed knee I give thankes, and with wings on my legs, I flie for remedie.

Zon. We are readie at your highnesse command, and hope to returne to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that *Cynthia*, whose mercie and goodnesse filleth the heavens with joyes, and the world with marvaile, will suffer either *Endimion* or any¹ to perish, if he may be protected.

Eum. Your majesties words have been alwayes deeds, and your deeds vertues. [Exit.

In the next scene the soldier *Corsites*, enamoured of his prisoner, brings *Tellus* to the castle in the desert, where her pictures of earthly fates are to be woven. In the next *Sir Tophas* is produced with a new fantasy, he is in love with the old witch *Dipsas*. Heaviness of love brings *Sir Tophas* into a deep sleep, and his own boy *Epiton*, with the boys *Dares* and *Samias*, then sing about him—

THE FIRST SONG.

Epi. Here snores *Tophas*,
That amorous asse,
Who loves *Dipsas*,
With face so sweet,
Nose and chinne meet.

All three. { At sight of her each fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips.

Dar. Holla, holla in his eare.

Sam. The witch sure thrust her fingers there.

Epi. Crampe him, or wring the foole by th' nose.

Dar. Or clap some burning flax, to his toes.

Sam. What musique's best to wake him?

Epi. Baw wow, let bandogs shake him.

Dar. Let adders hisse in's eare.

Sam. Else eare-wigs, wriggle there.

Epi. No, let him batten, when his tongue
Once goes, a cat is not worse strung.

All three. { But if he ope nor mouth, nor eies,
He may in time sleepe himselfe wise.

Sir Tophas awakes, and goes in search of *Dipsas*, followed by the three pages, for as *Endymion* is sleeping and *Eumenides* has travelled away alone in search of a remedy, their servants are free to amuse themselves. Then follows the fourth and last scene of the third act:—

EUMENIDES; GERON.

Eum. Father, your sad musique being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my minde, that I wish to hang at your mouthes end till life end.

Ger. These tunes gentleman have I bene accustomed with these fiftie winters, having no other house to shrowde my selfe but the broad heavens, and so familiar with mee hath use made miserie, that I esteeme sorrow my chieftest solace. And

Orany. This is, probably, a surface glance of John Lyly's at his own unsuccessful suit to the queen for some help to his worldly fortunes.

welcomnest is that guest to me, that can rehearse the saddest tale, or the bloudest tragedie.

Eum. A strange humour, might I enquire the cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I denie to tell it, for knowing that the revealing of griefes is as it were a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceale them, that I might not onely feele the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despaire of remedie. But whence are you? What fortune hath thrust you to this distresse?

Eum. I am going to Thessalie, to seeke remedie for *Endimion* my dearest friend, who hath bene cast into a dead sleepe, almost these twentie yeeres, waxing olde, and readie for the grave, being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travell farre, for who so can cleerly see the bottome of this fountaine shall have remedie for any thing.

Eum. That me thinketh is impossible, why what vertue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the teares of a faithfull lover shall obtaine any thing hee would; reade these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you knowne this by experience, or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I onely would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my miserie. And then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard.

Eum. Ah *Eumenides*!

Ger. What lucke you gentleman, are you not well?

Eum. Yes father, but a qualme that often commeth over my heart doth now take hold of me; but did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seene them weepe, but never could I heare they saw the bottome.

Eum. Came there women also?

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept that the fountaine overflowed with teares, but so thick became the water with their teares, that I could scarce discern the brimme, much lesse behold the bottome.

Eum. Be faithfull lovers so skant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

Eum. Ah *Eumenides*, how art thou perplexed? call to minde the beautie of thy sweet mistris, and the depth of thy never dying affections: how oft has thou honoured her, not onely without spot, but suspiation of falshood? And how hardly hath she rewarded thee, without cause or colour of despight. How secret hast thou bene these seven yeeres, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting her. How faithfull! that hath offered to die for her, to please her. Unhappie *Eumenides*!

Ger. Why gentleman did you once love?

Eum. Once? I¹ father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind, and you faithfull?

Eum. Shee of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond.

Ger. You doted then, not loved: for affection is grounded on vertue, and vertue is never peevish: or on beautie, and beautie loveth to be praised.

Eum. I, but if all vertuous ladies should yeeld to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertaine all that be amorous, their vertues would be accounted vices and beauties deformities: for that love can be but between two, and that

not proceeding of him that is most faithfull, but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithfull, that your teares might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea father, if that my teares cleare not this fountaine, then may you sweare it is but a meere mockerie.

Ger. So saith every one yet, that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah sweete *Semele* let me alone, and dissolve by weeping into water.

Ger. This affection seemeth strange, if hee see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the believe.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottome, and there in white marble engraven these words, *Aske one for all, and but one thing at all.*

Ger. O fortunate *Eumenides*, (for so have I heard thee call thyselfe) let me see. I cannot discern any such thing: I thinke thou drestest.

Eum. Ah father thou art not a faithfull lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then aske, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyselfe blessed.

Eum. Aske? so I will: and what shall I doe but aske, and whom should I aske but *Semele*, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compasse of comparison; whose golden lockes seeme most curious, when they seeme most carelesse; whose sweet lookes seeme most alluring, when they are most chaste; and whose wordes the more vertuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted. I pray thee fortune when I shall first meete with faire *Semele*, dash my delight with some light disgrace, least embracing sweetnesse beyond measure, I take a surfet without recure: let her practise her accustomed coyennesse, that I may diet myselfe upon my desires: otherwise the fulnesse of my joyes will diminish the sweetnesse, and I shall perish by them before I possesse them. Why doe I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of *Semele*, is more worth then the whole world: therefore let mee aske, What now *Eumenides*? Whither art thou drawne? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and dutie? Care of *Endimion*, and the commandment of *Cynthia*? Shall he die in a leaden sleep, because thou sleepest in a golden dreame? I, let him sleepe ever, so I slumber but one minute with *Semele*. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the losse of a friend, for the obtayning of her for whom I would often loose myselfe? Fond *Eumenides*, shall the inticing beautie of a most disdainfull ladie, be of more force then the rare fidelitie of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common, and of course: the friendship of man to man infinite and immortall. Tush, *Semele* doth possesse my love. I, but *Endimion* hath deserved it. I will helpe *Endimion*. I found *Endimion* unspotted in his truth. I, but I shall find *Semele* constant in her love. I will have *Semele*. What shall I do? Father thy gray haire are embassadors of experience. Which shall I aske?

Ger. *Eumenides* release *Endimion*, for all things (friendship excepted) are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worme, which onely tickleth the head with hopes, and wishes: friendship the image of eternitie, in which there is nothing moveable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beautie and vertue, bodies and shadowes, colours and life—so great oddes is there betwene love and friendship. Love is a camelion, which draweth nothing into the mouth but aire, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs: believe me *Eumenides*, desire dies in the same moment that beautie sickens, and beautie fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs:

¹ I = ay; here, and in various other places.

but friendship standeth stilly in stormes. Time draweth wrinkles in a faire face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, which neither heate, nor cold, nor miserie, nor place, nor destinie, can alter or diminish. O friendship! of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in miserie is alwayes sweete, and whose counsels in prosperitie are ever fortunate. Vaine love, that onely comming neere to friendship in name, would seeme to be the same, or better, in nature.

Eum. Father I allow your reasons, and will therefore conquer mine owne. Vertue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beautie. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares in *Atho*, bees in *Hybla*, foules in the ayre: but friends to be found, are like the Phoenix in *Arabia*, but one, or the *Philadelphias* in *Arays*, never above two. I will have *Endimion*: sacred fountaine, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the teares of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let mee receive the reward you promise: *Endimion*, the truest friend to me, and faithfullest lover to *Cynthia*, is in such a dead sleepe, that nothing can wake or move him.

Ger. Doest thou see any thing?

Eum. I see in the same piller, these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured: always one, yet never the same: still inconstant, yet never ceasing: shall come and kisse Endimion in his sleepe, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There commeth over mine eyes either a darke mist, or upon the fountaine a deepe thicknesse: for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded? or what difficult (nay impossible) thing is this?

Ger. Me thinketh it easie.

Eum. Good father and how?

Ger. Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. And is not *Cynthia* of all circles the most absolute?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is shee not alwayes *Cynthia*, yet seldome in the same bignesse; alwayes wavering in her waxing or wayning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the daylier give their increase; yet never to be removed from her course as long as the heavens continue theirs?

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Then who can it be but *Cynthia*, whose vertues being all divine, must needs bring things to passe that be miraculous? Goe, humble thyselfe to *Cynthia*, tell her the successe of which myselfe shall be a witnesse. And this assure thyselfe, that shee that sent to find meanes for his safetie will now worke her cunning.

Eum. How fortunate am I if *Cynthia* be she that may doe it.

Ger. How fond art thou if thou do not beleewe it?

Eum. I will hasten thither that I may intreat on my knees for succour, and imbrace in mine armes my friend.

Ger. I will goe with thee, for unto *Cynthia* must I discover all my sorrowes, who also must worke in mee a contentment.

Eum. May I now know the cause?

Ger. That shall be as we walke, and I doubt not but the strangenesse of my tale will take away the tediousnesse of our journey.

Eum. Let us goe.

Ger. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

In the first scene of the fourth act, Tellus beguiles the soldier Corsites, who offers all for her love, by promising herself to him if he will do one thing for all. On the lunny bank sleeps Endymion. Let Corsites only lift him, and remove him to some obscure cave. There follows a comic scene with the three pages. Epiton is in disgrace with Sir Tophas, who desires to sleep like Endymion, and who makes sonnets.

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. I, this is one.

"The beggar Love that knowes not where to lodge:

At last within my heart when I slept,

He crept,

I wakt, and so my fancies began to fodge."

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why the other was short, the first is called from the thumb to the little finger, the second from the little finger to the elbow, and some hee made to reach to the crowne of his head, and downe againe to the sole of his foot: it is set to the tune of the blacke Saunce,¹ *ratio est*, because *Dipsas* is a blacke saint.

After more playful dialogue, says Epiton:

I must needs see if I can find where *Endimion* lieth; and then goe to a certaine fountaine hard by, where they say faithfull lovers shall have all things they will aske. If I can find out any of these, *ego et magister meus crimus in tuto*, I and my master shal be friends. He is resolved to weepe some three or foure palefuls to avoide the rheume of loue that wambleth in his stomacke.

Enter the Watch.

Sam. Shall wee never see thy master *Dares*?

Dar. Yes, let us goe now, for to-morrow *Cynthia* will be here.

Epi. I will goe with you. But how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters God speed you.

1 *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped alreadie.

Epi. So me thinkes, for they smell all of drinke like a beggars beard.

Dar. But I pray sirs, may wee see *Endimion*?

2 *Watch.* No, wee are commanded in *Cynthias* name that no man shall see him.²

Sam. No man? Why wee are but boyes.

1 *Watch.* Masse neighbours he says true, for if I sweare I will never drinke my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I thinke with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

Dar. Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 *Watch.* Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you.

Sam. This will grow hote.

Dar. Let them alone.

2 *Watch.* If I say to my wife, Wife I will have no raisons in my pudding, shee puts in corance, small raisons are raisons, and boyes are men. Even as my wife should have

¹ The tune of the Black Saunce. The "Black Sanctus" was a horrible discord made with cries, howlings, tin pots and instruments of any kind, a burlesque chant to the devil, which perhaps arose after the Reformation in scorn of the Roman services. It is spelt also *sants*, *sants*, and *saunce*.

² Note the kinship of these men to Dogberry and Verges.

put no raisons in my pudding, so shall there no boyes see
Endimion.

Dar. Learnedly.

Epi. Let Master Constable speake: I thinke he is the wisest among you.

Master Constable. You know neighbours 'tis an old said saw, *Children and foolles speake true.*

All say. True.

Mast. Const. Well, there you see the men be the foolles, because it is provided from the children.

Dar. Good.

Mast. Const. Then say I neighbours, that children must not see *Endimion*, because children and foolles speake true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about!

I Watch. Nay hee saye true, and therefore till *Cynthia* have bene here he shall not be uncovered. Therefore away!

Dar. A watch quoth you? a man may watch seven yeeres for a wise word, and yet goe without it. Their wits are all as rustie as their bills. But come on Master Constable, shall wee have a song before we goe?

Const. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SECOND SONG.

Watch. Stand: Who goes there?
We charge you appeare
Fore our Constable here.
(In the name of the Man in the Moone)

To us Bilmen relate,
Why you stagger so late,
And how you come drunke so soone.

Pages. What are yee (scabs?)

Watch. The Watch:
This the Constable.

Pages. A patch.

Const. Knock'em downe unlesse they all stand.
If any run away,
Tis the old watchmans play,
To reach him a bill of his hand.

Pages. O gentlemen hold,
Your gownes freeze with cold,
And your rotten teeth dance in your head.

Epi. Wine, nothing shall cost yee.

Sam. Nor huge fires to roast yee.

Dares. Then soberly let us be led.

Const. Come my browne bills wee'l roare,
Bounce loud at tavern dore,

Omnes. And i'th' morning steale all to bed.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA TERTIA.

CORSITES solus.

Corsites. I am come in sight of the Lunarie banke: without doubt *Tellus* doteth upon me, and cunningly that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a taske that is done before it is begun. *Endimion*, you must change your pillow, and if you be not wearie of sleepe I will carrie you where at ease you shall sleepe your fill. It were good that without more ceremonies I tooke him, least being espied I be intrapt, and so incurre the displeasure of *Cynthia*, who commonly setteth watch that *Endimion* have no wrong. [*He tries to lift Endimion.*] What now, is your mastership so heavey? or are you nail'd to the ground? Not stirre one whit? then use all thy force though he feele it and wake. What stone still? turn'd I thinke to earth, with lying so long on the

earth. Didst thou not *Corsites* before *Cynthia* pull up a tree, that fortie yeeres was fastned with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not thou with maine force pull open the iron gates, which no ramme or engine could move? Have my weake thoughts made braun-fallen my strong armes? or is it the nature of love or the quintessence of the minde to breede numnesse, or lythernesse, or I know not what languishing in my joynts and sinewes, being but the base strings of my bodie? Or doth the remembrance of *Tellus* so refine my spirits into a matter so subtile and divine, that the other fleshie parts cannot worke whilst they muse? Rest thyselfe, rest thyselfe; nay, rent thyselfe in pieces *Corsites*, and strive in spight of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulle bodie, heavier then dead, and more sencelesse then death.

Enter Fairies.

But what are these so faire fiends that cause my haire to stand upright, and spirits to fall downe? Hags, out alas, Nymphs I crave pardon. Aye me, but what doe I heere.

[*The Fairies dance, and with a Song pinch him, and hee falleth asleepe, they kisse Endimion, and depart.*]

THE THIRD SONG BY Fairies.

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, blacke and blue,
Sawcie mortalls must not view
What the Queene of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy woiing.

1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue,

2 *Fairy.* And pinch him blacke.

3 *Fairy.* Let him not lacke

Sharpe nailes to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleepe has rock'd his addle head.

4 *Fairy.* For the trespasse hee hath done,
Spots ore all his flesh shall runne.

Kisse *Endimion*, kisse his eyes,

Then to our midnight heidegyes.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

CYNTHIA; FLOSCULA; SEMELE; PANELION; ZONTE;
PYTHAGORAS; GYPTES; CORSITES.

Cynth. You see *Pythagoras* what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are now of another minde.

Pythag. Madame, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thicknesse that covered my mind; in so much that I am no lesse glad to be reformed, then ashamed to remember my grossenesse.

Gyptes. They are thrice fortunate that live in your palace, where truth is not in colours, but life; vertues not in imagination, but execution.

Cynth. I have alwayes studied to have rather living vertues then painted Gods; the bodie of truth, then the tombe. But let us walke to *Endimion*, it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for *Eumenides*, I feare he is dead.

Pythag. I have alledged all the naturall reasons I can for such a long sleepe.

Gyptes. I can doe nothing till I see him.

Cynth. Come *Floscula*, I am sure you are glad that you shall behold *Endimion*.

Flosc. I were blessed if I might have him recovered.

Cynth. Are you in love with his person?

¹ Heidegyes, rustic dances. The word is of doubtful etymology. The "hay" was the name of an old rustic dance. As in Marlowe's "Edward II."

"My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat feet dance the antic hay."

Flosc. No, but with his vertue.

Cynth. What say you *Semele*?

Sem. Madame, I dare say nothing for feare I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot speake except you be spightfull. But as good be silent as saucie. *Panelion*, what punishment were fit for *Semele*, in whose speech and thoughts is onely contempt and sowernesse?

Panel. I love not madame to give any judgment. Yet sith your highnesse commandeth, I thinke, to commit her tongue close prisoner to her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed; *Semele*, if thou speake this twelve moneth thou shalt forfet thy tongue. Behold *Endimion*, alas poore gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleepe that once vowed all to my service. Hollow eyes? gray haire? wrinckled cheekes? and decayed limbes? Is it destinie, or deceit that hath brought this to passe? If the first, who could prevent thy wretched starres? If the latter, I would I might know thy cruell enemy. I favoured thee *Endimion* for thy honour, thy vertues, thy affections: but to bring thy thoughts within the compasse of thy fortunes I have seemed strange, that I might have thee stayed, and now are thy dayes ended before my favour begin. But whom have we here, is it not *Corsites*?

Zon. It is, but more like a leopard then a man.

Cynth. Awake him. How now *Corsites*, what make you nere? How came you deformed? Looke on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accursed. How am I deluded? Madame, I aske pardon for my offence, and you see my fortune deserveth pitie.

Cynth. Speake on, thy offence cannot deserve greater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou wishest me.

Cors. Madame, as it is no offence to be in love being a man mortall, so I hope can it be no shame to tell with whom, my ladie being heavenly. Your majestie committed to my charge the faire *Tellus*, whose beautie in the same moment tooke my heart captive that I undertooke to carrie her bodie prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts betweene love and dutie, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the conquest.

Cynth. In love? A thing farre unfitting the name of a captaine, and (as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of *Corsites*. But forth.

Cors. Feeling this continuall warre, I thought rather by parley to yeeld, then by certaine danger to perish. I unfolded to *Tellus* the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of warre. She too faire to be true, and too false for one so faire, after a nice deniall, practised a notable deceit; commanding mee to remove *Endimion* from this caban, and carrie him to some darke cave; which I seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by fairies or fiends have beene thus handled.

Cynth. How say you my lords, is not *Tellus* alwayes practising of some decits? In sooth *Corsites*, thy face is now too foule for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a souldier. You may see when warriors become wantons how their manners alter with their faces. Is it not a shame *Corsites*, that having lived so long in *Mars* his campe thou shouldst now be rockt in *Venus* cradle? Doest thou weare *Cupids* quiver at thy girdle, and make launces of lookes? Well *Corsites*, rouse thy selfe, and be as thou hast beene, and let *Tellus* who is made all of love, melt her selfe in her owne loosenesse.

Cors. Madame, I doubt not but to recover my former state; for *Tellus* beautie never wrought such love in my mind, as

now her deceit hath despight; and yet to be revenged of a woman, were a thing then love it selfe more womanish.

Gyptes. These spots gentlemen are to be worne out, if you rub them over with this lunarie; so that in place where you received this maim, you shall find a medicine.

Cors. I thanke you for that. The gods blesse mee from love, and these pretie ladies that haunt this greene.

Flosc. *Corsites*, I would *Tellus* saw your amiable face.

Zont. How spightfully *Semele* laugheth, that dare not speake.

Cynthia. Could you not stirre *Endimion* with that doubled strength of yours?

Cors. Not so much as his finger with all my force.

Cynth. *Pythagoras* and *Gyptes*, what thinke you of *Endimion*? what reason is to be given, what remedie?

Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yeild reason for things that happen not in compasse of nature. It is most certaine, that some strange enchantment hath bound all his sences.

Cynth. What say you *Gyptes*?

Gyptes. With *Pythagoras*, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undoe it, for that heaviness argueth a malice unremoveable in the enchantresse, and that no power can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens shew some means more miraculous.

Flosc. O *Endimion*, could spight it selfe devise a mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead with life, and living being altogether dead? Where others number their yeares, their houres, their minutes, and step to age by staires, thou only hast thy yeares and times in a cluster, being olde before thou remembrest thou wast young.

Cynth. No more *Floscula*, pittie doth him no good, I would any thing else might, and I vow by the unspotted honour of a ladie he should not misse it: but is this all *Gyptes*, that is to be done?

Gyptes. All as yet. It may be that either the enchantresse shall die, or else be discovered; if either happen I will then practise the utmost of my art. In the meane season, about this grove would I have a watch, and the first living thing that toucheth *Endimion* to be taken.

Cynth. *Corsites* what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madame pardon mee! I was overtaken too late, I should rather breake into the midst of a maine battaile, then againe fall into the hands of those faire babies.

Cynth. Well, I will provide others. *Pythagoras* and *Gyptes*, you shall yet remayne in my court, till I heare what may be done in this matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us goe in.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

SAMIAS; DARES.

Sam. *Eumenides* hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never beleeeve them.

Dar. The other old man what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weepe. *Cynthia* is so desirous to know the experiment of her owne vertue, and so willing to ease *Endimions* hard fortune, that shee no sooner heard the discourse, but shee made herselfe in a readinesse to try the event.

Sam. We will also see the event; but whist! here commeth *Cynthia* with all her traine: let us sneake in amongst them.

Enter CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, PANELION, &c.

Cynth. *Eumenides*, it cannot sinke into my hee that I should be signified by that sacred fountaine, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

Eum. Good madame vouchsafe but to trie, else shall I thinke my selfe most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress.

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me good madame, for if *Endimion* awake, hee shall: my selfe have sworne never to reveale it.

Cynth. Well, let us to *Endimion*. I will not be so stately (good *Endimion*) not to stoope to doe thee good: and if thy libertie consist in a kisse from mee, thou shalt have it. And although my mouth hath beene heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, (though to restore thy youth it be impossible) I will doe that to *Endimion* which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. [*Shee kisseth him.*]

Eum. Madam he beginneth to stirre.

Cynth. Soft *Eumenides*, stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open.

Cynth. I command thee once againe stirre not: I will stand behind him.

Pan. What doe I see, *Endimion* almost awake?

Eum. *Endimion*, *Endimion*, art thou deafe or dumbe? or hath this long sleepe taken away thy memorie? Ah my sweete *Endimion*, seest thou not *Eumenides*? thy faithfull friend, thy faithfull *Eumenides*, who for thy safetie hath beene carelesse of his owne content. Speake *Endimion*, *Endimion*, *Endimion*.

End. *Endimion*! I call to minde such a name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyselfe *Endimion*? then doe I not marvaile thou remembrest not thy friend. I tel thee thou art *Endimion*, and I *Eumenides*: behold also *Cynthia*, by whose favour thou art awaked, and by whose vertue thou shalt continue thy naturall course.

Cynth. *Endimion*, speake sweet *Endimion*, knowest thou not *Cynthia*?

End. O heavens, whom doe I behold, faire *Cynthia*, divine *Cynthia*?

Cynth. I am *Cynthia*, and thou *Endimion*.

End. *Endimion*, What doe I heere? What, a gray beard? hollow eyes? withered body? decayed limbes? and all in one night?

Eum. One night? thou hast heere slept fortie yeeres, by what enchaunteresse as yet it is not knowne: and behold the twig to which thou layedst thy head is now become a tree; callest thou not *Eumenides* to remembrance?

End. Thy name I doe remember by the sound, but thy favour I doe not yet call to minde; onely divine *Cynthia*, to whom time, fortune, destinie, and death, are subject, I see and remember; and in all humilitie, I regard and reverence.

Cynth. You have good cause to remember *Eumenides*, who hath for thy safety forsaken his owne solace.

End. Am I that *Endimion* who was wont in court to lead my life; and in justs, turneyes, and armes, to exercise my youth? am I that *Endimion*?

Eum. Thou art that *Endimion*, and I *Eumenides*, wilt thou not yet call mee to remembrance?

End. Ah sweete *Eumenides*, I now perceive thou art hee, and that my selfe have the name of *Endimion*; but that this should be my bodie I doubt, for how could my curled lockes be turned to gray hairs, and my strong bodie to a dying weaknesse, having waxed olde and not knowing it.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* arise, a while sit downe for that thy limbes are stiffe, and not able to stay thee, and tell what hast thou seene in thy sleepe all this while. What dreames, visions, thoughts, and fortunes? For it is impossible, but in so long time, thou shouldst see things strange.

End. Faire *Cynthia* I will rehearse what I have seene, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length you give mee

warning, that I may end: for to utter all I have to speake would bee troublesome, although happily the strangenesse may somewhat abate the tediousnesse.

Cynth. Well *Endimion* begin.

End. Mee thought I saw a ladie passing faire, but very mischievous; who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throate, and in the other a looking-glasse, wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, shee refrained from intended violence. Shee was accompanied with other damsels, one of which with a sterne countenance, and as it were with a setled malice engraven in her eyes, provoked her to execute mischief: another with visage sad and constant onely in sorrow, with her armes crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleepe, feeling my very veines to swell, and my sinewes to stretch with feare, and such a cold sweate bedewed all my bodie, that death it selfe could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight. *Gyptes* at our better leisure shall expound it.

End. After long debating with her selfe, mercie overcame anger; and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majestic, mingled with a sweet mildnesse, that I was ravished with the sight above measure; and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmoveable crueltie, the other a constant pittie.

Cynthia. Poore *Endimion*, how wast thou affrighted? What else?

End. After her immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a booke with three leaves, and speaking as I remember these words, *Endimion, receive this booke with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures*: and with that hee offered mee the booke, which I rejected: wherewith moved with a disdainfull pitie, he rent the first leafe in a thousand shivers; the second time hee offered it, which I refused also; at which bending his browes, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed to the earth, and not againe to be removed—then sodainly casting them up to the heavens, hee tore in a rage the second leafe, and offered the booke only with one leafe. I know not whether feare to offend, or desire to know some strange thing moved me—I tooke the booke, and so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What diddest thou imagine was in the last leafe?

End. There portraied to life, with a cold quaking in every joynt, I beheld many wolves barking at thee *Cynthia*, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see ingratitude with an hundred eyes, gazing for benefits; and with a thousand teeth, gnawing on the bowels wherein she was bred. Trecherie stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in bloud. Enuie with a pale and megar face (whose bodie was so leane, that one might tell all her bones, and whose garment was so tottered, that it was easie to number every thread) stood shooting at starres, whose darts fell downe againe on her owne face. There might I behold drones or beetles, I know not how to term them, creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who being carried into her nest, sought there to suck that vein, that would have killed the eagle. I mused that things so base, should attempt a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloudie. And many other things madame, the repetition whereof, may at your better leisure seeme more pleasing: for bees surfet sometimes with honey, and the gods are gluttied with harmony, and your highnesse may be dalled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to bee dieted, therefore let us in.

Eumenides, see that *Endimion* be well tended, least either eating immoderately, or sleeping againe too long, he fall into a deadly surfet, or into his former sleepe. See this also be proclaimed, that whosoever will discover this practice, shall have of *Cynthia* infinite thanks, and no small rewards.

[Exit.

Flosc. Ah *Endimion*, none so joyfull as *Floscula*, of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, *Floscula*, let *Eumenides* be somewhat gladder, and do not that wrong to the settled friendship of a man, as to compare it with the light affection of a woman. Ah my deare friend *Endimion*, suffer me to die, with gazing at thee.

End. *Eumenides*, thy friendship is immortall, and not to be conceived; and thy good will *Floscula*, better then I have deserved. But let us all waite on *Cynthia*: I marvell *Semele* speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she doe, shee loseth her tongue.

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake word since your sleepe.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old, and your appetite cold.

Eum. No *Endimion*, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparkes growne to flames, and my fancies almost to frenzies: but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large.

[Exeunt.

The next scene is of Sir Tophas, who finds many ingenious and witty reasons for being in love with an old crone, so that Epiton cries, "Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship!" The pages then try to persuade him from his affection by telling him that *Dipsas* is a notable witch, who has turned her maid *Bagoa* to an aspen-tree for bewraying her secrets; that she is married already, and has been married these fifty years to *Geron*, who is now come home. Then the play ends as follows:—

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA TERTIA.

PANELION; ZONTES.

Pan. Who would have thought that *Tellus* being so faire by nature, so honorable by birth, so wise by education, would have entred into a mischiefe to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious.

Zon. If *Bagoa* had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But wee see that gold and faire words, are of force to corrupt the strongest men; And therefore able to worke silly women like waxe.

Pan. I marvell what *Cynthia* will determine in this cause.

Zon. I feare as in all causes, heare of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that shee that is unwilling to punish her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her traine with death.

Pan. That old witch *Dipsas*, in a rage having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poore *Bagoa* to an aspen tree; but let us make hast and bring *Tellus* before *Cynthia*, for she was comming out after us.

Zon. Let us goe.

[Exeunt.

CYNTHIA; SEMELE; FLOSCULA; DIPAS; ENDIMION;
EUMENIDES.

Cynth. *Dipsas*, thy yeeres are not so many as thy vices; yet more in number then commonly nature doth afford, or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty yeeres practised that detested wickednesse of witchcraft? Wast thou so simple, as for to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to bee most sinfull? Thou hast threatned to turne

my course awry, and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternall gods. But know thou *Dipsas*, and let all the enchanters know, that *Cynthia* being placed for light on earth is also protected by the powers of heaven. Breath out thou mayest words, gather thou mayest hearbs, find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art, yet of no force to appall my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant perswasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteeme as weake, as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman *Geron*, (once thy husband, but now thy mortall hate;) didst thou procure to live in a desert, almost desperate. *Endimion* the flowre of my court and the hope of succeeding time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldest suffer him to flourish by nature.

Dipsas. Madame, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor any thing so wished for as death. Yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransackt thoughts, as that in the prime of my husbands youth I divorced him by my devillish art; for which, if to die might be amends, I would not live till to morrow. If to live and still be more miserable would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be oldest and ugliest.

Geron. *Dipsas*, thou hast made this difference betweene mee and *Endimion*, that being both young, thou hast caused mee to wake in melancholy, losing the joyes of my youth, and him to sleepe, not remembring youth.

Cynth. Stay, here commeth *Tellus*, we shall now know all.

Enter CORSITES, TELLUS, PANELION, &c.

Cors. I would to *Cynthia* thou couldest make as good an excuse in truth, as to me thou hast done by wit.

Tellus. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not studie for an excuse.

Cynth. Is it possible *Tellus*, that so few yeeres should harbour so many mischiefes? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blamelesse, which the more it exceedeth fairenesse in measure, the more it stretcheth it selfe in disdaine. Thy devises against *Corsites* I smile at; for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder they are. But this unacquainted and most unnaturall practice with a vile enchauntresse against so noble a gentleman as *Endimion*, I abhorre as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous. And as for you *Dipsas*, I will send you into the desert amongst wilde beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tygres, bores, and beares, into as dead a sleepe as you did *Endimion*; or turn them to trees, as you have done *Bagoa*. But tell me *Tellus*, what was the cause of this cruell part, farre unfitting thy sexe, in which nothing should be but simplenesse: and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softnesse.

Tellus. Divine *Cynthia*, by whom I receive my life, and am content to end it; I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confesse it without shame; yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours, there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvell.

Cynth. Say on *Tellus*, I cannot imagine any thing that can colour such a crueltie.

Tellus. *Endimion*, that *Endimion* in the prime of his youth, so ravisht my heart with love, that to obtaine my desires, I could not find meanes, nor to recite them reason. What was she that favoured not *Endimion*, being young, wise, honourable, and vertuous; besides, what metall was she made of (be

shee mortall) that is not affected with the spice, nay, infected with the poyson of that (not to be expressed, yet alwayes to be felt) love? which breaketh the braines, and never bruseth the brow: consumeth the heart, and never toucheth the skinne: and maketh a deepe skarre to bee seene, before any wound at all be felt. My hart too tender to withstand such a divine furie, yeelded to love. Madame I, not without blushing confesse, yeelded to love.

Cynth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you *Endimion*, all this was for love?

End. I say Madam then the gods send me a womans hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrarie you should never sleepe. But on *Tellus*, let us heare the end.

Tellus. Feeling a continuall burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every veine, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparkes, divers judg of my scalding flames. *Endimion* as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his owne,) my sighes, by which he might ever heare his name sounded; aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted; and by questions wrung out that, which was readie to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, hee sware, that mine in respect of his were as fumes to *Ætna*, valleyes to Alpes, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beautie but his love, and eternitie. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made mee beleve, that (which all of our sexe willingly acknowledge, I was beautifull. And to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sexe should be faithfull.

Cynth. *Endimion*, how will you cleere your selfe?

End. Madame, by mine owne accuser.

Cynth. Well *Tellus* proceed, but briefly, least taking delight in uttering thy love thou offend us with the length of it.

Tellus. I will madame quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continuall increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds then the entring into it; I could finde no meanes to ease my griefe but to follow *Endimion*, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes, who had mee slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his falshood, and fried my selfe most in mine affections, I found (ah griefe, even then I lost my selfe!) I found him in most melancholy and desperate tearmes, cursing his starres, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of—

Cynth. Of whom? *Tellus* speake boldly.

Tellus. Madame, I dare not utter for feare to offend.

Cynth. Speake, I say; who dare take offence, if thou be commanded by *Cynthia*?

Tellus. For the love of *Cynthia*.

Cynth. For my love *Tellus*, that were strange. *Endimion* is it true?

End. In all things madame. *Tellus* doth not speake false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Well *Endimion*, we shall heare all.

Tellus. I seeing my hopes turned to mishaps, and a settled dissembling towards me, and an unmoveable desire to *Cynthia*, forgetting both my selfe and my sex, fell unto this unnatural hate; for knowing your vertues *Cynthia* to be immortall, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him. And finding mine owne affections unquenchable, I could not carrie the minde that any else should possesse what I had pursued. For though in majestie, beautie, vertue, and dignitie, I alwayes humbled and yeelded my selfe to *Cynthia*; yet in affections, I esteemed my selfe equall with the goddesses; and all other creatures according to their states with

my selfe. For starres to their bignesse have their lights, and the sunne hath no more. And little pitchers when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus madame in all truth, have I uttered the unhappinesse of my love, and the cause of my hate; yeelding wholly to that divine judgement which never erred for want of wisdom, or envied for too much partialitie.

Cynth. How say you my lords to this matter? But what say you *Endimion*, hath *Tellus* told troth?

End. Madame in all things, but in that she said I loved her, and swore to honour her.

Cynth. Was there such a time when as for my love thou didst vow thy selfe to death, and in respect of it loth'd thy life? speake *Endimion*, I will not revenge it with hate.

End. The time was madame, and is, and ever shall be, that I honoured your highnesse above all the world; but to stretch it so farre as to call it love, I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but *Cynthia*, none delighted mine eares but *Cynthia*, none possessed my heart but *Cynthia*. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow *Cynthia*, and heere I stand readie to die if it please *Cynthia*. Such a difference hath the gods set betweene our states, that all must be dutie, loyaltie, and reverence, nothing (without it vouchsafe your highnesse) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing bodie, my discontented life, let them obtaine by princely favour, that which to challenge they must not presume, onely wishing of impossibilities: with imagination of which, I will spend my spirits, and to my selfe that no creature may heare, softly call it love. And if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honour. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts, then ever I did in my youthfull actions.

Cynth. *Endimion*, this honourable respect of thine, shall be christned love in thee, and my reward for it, favour. Persever *Endimion* in loving mee, and I account more strength in a true heart, then in a walled citie. I have laboured to win all, and studie to keep such as I have wonne; but those that neither my favour can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithfull, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their trecheries with justice. *Endimion* continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find that *Cynthia* shineth not on thee in vaine.

End. Your highnesse hath blessed me, and your words have againe restored my youth: me thinks I feele my joynts strong, and these mouldy haire to molt, and all by your vertue *Cynthia*, into whose hands the ballance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What young againe? then it is pitie to punish *Tellus*.

Tellus. Ah *Endimion*, now I know thee and aske pardon of thee: suffer mee still to wish thee well.

End. *Tellus*, *Cynthia* must command what she will.

Flosc. *Endimion*, I rejoyce to see thee in thy former estate.

End. Good *Floscula*, to thee also am I in my former affections.

Eum. *Endimion*, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchlesse, saving onely the enjoying of my mistris.

Cynth. *Endimion*, you must now tell who *Eumenides* shrineth for his saint.

End. *Semele* madame.

Cynth. *Semele* *Eumenides*? is it *Semele*? the very waspe of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adders tooth?

Eum. It is *Semele*, *Cynthia*: the possessing of whose love, must only prolong my life.

Cynth. Nay sith *Endimion* is restored, we will have all parties pleased. *Semele*, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecie, such unspotted love, to take *Eumenides*? Why speake you not? Not a word?

End. Silence madame consents: that is most true.

Cynth. It is true *Endimion*. *Eumenides*, take *Semele*. Take her I say.

Eum. Humble thankes madame, now onely doe I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice madame, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speake a word. Yet doe I rather choose to have my tongue cut out, then my heart distempered: I will not have him.

Cynth. Speakes the parrat? shee shall nod hereafter with signes: cut off her tongue, nay, her head, that having a servant of honourable birth, honest manners, and true love, will not be perswaded.

Sem. He is no faithfull lover madame, for then would hee have asked his mistris.

Ger. Had he not beene faithfull, he had never seene into the fountaine, and so lost his friend and mistris.

Eum. Thine owne thoughts sweet *Semele*, witnesse against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? and as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? Madame pardon *Semele*, and let my tongue ransom hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue *Eumenides*? what shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beautie of *Semele*? Well *Semele*, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced: let me entreat it.

Sem. I am content your highnesse shall command, for now only doe I think *Eumenides* faithfull, that is willing to lose his tongue for my sake: yet loth, because it should doe me better service. Madame, I accept of *Eumenides*.

Cynth. I thanke you *Semele*.

Eum. Ah happie *Eumenides*, that hast a friend so faithfull, and a mistris so faire: with what sodaine mischiefe will the gods daunt this excesse of joy? Sweet *Semele*, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What shall become of *Tellus*? *Tellus* you know *Endimion* is vowed to a service, from which death cannot remove him. *Corsites* casteth still a lovely looke towards you, how say you? Will you have your *Corsites*, and so receive pardon for all that is past?

Tellus. Madame most willingly.

Cynth. But I cannot tell whether *Corsites* be agreed.

Cors. I, madame, more happie to enjoy *Tellus* then the monarchie of the world.

Eum. Why she caused you to be pincht with fairies.

Cors. I, but her fairenesse hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle *Tellus*?

Tellus. Onely the picture of *Endimion*.

Cynth. Then so much of *Endimion* as his picture commeth to, possesse and play withall.

Cors. Ah my sweet *Tellus*, my love shall be as thy beautie is, matchlesse.

Cynth. Now it resteth *Dipsas*, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, *Geron* hath promised againe to receive thee; otherwise if thou be wedded to that wickednesse, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

Dipsas. Madame, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hatefull trade; vowing to the gods continuall penance, and to your highnes obedience.

Cynth. How say you *Geron*, will you admit her to your wife?

Ger. I, with more joy then I did the first day, for nothing

could happen to make me happy, but onely her forsaking that leude and detestable course. *Dipsas* I embrace thee.

Dipsas. And I these *Geron*, to whom I will hereafter rectifie the cause of these my first follies.

Cynth. Well *Endimion*, nothing resteth now but that wee depart. Thou hast my favour, *Tellus* her friend, *Eumenides* in Paradise with his *Semele*, *Geron* contented with *Dipsas*.

Top. Nay soft, I cannot handsomely goe to bed without *Bagoa*.

Cynth. Well *Sir Tophas*, it may be there are more vertues in me then my selfe knoweth of; for I awaked *Endimion*, and at my words he waxed young; I will trie whether I can turne this tree againe to thy true love.

Top. Turne her to a true love or false, so shee bee a wench I care not.

Cynth. *Bagoa*, *Cynthia* putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee againe, if in my power be the effect of truth.

Top. *Bagoa*, a bots upon thee!

Cynth. Come my lords let us in. You *Gyptes* and *Pythagoras*, if you cannot content your selves in our court, to fall from vaine follies of philosophers to such vertues as are here practised, you shall be entertained according to your deserts; for *Cynthia* is no stepmother to strangers.

Pythag. I had rather in *Cynthia's* court spend ten yeeres, then in Greece one houre.

Gyptes. And I chuse rather to live by the sight of *Cynthia*, then by the possessing of all Egypt

Cynth. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Robert Greene was a dramatist who, in writing novels or short tales after the Italian fashion, followed the lead of John Lyly; but in his plays looked for support to the public at large. He was born at Norwich, it is said, about the year 1550, but more probably in 1560, in which case he would have been only four years older than Shakespeare. If the date of his birth be 1550, he would have taken his B.A. degree at the age of twenty-eight, which is not likely. He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the year of his graduation as B.A. was 1578. He travelled in Italy and Spain before graduating as M.A. in 1583. In "The Repentance of Robert Greene," a book wherein he makes the worst of himself, Greene said—"After I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts, I left the universitie, and away to London; where (after I had continued some short time, and driven my self out of credit with sundry of my frends), I became an author of playes, and a penner of love pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene?" In 1585 he termed himself on the title-page of one of his books "Student in Phisicke;" and in July, 1588, he was incorporated at Oxford, so that he could entitle himself Master of Arts of both the universities. Of the plays written by Robert Greene, only five have come down to us—"The

¹ A too ingenious writer has suggested that John Lyly meant young William Shakespeare by *Eudymon* with his "thoughts stretched to the stars," himself by *Eumenides*, Marlowe by *Sir Tophas*, the two parts of *Tamburlaine* by the two pages whom he calls "larks or wrens," and Robert Greene by *Corsites*! No doubt, *Cynthia* signifies Elizabeth.

History of Orlando Furioso," "A Looking-glass for London and England," "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," "The Scottish History of James IV," and "The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon." He may also have written "George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield." In "A Looking Glass for London and England," which was an acted play in March, 1592, Greene had for a fellow-worker Thomas Lodge.

Thomas Lodge was what Greene called himself in 1585, student of physic, and in after life made physic his profession. He was the son of a Lord Mayor, was born in London about 1558, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford. He entered to the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, was left out of his father's will, and turned from law to literature, then writing, like his friend Greene, novels and plays. A prose tale of



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN.

Lodge's, written in the manner of John Lyly and published in 1590, "Rosalynde. Euphues' Golden Legacy, found in his cell at Silixtra," was the foundation of Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It." This novel Lodge wrote at sea, when he joined an expedition against certain islands that belonged to Spain. In 1591, he was one of those who went with Cavendish on his last voyage.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND,

written not later than the year 1591, and first published in 1594, as "made by Thomas Lodge, gentleman, and Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister," is very religious in its tone. It sets forth a series of pictures of the corruption of life in Nineveh of old, blends them into sequence that connects them lightly with each other as a sort of tale; and, after each scene of the misdoing of Nineveh has been represented, points it directly as a lesson for London and England. The play is printed without division into acts, but the group of details forming each of the five acts is distinctly marked in treatment of the subject.



From Camden's Britannia, 1590.

CENE the first of the play shows Rasni, King of Nineveh, who enters "from the overthrow of Jeroboam, King of Jerusalem." The tributary Kings of Cilicia, Crete, and Paphlagonia enter with him. His speech mirrors earthly pride boasting itself against heaven. He is as arrogant as Marlowe's Tamburlaine, who thought kings honoured when they drew his coach and felt the whip of such a charioteer.

Rasni.

Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycus' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall.
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
A hundred lords do honour at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:
And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judea's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria.
Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,
Could not rebate¹ the strength that Rasni brought;
For be he God in heaven, yet, viceroys, know,
Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

The tributary kings echo this note of pride, each ending his flatteries with the line, "Rasni is god on earth, and none but he." But the King of Paphlagonia takes up the burden of praise only to be interrupted by the approach of Rasni's sister, fair Remilia:

She that hath stol'n the wealth of Rasni's looks,
And tied his thoughts within her lovely locks,
She that is loved and love unto your king!

Remilia enters with Radagon, an upstart courtier, who is a very poor man's son, and Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife. Remilia brings her own tribute of flattery to a brother who exchanges with her an unhallowed love. He seeks marriage with her, and she assents: "Thy sister born was for thy wife, my love." The King of Crete warns against the proposed marriage that defies nature and God, but is rebuked by the base upstart Radagon:

Presumptuous viceroy, dar'st thou check thy lord,
Or twit him with the laws that nature loves?
Is not great Rasni above Nature's reach,
God upon earth, and all his will is law?

The King of Crete continuing in protest, is deprived of his crown, which is given to Radagon, who next proceeds to flatter basely, and encourage Rasni's

¹ Rebate, beat back. Fr. "rabattre."

amorous regard to Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife. Then

Enter, brought in by an Angel, OSEAS the Prophet, and let down over the stage on a throne.

Angel. Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit Thou'rt brought from Jewry unto Nineveh;
So was Elias rapt within a storm.
And set upon Mount Carmel by the Lord:
For thou hast preach'd long to the stubborn Jews,
Whose flinty hearts have felt no sweet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Have still perséver'd in their wickedness.
Lo, I have brought thee unto Nineveh,
The rich and royal city of the world,
Pampered in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
As Sodom and Gomorrah full of sin.
The Lord looks down and cannot see one good,
Not one that covets to obey his will;
But wicked all from cradle to the crutch.
Note, then, Oseas, all their grievous sins,
And see the wrath of God that pays revenge;
And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
I'll carry thee to Jewry back again,
And seat thee in the great Jerusalem.
There shalt thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends down his hateful wrath for sin
On such as never heard his prophets speak:
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues
On such as hear the sweetness of his voice,
And yet obey not what his prophets speak.
Sit thee, Oseas, pondering in the spirit
The mightiness of these fond people's sins.

Oseas. The will of the Lord be done! *[Exit Angel.]*

Next follows a clown scene, typifying drunken excess of the ignorant. Adam, the smith's man, who is well instructed in the mystery of a pot of ale, enters with a clown and crew of ruffians "to go to drink." Adam and the clown dispute together, Adam magnifying his office of smith, and proceeding from the praise of the smith's craft to the praise of ale. The clowns and ruffians pass on to their stupid riot and excess, and the scene closes with the comment of the prophet who sits on the stage enthroned as spectator and chorus to the play.

Oseas. Iniquity seeks out companions still,
And mortal men are arméd to do ill.
London, look on, this matter nips thee near:
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer;
Spend less at board, and spare not at the door,
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor;
Else seeking mercy, being merciless,
Thou be adjudg'd to endless heaviness.

The next scene shows to London, in the mirror of Nineveh, wrongful and merciless craft of the usurers. The usurer enters between Thrasybulus, a young spendthrift, who has wasted ample means, and an honest debtor through necessity, Alcon, a poor man, father to the upstart courtier, Radagon. Thrasybulus, now that the time of payment has come, begins by affecting inability to pay.

Thrass. I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was great by the commodity I took up: you know, sir, I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings, which when I came to sell again, I could get but five pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteen pounds for my forty. In consideration of this ill bargain, I pray you, sir, give me a month longer.

Usurer. I answered thee afore, not a minute: what have I to do how thy bargain proved? I have thy hand set to my book that thou receivest forty pounds of me in money.

Thrass. Ay, sir, it was your device that, to colour the statute, but your conscience knows what I had.

Alc. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience; for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of an obligation as my blind mare, God bless her, hath over a manger of oats.

Thrass. Then there is no favour, sir?

Usurer. Come to-morrow to me, and see how I will use thee.

Thrass. No, covetous caterpillar, know that I have made extreme shift rather than I would fall into the hands of such a ravening panther: and therefore here is thy money, and deliver me the recognisance of my lands.

Usurer [aside]. What a spite is this,—hath sped of his crowns! if he had missed but one half-hour, what a goodly farm had I gotten for forty pounds! well, 'tis my cursed fortune. Oh, have I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance?

Thrass. Come, sir, will you despatch, and tell your money? *[It strikes four o'clock.]*

Usurer [aside]. Stay, what is this o'clock? four:—let me see,—“to be paid between the hours of three and four in the afternoon:” this goes right for me.—You, sir, hear you not the clock, and have you not a counterpane¹ of your obligation? The hour is past, it was to be paid between three and four; and now the clock hath stricken four: I will receive none, I'll stand to the forfeit of the recognisance.

Thrass. Why, sir, I hope you do but jest; why, 'tis but four, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before four.

Usurer. Why didst thou not tender thy money, then? If I offer thee injury, take the law of me, complain to the judge: I will receive no money.

Alc. Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good master for my cow. I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I have paid you eightpence a week, and for her meat you have had her milk, and I tell you, sir, she gives a pretty sup: now, sir, here is your money.

Usurer. Hang, beggarly knave! comest to me for a cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a penny, and was not thy day to have paid yesterday? Thou gettest no cow at my hand.

Alc. No cow, sir! alas, that word “no cow” goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drink in a frosty morning! “No cow,” sir! why, alas, alas, Master Usurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poor child?

Usurer. Thou gettest no cow of me, knave: I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

Alc. Nay, but hear you, Master Usurer: “no cow?” why, sir, here's your thirty shillings: I have paid you eightpence a week, and therefore there is reason I should have my cow.

Usurer. What pratest thou? have I not answered thee, thy day is broken?

¹ Counterpane. Old law phrase, for what is now called “the counterpart or copy of a deed.”

Alc. Why, sir, alas, my cow is a commonwealth to me! for first, sir, she allows me, my wife, and son, for to banquet ourselves withal, butter, cheese, whey, curds, cream, sod-milk, raw-milk, sour-milk, sweet-milk, and butter-milk: besides, sir, she saved me every year a penny in almanacs, for she was as good to me as a prognostication; if she had but set up her tail, and have galloped about the mead, my little boy was able to say, "O father, there will be a storm;" her very tail was a calendar to me: and now to lose my cow! alas, Master Usurer, take pity upon me!

Usurer. I have other matters to talk on: farewell, fellows.

Thras. Why, but, thou covetous churl, wilt thou not receive thy money, and deliver me my recognisance?

Usurer. I'll deliver thee none; if I have wronged thee, seek thy mends at the law. [Exit.]

Thras. And so I will, insatiable peasant.

Alc. And, sir, rather than I will put up this word "no cow," I will lay my wife's best gown to pawn. I tell you, sir, when the slave uttered this word "no cow," it struck to my heart, for my wife shall never have one so fit for her turn again.

Nay, sir, before I pocket up this word "no cow," my wife's gown goes to the lawyer: why, alas, sir, 'tis as ill a word to me as "no crown" to a king!

Thras. Well, fellow, go with me, and I'll help thee to a lawyer.

Alc. Marry, and I will, sir. No cow! well, the world goes hard. [Exeunt.]

Oseas. Where hateful usury
Is counted husbandry;
Where merciless men rob the poor,
And the needy are thrust out of door;
Where gain is held for conscience,
And men's pleasures are all on pence;
Where young gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the usurer's hands;
Where poverty is despis'd, and pity banish'd,
And mercy indeed utterly vanish'd;
Where men esteem more of money than of God;
Let that land look to feel his wrathful rod:
For there is no sin more odious in His sight
Than when usury defrauds the poor of his right.
London, take heed, these sins abound in thee;
The poor complain, the widows wronged be;
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoil'd:
The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toil'd:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

Here ends the First Act of the play. The Second Act opens with entrance of Rasni's sister Remilia, followed by Alvida, the King of Paphlagonia's wife, "and a train of ladies in all royalty." Remilia boasts her own beauty, and prepares her charms for marriage with her brother. She enters her tent at the sound of the approaching pomp of Rasni.

Remil.
Nymphs, eunuchs, sing, for Mavors draweth nigh;
Hide me in closure, let him long to look:
For were a goddess fairer than am I,
I'll scale the heavens to pull her from the place.

[They draw the curtains, and music plays.]

Alvi. Believe me, though she say that she is fairest,
I think my penny silver by her leave.

Enter RASNI, with RADAGON and Lords in pomp, who make a ward about RASNI; also the Magi in great pomp.

Rasni. Magi, for love of Rasni, by your art,
By magic frame an harbour out of hand
For fair Remilia to disport her in.

Meanwhile I will bethink me on further pomp.

[Exit.]

The Magi with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same rises a brave harbour: RASNI returns in another sail, while the trumpets sound.

Rasni. Blest be ye, men of art, that grace me thus,
And blessed be this day where Hymen hies
To join in union pride of heaven and earth!

[Lightning and thunder, wherewith REMILIA is stricken.]

What wondrous threatening noise is this I hear?
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I draw near Remilia's royal tent,
I waking dream of sorrow and mishap.

Radag. Dread not, O king, at ordinary chance;
These are but common exhalations,
Drawn from the earth, in substance hot and dry,
Or moist and thick, or meteors combust,
Matters and causes incident to time,
Enkindled in the fiery region first.
Tut! be not now a Roman augurer:
Approach the tent, look on Remilia.

Rasni. Thou hast confirm'd my doubts, kind Radagon.—
Now ope, ye folds, where queen of favour sits,
Carrying a net within her curl'd locks
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft;
Ope like th' imperial gates where Phœbus sits
Whenas he means to woo his Clytia.
Nocturnal cares, ye blemishers of bliss,
Cloud not mine eyes whilst I behold her face.—
Remilia, my delight!—she answereth not.

[He draws the curtains, and finds her stricken black with thunder.]

No balms can restore Remilia; but Rasni, at suggestion of Radagon, consoles himself at once by taking the King of Paphlagonia's wife, Alvida, for his love, and Oseas closes the scene with a warning against wantonness.

Fly, wantons, fly this pride and vain attire,
The seals to set your tender hearts on fire:
Be faithful to the promise you have past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last.

The next scene shows in the mirror of Nineveh to London and England a reflection of corrupted law. Alcon and Thrasybulus, seeking aid of justice against the usurer, "enter with the lawyer." After they have given their instructions each in characteristic manner,

Enter the Judge, attended, and the Usurer.

Usurer. Sir, here is forty angels¹ for you, and if at any time you want a hundred pound or two, 'tis ready at your command, or the feeding of three or four fat bullocks: whereas these needy slaves can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore I pray you, sir, favour my case.

Judge. Fear not, sir, I'll do what I can for you.

¹ Angels. An angel was a golden coin worth about ten shillings, with a figure of an angel on it.

Usurer. What, Master Lawyer, what make you here? mine adversary for these clients?

Lawyer. So it chanceth now, sir.

Usurer. I know you know the old proverb, "He is not wise that is not wise for himself;" I would not be disgraced in this action; therefore here is twenty angels; say nothing in the matter, or what you say, say to no purpose, for the Judge is my friend.

Lawyer. Let me alone, I'll fit your purpose.

Judge. Come, where are these fellows that are the plaintiffs? what can they say against this honest citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

Alc. Truly, Master Judge, he is a man much spoken of; marry, every man's cries are against him, and especially we; and therefore I think we have brought our Lawyer to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my cow with a pestilence.

Thras. Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is my counsellor: I beseech your honour be favourable to me in equity.

Judge. O, Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this gentleman's behalf?

Lawyer. Faith, sir, as yet little good.—Sir, tell you your own case to the Judge, for I have so many matters in my head, that I have almost forgotten it.

Thras. Is the wind in that door? Why, then, my lord, thus. I took up of this cursed Usurer, for so I may well term him, a commodity of forty pounds, whereof I received ten pound in money, and thirty pound in lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but five pounds: for the assurance of this bad commodity I bound him my land in recognisance; I came at my day, and tendered him his money, and he would not take it: for the redress of my open wrong I crave but justice.

Judge. What say you to this, sir?

Usurer. That first he had no lute-strings of me; for, look you, sir, I have his own hand to my book for the receipt of forty pound.

Thras. That was, sir, but a device of him to colour the statute.

Judge. Well, he hath thine own hand, and we can crave no more in law.—But now, sir, he says his money was tendered at the day and hour.

Usurer. This is manifest contrary, sir, and on that I will depose; for here is the obligation, "to be paid between three and four in the afternoon," and the clock struck four before he offered it, and the words be "between three and four," therefore to be tendered before four.

Thras. Sir, I was there before four, and he held me with brabbling till the clock struck, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept the recognisance of my land for so small a trifle.—Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you have your fee, you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me justice and right: I am a young gentleman, and speak for my patrimony.

Lawyer. Faith, sir, the case is altered; you told me it before in another manner: the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the Judge for favour.

Thras. O execrable bribery!

Alc. Faith, Sir Judge, I pray you let me be the gentleman's counsellor, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Usurer's clock is the swiftest clock in all the town: 'tis, sir, like a woman's tongue, it goes ever half an hour before the time; for when we were gone from him, other clocks in the town struck four.

Judge. Hold thy prating, fellow:—and you, young gentleman, this is my award: look better another time both to your bargains and to the payments; for I must give flat sentence

against you, that, for default of tendering the money between the hours, you have forfeited your recognisance, and he to have the land.

Thras. O inspeakable injustice!

Alc. O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Judge!

Judge. Now, you fellow, what have you to say for your matter?

Alc. Master Lawyer, I laid my wife's gown to pawn for your fees: I pray you, to this gear.

Lawyer. Alas, poor man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thyself.

Alc. I hold my cap to a noble that the Usurer hath given him some gold, and he, chewing it in his mouth, hath got the toothache that he cannot speak.

Judge. Well, sirrah, I must be short, and therefore say on.

Alc. Master Judge, I borrowed of this man thirty shillings, for which I left him in pawn my good cow; the bargain was, he should have eighteen-pence a week, and the cow's milk for usury: now, sir, as soon as I had gotten the money, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his money, and keeps my cow, sir.

Judge. Why, thou hast given sentence against thyself, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy cow.

Alc. Master Lawyer, now for my ten shillings.

Lawyer. Faith, poor man, thy case is so bad, I shall but speak against thee.

Alc. 'Twere good, then, I should have my ten shillings again.

Lawyer. 'Tis my fee, fellow, for coming: wouldst thou have me come for nothing?

Alc. Why, then, am I like to go home, not only with no cow, but no gown: this gear goes hard.

Judge. Well, you have heard what favour I can show you: I must do justice.—Come, Master Mizaldo,—and you, sir, go home with me to dinner.

Alc. Why, but, Master Judge, no cow!—and,

Master Lawyer, no gown!

Then must I clean run out of the town.

[*Exeunt Judge, attended, Lawyer, and Usurer.*]

How cheer you, gentleman? you cry "No lands" too; the Judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubbed you Sir John Lack-land.

Thras. O miserable time, wherein gold is above God!

Alc. Fear not, man; I have yet a fetch to get thy lands and my cow again, for I have a son in the court, that is either a king or a king's fellow, and to him will I go and complain on the Judge and the Usurer both.

Thras. And I will go with thee, and entreat him for my case.

Alc. But how shall I go home to my wife, when I shall have nothing to say unto her but "no cow?" alas, sir, my wife's faults will fall upon me!

Thras. Fear not; let's go; I'll quiet her, shalt see.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oseas. Fly, judges, fly corruption in your court; The Judge of Truth hath made your judgment short.

Look so to judge, that at the latter day

Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray.

Who passeth judgment for his private gain,

He well may judge he is adjudg'd to pain.

The next scene is with Adam and the crew of ruffians returning drunken from the ale. Wild in light quarrel, one ruffian slays another, and they pass on; but Adam, in his drunkenness, falls over the body of the slain man, and the dead drunk lies upon the dead. Then

Enter RASNI, ALVIDA, the KING OF CILICIA, Lords, and Attendants.

Rasni. What slaughter'd wretch lies bleeding here his last,
So near the royal palace of the king?
Search out if any one be biding nigh,
That can discourse the manner of his death.—
Seat thee, fair Alvida, the fair of fairs;
Let not the object once offend thine eyes.

First Lord. Here's one sits here asleep, my lord.

Rasni. Wake him, and make inquiry of this thing.

First Lord. Sirrah you! hearest thou, fellow?

Adam. If you will fill a fresh pot, here's a penny, or else
farewell, gentle tapster.

First Lord. He is drunk, my lord.

Rasni. We'll sport with him, that Alvida may laugh.

First Lord. Sirrah, thou fellow, thou must come to the king.

Adam. I will not do a stroke of work to-day, for the ale is
good ale, and you can ask but a penny for a pot, no more by
the statute.

First Lord. Villain, here's the king; thou must come to
him.

Adam. The king come to an ale-house!—Tapster, fill me
three pots.—Where's the king? is this he?—Give me your
hand, sir: as good ale as ever was tapt; you shall drink
while your skin crack.

Rasni. But hearest thou, fellow, who killed this man?

Adam. I'll tell you, sir,—if you did taste of the ale,—all
Nineveh hath not such a cup of ale, it flowers in the cup, sir;
by my troth, I spent eleven pence, beside three races of
ginger¹—

Rasni. Answer me, knave, to my question, how came this
man slain?

Adam. Slain! why, the ale is strong ale, 'tis huffcap; I
warrant you, 'twill make a man well.—Tapster, ho! for the
king a cup of ale and a fresh toast; here's two races more.

Alvi. Why, good fellow, the king talks not of drink; he
would have thee tell him how this man came dead.

Adam. Dead! nay, I think I am alive yet, and will drink
a full pot ere night: but hear ye, if ye be the wench that
filled us drink, why, so, do your office, and give us a fresh
pot; or if you be the tapster's wife, why, so, wash the glass
clean.

Alvi. He is so drunk, my lord, there is no talking with
him.

Adam. Drunk! nay, then, wench, I am not drunk . . .
I tell thee I am not drunk, I am a smith, I.

First Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Enter the Smith.

Smith. God save you, master.

Rasni. Smith, canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it please your highness, my man here and a
crew of them went to the ale-house, and came out so drunk
that one of them killed another: and now, sir, I am fain to
leave my shop, and come to fetch him home.

Rasni. Some of you carry away the dead body: drunken
men must have their fits; and, sirrah smith, hence with thy
man.

Smith. Sirrah you, rise, come go with me.

Adam. If we shall have a pot of ale, let's have it, here's
money; hold, tapster, take my purse.

Smith. Come, then, with me; the pot stands full in the
house.

Adam. I am for you, let's go, thou'rt an honest tapster:
we'll drink six pots ere we part.

[*Exeunt Smith, ADAM; and Attendants with the
dead body.*]

Rasni and Alvida, having made sport with the
degradation of drunkenness, sink lower themselves;
and in a draught of Greek wine, in which she asks
for a love-pledge from her forgiving husband, Alvida
slays him with swift poison. Upon Rasni's praise
of the deed, follows the stern comment of Oseas that
closes the Second Act of the play.

The Third Act opens with another prophet, used in
this place as type of the preacher who is unfaithful
in delivering God's message to the world.

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. From forth the depth of my imprison'd soul
Steal you, my sighs, to testify my pain;
Convey on wings of mine immortal tone
My zealous prayers unto the starry throne.
Ah, merciful and just, thou dreadful God!
Where is thine arm to lay revengeful strokes
Upon the heads of our rebellious race?
Lo, Israel, once that flourish'd like the vine,
Is barren laid; the beautiful increase
Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeal
Encampeth there where virtue was enthron'd:
Alas! the while the widow wants relief,
The fatherless is wrong'd by naked need,
Devotion sleeps in cinders of contempt,
Hypocrisy infects the holy priest!
Ay me, for this! woe me, for these misdeeds!
Alone I walk to think upon the world,
And sigh to see thy prophets so contemn'd,
Alas, contemn'd by curséd Israel!
Yet, Jonas, rest content, 'tis Israel's sin
That causeth this; then muse no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy own amends.

An Angel appears to JONAS.

Angel. Amittai's son, I charge thee muse no more:
I AM hath power to pardon and correct;
To thee pertains to do the Lord's command.
Go girt thy loins, and haste thee quickly hence;
To Nineveh, that mighty city, wend,
And say this message from the Lord of hosts,
Preach unto them these tidings from thy God;—
"Behold, thy wickedness hath tempted me,
And piercéd through the nine-fold orbs of heaven:
Repent, or else thy judgment is at hand."

[*This said, the Angel vanishes.*]

Jonas. Prostrate I lie before the Lord of hosts,
With humble ears intending his behest:
Ah, honour'd be Jehovah's great command!
Then Jonas must to Nineveh repair,
Commanded as the prophet of the Lord.
Great dangers on this journey do await,
But dangers none where heaven directs the course.
What should I deem? I see, yea, sighing see,
How Israel sins, yet knows the way of truth,
And thereby grows the bye-word of the world.
How, then, should God in judgment be so strict
'Gainst those who never heard or knew his power,
To threaten utter ruin of them all?
Should I report this judgment of my God,
I should incite them more to follow sin,

¹ Races of ginger, roots: French "race," from Latin "radix." This
is the word in the phrase "human race." In a horse-race or a mill-
race, the word is from First-English "ræ's," a rush.

And publish to the world my country's blame:
It may not be, my conscience tells me—no.
Ah, Jonas, wilt thou prove rebellious, then?
Consider, ere thou fall, what error is.
My mind misgives: to Joppa will I fly,
And for a while to Tharsus shape my course,
Until the Lord unfret his angry brows.

Enter certain Merchants of Tharsus, a Master, and some Sailors.

Mas. Come on, brave merchants; now the wind doth serve,
And sweetly blows a gale at west-south-west,
Our yards across, our anchors on the pike,¹
What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale?

First Mer. Sailors, convey our budgets straight aboard,
And we will recompense your pains at last:
If once in safety we may Tharsus see,
Master, we'll feast these merry mates and thee.

Mas. Meanwhile content yourselves with silly cates;²
Our beds are boards, our feasts are full of mirth:
We use no pomp, we are the lords of sea;
When princes sweat in care, we swink³ of glee.
Orion's shoulders and the Pointers serve
To be our loadstars in the lingering night;
The beauties of Arcturus we behold;
And though the sailor is no bookman held,
He knows more art than ever bookmen read.

First Sai. By heavens, well said in honour of our trade!
Let's see the proudest scholar steer his course,
Or shift his tides, as silly sailors do;
Then will we yield them praise, else never none.

First Mer. Well spoken, fellow, in thine own behalf.
But let us hence; wind tarries none, you wot,
And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

Mas. March to the haven, merchants; I follow you.

[Exeunt Merchants.]

Jonas [aside]. Now doth occasion further my desires;
I find companions fit to aid my flight.—
Stay, sir, I pray, and hear a word or two.

Mas. Say on, good friend, but briefly, if you please;
My passengers by this time are aboard.

Jonas. Whither pretend⁴ you to embark yourselves?

Mas. To Tharsus, sir, and here in Joppa-haven
Our ship is prest,⁵ and ready to depart.

Jonas. May I have passage for my money, then?

Mas. What not for money? pay ten silverlings,
You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

Jonas [giving money]. Hold, take thine hire; I follow thee,
my friend.

Mas. Where is your budget? let me bear it, sir.

Jonas. Go on in peace;⁶ who sail as I do now
Put trust in Him who succoureth every want. *[Exeunt.]*

Oseas. When prophets, new-inspir'd, presume to force
And tie the power of heaven to their conceits;
When fear, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtle craft, their thoughts disguise,

Woe to the flock whereas the shepherd's foul!
For, lo, the Lord at unawares shall plague
The careless guide, because his flocks do stray.
The axe already to the tree is set:
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

Then enters Thrasybulus with the poor old man Alcon, who is accompanied by his wife Samia and Clesiphon his younger son. The law having failed to right their wrong, they are looking now to Alcon's influence at Court, through his son Radagon, who by flattery has risen to vice-royal state.

Enter ALCON, THRASYBULUS, SAMIA, and CLESIPHON.

Cles. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want!

Sam. Ah, little boy, how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies!
Thy father's slender portion in this world
By usury and false deceit is lost:
No charity within this city bides,
All for themselves, and none to help the poor.

Cles. Father, shall Clesiphon have no relief?

Alc. Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must
feed upon proverbs now; as "Necessity hath no law," "A
churl's feast is better than none at all:" for other remedies
have we none, except thy brother Radagon help us.

Sam. Is this thy slender care to help our child?
Hath nature arm'd thee to no more remorse?
Ah, cruel man, unkind and pitiless!—
Come, Clesiphon, my boy, I'll beg for thee.

Cles. Oh, how my mother's mourning moveth me!

Alc. Nay, you shall pay me interest for getting the boy.
wife, before you carry him hence: alas, woman, what can
Alcon do more? I'll pluck the belly out of my heart for
thee, sweet Samia; be not so waspish.

Sam. Ah, silly man, I know thy want is great,
And foolish I to crave where nothing is.
Haste, Alcon, haste, make haste unto our son;
Who, since he is in favour of the king,
May help this hapless gentleman and us
For to regain our goods from tyrants' hands.

Thras. Have patience, Samia, wait your weal from heaven:
The gods have rais'd your son, I hope, for this,
To succour innocents in their distress.
Lo, where he comes from the imperial court;
Go, let us prostrate us before his feet.

Alc. Nay, by my troth, I'll never ask my son blessing:
che trow, cha⁷ taught him his lesson to know his father.

Enter RADAGON attended.

What, son Radagon! if faith, boy, how dost thee?

Radag. Villain, disturb me not; I cannot stay.

Alc. Tut, son, I'll help you of that disease quickly, for I
can hold thee: . . .

Radag. Traitor unto my princely majesty,
How dar'st thou lay thy hands upon a king?

Sam. No traitor, Radagon, but true is he:

What, hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To scorn thy father when he visits thee?
Alas, my son! behold with ruthless eyes
Thy parents robb'd of all their worldly weal
By subtle means of usury and guile:
The judge's ears are deaf and shut up close;
All mercy sleeps: then be thou in these plunges

¹ Anchors on the pike, Fr. "à pique." An anchor was said to be "à pique," "apeek," when the ship was drawn so directly over it that between anchor and ship the cable was tightly stretched in a perpendicular line.

² Silly cates, simple provisions. "Cates" and "acates," from Old French "acats;" "acheter," to buy. We still use the word from the same root "cater."

³ Swink, toil. First-English "swin-an," to labour.

⁴ Pretend, hold or set before; literally, stretch out before, propose.

⁵ Prest, French "prêt," ready

⁶ Go on in peace. The original has "To one in peace," which I take to be a misprint.

⁷ Che trow, cha, I believe I have. See Note 5, page 71.

A pattern to thy mother in her pains:
Behold thy brother almost dead for food:
Oh, succour us, that first did succour thee!

Radag. What, succour me! false callet,¹ hence, avaunt!
Old dotard, pack! move not my patience:
I know you not; kings never look so low.

Sam. You know us not! O Radagon, you know
That, knowing us, you know your parents then;
Thou know'st this womb first brought thee forth to light:
I know these paps did foster thee, my son.

Alc. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread and
cheese at my hands, as proud as he is; that know I.

Thras. I wait no hope of succour in this place,
Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

Radag. Dare you enforce the furrows of revenge
Within the brows of royal Radagon?
Villain, avaunt! hence, beggars, with your brats!—
Marshal, why whip you not these rogues away,
That thus disturb our royal majesty?

Cles. Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a king;
For why, methink, my brother in these fits
Hath got a kingdom, but hath lost his wits.

Radag. Yet more contempt before my royalty?
Slaves, fetch out tortures worse than Tityus' plagues,
And tear their tongues from their blasphemous heads.

Thras. I'll get me gone, though woe-begone with grief:
No hope remains:—come, Alcon, let us wend.

Radag. 'Twere best you did, for fear you catch your bane.
[Exit THRASYBULUS.]

Sam. Nay, traitor, I will haunt thee to the death:
Ungracious son, untoward, and perverse,
I'll fill the heavens with echoes of thy pride,
And ring in every ear thy small regard,
That dost despise thy parents in their wants;
And breathing forth my soul before thy feet,
My curses still shall haunt thy hateful head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

Enter RASNI, attended on by his Magi and Kings.

Rasni. How now! what mean these outeries in our court,
Where naught should sound but harmonies of heaven?
What maketh Radagon so passionate?

Sam. Justice, O king, justice against my son!

Rasni. Thy son! what son?

Sam. This curséd Radagon.

Radag. Dread monarch, this is but a lunacy,
Which grief and want hath brought the woman to.—
What, doth this passion hold you every moon?

Sam. O politic in sin and wickedness,
Too impudent for to delude thy prince!—
O Rasni, this same womb first brought him forth.
This is his father, worn with care and age;
This is his brother, poor unhappy lad;
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him.
With tedious toil we got our little good,
And brought him up to school with mickle charge:
Lord, how we joy'd to see his towardness!
And to ourselves we oft in silence said,

¹ *Callet*, scold; used formerly as a term of great contempt. In the East Riding of Yorkshire the word "callit" is still used for a scold, and "to call" is to scold. The first sense of the Scandinavian "kalla," whence our "call," was to cry aloud or shout, and in Old and Middle High German the word had only the sense of loud talking. In the "Winter's Tale," act ii., sc. 3, Leontes calls Paulina "A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me."

This youth when we are old may succour us.
But now preferr'd and lifted up by thee,
We quite destroy'd by curséd usury,
He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

Cles. He plays the serpent right, describ'd in Esop's tale,
That sought the foster's death, that lately gave him life.

Alc. Nay, an please your majesty-ship, for proof he was
my child, search the parish-book: the clerk will swear it,
his godfathers and godmothers can witness it: it cost me
forty pence in ale and cakes on the wives at his christening.
—Hence, proud king! thou shalt never more have my
blessing.

Rasni. [taking RADAGON apart.] Say sooth in secret,
Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Radag. Mighty king, he is;
I blushing tell it to your majesty.

Rasni. Why dost thou, then, contemn him and his friends?

Radag. Because he is a base and abject swain,

My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Unmeet to be allied unto a king:
Should I, that look on Rasni's countenance,
And march amidst his royal equipage,
Embase myself to speak to such as they?
'Twere impious so to impair the love
That mighty Rasni bears to Radagon.
I would your grace would quit them from your sight,
That dare presume to look on Jove's compare.

Rasni. I like thy pride, I praise thy policy;
Such should they be that wait upon my court:

Let me alone to answer, Radagon.—
Villains, seditious traitors, as you be,
That scandalise the honour of a king,
Depart my court, you stales of impudence,
Unless you would be parted from your limbs!
So base for to entitle fatherhood
To Rasni's friend, to Rasni's favourite.

Radag. Hence, begging scold! hence, caitiff clogg'd with
years!

On pain of death, revisit not the court.
Was I conceiv'd by such a scurvy trull,
Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?
Go, losel, trot it to the cart and spade!
Thou art unmeet to look upon a king,
Much less to be the father of a king.

Alc. You may see, wife, what a goodly piece of work you
have made: have I taught you arsmetry,² as *additioni multi-*
plicarum, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy,
and to be banished for my labour? O pitiful hearing!—
Come, Clesiphon, follow me.

Cles. Brother, beware: I oft have heard it told,
That sons who do their fathers scorn shall beg when they be
old.

Radag. Hence, bastard boy, for fear you taste the whip!
[Exit ALCON and CLESIPHON.]

Sam. O all you heavens, and you eternal powers
That sway the sword of justice in your hands.
(If mother's curses for her son's contempt
May fill the balance of your fury full,)
Pour down the tempest of your direful plagues
Upon the head of curséd Radagon!

[A flame of fire appears from beneath, and RADAGON
is swallowed.]

So you are just: now triumph, Samia!

Rasni. What exorcising charm, or hateful hag,

[Exit.]

² *Arsmetrica*, arithmetic.

Hath ravished the pride of my delight?
 What tortuous planets, or malevolent
 Conspiring power, repining destiny,
 Hath made the concave of the earth uncloze,
 And shut in ruptures lovely Radagon?
 If I be lord commander of the clouds,
 King of the earth, and sovereign of the seas,
 What daring Saturn, from his fiery den,
 Doth dart these furious flames amidst my court?
 I am not chief, there is more great than I:
 What, greater than th' Assyrian Satrapos?
 It may not be, and yet I fear there is,
 That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

First Magus. Monarch, and potentate of all our provinces,
 Muse not so much upon this accident,
 Which is indeed nothing miraculous.
 The hill of Sicily, dread sovereign,
 Sometime on sudden doth evacuate
 Whole flakes of fire, and spews out from below
 The smoky brands that Vulcan's bellows drive:
 Whether by winds enclosed in the earth,
 Or fracture of the earth by rivers' force,
 Such chances as was this are often seen;
 Whole cities sunk, whole countries drownéd quite.
 Then muse not at the loss of Radagon,
 But frolic with the dalliance of your love.
 Let cloths of purple, set with studs of gold,
 Embellished with all the pride of earth,
 Be spread for Alvida to sit upon:
 Then thou, like Mars courting the queen of love,
 May'st drive away this melancholy fit.

Rasni. The proof is good and philosophical;
 And more, thy counsel plausible and sweet.—
 Come, lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
 Earth will repay him many Radagons,
 And Alvida with pleasant looks revive
 The heart that droops for want of Radagon.

Oseas. When disobedience reigneth in the child,
 And princes' ears by flattery be beguil'd;
 When laws do pass by favour, not by truth;
 When falsehood swarmeth both in old and youth;
 When gold is made a god to wrong the poor,
 And charity exil'd from rich men's door;
 When men by wit do labour to disprove
 The plagues for sin sent down by God above;
 When great men's ears are stopt to good advice,
 And apt to hear those tales that feed their vice:
 Woe to the land! for from the east shall rise
 A Lamb of peace, the scourge of vanities,
 The judge of truth, the patron of the just,
 Who soon will lay presumption in the dust,
 And give the humble poor their hearts' desire,
 And doom the worldlings to eternal fire:
 Repent all you that hear, for fear of plagues!
 O London, this and more doth swarm in thee.
 Repent! repent! for why, the Lord doth see.
 With trembling pray, and mend what is amiss;
 The sword of justice drawn already is.

The next scene opens between Adam and the Smith's wife; the Smith enters, the man beats his master, and the wife is without care for the husband. The prophet's comment upon this is followed by the last scene of this act.

Oseas. Where servants against masters do rebel,
 The commonweal may be accounted hell;

For if the feet the head shall hold in scorn,
 The city's state will fall and be forlorn.
 This error, London, waiteth on thy state:
 Servants, amend, and, masters, leave to hate;
 Let love abound, and virtue reign in all;
 So God will hold his hand, that threateneth thrall.

Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the Master of the Ship, and some Sailors, wet from the sea; with them the Governor of Joppa.

Gov. What strange encounters met you on the sea,
 That thus your bark is batter'd by the floods,
 And you return thus sea-wreck'd as I see?

First Mer. Most mighty Governor, the chance is strange,
 The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
 Which, better than we, our Master can report.

Gov. Master, discourse us all the accident.

Mas. The fair Triones with their glimmering light
 Smil'd at the foot of dear Bootes' wain,
 And in the north, distinguishing the hours,
 The loadstar of our course dispers'd his clear;
 When to the seas with blitheful western blasts
 We sail'd amain, and let the bowling fly.
 Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
 But, lo, an host of black and sable clouds
 'Gan to eclipse Lucina's silver face;
 And, with a hurling noise from forth the south,
 A gust of wind did rear the billows up.
 Then scantled we our sails with speedy hands,
 And took our drablers from our bonnets' straight,
 And sever'd our bonnets from our courses:
 Our topsails up, we truss our spritsails in;
 But vainly strive they that resist the heavens.
 For, lo, the waves incense them more and more,
 Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth;
 Our bark is batter'd by encountering storms,
 And well-nigh stemm'd by breaking of the floods.
 The steersman, pale and careful, holds his helm,
 Wherein the trust of life and safety lay:
 Till all at once (a mortal tale to tell)
 Our sails were split by Bisa's bitter blast,²
 Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.
 There might you see, with pale and ghastly looks,
 The dead in thought, and doleful merchants lift
 Their eyes and hands unto their country's gods.
 The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,
 A sacrifice to 'suage proud Neptune's ire.
 Only alone a man of Israel,
 A passenger, did under hatches lie,
 And slept secure, when we for succour pray'd:
 Him I awoke, and said, "Why slumberest thou?
 Arise, and pray, and call upon thy god;
 He will perhaps in pity look on us."
 Then cast we lots to know by whose amiss
 Our mischief came, according to the guise;
 And, lo, the lot did unto Jonas fall,
 The Israelite of whom I told you last.
 Then question we his country and his name;

¹ Took our drablers from our bonnets. "Drabber, an additional part of a sail, sometimes laced to the bottom of the bonnet of a square sail in ships and schooners." (Falconer's "Marine Dictionary," which defines "Bonnet, an additional part laced to the bottom of the mainsail and foresail of some small vessels, in moderate winds.") Lodge's seafaring experience is turned to account in the description of the voyage of Jonah, which is doubtless from his hand.
² Bisa's bitter blast. The Bise is a cold north wind, like the mistral that often blows on the northern coasts of the Mediterranean.

Who answer'd us, "I am an Hebrew born,
 Who fear the Lord of heaven who made the sea,
 And fled from him; for which we all are plagu'd:
 So, to assuage the fury of my God,
 Take me and cast my carcass in the sea;
 Then shall this stormy wind and billow cease."
 The heavens they know, the Hebrew's god can tell,
 How loath we were to execute his will:
 But when no oars nor labour might suffice,
 We heav'd the hapless Jonas overboard.
 So ceas'd the storm, and calm'd all the sea,
 And we by strength of oars recover'd shore.

Gov. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence!

First Mer. Ah, honour'd be the god that wrought the same!

For we have vow'd, that saw his wondrous works,
 To cast away profan'd paganism,
 And count the Hebrew's god the only god:
 To him this offering of the purest gold,
 This myrrh and cassia, freely I do yield.

Second Mer. And on his altar's fume these Turkey cloths,
 This gassampine¹ and gold, I'll sacrifice.

First Sai. To him my heart and thoughts I will addict.
 Then suffer us, most mighty Governor,
 Within your temples to do sacrifice.

Gov. You men of Tharsus, follow me,
 Who sacrifice unto the God of heaven;
 And welcome, friends, to Joppa's Governor.

[*Exeunt. A sacrifice.*]

Oseas. If warn'd once, the ethnics² thus repent,
 And at the first their error do lament,
 What senseless beasts, devour'd in their sin,
 Are they whom long persuasions cannot win!
 Beware, ye western cities,—where the word
 Is daily preach'd, both at church and board,
 Where majesty the gospel doth maintain,
 Where preachers, for your good, themselves do pain,—
 To dally long and still protract the time;
 The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime:
 Presume not far, delay not to amend;
 Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
 Cast thy account, O London, in this case,
 Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace!

Here ends the Third Act, and the Fourth opens
 with this scene:—

JONAS is cast out of the whale's belly upon the stage.

Jonas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
 Behold, thy hands of mercy rear me up!
 Lo, from the hideous bowels of this fish
 Thou hast return'd me to the wish'd air!
 Lo, here, apparent witness of thy power,
 The proud leviathan that scours the seas
 And from his nostrils showers out stormy floods,
 Whose back resists the tempest of the wind,
 Whose presence makes the scaly troops to shake,
 With humble stress of his broad-open'd chaps,
 Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods!
 Thus, though my sin hath drawn me down to death,
 Thy mercy hath restored me to life.
 Bow ye, my knees; and you, my bashful eyes,

Weep so for grief as you to water would.
 In trouble, Lord, I call'd unto thee,
 Out of the belly of the deepest hell;
 I cried, and thou didst hear my voice, O God!
 'Tis thou hadst cast me down into the deep:
 The seas and floods did compass me about;
 I thought I had been cast from out thy sight;
 The weeds were wrapt about my wretched head;
 I went unto the bottom of the hills:
 But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me up!
 On thee I thought whenas my soul did faint:
 My prayers did prease³ before thy mercy-seat.
 Then will I pay my vows unto the Lord,
 For why, salvation cometh from his throne.

The Angel appears.

Angel. Jonas, arise, get thee to Nineveh,
 And preach to them the preachings that I bade;
 Haste thee to see the will of heaven perform'd.

Jonas. Jehovah, I am prest⁴ to do thy will.

[*The Angel departs.*]

What coast is this, and where am I arriv'd?
 Behold sweet Lycus streaming in his bounds,
 Bearing the walls of haughty Nineveh
 Whereas three hundred towers do tempt the heaven.
 Fair are thy walls, pride of Assyria;
 But, lo, thy sins have pierc'd through the clouds!
 Here will I enter boldly, since I know
 My God commands, whose power no power resists. [Exit.]

Oseas. You prophets, learn by Jonas how to live;
 Repent your sins, whilst he doth warning give.
 Who knows his master's will, and doth it not,
 Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

The next scene shows first the fickle wantonness
 of Alvida, whose fancy wanders to the King of
 Cilicia. She tempts him in vain with blandishment
 and song:—

Song.

Beauty, alas! where wast thou born,
 Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
 Whenas Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
 Thou by Beauty dost undo me:
 Heigh-ho, despise me not!
 I and thou, in sooth, are one,
 Fairer thou, I fairer none:
 Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
 Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
 Do me right, and do me reason;
 Cruelty is curs'd treason:
 Heigh-ho, I love! heigh-ho, I love!
 Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

She faints when Rasni enters, and awakes from
 her fainting to false protestation of her love for him.
 Then

*Enter the Priests of the Sun, with mitres on their heads,
 carrying fire in their hands.*

First Priest. All hail unto th' Assyrian deity!

Rasni. Priests, why presume you to disturb my peace?

First Priest. Rasni, the Destinies disturb thy peace.
 Behold, amidst the adyts⁵ of our gods,

¹ Gassampine, French "gossampine," the cotton-tree; Latin "gossypium." "Gossamer" is from the same word.

² Ethnics, gentiles.

³ Prease, press.

⁴ Prest, ready.

⁵ Adyts, approaches to the temples.

Our mighty gods, the patrons of our war,
The ghosts of dead men howling walk about,
Crying "*Væ, væ*, woe to this city, woe!"
The statues of our gods are thrown down,
And streams of blood our altars do distain.

Alc. [*starting up*]. Alas, my Lord, what tidings do I hear?
Shall I be slain?

Rasni. Who tempteth Alvida?
Go, break me up the brazen doors of dreams,
And bind me curséd Morpheus in a chain,
And fetter all the fancies of the night
Because they do disturb my Alvida.

[*A hand from out a cloud threatens with a
burning sword.*]

K. of Cil. Behold, dread prince, a burning sword from
heaven,

Which by a threatening arm is brandishéd!

Rasni. What! am I threaten'd, then, amidst my throne?
Sages, you Magi, speak; what meaneth this?

First Magus. These are but clammy exhalations,
Or retrograde conjunctions of the stars,
Or oppositions of the greater lights,
Or radiations finding matter fit,
That in the starry sphere kindled be;
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my lord the king.

Rasni. Then frolic, viceroys, kings, and potentates;
Drive all vain fancies from your feeble minds.
Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Alvida and I, in pearl and gold,
Will quaff unto our nobles richest wine,
In spite of fortune, fate, or destiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oseas. Woe to the trains of women's foolish lust,
In wedlock rites that yield but little trust,
That vow to one, yet common be to all!
Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.
Woe to the land where warnings profit nought!
Who say that Nature God's decrees hath wrought;
Who build on fate, and leave the corner-stone,
The God of gods, sweet Christ, the only one.
If such escapes, O London, reign in thee,
Repent, for why, each sin shall punish'd be:
Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nigh;
Deter not time; who knows when he shall die?

Then follows a clown scene opened by one masking
in devil's attire, who lies in wait to terrify Adam, the
smith's man. When Adam enters with the smith's
wife, she flies, but Adam remains for a comic dialogue,
which ends with his beating the devil. He does this
when he has offered, as a smith, to shoe him, and
taking his foot in hand found he was no devil, because
he had not a hoof. Then we see Thrasybulus and
Alcon driven by want and injustice to live by theft.

[*Enter THRASYBULUS.*]

Thras. Loath'd is the life that now enforce'd I lead;
But since necessity will have it so,
(Necessity it doth command the gods.)
Through every coast and corner now I pry,
To pilfer what I can to buy me meat.
Here have I got a cloak, not over old,
Which will afford some little sustenance:
Now will I to the broking Usurer,
To make exchange of ware for ready coin.

[*Enter ALCON, SAMIA, and CLESIPHON.*]

Alc. Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a prize! mark
the posy: I cut this from a new-married wife by the help of
a horn-thumb and a knife,—six shillings, four pence.

Sam. The better luck ours: but what have we here, cast
apparel? Come away, man, the Usurer is near: this is dead
ware, let it not bide on our hands.

Thras. [*aside*]. Here are my partners in my poverty,
Enforc'd to seek their fortunes as I do:

Alas, that few men should possess the wealth,
And many souls be forc'd to beg or steal!—
Alcon, well met.

Alc. Fellow beggar, whither now?

Thras. To the Usurer, to get gold on commodity.

Alc. And I to the same place, to get a vent for my villany.
See where the old crust comes: let us salute him.

[*Enter Usurer.*]

God speed, sir: may a man abuse your patience upon a pawn?

Usurer. Friend, let me see it.

Alc. *Ecce signum!* a fair doublet and hose, new-bought out
of the pilferer's shop, a handsome cloak.

Usurer. How were they gotten?

Thras. How catch the fishermen fish? Master, take them
as you think them worth: we leave all to your conscience.

Usurer. Honest men, toward me, good men, my friends,
like to prove good members, use me, command me; I will
maintain your credits. There's money: now spend not your
time in idleness; bring me commodity; I have crowns for
you: there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee.

[*Gives money.*]

Alc. A bargain.—Now, Samia, have at it for a new smock!
—Come, let us to the spring of the best liquor: whilst this
lasts, trillill!

Usurer. Good fellows, proper fellows, my companions,
farewell: I have a pot for you.

Sam. [*aside*]. If he could spare it.

[*Enter JONAS.*]

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The day of horror and of torment comes;
When greedy hearts shall glutted be with fire,
Whenas corruptions veil'd shall be unmask'd,
When briberies shall be repaid with bane,
When [foul lusts] shall be recompens'd in hell,
When riot shall with rigour be rewarded,
Whenas neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdain of poor men, fatherless, and sick,
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out;
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown.

[*Exit.*]

Usurer. Confus'd in thought, oh, whither shall I wend?

[*Exit.*]

Thras. My conscience cries, that I have done amiss. [*Exit.*]

Alc. O God of heaven, 'gainst thee have I offended!

Sam. Asham'd of my misdeeds, where shall I hide me?

Cles. Father, methinks this word "repent" is good:

He that doth punish disobedience

Doth hold a scourge for every privy fault.

[*Exit with ALCON and SAMIA.*]

Oseas. Look, London, look; with inward eyes behold
What lessons the events do here unfold.
Sin grown to pride, to misery is thrall:

The warning-bell is rung, beware to fall.
 Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on high,
 Beware and fear, for worldly men must die.
 The time shall come, where least suspect remains,
 The sword shall light upon the wisest brains;
 The head that deems to overtop the sky,
 Shall perish in his human policy.
 Lo, I have said, when I have said the truth,
 When will is law, when folly guideth youth,
 When show of zeal is prank'd in robes of zeal,
 When ministers poll the pride of common weal,
 When law is made a labyrinth of strife,
 When honour yields him friend to wicked life,
 When princes hear by others' ears their folly,
 When usury is most accounted holy;
 If these shall hap, as would to God they might not,
 The plague is near: I speak, although I write not.

Enter the Angel.

Angel. Oseas.

Oseas. Lord?

Angel. Now hath thine eye perus'd these heinous sins,
 Hateful unto the mighty Lord of hosts.
 The time is come, their sins are waxen ripe,
 And though the Lord forewarns, yet they repent not;
 Custom of sin hath harden'd all their hearts.
 Now comes revenge, arm'd with mighty plagues,
 To punish all that live in Nineveh;
 For God is just as he is merciful,
 And doubtless plagues all such as scorn repent.
 Thou shall not see the desolation
 That falls unto these curs'd Ninevites,
 But shalt return to great Jerusalem,
 And preach unto the people of thy God
 What mighty plagues are incident to sin,
 Unless repentance mitigate his ire:
 Rapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,
 I'll seat thee in Judæa's provinces.
 Fear not, Oseas, then to preach the word.
Oseas. The will of the Lord be done!

[OSEAS is taken away by the Angel.]

The act ends with a banquet in the palace of Rasni, upon which Adam the smith intrudes for a boon, and at which he is entertained as a causer of mirth, the last words of the scene and of the Fourth Act being from Alvida—

Villains, why skink you not unto this fellow?
 He makes me blithe and merry in my thoughts:
 Heard you not that the king hath given command
 That all be drunk to-day within his court
 In quaffing to the health of Alvida?

[Drink given to ADAM.]

Then follows the Fifth Act, one lesson of Repentance, written with a profound religious earnestness, into the very midst of which a clown scene of broad farce is thrust. I give this Act complete.

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!¹
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,

¹ "And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest to the least of them," &c. (Jonah, chapter iii.)

There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
 Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

Rasni. What fellow's this, that thus disturbs our feast
 With outcries and alarums to repent?

Adam. Oh, sir, 'tis one Goodman Jonas, that is come from Jericho; and surely I think he hath seen some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he never leaves crying night nor day. My master heard him, and he shut up his shop, gave me my indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Jonas. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

Rasni. Come hither, fellow: what art, and from whence comest thou?

Jonas. Rasni, I am a prophet of the Lord,
 Sent hither by the mighty God of hosts
 To cry destruction to the Ninevites.
 O Nineveh, thou harlot of the world,
 I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
 To come and see thy filthiness and sin!
 Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God of hosts:
 Your king loves chambering and wantonness,
 [Foul lust] and murder do distain his court,
 He favoureth covetous and drunken men;
 Behold, therefore, all like a strumpet foul,
 Thou shalt be judg'd, and punish'd for thy crime;
 The foe shall pierce the gates with iron ramps,
 The fire shall quite consume thee from above,
 The houses shall be burnt, the infants slain,
 And women shall behold their husbands die.
 Thine eldest sister is Gomorra named,
 And Sodom on thy right hand seated is.
 Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,
 There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 And then shall Nineveh be overthrown.

[Offers to depart.]

Rasni. Stay, prophet, stay.

Jonas. Disturb not him that sent me;
 Let me perform the message of the Lord.

[Exit.]

Rasni. My soul is buried in the hell of thoughts.—

Ah, Alvida, I look on thee with shame!—
 My lords on sudden fix their eyes on ground,
 As if dismay'd to look upon the heavens.—

Hence, Magi, who have flatter'd me in sin! [Exit Magi.]
 Horror of mind, disturbance of my soul,
 Make me aghast for Nineveh's mishap.

Lords, see proclaim'd, yea, see it straight proclaim'd,
 That man and beast, the woman and her child,
 For forty days in sack and ashes fast:
 Perhaps the Lord will yield, and pity us.—

Bear hence these wretched blandishments of sin,

[Taking off his crown and robe.]

And bring me sackcloth to attire your king:
 Away with pomp! my soul is full of woe.—
 In pity look on Nineveh, O God!

[Exit all except ALVIDA and Ladies.]

Alv. Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,
 To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
 Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
 Alas! how dare we look on heavenly light,
 That have despis'd the Maker of the same?
 How may we hope for mercy from above,
 That still despis'd the warnings from above?
 Woe's me, my conscience is a heavy foe.
 O patron of the poor oppress'd with sin,
 Look, look on me that now for pity crave!
 Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,

To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Usurer, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Usurer. Groaning in conscience, burden'd with my crimes,
The hell of sorrow haunts me up and down.
Tread where I list, methinks the bleeding ghosts
Of those whom my corruption brought to naughts,
Do serve for stumbling-blocks before my steps;
The fatherless and widow wrong'd by me,
The poor oppress'd by my usury;
Methinks I see their hands rear'd up to heaven,
To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.
Whereso I walk, all sigh and shun my way;
Thus am I made a monster of the world:
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold my soul.
You mountains, shroud me from the God of truth:
Methinks I see him sit to judge the earth;
See how he blots me out o' the book of life!
O burden, more than Ætna, that I bear!
Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the Lord;
Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I hear,
Methinks, the sentence of damnation sounds,
"Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell."

[*The Evil Angel tempts him, offering the knife and rope.*]

What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?
What, is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die:—what second charge is this?
Methinks I hear a voice amidst mine ears,
That bids me stay, and tells me that the Lord
Is merciful to those that do repent.
May I repent? O thou, my doubtful soul,
Thou mayst repent, the judge is merciful!
Hence, tools of wrath, stales of temptation!
For I will pray and sigh unto the Lord;
In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
O Lord, in rigour look not on my sins!

[*Sits down in sackcloth, his hands and eyes reared to heaven.*]

Enter ALVIDA and her Ladies, with dispersed locks and in sackcloth.

Alv. Come, mournful dames, lay off your broider'd locks,
And on your shoulders spread dispers'd hairs:
Let voice of music cease where sorrow dwells:
Clothéd in sackcloth, sigh your sins with me;
Bemoan your pride, bewail your lawless lusts;
With fasting mortify your pamper'd loins;
Oh, think upon the horror of your sins,
Think, think with me, the burden of your blames!
Woe to thy pomp, false beauty, fading flower,
Blasted by age, by sickness, and by death!
Woe to our painted cheeks, our curious oils,
Our rich array, that foster'd us in sin!
Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our souls!
Oh, would to God all nations might receive
A good example by our grievous fall!

First Lady. You that are planted there where pleasure dwells,

And think your pomp as great as Nineveh's,
May fall for sin as Nineveh doth now.

Alv. Mourn, mourn, let moan be all your melody,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all:—
O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!

Ladies. O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!
Usurer. O Lord of light, forgive me my misdeeds!

Enter RASNI, with his Kings, and Lords, in sackcloth.

K. of Cil. Be not so overcome with grief, O king,
Lest you endanger life by sorrowing so.

Rasni. King of Cilicia, should I cease my grief,
Whereas my swarming sins afflict my soul?
Vain man, know this, my burden greater is
Than every private subject's in my land.
My life hath been a loadstar unto them,
To guide them in the labyrinth of blame:
Thus I have taught them for to do amiss;
Then must I weep, my friend, for their amiss.
The fall of Nineveh is wrought by me:
I have maintain'd this city in her shame;
I have condemn'd the warnings from above:
I have upholden incest, rape, and spoil:
'Tis I that wrought the sin must weep the sin.
Oh, had I tears, like to the silver streams
That from the Alpine mountains sweetly stream,
Or had I sighs, the treasures of remorse,
As plentiful as Æolus hath blasts,
I then would tempt the heavens with my laments,
And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighs!

K. of Cil. Heavens are propitious unto faithful prayers.

Rasni. But after our repent, we must lament,
Lest that a worse mischief doth befall.
Oh, pray: perhaps the Lord will pity us.—
O God of truth, both merciful and just,
Behold repentant men, with piteous eyes!
We wait the life that we have led before:
Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

All. Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

Rasni. Let not the infants, dallying on the teat,
For fathers' sins in judgment be oppress'd!

K. of Cil. Let not the painful mothers big with child,
The innocents, be punish'd for our sin!

Rasni. Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

All. Oh, pardon, Lord! Oh, pity Nineveh!

Rasni. O Lord of heaven, the virgins weep to thee!
The covetous man is sorry for his sin,
The prince and poor all pray before thy throne;
And wilt thou, then, be wroth with Nineveh?

K. of Cil. Give truce to prayer, O king, and rest a space.

Rasni. Give truce to prayers, when times require no truce!
No, princes, no. Let all our subjects hie
Unto our temples, where, on humbled knees,
I will expect some mercy from above.

[*They all enter the temples.*]

Enter JONAS.

Jonas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath said
That Nineveh shall quite be overthrown;
This is the day of horror and mishap,
Fatal unto the curséd Ninevites.

These stately towers shall in thy watery bounds,
Swift-flowing Lycus, find their burials:
These palaces, the pride of Assur's kings,
Shall be the bowers of desolation,
Whereas the solitary bird shall sing,
And tigers train their young ones to their nest.
O all ye nations bounded by the west,
Ye happy isles, where prophets do abound,
Ye cities famous in the western world,
Make Nineveh a precedent for you!
Leave lewd desires, leave covetous delights,
Fly usury, let [foul lust] be exil'd,

Lest you with Nineveh be overthrown.
Lo, how the sun's inflam'd torch prevails,
Scorching the parch'd furrows of the earth!
Here will I sit me down, and fix mine eye
Upon the ruins of yon wretched town:
And, lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,
To shelter Jonas in this sunny heat!
What means my God? the day is done and spent:
Lord, shall my prophecy be brought to naught?
When falls the fire? when will the judge be wroth?
I pray thee, Lord, remember what I said,
When I was yet within my country-land:
Jehovah is too merciful, I fear.
Oh, let me fly, before a prophet fault!
For thou art merciful, the Lord my God,
Full of compassion, and of sufferance,
And dost repent in taking punishment.
Why stays thy hand? O Lord, first take my life,
Before my prophecy be brought to naught!
Ah, he is wroth! behold, the gladsome vine,

[A serpent devoureth the vine.]

That did defend me from the sunny heat,
Is wither'd quite, and swallow'd by a serpent!
Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my brows,
And heat prevails, and I am faint in heart.

Enter the Angel.

Angel. Art thou so angry, Jonas? tell me why.

Jonas. Jehovah, I with burning heat am plung'd,
And shadow'd only by a silly vine;
Behold, a serpent hath devour'd it:
And, lo, the sun, incens'd by eastern wind,
Afflicts me with canicular aspect.
Would God that I might die! for, well I wot,
'Twere better I were dead than rest alive.

Angel. Jonas, art thou so angry for the vine?

Jonas. Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.

Angel. Thou hast compassion, Jonas, on a vine,
On which thou never labour didst bestow;
Thou never gav'st it life or power to grow,
But suddenly it sprung, and suddenly died:
And should not I have great compassion
On Nineveh, the city of the world,
Wherein there are a hundred thousand souls,
And twenty thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, beside much cattle?
O Jonas, look into their temples now,
And see the true contrition of their king,
The subjects' tears, the sinners' true remorse!
Then from the Lord proclaim a mercy-day,
For he is pitiful as he is just.

Jonas. I go, my God, to finish thy command. [Exit Angel.]

Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talk his praises with a fervent tongue?
He bringeth down to hell, and lifts to heaven;
He draws the yoke of bondage from the just,
And looks upon the heathen with piteous eyes:
To him all praise and honour be ascrib'd.
Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God?
He makes the infant to proclaim his truth,
The ass to speak to save the prophet's life,
The earth and sea to yield increase for man.
Who can describe the compass of his power,
Or testify in terms his endless might?
My ravish'd sprite, oh, whither dost thou wend?
Go and proclaim the mercy of my God;
Relieve the careful-hearted Ninevites;

And, as thou wert the messenger of death,
Go bring glad tidings of recover'd grace.

[Exit.]

Enter ADAM.

Adam. Well, Goodman Jonas, I would you had never come
from Jewry to this country; you have made me look like a
lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture of Lent painted
upon a red-herring-cob. Alas, masters, we are commanded
by the proclamation to fast and pray! by my troth, I could
prettily so-so away with praying; but for fasting, why, 'tis
so contrary to my nature that I had rather suffer a short
hanging than a long fasting. Mark me, the words be these,
"Thou shalt take no manner of food for so many days." I
had as lief he should have said, "Thou shalt hang thyself
for so many days." And yet, in faith, I need not find fault
with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a pantry and
a kitchen about me; for proof, *ecce signum!* This right slop
is my pantry, behold a manchet¹ [Draws it out]; this place is
my kitchen, for, lo, a piece of beef [Draws it out],—oh, let me
repeat that sweet word again! for, lo, a piece of beef. This
is my buttery, for, see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a
bottle of beer [Draws it out]. Thus, alas, I make shift to
wear out this fasting; I drive away the time. But there go
searchers about to seek if any man breaks the king's command.
Oh, here they be; in with your victuals, Adam.

[Puts them back into his slops.]

Enter two Searchers.

First Search. How duly the men of Nineveh keep the pro-
clamation! how are they armed to repentance! We have
searched through the whole city, and have not as yet found
one that breaks the fast.

Sec. Search. The sign of the more grace:—but stay, here
sits one, methinks, at his prayers; let us see who it is.

First Search. 'Tis Adam, the smith's man.—How now,
Adam!

Adam. Trouble me not; "Thou shalt take no manner of
food, but fast and pray."

First Search. How devoutly he sits at his orisons! but
stay, methinks I feel a smell of some meat or bread about
him.

Sec. Search. So thinks me too.—You, sirrah, what victuals
have you about you?

Adam. Victuals! O horrible blasphemy! Hinder me not
of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler. Victuals! why,
heardest thou not the sentence, "Thou shalt take no food,
but fast and pray?"

Sec. Search. Truth, so it should be; but, methinks, I smell
meat about thee.

Adam. About me, my friends! these words are actions in
the case. About me! no, no, hang those gluttons that cannot
fast and pray.

First Search. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me! take heed what you do; my hose are
my castles, 'tis burglary if you break ope a slop: no officer
must lift up an iron hatch; take heed, my slops are iron.

[They search ADAM.]

Sec. Search. O villain!—See how he hath gotten victuals,
bread, beef, and beer, where the king commanded upon pain
of death none should eat for so many days, no, not the suck-
ing infant!

Adam. Alas, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut
medicus daret*; ² why, sir, a bit to comfort my stomach.

First Search. Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

Adam. These are your words, "I shall be hanged for it;"

¹ Manchet, a roll of the finest white bread.

² Such a harmless modicum as a physician would give.

but first answer me to this question, how many days have we to fast still?

Sec. Search. Five days.

Adam. Five days! a long time: then I must be hanged?

First Search. Ay, marry, must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you, sir, for I had rather be hanged than abide so long a fast. What, five days! Come, I'll untruss. Is your halter, and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness?

First Search. I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

Adam. But hear you, must I be hanged?

First Search. Ay, marry.

Adam. And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink up all my drink, for it shall never be said, I was hanged with an empty stomach.

First Search. Come away, knave: wilt thou stand feeding now?

Adam. If you be so hasty, hang yourself an hour, while I come to you; for surely I will eat up my meat.

Sec. Search. Come, let's draw him away perforce.

Adam. You say there are five days yet to fast; these are your words?

Sec. Search. Ay, sir.

Adam. I am for you: come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles. [Exit.

Enter JONAS, RASNI with his Kings and Lords, ALVIDA with her Ladies, and Attendants.

Jonas. Come, careful king, cast off thy mournful weeds, Exchange thy cloudy looks to smoothéd smiles; Thy tears have pierc'd the piteous throne of grace; Thy sighs, like incense pleasing to the Lord, Have been peace-offerings for thy former pride: Rejoice, and praise his name that gave thee peace. And you, fair nymphs, ye lovely Ninevites, Since you have wept and fasted 'fore the Lord, He graciously hath temper'd his revenge: Beware henceforth to tempt him any more: Let not the niceness of your beauteous looks Engraft in you a high-presuming mind; For those that climb he casteth to the ground, And they that humble be he lifts aloft.

Rasni. Lowly I bend, with awful bent of eye, Before the dread Jehovah, God of hosts, Despising all profane device of man. Those lustful lures, that whilom led awry My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more; And she, whose youth in dalliance I abus'd, Shall now at last become my wedlock-mate.— Fair Alvida, look not so wo-begone; If for thy sin thy sorrow do exceed, Blesséd be thou: come, with a holy band Let's knit a knot to salve our former shame.

Alv. With blushing looks, betokening my remorse, I lowly yield, my king, to thy behest, So as this man of God shall think it good.

Jonas. Woman, amends may never come too late; A will to practise good is virtuous: The God of heaven, when sinners do repent, Doth more rejoice than in ten thousand just.

Rasni. Then witness, holy prophet, our accord.

Alv. Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God.

Jonas. Blest may you be, like to the flowering sheaves That play with gentle winds in summer-tide; Like olive-branches let your children spread, And as the pines in lofty Lebanon,

Or as the kids that feed on Sephor¹ plains, So be the seed and offspring of your loins!

Enter the USURER, THRASIBULUS, and ALCON.

Usurer. Come forth, my friends, whom wittingly I wrong'd: Before this man of God receive your due: Before our king I mean to make my peace.— Jonas, behold, in sign of my remorse, I here restore into these poor men's hands Their goods which I unjustly have detain'd; And may the heavens so pardon my misdeeds As I am penitent for my offence!

Thras. And what through want from others I purloin'd, Behold, O king, I proffer 'fore thy throne, To be restor'd to such as owe the same.

Jonas. A virtuous deed, pleasing to God and man. Would God, all cities drown'd in like shame Would take example of these Ninevites!

Rasni. Such be the fruits of Nineveh's repent; And such for ever may our dealings be, That he that call'd us home in height of sin May smile to see our hearty penitence.— Viceroy, proclaim a fast unto the Lord; Let Israel's God be honour'd in our land; Let all occasion of corruption die, For who shall fault therein shall suffer death: — Bear witness, God, of my unfeign'd zeal.— Come, holy man, as thou shalt counsel me, My court and city shall reformed be.

Jonas. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course.

[Exit all except JONAS.]

You islanders, on whom the milder air Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind increase, Whose lands are fatten'd with the dew of heaven, And made more fruitful than Actæan plains; You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft, Whose eyes are blinded with security, Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside. O London, maiden of the mistress-isle, Wrapt in the folds and swathing-clouts of shame, In thee more sins than Nineveh contains! Contempt of God, despite of reverend age, Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor, Corruption, [foul lust], drunkenness, and pride. Swoln are thy brows with impudence and shame, O proud adulterous glory of the west! Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou fear no fire; Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thine ears; The 'larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure. London, awake, for fear the Lord do frown: I set a Looking-Glass before thine eyes. Oh turn, oh turn, with weeping to the Lord, And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen Defer the plague which otherwise would fall! Repent, O London! lest, for thine offence, Thy shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve, That she may bide the pillar of his Church Against the storms of Romish Anti-Christ! The hand of mercy overshadow her head, And let all faithful subjects say, Amen!

[Exit.]

If space permitted, illustration of the drama during Shakespeare's 'prentice years might be extended to Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," one of the most

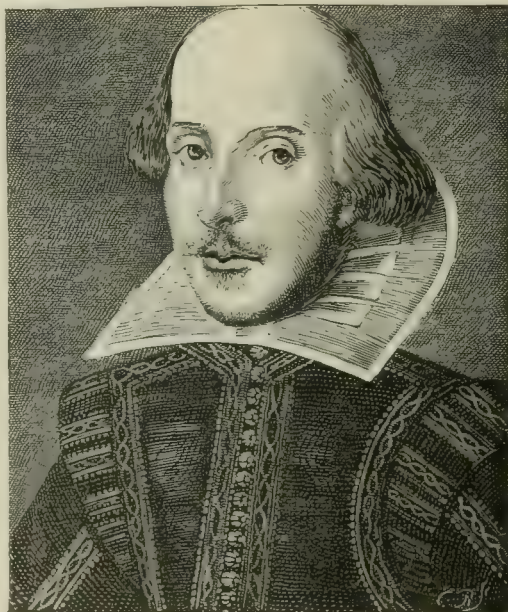
¹ Sepher in the original, perhaps a misprint for Sephor. Sephoris, in the centre of Galilee, is by Nazareth and Cana.

² Owe, own.

popular plays of its time, and the Court entertainment by Thomas Nash, "Summer's Last Will and Testament," presented at a nobleman's house in Croydon before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1592. Both Nash and Lyly were among the players who, in 1589, joined in a war of pamphlets with the Puritan authors of the Martin Marprelate tracts.

While the art of the English dramatist was being formed, in the years between 1586 and 1593, there was, in the plays written, a reflection of the patriotic and religious feeling of the people, rich and poor, who flocked to see them. There was also a wide variety in choice of subjects. Intrigues of love were by no means, as they afterwards became, the theme of almost every story told upon the stage. The established dramatists during these years were strictly Elizabethan writers. The chief of them—Peele, Greene, and Marlowe—did not survive Elizabeth. Greene died poor and distressed in 1592, Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl in 1593, and Peele was spoken of as miserably dead in 1598. Lodge lived into the next reign, but not as a playwright: he became Doctor of Physic, and, as a Roman Catholic, had a good practice among men of his own religion. Shakespeare had been about seven years in London when the death of Marlowe, following closely on the death of Greene, left him easy possession of the first place among dramatists. During the seven years which may be considered his time of apprenticeship, for study of life in the resorts of men and of the way to place its problems on the stage, Shakespeare had made himself generally useful at the theatre as actor, as adapter of old plays to secure for them a second lease of popularity, and now and then as original writer. In 1589, when his age was a little more than twenty-five, and he had been about three years in London, Shakespeare was one of sixteen actors who had shares in the Blackfriars Theatre. In 1592, when Robert Greene died on the 3rd of September, he left behind him at the end of a posthumous prose book, called "A Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," an address "To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays," in which there was this reference to Shakespeare:—"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide" (parody of a line in the Third Part of Henry VI., Act I., scene 4, "O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide"), "supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." This indicates in Greene, who was dying painfully, impatience of the rising credit of Shakespeare. With his family to keep, his father in 1592 still very poor and walking in fear of arrests, Shakespeare was, no doubt, in those years a Johannes Factotum—Jack of all Trades—at the Blackfriars Theatre, ready to apply his genius to any honest opportunity of earning. Of his work on the work of others, the three parts of Henry VI. are examples. Probably he had written before 1593 no other original plays than the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labour's Lost;" the "Comedy of Errors," also belonging to that

earlier time, was formed from a version of the "Menæchmi" of Plautus. Before 1593 no play of Shakespeare's was printed. In that year, indeed, he first appeared in print by publishing his early poem, "Venus and Adonis," which he described as "the first heir of mine invention." It is noticeable, however, that the jealousy of Greene, when sick of body as of mind, produced the only harsh words known to have been ever spoken of Shakespeare. The book in which they occurred was printed after Greene's death by his fellow-dramatist, Henry Chettle, who took, in the next book of his own, "Kindhart's Dream," published in 1593, the earliest opportunity of publicly expressing his regret that he had not suppressed the unjust censure of Shakespeare. "That I did not," he said, "I am sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From the Portrait prefixed to the First Folio of his Plays (1623).

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE DEATH OF MARLOWE TO THE DEATH OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.—A.D. 1593 TO A.D. 1603.

THOMAS LODGE had already left the stage; and George Peele is not known to have written more than one or two plays after the early deaths of Greene and Marlowe. A new generation was not yet ready to take their places. During the six years following the death of Greene, Shakespeare attained an absolute supremacy. In 1598 Francis Meres published a Euphuistic book called "Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury," designed to show the young how parallels were to be found for English poets among the Greeks and Latins. Thus the book spoke of Shakespeare: "As the soul of Euphorbus was

thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece,' his sugared Sonnets among his private friends, &c. As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labour's Lost,' his 'Love's Labour's Won,' his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice;' for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.' As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English." To the evidence here given as to the plays which Shakespeare had written in the year 1598, may be added the facts that "Titus Andronicus"—a play from another hand, originally called "Titus and Vespasian," only retouched by Shakespeare—and the "Second Part of Henry IV." were printed in 1594, the "Third Part of Henry VI." in 1595; the only work of his that was wholly original and printed by that date being the two poems, "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, and "Lucrece" in 1594. But in 1597, the year before Meres published his record of the estimation in which Shakespeare was then held, there was sign of his popularity in the publishing, by three different booksellers, of three of the plays in Meres's list—"Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," and "Richard III." In 1598 "Love's Labour's Lost" and Part I. of "Henry IV." were printed. The other plays printed from that date to the end of Elizabeth's reign, and therefore to be taken with any others in the list of Francis Meres as beyond doubt Elizabethan, were in 1599 none; in 1600, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry V.," and "Much Ado about Nothing;" in 1601, none; in 1602, "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" and in 1603, "Hamlet."

In Shakespeare's private life there is evidence that he made wise use of the six years of rapid advance in prosperity from 1592 to 1598, that is to say, from the date of Greene's grumble over the beginnings of Shakespeare's success to the date of Meres's testimony to its full accomplishment. The success of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, to which Shakespeare belonged, must have been due chiefly to his rapid and wonderful development of power. In 1599 they had built and opened a new theatre of their own, the Globe, on Bankside. This was round, and open to the sky,¹ except the thatching over of the stage, and was for use in summer; the smaller house at Blackfriars, which was covered in, being retained for use as their winter theatre. Before building the Globe, the Blackfriars Company had used the Curtain Theatre. In 1592 Shakespeare's father at Stratford was returned in an official list of recusants, as one of those whose reason for not coming to church was fear of process for debt. In 1596 Shakespeare was

taking out a grant of arms for his father. It was in that year, when his age was about thirty-two, that he lost his only son Hamnet, who died at the age of twelve. In the next year, 1597, Shakespeare was helping his father and mother to recover his mother's acres at Ashbies, which they had lost by foreclosure of the mortgage on them, and it was then that he bought the house in Stratford where he meant to spend his latter years in full enjoyment of home with his wife and daughters. New Place, which had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Henry VII.'s reign, was the best house in the best street of his native town, and was bought by Shakespeare in the year before Meres chronicled his successes on the stage.

Before looking to Shakespeare's mind we may say of his body that bad art has succeeded only in giving us a confused impression of his face. The portrait engraved by Martin Droeshuyt before the first folio of his plays published in 1623, seven years after his death—a portrait which is praised as a faithful likeness by Ben Jonson—and the bust which in 1623 had already been set up in Stratford Church, are certainly attempts made by two people to represent, one by painting and the other by sculpture, what they saw when they looked at him. In what is called the Chandos portrait, which is traced back



THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD.

through a line of owners to Sir William Davenant, there may be a picture of Shakespeare taken at an earlier date in his life than that which either the

¹ See the woodcut on page 164.

Droeshuyt portrait or the bust represents. It has been given in another volume of this Library.¹

Wherever in England there are fifty books in a house, it is to be hoped that Shakespeare's plays make one of them. They are so familiar, that mere reproduction of one in this volume would serve no good purpose. But familiar as they are—familiar to many as the sunshine—they owe their power and their beauty to a union of hidden forces that no eye finds at a glance. The labourer who sits in the sun by the stone seat before his door, enjoys the splendour of noon and pomp of the sunset, knowing nothing of the mysteries of light. Like sunshine and the pleasant air of heaven, stories as Shakespeare tells them come home to us all—delight alike the simple and the subtle. It needs no philosophy to find enjoyment in scent, form, and colour of the rose; but shall we say, therefore, it is but a rose, and there is little reason for its harmonies. Many who find enjoyment in that chief product of nature—a work of the highest human genius—are, nevertheless, apt to slight all search below the surface for the reasons of its charm. But Shakespeare, supreme among artists, if he wrote with ease, wrote also with patient thought and care, of which the traces became more and more manifest as he rose to complete mastery. From the level indicated by the illustrations we have given of the plays from which he drew his early stage experience, Shakespeare gradually raised the drama to the highest point it has reached, or is likely to reach, in the literature of the world. He had all the earnestness of his time; he sought, as every great English poet has sought, to "delight and teach," but so to teach that those who fall under his spell shall find in him a genial companion, not a pedantic moralist; the wisest, indeed, of comrades, but no schoolmaster. Shakespeare's first requirement, when a play was to be written, was that it should tell an interesting story. Long before Shakespeare, Aristotle rightly taught that the story is the first essential of a drama. The Greek word drama means, in fact, action. A play is properly said to be acted. Any didactic dialogue of a play that in no way develops the fable, however wise or witty it may be, is simply an excrescence, a deformity. Shakespeare's art as a story-teller is itself a study; and no one can believe that his effects were produced without deliberation who has observed the thousand cunning touches with which he so prepares the reader for what is to come, that it shall appear when it comes, however unusual or unexpected, altogether natural. An interesting story, then, was Shakespeare's first requirement; but what is it that makes a story interesting? To interest us, it must come home to us. To interest many men in many generations, or in all the generations, it must touch some principle of life common to all men, something within our natural lives, that answers to the touch to-day as it answered yesterday, and will answer for ever; something that lies far deeper than any fashion of a century. The story that is to interest the learned and unlearned, rich and poor, Jew and Gentile. all men as they are simply men, must deal with some one of the universal and enduring truths of life.

There is clear evidence in his plays, not only that Shakespeare knew this and chose his stories accordingly, but also that, when he had chosen a story, he distinctly asked himself which of these great elementary truths was chief in it; and then deliberately—with a design of which the evidences become unquestionable when they are found—so planned and wrote as to make that truth everywhere the felt but unseen soul of his story, giving the charm of a true spiritual unity to all its movements. Shakespeare was deeply religious; but in religion, as in everything else, his genius used the accidents as accidents, and laid foundations for his structures of life only in essentials. The religion of his plays may almost be summed up in the words—Love God; love your neighbour; do your work. In one form or another, he constructs his plots with an underthought that in the fulfilment of these three duties lies the solving of all problems that can vex the heart of man.

It is his fidelity throughout to these first principles that has caused the volume of Shakespeare's plays to be called a Lay Bible by many who are, nevertheless, ready to think that it is so by chance, or as the unstudied effect of a series of pictures of life given by a dramatist who was himself gentle of nature. But let us look at his manner of work.

In what is, perhaps, his earliest original play, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," there is not yet that very close relation of all details to the central thought of the story which is found in later plays. But there is a clear beginning of the Shakespearean method of work. In subsequent plays—"As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet"—Shakespeare again and again chose the story of a discord, that he might show how the false note is turned into the true. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," there are two friends, Valentine and Proteus, of whom Valentine is true, but Proteus variable as his name implies—false to his friend, false to his mistress. It is Proteus who brings the discord into life, and he is made to move through the story, not among those who return evil for evil, but in a little world of people who, by continually striking the true note, bring him into tune. When he has heaped wrong upon wrong, stricken by conscience he repents:—

Proteus. My shame and guilt confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

Valentine. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.

By penitence th' eternal's wrath's appeased.

In the later plays there is the same teaching, with more art. It is always Shakespeare's view of life that we are to overcome evil with good. The dramatist is by necessity—unless he take refuge in mere buffconery—a teacher, good or bad. For since a story of human affairs must always involve some difficulty, some problem of life, that can be solved

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," page 251.

only by applying to it some principles of human conduct, this ethical element becomes inseparable from a book of plays. The ethics may, indeed, be bad; but such as they are, there they must be. A dissolute man may write plays for a dissolute audience, present only such problems as interest himself and the spectators of his work, and solve them according to the principles of life which he and they apply to incidents of their own daily experience. But by Shakespeare all that was purest in the religious spirit of his time was received into a genial and sympathetic nature; he saw life with clear eyes, knowing its shows from its realities, and his views of it are helpful to us all.

In "Love's Labour's Lost," another of Shakespeare's earliest plays, there is a poet's kindly jest on Euphuism; but Euphuism is taken playfully as sign of that state of the business of life in which there is, according to the proverb of the sheep-shearers, great cry and little wool. It is a dainty straining after words that have no works to match them, as life may be spent rather on an empty liking to seem witty, than in a full labour to be wise. Such speaking and such living lie outside the honest course of nature, in which words tell deeds, and every life has its own work to do. In that sense Shakespeare, keeping within bounds of the lightest comedy, plays with the idlers in "Love's Labour's Lost." The King of Navarre has engaged three of his lords (Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine) to share with him three years of idleness in the name of study. Men of an age when they have work to do in the world, they are to withdraw from it all for three years of idle contemplation, during which they shall direct their lives against the course of nature, and keep statutes that include a forswearing for three years of the society of women. His Majesty greets his friends and companions beforehand as—

— brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

One of the lords, Biron, has a quick wit and a ready tongue. While he agrees to share the King's three years of idle study, he asks, "What is the end of study: let me know?" and, on the exclamation against "vain delight," exclaims—

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile.

Which is Euphuistic way of saying that a man who can give light to help his fellows, and uses it all in the search after more light for himself alone, does practically snuff his candle out. The end of study is that we may know how to do our work. When we are young we learn what afterwards we need to know if we would do our duty in the world. But when the time of doing comes, it must not be all spent in continued preparation for the deeds that

never will be done. Says Biron, a little later in this opening dialogue—

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

Moreover, the French King's daughter is coming to speak with the King of Navarre herself about a piece of business, a claim to surrender of Aquitaine to her bedridden father; and she, though a woman, bringing women in her train, must needs be seen.

King. What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should.

In fact, into this early piece of the lightest and most playful texture, Shakespeare contrives to weave throughout a lesson like that which he has set forth in Hamlet with so much intensity: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

How shall these amateur students amuse themselves? With a man of many phrases and of little thought, Don Adriano de Armado, says the king,

Our court you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

When Don Adrian wishes to think he leans on the intellect of his very small boy Moth; and when the more absurd people of the play, absurd still in the same direction, present a spectacle of the Nine Worthies, it is little Moth who takes the part of Hercules, while Don Adrian, with the stately outside, having fallen into quarrel and being invited to fight in his shirt, is brought to confession that "the naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance." In words, in clothes, in actions, there is constant suggestion of a disproportion between show and substance. The Princess of France and her ladies, come upon a question of title to Aquitaine, wait for the sending of a piece of evidence, and so give time for idleness to let in love. The King of Navarre and his gentlemen spend many fantastic words upon their passion, and offer love in outward shows, coming to them as Boyet, one of the French lords, warns the Princess,

Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess:
Their purpose is to parle, and court and dance,
And every one his love feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Princess. And will they so? The gallants shall be tasked;
For, ladies, we will every one be masked.

They change favours, too, to puzzle them, Rosaline, one of her ladies, wearing the favour of the Princess, and when the fantastic wooers come, put out small Moth in his prepared speech by their manner of receiving it.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turned their"—backs—"to mortal views."

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth. "That ever turned their eyes to mortal views.

Out—"

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe Not to behold—"

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sunbeamed eyes,"

"With your sunbeamed eyes"—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet:

You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? Begone, you rogue.

Rosaline. What would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man account their purposes:
Know what they would.

And it is a question at last whether men who give so much thought to the words and shows of life know their own minds. The Princess will not wed the King till he has had a year's commune with his actual thoughts when he is away from all the gauds of the world's outward fashion. If, she says,

If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year
Come challenge me.

For Biron, with wit of an idly nimble tongue,
—"And what to me, my love, and what to me?"

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,—

Without the which I am not to be won,—

You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

The remedy for Biron is contact with the hard realities of life; and the phrase-maker Don Adriano de Armado submits in like fashion to the demand that he shall find something for his hand to do, and do it. "I am a votary," he says. "I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years."

There was rapid growth to a full mastery in art during the interval between the writing of "Love's Labour's Lost" and the writing of "Hamlet" towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. But there was one mind in both these plays, unlike as they are in story and in style.

As he grew in power, the skill with which Shakespeare harmonised in each play the details of the story, so that there ran through all the scenes as a key-note the particular truth of life that seemed to him to be involved in the main action, is as noticeable in the recasting of old plays as in the creation of plays absolutely new. "King John" is such a recasting, but it turns into a harmonious work of art, a long and straggling chronicle play in two parts, of which the second opens with "young Arthur on the walls." Shakespeare saw in "the Troublesome Reign of King John" as set forth by the earlier and weaker dramatist, a time of stir and trouble in which a child prince perished amidst much action upon motives of expediency and self-interest. In reconstructing the play he gave it unity of thought, by showing everywhere the doings of what he made Falconbridge call

That smooth-faced gentlemen, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world.

At the opening, King Philip of France urges by embassy to King John, in presence of his mother Elinor, the lawful right of the child Arthur to the English crown. Historians may decide as they please that question of right. The poet for the purpose of his poem loses no time in showing that John is to be taken as the wrongful king:—

John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Elinor. Your strong possession, much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me :

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven, and you, and I shall hear.



CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH, WITH SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

This whisper of conscience, which is not in the old play, is emphatic close to the short dialogue with the ambassador of France before the entrance of Robert and Philip Falconbridge. In the scene with the two Falconbridges, as Shakespeare has condensed and re-written it, "the smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity" basely suggests to a son the open shaming of his mother that he may obtain succession to his father's lands. When Philip Falconbridge has lost his land, and as bastard son of Cœur de Lion enters the service of King John, he becomes at times a sort of Chorus in his comments on the action of the play, himself simply and rudely upright ; we see partly by help of him how others swerve from the right line. In his first meditation, after he has joined the court, he feels that

—he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation,—
And so am I, whether I smack or no ;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motions to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison to the age's tooth ;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn.

The action of the scene is not dissimilar, but of this intellectual colouring there is absolutely nothing in the older play.

The Second Act opens in France, before the walls of Angiers. To emphasize the departure from known duty at the bidding of expediency, Shakespeare makes the French and Austrian champions of

Arthur's cause loudly proclaim their sense of duty. Hearing the gentle voice of young Arthur, Lewis the Dauphin cries, "A noble boy ! who would not do thee right ?" The Archduke of Austria will return no more to his home until Arthur be, to the utmost corner of the west, saluted king :

—till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms ;

and replies, to the thanks of Arthur's mother, Constance,

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

King John is presently in France, prompt to contest Arthur's right of sovereignty, and King Philip of France brings to a climax the assertion of the duty of maintaining it.

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Philip. From that supernal Judge that sits good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong ;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

From Shakespeare's Arthur every note is that of the true sovereignty, a child-like innocence and spirit of unselfish love. But the strife begins. Each side claims Angiers as the spoil of battle, and the citizens find it expedient to keep their gates shut for "the King of England when we know the king." Falconbridge having suggested that the stubborn citizens, who turn deaf ears to both the claimants, be attacked by both, King John approves the counsel.

France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Then smooth-faced Commodity, to save the town, appears upon the walls with a suggestion of expediency. Marry the Dauphin to the Lady Blanche, and let the worldly interests of England and France bind them in peace. His mother, Elinor, whispers to John of the convenience of this arrangement :

Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yond green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
Mark how they whisper.

The King of France agrees, and the cause just declared to be the cause of God is given up for a wedding, that brings with it "Anjou and fair

Touraine, Maine, Poitiers." The match is made. But Arthur is remembered as an after-thought, upon which John promises to do something for him, and they are all off to the marriage of convenience, leaving Falconbridge to close the Act with comment on the meaning of it all.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, (whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil:
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the bias¹ of the world:
The world, who of itself is peizéd well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railèth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, There is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, There is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee!

[*Exit.*]

The Third Act opens with the grief of the forsaken Constance, while the champion and enemies of her child-prince are

Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined!

The mother's love dwells on the beauty of the forsaken innocence:

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great;
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee.

When the new allies, joined by Commodity, return

from the altar before which they have sworn love and amity, there is the widow's curse upon them.

Arm, arm you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sunset
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me! oh, hear me!

And the heavens hear. Expediency can cause men who swear peace in the morning to break it before evening. Cardinal Pandulph enters, to question John of his keeping Stephen Langton from the See of Canterbury. John in bold words defies and scorns the Pope, and his doing so is made as emphatic as the declaration of the King of France, that his duty to God caused him to draw the sword for Arthur; because, at the bidding of Commodity, every word, and all the faith that may be in it, will be broken before the play is over. The sting of the bold defiance is intended to lie in the fact that John afterwards is shown humbly taking his crown as the Pope's gift, because that seems the expedient course, if he would keep it. Now he speaks fiercely:

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But, as we under heaven are sùpreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurped authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

King John defies the legate of the Pope; but Philip finds it inexpedient to keep the faith he has just sworn, when Pandulph bids him turn from his new ally on pain of excommunication.

K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together

¹ Bias, French "biais," slope.

With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new before,
 No longer than we well could wash our hands
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
 Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained
 With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
 So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? Oh, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so!
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be blessed
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
 A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Philip listens awhile to arguments, irresolute, until the Dauphin is surprised at the slowness of his persuasion by the best eloquence of "the smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity."

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

The battle is renewed after sworn peace is broken. Arthur, true sovereignty of simple innocence, is taken in the fight, and falls into the hands of John. Arthur's thought in his own misfortune is not of himself: "Oh, this will make my mother die of grief." His spirit of love is in strong contrast to the low-thoughted nature of the servants of Commodity, who suggests now plunder of the Church, and murder.

K. John. [*To the Bastard.*] Cousin, away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
 Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
 Imprisoned angels: the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
 Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
 When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
 I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
 (If ever I remember to be holy)
 For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz. Farewell.

Eli. Bastard

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

She takes ARTHUR aside.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had backed thy blood, and made it heavy, thick:
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
 A passion hateful to my purposes.)
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yond young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember,—Madam, fare you well:
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

The affliction of the bereaved mother, Constance, in the next scene, is made to bring out with the utmost tenderness the image of the child Arthur.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.]

The Third Act ends with Pandulph's argument of Commodity that is to bring French invaders into England. "Tis strange," he says,

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand.
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

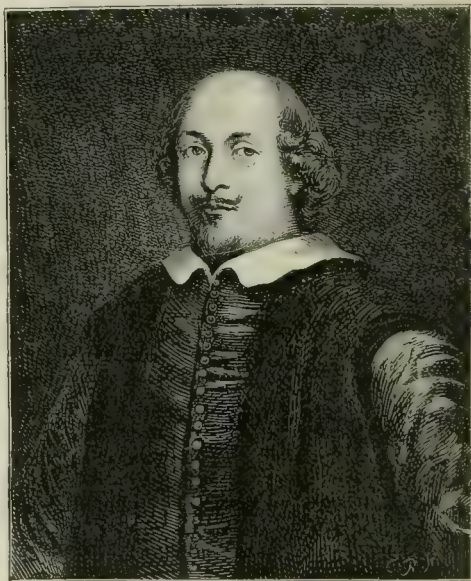
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanche your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no customéd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. Maybe he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.¹

Pand. Oh, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, oh, what better matter breeds for you

¹ This portrait, now in the Shakespeare house at Stratford, had been painted over with hair and beard that were cleaned off by a picture restorer in 1861. There remained a portrait of Shakespeare ill executed, but corresponding in the form of each lock of hair and fold of dress to the bust. It was exhibited when discovered. Some thought that the bust was made from it; others, with more probability, that it was made from the bust. At the time of its restoration the picture had been for a hundred years in the family of its owner, Mr. W. O. Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford, who has presented it to the town. The colouring of the picture corresponds to what is known to have been the colouring of the bust before it was painted white, in 1793; the eyes light hazel, hair and beard auburn; dress, a scarlet doublet, under a loose black gown without sleeves. It is just possible that the picture may have been a copy from life by a bad painter, and that it may have been used in the forming of the bust. Differences in the expression of the two, especially the outline of the nose and a pleasant expression in the corners of the mouth of the picture, not to be found in the bust, are a little in favour of such a possibility.

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence:
For England go:—I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*]

The Fourth Act opens with the scene in Northampton Castle, which shows supreme, under bitterest trial, Arthur's childlike spirit of love.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my
bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"
Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning:—do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence,
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. [*Stamps.*] Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes : oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you !—
Lo ! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.¹
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :²
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ! no more : go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Then we are shown John, type of the false royalty, crowned, and crowned a second time for reasons of expediency ; as he tells his lords :

Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with : meantime, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

They ask the liberty of Arthur. Hubert comes to content John with news of Arthur's death ; but when John finds, from the angry suspicions of his lords, who fall from him, that the murder of Arthur was not really so expedient as he had supposed, he therefore repents—"They burn in indignation. I repent." He hears of his mother's death in France ; of signs and omens, and of the revolt of his nobles ; feels how convenient it would be if Arthur were alive : and when told that he does live, John rejoices, not that he

has a crime the less upon his head, but at the re-appearance of "the smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity." His first cry is—

Doth Arthur live ? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenséd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !

But, meanwhile, Arthur, in endeavouring to escape from prison, falls. The true royalty of innocence lies bleeding to death upon the stones of a hard world : "O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones." And the Bastard's comment, at the close of the act, as he lifts the dead child-king, is—

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, the truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven.

At the opening of the Fifth Act, John, who had defied the Pope and plundered the Church, is shown, under the guidance of Commodity, receiving his crown as the Pope's vassal ; the strength of the preceding defiance having been designed by the poet to set forth more vividly in this respect the base taking of Expediency for Conscience, that runs through the play.

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pandulph. [*Giving JOHN the crown.*] Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the French.

But Pandulph can more easily raise a storm than lay it. The English nobles have, at the bidding of Commodity, leagued with the French invaders of their country. Commodity has caused the swearing of more oaths. Oaths were sworn, and the sacrament was taken in earnest of their sincerity, between English and French. They were to be kept while they were convenient ; and they were followed by oaths sworn in the absence of the English, to break them when the hour of their convenience had passed.

A Plain, near ST. EDMUND'S-BURY. The French Camp.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurgéd faith
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glád that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,

¹ *Tarre on*, excite to violence. So in "Hamlet," act ii., scene 1, "The nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy." *Wiclif* used the phrase, and it is still current in Cheshire. It is probably from the Cymric "taraw" or "taro," to strike, to affect, with the noun "tar," shock, impulse.

² *Owes*, owns. Both words are from the same First-English verb "agan."

That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! Oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

When Pandulph seeks to still the storm he has
raised, the Dauphin confronts him with the lessons
of Commodity that he himself had taught.

You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interests to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munitions sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this change? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?

Falconbridge, who represents throughout a rough
natural instinct of right-mindedness, upholds the
English battle, and the revolted lords find how
Commodity, whom they had served in leaguings with
the invaders, had betrayed them.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold.
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

King John dies, finding "the smooth-faced gentle-
man, tickling Commodity," his murderer. It had
been convenient to rob the monks; a monk finds it
convenient to poison him; and the end of his life,
sacrificed to the base doctrine of expediency, is that
he died wretchedly, with words of earthly ruin in
his ear. Peace is made after his death, when the
revolted lords return to their allegiance, and the
French supplies have been wrecked upon Goodwin
Sands. Falconbridge, to the last serving as chorus,
ends the play with a comment on the peril passed:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

But the play has given a clear lesson on the kind
of truth in which alone the strength of England and
of every Englishman can rest.

SIGNATURES OF SHAKESPEARE

From his Will, and from his copy of Florio's Montaigne.

Shakespeare's comedy of "As You Like It" was
probably written between the years 1598 and 1600.
It is not upon the list of plays given by Francis
Meres in 1598,¹ and Shakespeare quotes in it a line
from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," that was
not printed until that year. The first sestiad of
"Hero and Leander" tells how, at the feast of
Adonis, "amorous Leander, beautiful and young,"
first saw Hero. It was in the temple of Venus:—

And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtle's blood.
Vail'd² to the ground, veiling her eyelids close:
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamour'd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate.
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows: let it suffice.
What we behold is censur'd³ by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

¹ See page 157.

² Vail'd, stooped, lowered. French "avaler."

³ Censured, judged of. Latin "censeo." I think; "censura" an opinion.

Marlowe was killed on the 1st of June, 1593, aged twenty-nine years, three months, and a few odd days. In the fifth scene of the third act of "*As You Like It*," Shakespeare makes the shepherdess, Phebe, say—

Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might:
"Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

The book here quoted was not published until 1598. An entry at Stationers' Hall shows that "*As You Like It*" was written by August, 1600, and that there was then a thought of printing it.¹ It must, therefore, have been written between March, 1598, and August, 1600. The plot of "*As You Like It*" had for its starting-point the earlier part of the story of "*Gamelyn*," printed among Chaucer's "*Canterbury Tales*." This had been elaborated by Thomas Lodge (one of the authors of "*A Looking Glass for London and England*") into a prose love-story in the manner of "*Euphues*," called "*Rosalynde: Euphues golden Legacie*, found after his death in his cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their Father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L., Gent." Which means, as Thomas Lodge explains in the preface, that it was written for pastime during a voyage to the Canaries with Captain Clarke. Lodge's "*Rosalynde*" was published in 1590. In it Shakespeare's Orlando is Rosader, youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, his brothers Oliver and Jaques are Saladyne and Fernandine. The brother dukes in the novel are kings, not dukes, and are not brothers. They are Torismond, the usurper, and Gerismond, the lawful King of France, who has withdrawn into the forest of Arden. Celia is Alinda in the novel, banished with Rosalind because she pleads for her. Rosalind is banished because the usurper fears that she may give right of revolt to some great lord by marrying him. Shakespeare has altered and added characters—those of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are additions—omitted and altered incidents, and wrought the tale into a form of his own, full of the true music of life that he felt it could be made to utter. Rosader's fight with the lion that watched for the waking of his brother Saladyne, gave Shakespeare the point of view from which he wrote his play, and was probably the part of the tale that fixed his resolve to dramatise it. It was a tale of discord, showing, in Rosader at least, what Shakespeare upheld as the true way of turning discord into harmony. The discord made by the usurpation of Torismond was indeed overcome by brute force,—the twelve

peers of France fought against Torismond, killed him, and restored the rightful king,—but Shakespeare could alter that, and did so alter it as to give only a more complete expression to the higher life within his work. In "*As You Like It*" there are two discords to be brought to harmony. By his alteration of the characters of Torismond and Gerismond, Shakespeare makes it in each case a discord between brothers. Neither is ended by opposing hate to hate; but in one case the accord comes through love to one's neighbour, and in the other case through love to God.

At the opening of the play, Shakespeare strikes firmly and clearly one of the notes of discord: Orlando tells the faithful servant of the house (old Adam) of his brother's hardness towards him: "He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with his education." Oliver then enters, and the discord is shown in action. One is, in anger, at the other's throat, when the old servant cries, "Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord." Oliver spurns the old servant as "old dog." "Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word." Oliver, left alone, calls for Charles, the duke's wrestler, who had been seeking him. The first words of the dialogue between them open the story of the other discord: "There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news;" that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and the old duke, with three or four loving lords, whose confiscated lands enrich the new duke, are in the forest of Arden, where "they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." But Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, is not banished with her father, because Celia, "the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her." With words of preparation for the action that sets forth the other discord, there is already a touch of the music that will run along with it; for the story of two hatreds conquered is to wind its way through exquisite suggestions of all forms of human tenderness and love, of maiden to maiden and of man to maid; of comrade to comrade; servant to master, and youth's care of age; with human nature rising high above the accidents of fortune. After brief preparation for the scene to follow, in which he will take up the second thread of the story, Shakespeare shows the strong wrestler seeking Oliver that he may warn him to keep his brother Orlando from to-morrow's wrestling, because "to-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well." In the spirit of hate Oliver answers:—

I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy

¹ On one of two leaves at the beginning of the third volume of the Stationers' Register, after an entry dated "27 may 1600," occurs this:—

"4 AUGUST.	
"As you like yt a booke	} to be staied.
HENRY THE FEIT a booke	
Every man in his humour a booke	
The comedie of muche A doo	
about nothing a booke	

"Henry V." and "Every Man in his Humour" ceased to be stayed on the 14th of August, and "Much Ado about Nothing" on the 23rd of August, each book being entered to a separate publishing-house. The publishers of "Much Ado about Nothing" were entered at the same time for the second part of "Henry IV." But there is no further entry concerning "*As You Like It*," which remained unprinted until Shakespeare's works were first collected into a folio, in 1623.

life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Ol. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

The true character of Orlando in the mind here follows the false one on the lip. In Shakespeare, a soliloquy, or an aside, means the unspoken thought which is communicated to the reader or spectator of a play more simply than by the ponderous fashion of French classical tragedy. That gives each hero and heroine a confidential friend who exists only to bring out, for the benefit of spectators credited with no imagination, and for the distress of those who have, the knowledge of secret thoughts which every good English dramatist, in his asides and soliloquies, flashes upon us worthily, by crediting our wits with power to grant that now and again we are in the recesses of a mind, and hear it thinking to itself.

From this first picture of a brother's hate we pass to the companion picture, through a scene of love between maiden and maiden, with a suggestion—that runs through the play—of human Nature as above the accidents of human Fortune. At once, in the dialogue between Celia and Rosalind, the character of Celia is marked. Throughout the play she lives more in others than herself, is tenderly self-forgetful, with a young enthusiasm at the heart of all her actions. Her first words are of endeavour to cheer the spirit of her friend.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good house-wif, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Throughout this scene, in the dialogue with Touchstone and Le Beau, the courtier, who comes to bid them to the wrestling, and tells of the cruel effect of the court wrestler's strength. Celia is exerting herself visibly to keep Rosalind merry. When the wrestlers come, and young Orlando is called to the ladies, Celia is first in urging him to avoid encounter with the man of whose strength he has seen cruel proof. During the wrestling, her quick enthusiasm has the liveliest expression in an active wish to help. "Now Hercules be thy speed, young man," says Rosalind. Says Celia, "I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg." When Orlando is showing his strength in the wrestle, "O excellent young man," says Rosalind. Says Celia, "If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down." Charles is thrown, and the spirit of hate in Duke Frederick turns him away from Orlando, who is found to be the younger son of Sir Rowland de Bois, an old friend to the banished duke. Duke Frederick leaves him coldly with the words—

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

The first word of strong feeling upon this injustice comes from Celia's enthusiastic spirit, with the cry, "Were I my father, coz, could I do this?" In Orlando, warm love for his father is the feeling roused by the slight to his memory. In Rosalind, love at first sight is aided when, to the pity and admiration stirred by him, there succeeds at once the knowledge that Orlando is of gentle birth, and son to one who was her father's dearest friend.

My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul.
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Celia's quick enthusiasm in the interests of others prompts her at once to active kindness.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved :
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.]
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain,¹ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?
Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous : what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.
[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :
But heavenly Rosalind !²

[*Exit.*]

Through the loving natures of Celia and Rosalind, we pass to the next striking of the note of discord. Celia is still giving all thought to her friend, none to herself, when the Duke Frederick, entering to them, as she promptly observes, "with his eyes full of anger," harshly banishes Rosalind. Celia pleads for her, first with the natural love for her father joined in the pleading ; but when that is met with the suggestion to her of selfish motives that have no place in her nature, the quick enthusiastic spirit rises, and she loses herself in her friend. Without a thought of herself in the matter, she sacrifices home, wealth, every worldly advantage, gives herself all to Rosalind, and is the first to suggest that they go together to seek her friend's father in the forest of Arden. When Rosalind, raised to cheerfulness by Celia's generous affection, proposes taking Touchstone with them, there is indication of character in the suggestion of the strong affection of the fool for Celia—"He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;" and the last words of the First Act are, like the first words, full of Celia's firm endeavour to bring cheerful thoughts to her friend's mind. Thus the act closes :—

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse :
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more 'bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her ; she is banished.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself :
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and LORDS.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?

¹ *Quintain.* "The quintain originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post, set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield, being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures, and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and shield, the resemblance of a human figure, carved in wood, was introduced." (Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes.") The figure became a Saracen with a club or wooden sword, and was made to turn easily on a pivot, so that if not struck in the middle it swung round and hit the horseman on the back, unless he escaped by his agility.

² The critics who undertake to correct Shakespeare should think before they speak. One of them has rashly remarked that "Orlando's rapturous exclamation, 'O heavenly Rosalind !' comes in rather oddly. His familiarity with her name, which has not been mentioned in his presence, is certainly not quite consistent with his making the inquiry of Le Beau, which showed that up to that time he had known nothing about her." Orlando's inquiry of Le Beau showed nothing of the kind. It implied the contrary. He asked only which was which. Knowing as matter of course the names of the two Dukes' daughters, but not having been in their presence, he wished to know which of the two had made him hers. Le Beau's answer is in the character of a kindly courtier who is not quick-witted, and prepares the mind for the next scene.

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us;

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together,

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content

To liberty and not to banishment.

The First Act thus ends with Celia and Rosalind bound for the forest of Arden. The Second Act opens under the trees of the forest, with the banished Duke and his companions. They have withdrawn from the ill life of the world, and find truth in the lineaments of nature, even though it be sought only in nature's lowest forms. Of the winter's wind, says the Duke—

When it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

"This is no flattery: these are counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

With this spirit of the Duke's is then contrasted that of the melancholy Jaques, who can find good in nothing. The Duke pities the deer they hunt as native burghers of the wood; and Jaques, says a lord, was last seen moralising on a stricken deer, abandoned of his friends, and drawing matter from the sight for censure on humanity at large, with a clause for the including of his own companions.

"Ay," quoth Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's more,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,

In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

We turn back from the forest to the court for a swift carrying on of the tale of discord. Celia and Rosalind are missed; Touchstone, the fool, is their poor follower; and it is suggested to the younger Duke that Orlando may have gone with them. Upon that hint, cries Duke Frederick—

Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;

I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;

And let not search and inquisition quail

To bring again these foolish runaways.

But at Oliver's house Orlando will not be found by Duke Frederick's messengers, because the spirit of hate has there broken the bonds of nature; and warned by the old servant, Adam, of his brother's design to burn the house over his head or otherwise destroy him, Orlando also turns his back on home to seek the forest. But the scene that strikes thus powerfully the note of one of the two discords to be brought into accord, places it in immediate contact with a strain of perfect harmony, in suggestion of a wholesome human life, of age winning reverence through no gifts of the world in which Fortune reigns, but by fidelity to the true lineaments of Nature. There is a well-supported tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part of Adam.

Before OLIVER'S house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny priser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:
 Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek:
 But at fourscore it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

In the wood to which old Adam (in whom constant service is one of the ways of human fellowship and friendship, not the cold performance of a money contract) follows the young Orlando, we are next shown Celia and Rosalind arrived with Touchstone: Celia dressed as a shepherdess; Rosalind as a youth. They hear the love-lorn shepherd, Silvius, tell old Corin of his passion. The plaint of Silvius suggests to Rosalind that "this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion." But Celia, throughout the scene, is faint with travel and fasting. The sight of the old shepherd suggests to her that he may show the way to food and rest. In character of brother, Rosalind, more vigorous of frame, speaks for her.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
 Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
 Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
 And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
 But I am shepherd to another man
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little recks to find the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitality:
 Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
 Are now on sale, and at our sheeppcote now,
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing
 That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
 That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

Observe there in the faint and weary Celia the characteristic readiness to send her spirit out in kindness to those about her. For the shepherd, "We will mend thy wages;" for Rosalind, hearty words that shut out suggestion of the pain she feels, or of the sacrifice she makes by choice in sharing her cousin's enforced exile—

I like this place,
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

The cousins are thus housed in the wood at the "sheeppcote, fenced about with olive trees;" and we turn again to the banished Duke's companions, who sing of the sincerity of outward nature:—

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Here, too, is the melancholy Jaques, who seeks more singing to feed his humour, which is discontentment of an unwholesome nature, poetically presented as foil to the healthier life with which he is brought into contact. "My voice," says Amiens, "is ragged: I know I cannot please you." "I do not desire you to please me," he answers, "I desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza;" then contemptuously adds, "Call you them stanzas?" Humour of discontent and empty contempt of life are in all else he says, to the end of the scene, when he will go sleep if he can: "If I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt." Between this scene and the next touches from Jaques of idle contempt for life, Shakespeare places a picture of youth's care for age, and tender fellowship of old with young, in life according truly with those lineaments of nature which are far more beautiful in souls of men than in trees, brooks, and stones

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

From the healthy minds we are taken back to the sick mind. Jaques is happy in having met with Touchstone, happy in having met with him because he was a fool, "and railed on Lady Fortune in set terms." He would be a fool himself if his office gave him fullest liberty to rail.

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most gall'd with my folly,
 They must most laugh.

Then Shakespeare gives us—with a glance at the past life of Jaques—clearest indication of the sort of nature that breeds this sick humour of contempt. Says Jaques:

Give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell thee what thou wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all the emboss'd sores, and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

There is another touch to show what his real place in life has been; the sick nature of Jaques is brought, in the first scene of the Fourth Act, into relation with the healthy nature of Rosalind. He has done no work in the world. "He loves melancholy," he says, "better than laughing." Rosalind tells him, "Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards." He has been made sad, he says, by the sundry contemplation of his travels. Rosalind answers:

A traveller! by my faith you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's: then to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

In another scene Jaques is brought into relation with the healthy nature of Orlando, and gets the soundest answer to his sick suggestion of a railing-match.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the World, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most fault.

Throughout the play, this humour of Jaques, refined into a tone that does not jar too harshly upon the music in which it is set, is an under-suggestion of the false note in the harmonies of life, and it is used invariably as an artist's foil to the true. Into the midst of contempt for the world uttered by Jaques, comes Orlando seeking food for his old companion, and the heart is filled with suggestion of human sympathies in a true life of man, far other than that upon which Jaques feeds his fancy.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first: the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inward hard
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answer'd.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
 More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
 I thought that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

ship of life. The Duke notes, in sympathy, that he and his companions are not the only sufferers; and Jaques then runs into a version of the several stages of life, according to the old division of life into seven ages; but his version is one that follows man with a contempt characteristic of the speaker, from the cradle to the grave. And this passage, meant by the poet to display the sick nature of Jaques, is picked out of its context, again and again, for quotation, as Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Surely Shakespeare was the last man in all literature to see in infancy but the "mewling and puking," in the boy "whining," in youth the folly of love, in



STRATFORD CHURCH.

If ever sat at any good man's feast,
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
 Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[Exit.]

Then comes again, to complete the setting of this incident, the foil of the scornful spirit; none the less there for the fine touch with which it is presented by the poet who beyond all others felt the kindly fellow-

early manhood quarrelling and swearing, in maturer age guzzling and prosiness, in age the "lean and slippered pantaloons," and, for the last scene, helpless wretchedness. Upon the false note of the sick imagination comes immediately the truth of life in action; the venerable burden of old age and the strength of manhood appear far other than in the scornful picture of them, when Orlando enters bearing the old servant on his back.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limned and living in your face,
 Be truly welcomed hither: I am the duke
 That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Act thus ends with a suggestive group, of men
 unequal in the gifts of fortune joined in fellowship
 that follows the true lineaments of nature.

The Third Act opens with continuance of the dis-
 cords to the point that precedes their transformation
 into harmony:—

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:
 Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

The rest is all love with no other foil to it than
 the daintily-tempered note of discontent from melan-
 choly Jaques. Orlando pleases his young fancy by
 hanging verse in praise of Rosalind upon the trees.
 Touchstone contrasts airs of the court with the
 shepherd's life, and finds the lineaments of Nature
 as little bettered by civet—the very uncleanly flux of
 a cat—as by the tar which scents the shepherd after
 surgery of sheep; and Corin's simple description of
 himself as “a true labourer,” is true of all men,
 whatever the conventional esteem in which their
 form of labour may be held. “Sir, I am a true
 labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no
 man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other
 men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest
 of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs
 suck.” When Rosalind and Celia presently enter,
 each with verses of Orlando's taken from a tree,
 Celia has seen Orlando himself, and after kindly
 driving away of the two curious clowns, tells what
 she has seen, and calls up all the woman in Rosalind,
 beginning at the instinctive thought, “Alas the day!
 what shall I do with my doublet and hose?” Then
 they both see unseen Orlando in dialogue with
 Jaques, who in vain tempts him to railing, and
 wins from him that honest utterance of healthy life
 already quoted, “I will chide no breather in the
 world but myself, against whom I know most faults.”
 When Celia and Rosalind come forward, there begins
 the delicate play of young fancies and young loves
 that recalls Rosalind's comment upon Touchstone's
 philosophy when he matched the love passion of
 Silvius with a burlesque of his own, and said, “We
 that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as
 all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
 in folly.” “Thou speakest,” said Rosalind, “wiser
 than thou art ware of.” The mortal part of young
 love in its playful fancies and follies is now delicately
 blended with its imperishable essence in scenes of
 delightful fellowship. Rosalind as the boy Ganymede
 will cure Orlando of his folly by receiving him as
 Rosalind, and training him through a mock court-
 ship that will satisfy her ear and heart with a reality,
 while setting her wits free to play upon his fancy.
 He had driven a suitor once, said Ganymede, “from
 his mad humour of love to a loving humour of mad-
 ness, which was to forswear the full stream of the
 world.” Touchstone pays a court clown's distin-
 guished attentions to the rustic Audrey, and Jaques
 interferes only to mar and delay his woodland
 wedding by suggestions of discontent. Then follow
 cross purposes of love between Silvius and the dis-
 dainful Phebe, who, having become enamoured of
 disdainful Ganymede, finds might in the saw of the

dead shepherd, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

The Fourth Act brings one discord to its close, and prepares all for the perfect harmony in which the play will end. The false note of Jaques is lightly struck in contact with the music of young hearts in loving sport. Orlando leaves Rosalind that he may attend the Duke at dinner. In two hours he will return. "How say you now," says Rosalind presently. "Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando." But the reason of the delay is told as the act closes.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros.

Was't you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli.

By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel.

We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a
man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think
this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony
in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a
man.

Ros. So I do: but, if faith, I should have been a woman
by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw
homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend
my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

Thus the feud between brother and brother is
overcome by overcoming every impulse to revenge
even of the most passive form. Orlando had but to
pass by on the other side and leave a brother who
had cruelly planned his death to suffer a death that
awaited him, and from which he could be saved only
by a risk of life on his behalf. Orlando perilled

life in giving battle to the lioness, and was not satisfied with merely saving from immediate death the brother who had wronged him to the uttermost. He delivered him out of all his trouble by carrying him to the Duke, seeing him clothed and fed; and until he had done all service of love to his brother, he had no thought for himself, or for his wound. It is characteristic of Celia that her generous, impulsive nature draws her again out of herself to tender sympathy with the repentant Oliver. Akin to joy in heaven over the repentant is the joy of such a mind as hers, and he may well yield himself to the charm of her generous sympathy. It is a welcome love, also, that makes her indeed sister to Rosalind, by their marriage with brothers, that enables her to hold Oliver firm in his new spirit of tenderness, and aid Orlando and Rosalind by securing to them their home rights and the blessing of unbroken brotherly affection.

The Fifth Act of "As You Like It" is a playful setting of the happiness of many loves, which causes Jaques to exclaim, "There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark;" and brings Hymen among them all with "still music," that in Shakespeare always represents the spiritual harmony of life. Hymen, who leads Rosalind in her woman's dress and Celia, is not, I think, meant by Shakespeare to be a person whom Rosalind has so dressed, but a spirit whose visionary presence on the scene accords here with the fancy of the play, a spirit as near to an angel as the theme allows, to express the purport of the angels' song: "Peace upon earth and goodwill towards men." Abounding love has brought something of heaven down to earth, and Hymen's first words are:

Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

The Act ends with the healing of the second discord, and thereby the restoration of the banished Duke and his lords to their proper work in life. As the cure for one feud had been Love to One's Neighbour, the cure for the other is made as distinctly Love to God. The process of turning a man's heart to God could not itself be shown as a dramatic scene. Shakespeare wisely left the fact to be narrated briefly, but distinctly, and employed the remaining son of old Sir Rowland for no other purpose than to set it forth. It should be observed, also, that the closing harmony wins a passing recognition even from Jaques, whose note is half attuned to it, though, true to his character, he remains inactive when the rest all go back to their duties.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaques de B. Let me have audience for a word or two: I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly. Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power: which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wild wood he came; Where meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise and from the world; His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands restored to them again That were with him exiled. This to be true I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man; Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding: To one his lands withheld, and to the other A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest let us do those ends That here were well begun and well begot: And after, every of this happy number That have endured shrewd days and nights with us Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity And fall into our rustic revelry. Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all, With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, The duke hath put on a religious life And thrown into neglect the pompous court:

Jaques de B. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath; Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[*To Orlando*.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oliver*.] You to your land and love and great allies:

[*To Silvius*.] You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:

[*To Touchstone*.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures: I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime I: what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*]



ARMS GRANTED TO SHAKESPEARE'S FATHER, OCTOBER 27, 1566.
(Heavenward Bather.)

While Shakespeare, in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, was thus supreme among the dramatists, there was a group of younger men rising about him

who did not begin to write their plays till the year 1596. In 1596 Ben Jonson's first comedy, "Every Man in his Humour," was produced in its first form, with the scene laid at Florence. Thomas Heywood, who became author of many plays, was, in 1596, a young man writing his first pieces for the players. Thomas Dekker produced his first play, "Phaëton," in 1597. Thomas Middleton wrote with William Rowley his first play, "The Old Law," in 1599. John Marston began writing plays about the same time; the first printed play of his, "Antonio and Mellida," was published in 1602. There is no record of John Webster among the dramatists before 1601. Even George Chapman, a much older man than these, did not begin to produce plays before 1596. The first two printed plays of his—"The Blind Beggar of Alexandria" and "An Humorous Day's Mirth"—appeared in 1598 and 1599. Thus it may be said roughly that, as far as concerns writing of high mark, at the death of Marlowe in 1593 the purely Elizabethan dramatists who were the founders of our drama had left the stage to Shakespeare. Then after a few years a race of younger dramatists began to spring into life, grew vigorously, and became the men who carried forward the Elizabethan energies into the succeeding reigns. If we are to call every dramatist Elizabethan who wrote, old or young, under Elizabeth, we should distinguish those who wrote under her only, as Elizabethan simply, in the strict sense of the word. Those who began to write under Elizabeth, and continued to write under the Stuarts, may be called Elizabethan, with that chief word modified by the word Stuart, Stuart-Elizabethan. If they wrote no plays under Elizabeth, although they were born in her reign, they are Stuart dramatists, but may have that chief word modified by the word Elizabethan, Elizabethan-Stuart. If they were born and wrote under the Stuarts, they can only be called Stuart dramatists, Earlier or Later, according to their date: Earlier when they wrote under James I. and Charles I.; Later when they wrote under Charles II. and James II. The subdivision is a natural one, and corresponds to well-marked changes in the character of plays.

In 1589 died Richard Tarlton, of Condovery, in Shropshire, who was among the twelve players sworn in 1583 as the queen's servants, of whom Stow said in his "Annals," "Among these xii. players were two rare men, vizt., Thomas Wilson for a quicke, delicate, refined extemporall witte, and Richard Tarlton, for a wondrous, plentiful, pleasant extemporall wit, hee was the wonder of his time." Thomas Fuller wrote also in his "Worthies of England," "Our Tarlton was master of his faculty. When Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen, and out of good humour, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton before they could go to the queen, and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all of her physicians. Much of his merriment lay in his very looks and actions, according to the epitaph written upon him:—

Hic situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum.¹

Indeed, the self-same words, spoken by another, would hardly move a merry man to smile, which uttered by him would force a sad soul to laughter."



RICHARD TARLTON. (From an old woodcut.)

Tarlton represented in its best form the clown of the Elizabethan stage, an embodiment of mirth, with ready wit, by which he was expected to say more than was set down for him. A favourite property of Tarlton's was a little drum; so that in a book on cock-fighting, published in 1607, we read that "no longer ago than the 4th day of May, 1602, at a cock-fighting in the city of Norwich aforesaid, a cock called Tarleton, who was so intituled because he always came to the fight like a drummer, making a mighty noise with his wings." The roll of Tarlton's drum before his entrance on the stage, prepared the audience for laughter, and doubtless would set many laughing in advance.

The chief actor in the company to which Shakespeare belonged was, at the close of Elizabeth's reign, and during the rest of the time of Shakespeare's work for the stage, Richard Burbage, son of the James Burbage who was one of the original founders of the Blackfriars Theatre.

Burbage was doubly an artist, for he could paint, and the portrait of him in Dulwich College was from his own hand. As an actor he was the friend of

¹ "Here lies he whose voice, action, and face could turn Heraclitus into Democritus" (the weeping into the laughing philosopher).

Shakespeare, and the first to embody his Hamlet, Richard III., Lear, and other creations. He died in 1619, five years before his brother actor Edward Alleyn. Alleyn made a large fortune as actor and manager, and used it nobly. He had earned already much reputation as an actor when he married, in 1592, the daughter of a shrewd and successful theatre manager, Philip Henslowe. Alleyn joined his father-in-law in management, prospered as one of the chief actors of his time, and held office also as "Master of the Bears and Dogs." Edward Alleyn, in the reign of James I., bought with his large savings the



RICHARD BURBAGE. (From the Portrait in Dulwich College.)

manor of Dulwich, and in 1613—three years before Shakespeare's death—laid the foundation of Dulwich College as the College of God's Gift; he also founded almshouses in several parts of London. His college received letters-patent from the king in 1619. He died in 1626, and was buried in its chapel. The earnest spirit that had given force to the Elizabethan drama shows itself in the form thus taken by an actor's charity. Even Tarlton the clown, who dared in the queen's presence tax the pride of her favourite, when he wrote a play of his own took for its subject "The Seven Deadly Sins."

Apart from Shakespeare, and very different in style and matter of his work, Ben Jonson is the foremost English dramatist. His grandfather was a Scotchman who left Annandale for Carlisle and then served Henry VIII. His father was imprisoned under Mary, lost his estate, and became a preacher of the reformed doctrine. He died a month before the birth of his son Benjamin, who shortened his own name always into Ben, and desired to be known as Ben Jonson. For that reason only he is so called. The tone of vulgar familiarity which leads some persons to be on terms of Tom and Harry with their forefathers should be left to its natural associations with the language of the race-course or the music-hall. Ben Jonson's mother married again when her

boy was not yet two years old, and gave him a master bricklayer for stepfather. They are said then to have lived in Hartshorn Lane (now Northumberland Street), by Charing Cross. From his first school at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields the child was taken by William Camden, the famous historian, and placed at his own charges in Westminster School, of which he was then second master. He reached the sixth form in Westminster School, then he was put into his stepfather's business, but left it to go as a volunteer to the war against tyranny of Spain in the Low Countries. After one campaign he returned and, directed by the instincts of a rare dramatic genius, joined the players. Like Shakespeare, he made himself useful in any way to his companions, acted, and altered plays. He produced a play not extant, perhaps never printed, although entered for print, on "Richard Crookback," and he added its two best scenes to "The Spanish Tragedy," in which he played the part of Jeronimo. He married early, and had deaths of children in 1599 and 1600. His "Every Man in his Humour" in its first form was acted eleven times between the 25th of November, 1596, and the 10th of May, 1597, at the Rose Theatre. In 1598 it was produced, in the form by which it is known to us, with the characters and scene made English, at the Blackfriars Theatre, where Shakespeare was one of its actors. Friendship between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson must date at latest from that incident of fellowship. "Every Man in his Humour" was a pure comedy, with its fable carefully constructed, and the unity of time preserved. It opens in the early morning, marks cunningly the lapse of the day throughout, and ends at night with a supper. The next three pieces, produced annually, were of another kind: rather dramatic satires than dramatic tales. The first of them, "Every Man out of his Humour," satirised many follies of the time, especially those of the city. The second, "Cynthia's Revels," satirised chiefly the affectations of the Court. In each of these Ben Jonson sought to lift men's minds—too much by way of scorn, though of a noble scorn—above the grovelling vanities of life; and, as he said in "Cynthia's Revels,"

—by that worthy scorn, to make them know
How far beneath the dignity of man
Their serious and most practised actions are.

His labour was

That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
To raise their beings to eternity,
May be converted on works fitting men:
And, for the practice of a forced look,
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Study the native frame of a true heart,
An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
And spirit that may conform them actually
To God's high figures, which they have in power.

"Every Man out of his Humour" in 1599, and "Cynthia's Revels" in 1600, were followed in 1601

by the third piece in this trilogy of dramatic satires, "The Poetaster." This play was levelled against the false art of the poet, and maintained the honour of the true. The true poet treats, with highest aim, of the essentials of life; the poetaster, with a low aim, of its accidents. This broad and true distinction is drawn very clearly in the play, which crowned the offences of the dramatist for those who would see only personal attacks in plays that dealt with principles of life and thought.

THE POETASTER

is one Rufus Laberius Crispinus, who lived in the days of Augustus Cæsar, when Virgil, Horace, and Ovid were real poets. The play opens by showing a true poet—Ovid—at work upon one of his elegies, the fifteenth of the first book, which is apt to the theme of the play:—

Scene draws, and discovers OVID in his study.

Ovid. "Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire."
It shall go so.

Enter LUSCUS with a gown and cap.

Lus. Young master, Master Ovid, do you hear? Gods a me! away with your songs and sonnets, and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses too, a poison on 'em! I cannot abide them, they make me ready to cast, by the banks of Helicon! Nay, look, what a rascally untoward thing this poetry is; I could tear them now.

Ovid. Give me; how near is my father?

Lus. Heart a' man: get a law book in your hand, I will not answer you else. [*OVID puts on his cap and gown.*] Why so! now there's some formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old master's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, Luscus, that thou swearest so tragically and high?

Lus. No, but I have boots on, sir, and so has your father too by this time; for he called for them ere I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why, was he no reader?

Lus. Oh, no; and there was the mad skeldering¹ captain, with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that presses every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries, *Thou must do't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.*

Ovid. Who, Pantilius Tucce?

Lus. Ay, he; and I met little Master Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, and² he be under their arrest, I may with safety enough read over my elegy before he come.

Lus. Gods a' me! what will you do? why, young master, you are not Castalian mad, lunatic, frantic, desperate, ha!

¹ Skeldering, impudent, swindling. In a play of Shakerley Marmion's quoted in Nares's Glossary (Halliwell and Wright's edition), "The Fine Companion" there is

"Wandering abroad to skelder for a shilling
Amongst your bowling allies."

Akin to the Danish "skielde," to abuse, vilify, call names—which is precisely Captain Tucce's method as a swindler.

² And, if.

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lus. God be with you, sir; I'll leave you to your poetical fancies and furies. I'll not be guilty, I. [*Exit.*]

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance. I'm glad th' art gone;
For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

"Envy, why twit'st thou me, my time's spent ill,
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?³
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chant my name.
Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or, to the sea, fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein;
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.

Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-reared strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told,
Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Æneæ⁴ shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquered world is head!
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from east to west;
So shall Lycóris, whom he now loves best.
The suffering ploughshare or the flint may wear;
But heavenly Poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well.
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite;
For after death all men receive their right.

³ Ovid, "Amorum," I. 15, beginning—

"Quid mihi, Livor edax, ignavos objicis annos
Iugeniue vocas carmen inertis opus?"

In the "Epigrammes and Elegies" by John Davies and Christopher Marlowe, of which three editions were printed at Middleburgh without date, there is a version of this elegy followed in two of the editions by the version given in the Poetaster, as "the same by B. I." They so far resemble that one version is usually regarded as Ben Jonson's own first draft of the other, wrongly supposed to be Marlowe's. The translation used in the "Poetaster" reads certainly like a revised edition of the other, which begins—

"Envy, why carp'st thou my time's spent so ill,
And term'st my works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours are refused, being young?
Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
That all the world may ever chant my name."

⁴ Tityrus, Tillage, Æneæ; the Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil. Ovid's lines are here,

"Tityrus, et fruges, Æneiaque arma legentur
Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit."

Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire."

Enter OVID senior, followed by LUSCUS, TUCCA, and LUPUS.

Ovid se. Your "name shall live," indeed, sir! you say true: but how infamously, how scorned and contemned in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans, that you think not on; you never so much as dreamed of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expenses? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses! Poetry! Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the playmaker!

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, called *Medea*.¹ By my household gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it: believe me, when I promise it. What! shall I have my son a stager now? an enghle² for players, a gull, a rook, a shot-clog,³ to make suppers, and be laughed at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lus. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears dammed up to good counsel. I did augur all this to him beforehand, without poring into an ox's paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, goodman slave! what, rowly-powly? all rivals, rascal? Why, my master of worship, dost hear? are these thy best projects? is this thy designs and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to be competitors with commanders and gentlemen? Are we parallels, rascal, are we parallels?

Ovid se. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are in your element, go: here be the emperor's captains, you ragamuffin rascal, and not your comrades.

[*Exit LUSCUS.*]

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it; I have not been a tribune thus long and observed nothing: besides, they will rob us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Thou art in the right, my venerable crop-shin, they will indeed; the tongue of the oracle never twanged truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for them; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling

suit to make a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen [astray], but he shall be straight in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are in the statute, the rascals; they are blazoned there; there they are tricked, they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, iwiss.⁴

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law!

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you more, That blow your ears with these untrue reports.

I am not known unto the open stage,

Nor do I traffic in their theatres:

Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request

Of some near friends, and honourable Romans,

I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem! and where is it? That's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus! there's another gallant too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare exhibition; which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as a competency. Ay, your god of poets there, whom all of you admire and reverence so much, Homer, he whose worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against, but with hallowed lips and grovelling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was a poor blind, rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in hoots and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the [misbegotten] hungry beggar.

Ovid se. He says well:—nay, I know this nettles you now; but answer me, is it not true? You'll tell me his name shall live; and that now being dead his works have eternised him, and made him divine: but could this divinity feed him while he lived? could his name feast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue, could it?

Ovid se. Ay, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.⁵

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

¹ *Ovid's "Medea."* This tragedy is lost. Ovid himself thought well of it, as he indicated in the 18th Elegy of his Second Book, where Marlowe thus translates him:—

"Yet tragedies and sceptres filled my lines;
But though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laugh'd at my cloak and buskins painted."

Quintilian, in his "Institutes of Oratory," has left a quotation of one line from Ovid's "*Medea*." When pointing out that a change from the direct manner can give force to the expression of a thought, he says, "Thus Ovid's *Medea*, instead of saying in a direct manner, It is easy to hurt, hard to help, expresses herself with more energy thus—

"Serrare potui: perdere ac possim rogas?"

(I had strength to save: you ask, could I destroy?)

² *Engle*, probably the same word as *ingle*, a boy favourite. As a verb, to curry favour. The word was often applied to the boys acting on the public stage.

³ *Shot-clog*, a stupid person who was cultivated because he paid shot or tavern scores for the rest.

⁴ *Iwiss*, certainly.

⁵ *Old Bias*. Bias was one of the famous wise men of Greece, born at Priene in Caria in the days of Halattes and Cræsus, kings of Lydia. Many sentences were ascribed to him, as "Love your friends with discretion; consider that they may become your enemies. Be not importunate: it is better to be obliged to take, than to oblige others to give. Live always as if each moment were to be your last, and yet as if you were to continue long upon the earth. Health comes usually by nature, wealth by chance. Wisdom alone can make a fit adviser. Get wisdom when young—no other comfort will be left you when you are old: you can buy nothing better, for it is the one possession that no chance or force can take from you." When the town in which Bias lived was taken by an enemy, he alone took no thought about his worldly goods. "Why," he was asked, "do not you also try to save something?" "So I do," he said, "for all that I have I carry about me." And so, as Captain Tucça has it, "Thou speakest sentences, Old Bias."

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods :

I will be anything, or study anything :

I'll prove the unfashioned body of the law

Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st strains

Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies ? good !

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry ; he is bewitched with it.

Lup. Come, do not misprize him.

Ovid se. Misprize ! ay, marry, I would have him use some such words now ; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He should make himself a style out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law ; we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit ; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble neophyte ; my little grammaticaster, he does ; it shall never put thee to thy mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, and I know not what supposed sufficiencies ; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noise enough, and be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better : besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chevril¹ conscience to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. Ay, and to have better men than himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid se. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle, fruitless studies that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his backface again, and look only forward to the law : intend that. I will allow thee what shall suit thee in the rank of gentleman, and maintain thy society with the best ; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them ; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ache for itself ; and so farewell ! What, are my horses come ?

Lus. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid se. That's well.—Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you ?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, dispatch with Cothurnus there : I'll attend thee, I—

Lus. To borrow some ten drachms : I know his project.

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, Captain Tucca, what say you ?

Tuc. Why, what should I say, or what can I say, my flower o' the order ? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or learned, or liberal ? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it, my noble Lucullus, thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stump : honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. Thou art the man of war's Mæneas, old boy. Why shouldst not thou be graced then by them, as well as he is by his poets ?—

Enter PYRGUS and whispers TUCCA.

How now, my carrier, what news ?

Lus. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half hour.

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out : what ! it is no treason against the state I hope, is it ?

Lus. Yes, against the state of my master's purse.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Pyr. [*Aloud.*] Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week ; his mules are not yet come up.

Tuc. His mules ! now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his mules ! What, have they the yellows, his mules, that they come no faster ? or are they foundered, ha ? his mules have the staggers belike, have they ?

Pyr. Oh, no, sir :—then your tongue might be suspected for one of his mules.

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his mules, does he ? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I must have money ; I : I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem² me and my followers ? ask him an he will clem me ; do, go. He would have me fry my jerkin, would he ? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler, this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I ; I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no ; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth.

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts ? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time ; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their chimeras, as well as other creatures ; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you, I warrant him.

[*Aside.*]

Tuc. Thou must let me have six—six drachms, I mean, old boy : thou shalt do it ; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see ?—Go, walk off [*to the Boy*] :—There, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus ; thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy : thou must not be so ; thou must leave them, young novice, thou must ; they are a sort of poor starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen ; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor.—'Tis right, old boy, is 't ?

Ovid se. You were best tell it,³ captain.

Tuc. No ; fare thou well, mine honest horseman ; and thou, old beaver [*to LUPUS*].—Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes ; thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not baulk me, good swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning ; go thy ways ; if thou lack money I'll lend thee some : I'll leave thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy.

[*Exit, followed by PYRGUS.*]

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow.—Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, sir, please you—

¹ Chevril, elastic or soft kid leather, French "chevreuil." So in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." the Old Lady speaks of the "soft cheveril conscience" of Anne Boleyn ; and in "Twelfth Night" "a sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit."

² Clem, starve. A word still common in provincial English. Ice landic "klemma," German "klemmen," to pinch.

³ Tell it, count it.

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so. The gods of Rome bless thee! [*Exit with LUPUS.*]

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law;

That should have followed sure, had I been he.

O sacred Poesy, thou spirit of arts,

The soul of science, and the queen of souls;

What profane violence, almost sacrilege,

Hath here been offered thy divinities!

That thine own guiltless poverty should arm

Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!

For thence is all their force and argument

Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse

Of thy great powers in adulterate brains:¹

When would men learn but to distinguish spirits,

And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits

That run a broken pace for common hire,

And the high raptures of a happy muse,

Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,

That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,

And beats at heaven gates with her bright hoofs;

They would not then, with such distorted faces,

And desperate censures, stab at Poesy.

They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds

Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects

As gold or titles: they would dread far more

To be thought ignorant than be known poor.

The time was once, when wit drowned wealth; but now

Your only barbarism is t' have wit, and want.

No matter now in virtue who excels,

He that hath coin, hath all perfection else.

Tibullus then entering Ovid's study carries him off to the house of Albius the jeweller,² where Ovid will find the Princess Julia, the Emperor's daughter, whom he worships in verse as Corinna. Tibullus and Cornelius Gallus too will meet the ladies whom they love; Tibullus the Lady Plautia, Cornelius Gallus the fair Cytheris, who dwells with the jeweller's wife Chloe; but still Propertius is full of sorrow for his Cynthia's death.

The Second Act is in the jeweller's house, and opens with the jeweller's welcome of the Poetaster, Rufus Laberius Crispinus.³ Crispinus has called to see his cousin Cytheris; the jeweller, adoring his wife Chloe, is met by her with airs of a fine lady, and disdain of advice touching the reception of "the greatest ladies and gallantest gentlemen of Rome, to be entertained in our house now." With empty daintiness, Crispinus introduces himself to Mistress Chloe in a scene of amusing fussiness and low bred airs and graces over the arrival of grand guests, who are coming to see Cytheris. False emphasis on the upholstery of life, with dull indifference to its essentials, is common to Chloe and Crispinus. "Call Cytheris, I pray you," says Chloe, "and good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say. Let me entreat you for all the ladies' behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires, that you marking as well as I, we may both put our marks together, when they are gone, and

confer of them." The great ladies from the court come to the jeweller's house, and disport themselves with the poets. The jeweller is in a flurry of delight; his wife is in a flurry of observation. Says Chloe to Crispinus—

Have you marked everything, Crispinus?

Cris. Everything, I warrant you.

Chloe. What gentlemen are these? do you know them?

Cris. Ay, they are poets, lady.

Chloe. Poets! they did not talk of me since I went, did they?

Cris. Oh, yes, and extolled your perfections to the heavens.

Chloe. Now in sincerity they be the finest kind of men that ever I knew. Poets! Could not one get the emperor to make my husband a poet, think you?

Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make poets: and since you like poets so well, your love and beauties shall make me a poet.

Chloe. What! shall they? and such a one as these?

Cris. Ay, and a better than these: I would be sorry else.

Chloe. And shall your looks change, and your hair change, and all, like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and yet not change his hair, lady.

Chloe. Well, we shall see your cunning: yet, if you can change your hair, I pray do.

There is a musician in the company, Hermogenes,⁴ who makes the usual musician's difficulty when asked to sing, and when he does begin, cannot be stopped. Says Cytheris to her suitor, Cornelius Gallus—

Friend, Mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suitors to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Prithee, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayest be ever welcome.

Chloe. That he shall, in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song! come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes!

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays but to have their thanks acknowledged as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want; ourselves will be the first shall promise to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouchsafed.

Her. Thank you, madam; but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him is to abstain from entreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chloe. Oh, passingly.

Cris. Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

¹ This passage strikes, it will be observed, the key-note of the play.

² "Stupet Albius ere." (Horace, Sat. I., iv. 28.)

³ Crispinus was a parasitical Stoic philosopher in the time of Horace, whose first satire ends with a contemptuous reference to him—

"Jam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam."

⁴ Hermogenes is referred to by Horace in his third satire—

"Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
Optimus est modulator."

The same satire contains another contemptuous allusion to the
"ineptus Crispinus."

Chloe. I beseech your grace, entreat this gentleman to sing.

Jul. That we will, Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chloe. I think so, madam; for he entreated me to entreat you to entreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good sir, let's entreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam! I cannot in truth.

Pla. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your throat; I see by him here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. Oh, this contention is excellent! What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. If I freely may discover, sir; I'll sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man.—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himself will be entreated to sing the other.

CRISPINUS sings.¹

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humorous in her toying,
Off building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barred.

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Her. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

HERMOGENES, accompanied.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her:
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admired of us.

Her. You shall hear me sing another. Now will I begin.

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

¹ The song is a graceful development by Ben Jonson of a four-lined epigram of Martial's to Flaccus, the 58th Epigram of the First Book.

"Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris noli me puellam?

Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemque nimis.

Illud quod medium est atque inter utrumque probamus:

Nec volo quod cruciat; nec volo quod satiat."

Her. Why, 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay: strike, music.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles.

All. Thanks, good Albius. [*Exeunt all but ALBIUS.*]

Alb. Oh, what a charm² of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old housekeeper, *I had rather want meat, than want guests*; especially if they be courtly guests. For, never trust me, if one of their good legs³ made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Re-enter CRISPINUS.

Cris. By your kind leave, Master Albius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, Master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes, faith, I have a design draws me hence: pray, sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so, in a word, please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum.

[*Exit.*]

Cris. I'll presently go and enghle⁴ some broker for a poet's gown, and bespeak a garland: and then, jeweller, look to your best jewel, i' faith. [*Exit.*]

The Third Act opens with humorous dramatic treatment of a theme taken from one of Horace's Satires (the ninth of the First Book), in a scene between Poet and Poetaster, in which the marks of the Poetaster, that he is more occupied with himself than with his work, and that his enthusiasm spends itself on trivial accidents of life, and not upon essentials, are delightfully brought out.

The Via Sacra⁵ (or Holy Street).

Enter HORACE, CRISPINUS following.

Hor. Umph! yes, I will begin an ode so; and it shall be to Mecænas.

Cris. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say he's an excellent poet: Mecænas loves him. I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing as he goes in the street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compose too.

Hor. "Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,⁶

Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim

Above the brim:

I drink as I would write,

In flowing measure filled with flame and sprite."

² Charm, singing as of many birds. (See Note 1, page 105.)

³ Good legs, polite bows.

⁴ Enghle, see Note 2, page 181.

⁵ The Via Sacra. The scene is the scene of Horace's Satire (I. ix.), which begins—

"Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos

Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis;

Accurrit quidem notus mihi nomine tantum,

Arreptaque manu: Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?

Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam, et cupio omnia quævis.

Cum assectaretur: Num quid vis? occupo. At ille:

Noris nos, inquit: docti sumus," &c. &c.

⁶ This, perhaps, is a strain suggested by the close of Horace's ninth Epode: "Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos," &c.

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva and the Muses stand auspicious to thy designs! How farrest thou, sweet man? frolic? rich? gallant? ha!

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir; like my fortunes, well: I am bold to take my leave, sir; you'll nought else, sir, would you?

Cris. Troth no, but I could wish thou didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir! I shall be covetous of your fair knowledge.¹

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay, we are now turned poet, too, which is more; and a satirist, too, which is more than that: I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your odes, or your sermons, or anything indeed; we are a gentleman besides; our name is Rufus Laberius Crispinus; we are a pretty Stoic too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I think it, sir.

Cris. By Phœbus, here's a most neat, fine street, is't not?² I protest to thee, I am enamoured of this street now, more than of half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so polite, and terse! there's the front of a building, now! I study architecture too: if ever I should build, I'd have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtless this gallant's tongue has a good turn, when he sleeps. [Aside.]

Cris. I do make verses, when I come in such a street as this: oh, your city ladies, you shall have them sit in every shop like the Muses—offering you the Castalian dews, and the Thespian liquors, to as many as have the sweet grace and audacity to—sip of their lips. Did you never hear any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir;—but I am in some fear I must now. [Aside.]

Cris. I'll tell thee some, if I can but recover them; I composed even now of a dressing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who indeed was a jewel herself: I prefer that kind of tire now; what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

Cris. I cannot tell; but it stirs me more than all your court curls, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable ends, these Tuscan tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids; give me a fine, sweet—little delicate dressing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mushroom for all your other ornatures!

Hor. Is it not possible to make an escape from him? [Aside.]

Cris. I have remitted my verses all this while; I think I have forgot them.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else. [Aside.]

Cris. Pray Jove I can entreat them of my memory!

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble, sir.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not have thee think so.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then they are my ears That must be tortured: well, you must have patience, ears.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir; your satin sleeve begins to fret at the rug that is underneath it, I do observe; and your ample velvet bases are not without evident stains of a hot disposition naturally.

Cris. Oh—I'll dye them into another colour, at pleasure. How many yards of velvet dost thou think they contain?

¹ “—docti sumus. Hic ego: Pluris Hoc, inquam, mihi eris.”

(Hor., Sat. I., ix. 7, 8.)

² “—cum quidlibet ille Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.”

(Hor., Sat. I., ix. 12, 13.)

Hor. Heart! I have put him now in a fresh way To vex me more:—faith, sir, your mercer's book Will tell you with more patience than I can:— For I am crost,³ and so's not that, I think.

Cris. 'Slight, these verses have lost me again! I shall not invite them to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir; rather defer it To a new time; I'll meet you at your lodging,

Or where you please: till then, Jove keep you, sir!

Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay; I have it now.

Hor. Yes, sir.—Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter, Look down upon me!

Cris. “Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap, There to be placed;

Where thy smooth black, sleek white may smack, And both be graced.”

White is there usurped for her brow; her forehead; and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went before. A kind of paranomasie, or agnomination: do you conceive, sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leave you.

Cris. Why, what haste hast thou? prithee, stay a little; thou shalt not go yet, by Phœbus.

Hor. I shall not! what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then—

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Cris. Yes, do, good Horace.

Hor. Thank you, sir.

Death! I must crave his leave to [spit] anon;

Or that I may go hence with half my teeth:

I am in some such fear. This tyranny Is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,

(Whether I will or no,) and make them stalls

To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.

Happy thou, bold Bolanus, now I say;⁴

Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow, Would, long ere this, have called him fool, and fool,

And rank and tedious fool! and have flung jests

As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him

Out of the place; whilst my tame modesty

Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass,

To bear his fopperies— [Aside.]

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—prithee, let's prove to enjoy thee awhile. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed, ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Cris. A friend! what is he; do not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where is he lodged?

³ Crost, i.e., crossed out in sign that it is paid. This passage was called a sneer at Dekker for poverty when Dekker was declared to be Crispinus. Its meaning is that when Crispinus, who has been dealing in raptures about outsides of things, houses or heads, and is stirred in soul by a certain top knot more than by all your court curls, &c. &c., when Crispinus, after this babble about outsides, lays his hand on Horace to detain him, and says, “Pray thee, Horace, observe.” Horace whimsically assumes that the arm stretched out in the same moment to take possession of him is offered as subject for remark on its outside.

⁴ “—Misere discedere quarens, Ire modo oculus, interdum consistere, in aurem Dicere nescio quid pueri, cum sudor ad imos Manaret talos; O te, Bolane, cerebri Fenece! aetiam tacitus.”

(Hor., Sat. I., ix. 8—12.)

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence; pray, sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is't? I prithee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Cæsar's gardens.¹

Cris. Oh, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come, go; why stand'st thou?

Hor. Yes, sir; marry, the plague is in that part of the city; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Foh! it is no matter, I fear no pestilence; I have not offended Phœbus.

Hor. I have, it seems; or else this heavy scourge Could ne'er have lighted on me.

Cris. Come along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician; and from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs.

Cris. Why, it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle; I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary?

Hor. Oh that I knew a name would fright him now!—Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir.

There's one so call'd, is a just judge in hell,
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those
That here on earth torment poor patient spirits.

Cris. He dwells at the Three Furies, by Janus's temple.

Hor. Your pothecary does, sir.

Cris. Heart, I owe him money for sweetmeats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear: but—

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Cris. Well, then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come.—But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir; I but guessed at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

Cris. I protest to thee, Horace (do but taste me once), if I do know myself, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive. I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I, or that could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog—

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better; you should see me, were it not in the street—

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be again—

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then, for my singing, Hermogenes himself envies me, that is your only master of music you have in Rome.²

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Ay! convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir. Your father is dead?

Cris. Ay, I thank Jove, and my grandfather too, and all my kinsfolks, and well composed in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness that rest in peace, Free from the abundant torture of thy tongue: Would I were with them too!

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella, sung,
When in her urn she cast my destiny,
I being but a child.

Cris. What was it, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I should surely never perish
By famine, poison, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy,
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy gout:
But in my time I should be once surprised
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, if I were wise, she warned me shun
All such long-winded monsters as my bane;
For if I could but scape that one discourser,
I might no doubt prove an old aged man.—
By your leave, sir.

[Going.]

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove, now I think on't, I am to appear in court here, to answer to one that has me in suit: sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour; if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me. Thou art familiar with these things: prithee, if thou lov'st me, go.

Hor. Now let me die, sir, if I know your laws,
Or have the power to stand still half so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to go.
And the necessity—

Cris. 'Tis true.

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be come: he will, upon this consideration, discharge me, sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs, Horace.³

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any means; I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No, faith, I'll venture those now; thou shalt see I love thee: come, Horace.

Hor. Nay, then I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deals Mæcenas with thee? liberally, ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy

Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna;
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando consumet," &c. &c.

(*Hor.*, *Sat. I.*, ix. 25—33.)

³ Ben Jonson is still following Horace's Satire:

"Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit,
Tene relinquam, an rem.—Me, sodes.—Non faciam, ille,
Et præcedere cepit; ego, ut contendere durum est
Cum victore, sequor.—Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit; paucorum hominum et mentis bene sanæ,
Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. Haberes
Magnum adiutorem," &c. &c.

¹ "—Misere cupis, inquit, abire:
Jam dudum video; sed nil agis: usque tenebo;
Persequar. Hinc quo nunc iter est tibi?—Nil opus est te
Circumagere: quendam volo visere non tibi notum;
Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.—
Nil habeo quod agam et non sum piger: usque sequar te."
(*Hor.*, *Sat. I.*, ix. 14—19.)

² "—invidet quod et Hermogenes, ego canto.—
Interpellandi locus hic erat: Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te salvo est opus?—Haud mihi quisquam;
Omnes composui,—Felices! nunc ego resto.
Conface: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella

friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans: I do not know that poet, I protest, has used his fortune more prosperously than thou hast. If thou wouldst bring me known to Mæcenas, I should second thy desert well; thou shouldst find a good sure assistant of me, one that would speak all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I, in a small time, should lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer: This brize¹ has pricked my patience. Sir, your silkness Clearly mistakes Mæcenas and his house, To think there breathes a spirit beneath his roof, Subject unto those poor affections Of undermining envy and detraction, Moods only proper to base grovelling minds. That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm, More pure or free from such low common evils. There's no man grieved that this is thought more rich, Or this more learned; each man hath his place, And to his merit his reward of grace, Which, with a mutual love, they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder; 'tis scarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this inflames me with a more ardent desire to be his than before; but I doubt I shall find the entrance to his familiarity somewhat more than difficult, Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you have done me; there's no standing out against you, sir, I see that: either your importunity, or the intimation of your good parts, or—

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the grooms of his chamber; make his doors open to me that way first, and then I'll observe my times. Say he should extrude me his house to-day, shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suit to-morrow? No; I'll attend him, follow him, meet him in the street, the highway, run by his coach, never leave him. What! man hath nothing given him in this life without much labour—

Hor. And impudence. Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow, And with a full-drawn shaft nail to the earth This Python, that I may yet run hence and live: Or, brawny Hercules, do thou come down, And, tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth labour, Rescue me from this hydra of discourse here.

Enter FUSCUS ARISTIVS.²

Ari. Horace, well met.

Hor. Oh, welcome, my reliever; Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou, man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seized on here By a land remora;³ I cannot stir, Nor move, but as he pleases.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace?

Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like Alcides' shirt, Tearing my flesh and sinews: oh, I've been vexed

And tortured with him beyond forty fevers.

For Jove's sake, find some means to take me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will;—but I'll go first and tell Mæcenas. [*Aside.*

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Ari. The jest will make his eyes run, i' faith. [*Aside.*

Hor. Nay, Aristius!

Ari. Farewell, Horace.

[*Going.*

Hor. 'Death! will he leave me? Fuscus Aristius! do you hear? Gods of Rome! You said you had somewhat to say to me in private.

Ari. Ay, but I see you are now employed with that gentleman; 'twere offence to trouble you; I'll take some fitter opportunity: farewell. [*Exit.*

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul and heart, How are you cramped with anguish! Death itself Brings not the like convulsions. Oh, this day! That ever I should view thy tedious face.—

Cris. Horace, what passion, what humour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy, afflict me not.— A friend, and mock me thus! Never was man So left under the axe.—

Then enters, with two lictors—Roman for bailiffs—Minos, the apothecary, to whom Crispinus owes money for sweetmeats. Horace escapes hastily in the confusion. Crispinus is arrested, but Tucca bullies him free, fleeces him of his sword, sharks also Minos by bullying, and then fastens upon Histrio, a player who is passing.

HISTRIO passes by.

What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best let him pass, sirrah: do, ferret, let him pass, do—

2 Pyr. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war? ha!—Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here;—

Enter HISTRIO.

No respect to men of worship, you slave! what, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you, and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth? you have Fortune, and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you have, you have!

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confined to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not! where was your sight, Cædipus? you walk with hare's eyes, do you? I'll have them glazed, rogue; an you say the word, they shall be glazed for you: come, we must have you turn fiddler, again, slave, get a base-viol at your back, and march in a tawney coat, with one sleeve, to Goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you will, gulch,⁴ you will. Then, *Will't please your worship to have any music, captain?*

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, Howleglas!⁵ death, you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows; I have commanded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

2 Pyr. Ay, and most of that hundred and fifty have been leaders of a legion. [*Aside.*

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, captain.

¹ Brize, gad-fly.

² "—Hæc dum agit, ecce Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus," &c. (Hor., Sat. I., ix. 60 to the end.)

³ Remora. The sucking-fish "echeneis," called by the Latins "remora," which means "hindrance," because it was said to delay the course of ships by attaching itself to them.

⁴ Gulch, fat glutton; "to gulch," to swallow greedily.

⁵ Howleglas, the German "Eulenspiegel," a jester supposed to have died in the middle of the fourteenth century, upon whom whimsical stupidities were fathered.

Tuc. Say'st thou so, honest vermin! give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear? To-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gentlemen-like scoundrels, and suspected to have some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half-a-dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantolabus¹ there?

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go; and be acquainted with him then; he is a gentleman, parcel poet, you slave; his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhymers in the town again: he was born to fill my mouth, Minotaurus, he was; he will teach thee

into his hand—twenty sesterces I mean, and let nobody see; go, do it, the work shall commend itself; be Minos, I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 Pyr. Do not we serve a notable shark?

[*Aside.*

Tuc. And what new matters have you now afoot, sirrah, ha? I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good [filthy] one; but they say you have nothing but *Humours, Revels, and Satires*, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain: all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! and you stage me, stinkard,



THE FORTUNE THEATRE,² OR NURSERY, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN. (A.D. 1800.)
From J. T. Smith's "Antiquities of London."

to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty—forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave! If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old cracked trumpet.

Hist. Troth, I think I have not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast, stiff-toe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not; go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the statute repealed for thee.—Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gentleman's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to, then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a play, a rogue, a stager: put twenty

your mansions shall sweat for't, your Tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I will not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy neuf. Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace of beagles here, my little point trussers? you shall have them act among ye.—Sirrah, you, pronounce.—Thou shalt hear him speak in King Darius' doleful strain.³

1 Pyr. "O doleful days! O direful deadly dump!
O wicked world, and worldly wickedness!
How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascal wretchedness?"

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace!

1 Pyr. "Oh, she is wilder, and more hard, withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
Yet might she love me, to uprear her state:
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me, to content her fire:

¹ *Pantolabus* (printed in Ben Jonson "Pantalabus"), All-taker, is the name given by Horace, Sat. I. viii. 11; II. i. 22, to a parasite, Mallius Verna, known for running into debt.

² *The Fortune Theatre*, in Golden Lane, near the Barbican, was once the Nursery for Henry VIII.'s children. It was turned into a theatre in Elizabeth's reign.

³ "A Pretie new Enterlude both pithie and pleasaunte of the Story of Kynge Darius" was printed in 1565.

Ay, but her reason masters her desire.

Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:

Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all."

Tuc. Now the horrible, fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

2 *Pyr.* "What! will I brave thee? ay, and beard thee too:

A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain

So full of base pusillanimity."

Hist. Excellent!

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon; prick up thine ears, stinkard.—The ghost, boys:

1 *Pyr.* "Vindicta!"

2 *Pyr.* "Timoria!"

1 *Pyr.* "Vindicta!"

2 *Pyr.* "Timoria!"

1 *Pyr.* "Veni!"

2 *Pyr.* "Veni!"

Tuc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you the rumbling player.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, but somebody must cry *Murder!* then, in a small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do 't. Cry, sirrah, cry.

1 *Pyr.* "Murder, murder!"

2 *Pyr.* "Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?"

Hist. Oh, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah boy, brace your drum a little straiter, and do the t'other fellow there, he in the—what sha' call him?—and yet stay too.

2 *Pyr.* "Nay, an thou dalliest, then I am thy foe.

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win;

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.

Villain! thou diest for more respecting her——"

1 *Pyr.* "Oh, stay, my lord!"

2 *Pyr.* "Than me:

Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee;

But if thou dally once again, thou diest."

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2 *Pyr.* "Why then lament therefore: . . .

Unto King Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus,

For sparrows must have food——"

Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of them do a little of a lady.

Tuc. Oh, he will make thee eternally enamoured of him, there: do, sirrah, do; 'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.

1 *Pyr.* "Master, mock on; the scorn thou givest me, Pray Jove some lady may return on thee."

2 *Pyr.* Now you shall see me do the Moor. Master, lend me your scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2 *Pyr.* You, Master Minos, hark hither a little.

[*Exit with MINOS, to make himself ready.*]

Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt, art not tickled now? dost not applaud, rascal? dost not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for them a week, captain?

Presently there is the first entry of Demetrius.

Enter DEMETRIUS at a distance.

What's he with the half arms there, that salutes us out of his cloak, like a motion, ha?

Hist. Oh, sir, his doublet's a little decayed; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town here; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants, as Tibullus, Mæcenas, Cornelius Gallus, and the rest.

Tuc. And why so, stinkard?

Hist. Oh, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and we have need on 't; for this winter has made us all poorer

than so many starved snakes: nobody comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a——

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a play of?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain; but our author will devise that that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus here shall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hist. Oh, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too; he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome; he will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor, egregious, nitty rascal: an he have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him—stay, here comes the Tartar—I'll make a gathering for him, I, a purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags; tell him so to comfort him.

The Act ends with a few more touches of the humour of Captain Tucca.

The Fourth Act opens with the ambitions of Chloe, the jeweller's wife, among the great court ladies who find it convenient to visit her. The ladies banquet with their poets at the jeweller's expense. Horace comes to the feast, but the jeweller soon follows him to introduce Crispinus, Demetrius, and Captain Tucca.

Enter HORACE.

Gal. Horace! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my Quintus?

Hor. Our melancholic friend, Propertius, Hath closed himself up in his Cynthia's tomb; And will by no entreaties be drawn thence.

Enter ALBIUS, introducing CRISPINUS and DEMETRIUS, followed by TUCCA.

Alb. Nay, good Master Crispinus, pray you bring near the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus! Hide me, good Gallus; Tibullus, shelter me. [*Going.*]

Cris. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace?

Hor. I am surprised again; farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tired on¹ by yond vulture! No: Phœbus defend me! [*Exit hastily.*]

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life.

This same is he met him in Holy-street.²

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough.—This act of Propertius relisheth very strange with me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel: what, is this the mad boy you talked on?

Cris. Ay, this is Master Albius, captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we hear abroad thou art the Hector of citizens. What sayest thou? are we welcome to thee, noble Neoptolemus?

Alb. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all the gods in the Capitol——

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of these is thy wedlock, Menelaus? thy Helen, thy Lucrece? that we may do her honour, mad boy.

¹ Tired on, pulled at, as a hawk pulls and tears at meat thrown to it. The phrase was a term in falconry, from the French "*trier*," to drag or pull.

² Holy-street, Via Sacra.

Cris. She in the little fine dressing, sir, is my mistress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better! profane rascal: I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle,¹ was 't thou?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene: come hither, Penelope; what's thy name, Iris?

Chloe. My name is Chloe, sir: I am a gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress, Chloe, for an eye and a lip; thou hast an emperor's nose: kiss me again; . . . so! Before Jove, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffered so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe; the Fates were infatuate, they were, . . .

Chloe. That's sure, sir; let me crave your name, I pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of Captain Tuca, . . the noble Roman, . . ; a gentleman, and a commander.

Chloe. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander! that's as good as a poet, methinks. [*Walks aside.*]

Cris. A pretty instrument! It's my cousin Cytheris' viol this, is it not?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin; it wants but such a voice and hand to grace it as yours is.

Cris. Alas! cousin, you are merrily inspired.

Cyth. Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin; you know I do not hate you.

Tib. A most subtle wench! how she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song!

Cris. Cousin, pray you call Mistress Chloe; she shall hear an essay of my poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her.—Come hither, cockatrice: here's one will set thee up, my sweet . . , set thee up.

Chloe. Are you a poet so soon, sir?

Alb. Wife, mum.

CRISPINUS plays and sings.

Love is blind, and a wanton;

In the whole world there is scant one

—Such another:

No, not his mother.

He hath plucked her doves and sparrows,

To feather his sharp arrows,

And alone prevailleth,

While sick Venus wailleth.

But if Cypris once recover

The wag; it shall behove her

To look better to him:

Or she will undo him.

Alb. O most odoriferous music!

Tuc. Aha, stinkard! Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albion has.

Alb. Ay, but in truth they are my wife's verses, I must not show them.

Tuc. Show them, bankrupt, show them; they have salt in them, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! "To his bright mistress Canidia!"

Cris. Ay, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's: hang him, plagiary!

Tuc. How! he borrow of Horace? he shall pawn himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship—He shall write with Horace, for a talent; and let Meccenas and his whole college of critics take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phaëton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but Humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury, he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-toothed satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn;² he will sooner lose his best friend than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard-bearer, or waterman; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bakehouse, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail. Fough! body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his Satires and his Humours, by one cashiered clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. Ay, and tickle him, i' faith, for his arrogancy and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating,³ I can trace him i' faith. Oh, he is the most open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more, then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sting him, my little neufits; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer; we'll all join, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together soon; and then we'll conspire, i' faith.

Gal. Oh, that Horace had stayed still here!

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turned Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. Ay, as fishes, i' faith. Come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But Mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a god to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, Captain Tuca?

Cyth. Ay, he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chloe. Has Mars anything to do with Venus?

Tib. Oh, most of all, lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I pray let him be invited. And what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, Mistress Chloe.

Chloe. Mercury! that's a poet, is it?

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way; he is a herald at arms.

Chloe. A herald at arms! good; and Mercury! pretty: he has to do with Venus too?

Tib. A little with her face, lady, or so.

² A Roman phrase for a person of dangerous temper, from the custom of winding hay on the horn of a bull that was to be avoided by the passers-by. The phrase and the following passage are taken by Ben Jonson from Horace, the fourth Satire of the First Book, lines 34 and 35:—

"Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge! dummodo risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico," &c.

³ For his translating. It was a pleasure to Ben Jonson to work thoughts of the Latin writers into scenes of his plays, in the way illustrated by the preceding notes. He was censured for it, and called pedant, by men who were afraid lest they should be hitting unawares a famous classic author, when they meant only to strike at the wit of their neighbour. The scene between Horace and Crispinus shows with how ready a wit of his own Ben Jonson made this occasional use of his good scholarship.

¹ Scroyle, scrofulous person.

Chloe. 'Tis very well; pray let us go, I long to be at it.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady.—Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do; stay, there's a drachm to purchase ginger-bread for thy muse. [Exeunt.]

In the next scene Asinius Lupus, having intelligence from Histrio, the player, that there has been a mysterious hiring of properties, a sceptre and crown for Jove, a caduceus for Mercury, and so forth, sees a plot, summons his lictors to follow him, and arrests Minos his apothecary, when he enters with a potion, because he holds poisoning of himself to be part of the plot. Then the scene changes to the palace, where, in the absence of Augustus Cæsar, the poets and the court ladies are disporting themselves in the hired properties, and banqueting as gods and goddesses. Upon their mirth and music enters Augustus Cæsar, with Mæcenas, Horace, Lupus and his lictors. The crest-fallen assembly is dispersed by the wrath of Cæsar. Ovid, for his love of Cæsar's daughter Julia, is banished. Captain Tuca, who had slunk out of the company, brags that he must beat Horace as an informer, but knowing him to be a man of the sword, cringes in his presence. Horace and Mæcenas revile Histrio as a meddling informer, and the act ends with a scene of parting between Ovid and Julia.

The Fifth Act opens with Cæsar enthroned, surrounded by Mæcenas and the poets, pardoning Cornelius Gallus and Tibullus, and exalting the praise of poesy. The approach of Virgil is announced, and draws the fullest and the frankest praise of him from each of his brother poets.

Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

Enter VIRGIL.

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second surname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous *Æneids*? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Virg. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants,
Which are yet more than my time could supply.
And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not show them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more:
Show them, sweet Virgil.

Virg. Then, in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly show them.

Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper

Than in the sensual complement of kings.

Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me

Profane one accent with an untuned tongue:

Best matter, badly shown, shows worse than bad.

See then this chair, of purpose set for thee

To read thy poem in; refuse it not.

Virtue, without presumption, place may take

Above best kings, whom only she should make.

Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times

A gross untruth, that any poet, void

Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity,

Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.

Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth set under,

Crosseth heaven's courses, and makes worldlings wonder.

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself, in this,
Will Cæsar cross; much more all worldly custom.

Hor. Custom, in course of honour, ever errs;

And they are best whom Fortune least prefers.

Cæs. Horace hath but more strictly spoke our thoughts.

The vast rude swing of general confluence

Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:

And therefore Reason (which in right should be

The special rector of all harmony)

Shall show we are a man distinct by it,

From those, whom Custom rapteth in her press.

Ascend then, Virgil; and where first by chance

We here have turned thy book, do thou first read.¹

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will: I will ascend.

'Twere simple injury to his free hand,

That sweeps the cobwebs from unused Virtue,

And makes her shine proportioned to her worth,

To be more nice to entertain his grace,

Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,

And let none enter [Exeunt *ÆQUITES*]; peace. Begin, good Virgil.

Virg. "Meanwhile the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail
Of that, fell pouring storm of sleet and hail;
The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, eachwhere,
With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,
Seek out for several shelter through the plain,
Whilst floods come rolling from the hills amain.
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign
Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
As guilty of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.
Here first began their bane; this day was ground
Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's sound,
Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;
Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name
Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,
Through all the greatest Libyan towns is gone;
Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none.
That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearful; but at length
She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, stirred up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,

¹ Cæsar's chance is Ben Jonson's design. The description of Fume from the Fourth Book of the *Æneid* is taken for its aptness to the action of the play.

She was last sister of that giant race,
That thought to scale Jove's court: right swift of pace,
And swifter far of wing: a monster vast,
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath; and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she bears,
As many mouths, as many listening ears.
Nightly in midst of all the heaven she flies,
And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries;
Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep;
By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
Or on high towers: and doth thence affright
Cities and towns of most conspicuous site:
As covetous she is of tales and lies,
As prodigal of truth: this monster——"

Lup. [*Within.*] Come, follow me, assist me, second me!
Where's the emperor?

1 *Eques.* [*Within.*] Sir, you must pardon us.

2 *Eques.* [*Within.*] Cæsar is private now; you may not enter.

Tuc. [*Within.*] Not enter! Charge them upon their allegiance, cropshin.

1 *Eques.* [*Within.*] We have a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lup. [*Within.*] I pronounce you all traitors, horrible traitors. What, do you know my affairs? I have matter of danger and state to impart to Cæsar.

Cæs. What noise is there? who's that names Cæsar?

Lup. [*Within.*] A friend to Cæsar.

One that, for Cæsar's good, would speak with Cæsar.

Cæs. Who is it? look, Cornelius.

1 *Eques.* [*Within.*] Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. Oh, bid the turbulent informer hence;
We have no vacant ear now, to receive
The unseasoned fruits of his officious tongue.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. [*Within.*] I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respectest thine own safety, or the safety of the state, Cæsar, hear me, speak with me, Cæsar; 'tis no common business I come about, but such, as being neglected, may concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar! Let him enter. Virgil, keep thy seat.

Equites. [*Within.*] Bear back, there: whither will you? keep back!

Enter LUPUS, TUCCA, and LICTORS.

Tuc. By thy leave, Goodman usher: mend thy peruke; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there; and on Mæcenas, lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, upon your allegiance: read, royal Cæsar. [*Gives a paper.*] I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Tuc. He will, Humours, he will; he will squeeze you, poet puck-fist.

Lup. I'll lop you off for an unprofitable branch, you satirical varlet.

Tuc. Ay, and Epaminondas your patron here, with his flagon chain; come, resign [*takes off MÆCENAS' chain*]: though 'twere your great grandfather's, the law has made it mine now, sir. Look to him, my party-coloured rascals; look to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus? I understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it! A libel, Cæsar; a dangerous, seditious libel; a libel in picture.

Cæs. A libel!

Lup. Ay: I found it in this Horace his study, in Mæcenas his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the laws against them.

Tuc. Ay, and remember to beg their land betimes; before some of these hungry court hounds scent it out.

Cæs. Show it to Horace: ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it! his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mæcenas.

Lup. An emblem! right: that's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune;

Not though the malice of traducing tongues,

The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,

The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,

Or the red eyes of strained authority,

Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:

His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence! oh, impudence! let me see, let me see. Is not here an eagle? and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar, ha? Does not Cæsar give the eagle? answer me; what sayest thou?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?

Lup. Now he's turned dumb. I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Hor. Pish: ha, ha!

Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long sword.

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Romans, Observe but this ridiculous comment;
The soul to my device was in this distich:

"Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude
Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude."

Which in this body I have figured here,

A vulture——

Lup. A vulture! Ay, now, 'tis a vulture. Oh, abominable! monstrous! monstrous! Has not your vulture a beak? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace: say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf——

Lup. A wolf! good: that's I; I am the wolf: my name's Lupus; I am meant by the wolf. On, on; a vulture and a wolf.

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an ass——

Lup. An ass! good still: that's I too; I am the ass. You mean me by the ass.

Mec. Prithee leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians

Were wont to figure, in their hieroglyphics,

Patience, frugality, and fortitude;

For none of which we can suspect you, tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that informed you first,

This should be meant by us? Or was't your comment?

Lup. No, Cæsar; a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.

Cæs. Where is that player?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there, Master Æsop; call him.

Equites. [*Within.*] Player! where is the player? bear back: none but the player enter.

Enter ÆSOR, followed by CRISPINUS and DEMETRIUS.

Tuc. Yes, this gentleman and his Achates must.

Cris. Pray you, master usher:—we'll stand close here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye.—Come, *Æsop*, hast a bay-leaf in thy mouth? Well said; be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirmed to thee and thy covey, under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. Ay, *Cæsar*, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipped. Lictors, go take him hence.

And, *Lupus*, for your fierce credulity,

One fit him with a pair of larger ears:

'Tis *Cæsar*'s doom, and must not be revoked.

We hate to have our court and peace disturbed

With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

Lup. *Cæsar*!

[*Exeunt some of the Lictors, with Lupus and Æsop.*]

Cæs. Gag him. We may have his silence.

Virg. *Cæsar* hath done like *Cæsar*. Fair and just

Is his award against these brainless creatures.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,

Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,

That hurts or wounds the body of the state;

But the sinister application

Of the malicious, ignorant, and base

Interpreter, who will distort and strain

The general scope and purpose of an author

To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear *Virgil*, and esteem it

A most dishonest practice in that man

Will seem too witty in another's work.

What would *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*?

[*They whisper CÆSAR.*]

Tuc. [To *Mecænas*.] Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear? a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy chain again. Resume, mad *Mecænas*. What! dost thou think I meant to have kept it, old boy? no: I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou wouldst take it. What! will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.¹ Come, I love bully *Horace* as well as thou dost, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphic. Give me thy wrist, *Helicon*. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all against thee, ha? or thy noble *Hippocrene*, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too: dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of *Cæsar*: use it, Romans.

Virgil shall be your prætor; and ourself

Will here sit by, spectator of your sports;

And think it no impeach of royalty.

Our ear is now too much profaned, grave *Maro*,

With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines:

Put up thy book, till both the time and we

¹ My three souls. In Plato's "Timæus" it is taught that man was made with an immortal soul, to which were joined two mortal souls and a body. In the mortal souls it was necessary to include fear, anger, appetite, &c. By contact with these the immortal soul is subject to defilement, but for its better protection it is lodged in the head, and separated by the isthmus of the neck from the two mortal souls placed in the body. Of these two, the better—the courageous, energetic soul—is placed nearer the head in the chest, where it may more easily receive orders from the head to keep down the inferior soul of appetite, which is placed in the belly. The immortal soul is fastened in the brain; the two mortal souls are joined to the line of the spinal marrow, which is the line of communication between the three. The heart is an outwork of the immortal soul, for strengthening its influence over the lower parts. When this higher soul is stirred by wrong, the heart beats violently, and pours its exhortations and threats through the blood-vessels to all subject parts.

Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance
For the receiving so divine a work.
Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great *Cæsar*.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the indictment then, whilst *Horace* arrests them on the statute of Calumny. *Mecænas* and I will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut! you must do it: 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. Ay, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew

How heartily I wish a fool should hate me!

Tuc. Body of *Jupiter*! what! will they arraign my brisk Poetaster and his poor journeyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldering for a drachm, so I were out of this labyrinth again! I do feel myself turn stinkard already, but I must set the best face I have upon't now. [*Aside.*] Well said, my divine, deft *Horace*, bring the [misbegotten] detracting slaves to the bar, do; make them hold up their spread golls;² I'll give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, *Crispinus*; would thy man had a clean band!



CRISPINUS.³

Portrait of Thomas Percy, a Gentleman Pensioner 1605.

Cris. What must we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: do not make division with thy legs so.

Cæs. What's he, *Horace*?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, *Cæsar*.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, *Cæsar*; a man of

² Golls, paws. A contemptuous word for hands. "Fy, Mr. Constable, what golls you have! Is justice so blind you cannot see to wash your hands?" (*Beaumont and Fletcher's "Coxcomb."*) The word is allied, possibly, to Latin "vola," the hollow of the hand. But the word "golls" is applied also to rolls of fat on the body and there may be relation to the Irish "collan," flesh, and Welsh "golwyth," a piece of flesh.

³ This is taken, for the sake of contemporary costume, from a portrait of one who was arraigned for a more serious offence—a share in the Gunpowder Plot.

service and action: my name is Pantilius Tucca: I have served in thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim silence in the court.

Lict. In the name of Caesar, silence!

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser and the accused, present themselves.

Lict. The accuser and the accused present yourselves in court.

Cris. Dem. Here.

Virg. Read the indictment.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, jointly and severally indicted, and here presently to be arraigned upon the statute of calumny, or *Lex Remmia*, the one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Cri-spinas, poetaster and plagiarist; the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser and plagiarist. That you (not having the fear of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of your liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against the form of a statute, in that case made and provided, have most ignorantly, foolishly, and, more like yourselves, maliciously, gone about to deprave and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses; and to that end have mutually conspired and plotted, at sundry times, as by several means, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him falsely, of self-love, arrogance, impudence, railing, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

[*Aside to CRIS.*

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Virg. Here sits Mæcenas and Cornelius Gallus.

Are you contented to be tried by these?

Tuc. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission, say. [*Aside.*

Cris. Dem. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission.

Virg. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Virg. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleased the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for yourselves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act!

Virg. Stay, turn, and take an oath first.

"You shall swear,

By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods,
And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;
By your own white and uncorrupted souls,
And the deep reverence of our Roman justice;
To judge this case with truth and equity:
As bound, by your religion, and your laws."
Now read the evidence: but first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

[*Gives him two papers.*

Tib. Show this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say ay: [*Aside.*] What! dost thou stand upon it, . . .? Do not deny thine own Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue of thy brain.

Cris. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Show that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard now, I warrant thee.

Virg. Read them aloud.

Tib. "Ramp up, my genius, be not retrograde;¹
But boldly nominate a spade a spade.²

What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery³ Muse

Live, as she were defunct, . . . !"

Tuc. Excellent!

Tib. "Alas! that were no modern consequence,
To have cothurnal buskins⁴ frightened hence.

No, teach thy Incubus⁵ to poetize;

And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries⁶

Upon that puft-up lump of balmy froth,"⁷

¹ *Ramp up . . . retrograde.* Most of the words ridiculed are in the early satires of Marston ("Scourge of Villanie"), or in his "Antonio and Mellida," but were used also by other writers. The Prologue to the second part of Marston's "Antonio and Mellida" opens thus:—

"The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein."

"Clumsy" is a word ridiculed later in the scene. Shakespeare in "Hamlet" had used "retrograde," act i., scene 2—

"For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire."

But he never in his plays used the word "clumsy," or "ramp," except in the participle "rampant," or "ramping."

² *Nominate a spade a spade.* There is jest on affectation of the word *nominate* for *call*; the same joke on fine language as in "Love's Labour's Lost," when Sir Nathaniel says (act v., sc. 1), "I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado."

³ *Glibbery.* First Part of "Antonio and Mellida," act i., sc. 1, "His love is glibbery, there's no hold on't, wench." Again, act ii., sc. 1, Catzo, eating a capon, says to Dildo, "Capon's no meat for Dildo; milk, milk, ye glibbery urchin, is food for infants." William Gifford, in his edition of "Ben Jonson," first pointed out these numerous references to Marston.

⁴ *Cothurnal buskins.* Second Part of "Antonio and Mellida," act ii., sc. 5:—

"O now *tragedia cothurnata* mounts!"

⁵ *Thy Incubus.* Second Part of "Antonio and Mellida," act i., sc. 1—

"Piero. Yet naught but no, and yes!

Strotzo. I would have told you, if the Incubus
That rides your bosom would have patience."

⁶ *Marston's "Scourge of Villanie,"* Bk. I, Sat. 2—

"O what dry brain melts not sharp mustard rhyme
To purge the snottery of our slimy time!"

⁷ *Balmy froth.* "Scourge of Villanie." To the Readers:—

"Shall each odd pisme of the Lawyers' Inn,
Each *barmy froth* that last day did begin
To read his little, or his ne'er-a-while—"

Again, at the beginning of the 6th Satire, in Bk. I, of the "Scourge of Villanie":—

"Curio, know'st me? Why, thou bottle ale,
Thou *barmy froth*! Oh, stay me, lest I rail
Beyond Nil ultra!"

And in the prose note before the "Scourge of Villanie" addressed "To those that seem judicial perusers," the word occurs in a passage which has been thought to refer to Ben Jonson: "Yet when by some scurvy chance it shall come into the late perfumed fist of judicial Torquatus (that, like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath got a great deal of barmy froth to stick to his sides), I know he will vouchsafe it some of his new-minded epithets (as real, intrinsecate, Delphic), when in my conscience he understands not the least part of it." Ben Jonson had used those words. The energy of the time, as well as its affectations in court speech, caused English to abound in new-minted words—some good, some bad—and they were in the latter days of Elizabeth, and in the early days of James I., a frequent subject of ridicule.

Tuc. Ah, ha !

Tib. " Or clumsy¹ chilblained judgment, that with oath
Magnificates² his merit and bespawls
The conscious time with humourous foam and brawls,
As if his organons of sense would crack
The sinews of my patience. Break his back,
O poets all and some ! for now we list
Of strenuous vengeance to clutch³ the fist.

CRISPINUS."

Tuc. Ay, marry, this was written like a Hercules in poetry,
now.

Cæs. Excellently well threatened !

Virg. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cæs. We observe it.

Virg. The other now.

Tuc. This is a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too ; this
will do well.

Tib. " Our Muse is in mind for th' untrussing a poet ;
I slip by his name, for most men do know it :
A critic that all the world bescumbers⁴
With satirical humours and lyrical numbers : "

Tuc. Art thou there, boy ?

Tib. " And for the most part, himself doth advance
With much self-love, and more arrogance."

Tuc. Good again !

Tib. " And, but that I would not be thought a prater,
I could tell you he were a translator.
I know the authors from whence he has stole,
And could trace him too, but that I understand them not full
and whole."

Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows : chain
him up shorter, do.

Tib. " The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps gallants' company ;
Whom I could wish in time should him fear,
Lest after they buy repentance too dear.

DEME. FANNIUS."

Tuc. Well said ! this carries palm⁵ with it.

Hor. And why, thou motley gull, why should they fear ?
When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend ?
I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.
Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,
And shrink'st thy poisonous head into thy bosom :
Out, Viper ! thou that eat'st thy parents, hence !
Rather such speckled creatures as thyself
Should be eschewed, and shunned : such as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame ;
Catch at the loosest laughers, and affect
To be thought jesters ; such as can devise
Things never seen, or heard, t' impair men's names,
And gratify their credulous adversaries ;
Will carry tales, do basest offices,

¹ *Clumsy.* See note 1, page 194.

² Marston's "Pygmalion's Image, and Satires," Sat. 2—

"With that depaints a church reformed state,
The which the female tongues magnificate."

³ *Clutch.*

"Seize on, Revenge, grasp the stern-banded front
Of frowning vengeance with unpaired clutch."
(*"Second Part of Ant. and Mell.," act iii., sc. 1.*)

And in the same play, act v., sc. 1, "The fist of strenuous vengeance
is clutcht."

⁴ *Bescumbers.* In Marston's "Scourge of Villanie," Bk. III., Sat. 9,
is the couplet :

"Ill-tutored pedant, Mortimer's numbers
With muck-pit esculine filth bescumbers."

⁵ *Palm,* in the sense of victory. "*Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*"

Cherish divided fires, and still increase
New flames out of old embers ; will reveal
Each secret that's committed to their trust :
These be black slaves ; Romans, take heed of these.⁶

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace : they be indeed a
couple of chap-fallen curs. Come, we of the bench, let's rise
to the urn, and condemn them quickly.

Virg. Before you go together, worthy Romans,
We are to tender our opinion,
And give you those instructions that may add
Unto your even judgment in the cause :
Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,
That where there is a true and perfect merit
There can be no dejection ; and the scorn
Of humble baseness oftentimes so works
In a high soul upon the grosser spirit,
That to his bearded and offended sense
There seems a hideous fault blazed in the object
When only the disease is in his eyes.
Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands taxed
Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance,
By those who share no merit in themselves
And therefore think his portion is as small.
For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls
If they should confidently praise their works
In them it would appear inflation,
Which, in a full and well digested man,
Cannot receive that foul abusive name,
But the far title of erection.

And, for his true use of translating men,
It still hath been a work of as much palm,
In clearest judgments, as to invent or make.
His sharpness,—that is most excusable ;
As being forced out of a suffering virtue
Oppressed with the licence of the time :
And howsoever fools or jerking pedants,
Players, or such like buffoon barking wits,
May with their beggarly and barren trash
Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite
This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride control,
"The honest satire hath the happiest soul."

Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts ; withdraw when
you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the bar.

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha ? Fear nothing, I'll
quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards ; I'll do 't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am
generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately
provided ; we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. Ay.

Please it great Cæsar, I have pills about me,
Mixt with the whitest kind of hellebore,
Would give him a light vomit that should purge
His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats,
Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. Oh, be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace !
You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient.
Virgil,

Use your authority, command him forth.

⁶ The last ten or eleven lines of this speech are a version from some
lines in one of Horace's "Satires," Book I., Sat. 4. William Gifford
pointed this out, and also supposed reference to Juvenal's opening of
Sat. xiii. in Tucca's "We of the bench, let's rise to the urn."

Virg. Caesar is careful of your health, Crispinus;
And hath himself chose a physician
To minister unto you: take his pills.¹

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholesome.
Take yet another; so; stand by, they'll work anon.

Tib. Romans, return to your several seats: lictors, bring forward the urn; and set the accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you . . . egregious varlets; come forward. What! shall we sit all day upon you? You make no more haste now than a beggar upon pattens; or a physician to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You have, according to the Roman custom, put yourselves upon trial to the urn, for divers and sundry calumnies, whereof you have, before this time, been indicted, and are now presently arraigned: prepare yourselves to hearken to the verdict of your tryers. Caius Cilnius Mecænas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, guilty. Cornelius Gallus, guilty. Pantilius Tucca——"

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.

Dem. He means himself; for it was he indeed
Suborned us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you . . . cantharides! was it I?

Dem. I appeal to your conscience, captain.

Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. Oh, the captain, the captain——

Hor. My physic begins to work with my patient, I see.

Virg. Captain, stand forth and answer.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor; I appeal from thee to
Cæsar, I. Do me right, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir.—Lictors, gag him; do.
And put a case of vizards o'er his head,
That he may look bifronted, as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæsar, wilt thou? Away, you . . . vultures; away. You think I am a dead corps now, because Cæsar is disposed to jest with a man of mark, or so. Hold your hooked talons out of my flesh, you inhuman harpies. Go to, do't. What! will the royal Augustus cast away a gentleman of worship, a captain and a commander, for a couple of condemned caitiff calumnious cargoes?

Cæs. Dispatch, lictors.

Tuc. Cæsar! [The vizards are put upon him.]

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Virg. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess; but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him than loved me; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced: nothing else.

Virg. Thus envious souls repine at others' good.

Hor. If this be all, faith, I forgive thee freely.

Envy me still, so long as Virgil loves me,²
Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar,

My dear Mecænas; while these, with many more,
Whose names I wisely slip, shall think me worthy
Their honoured and adored society,
And read and love, prove and applaud my poems;
I would not wish but such as you should spite them.

Cris. O——!

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. Oh, I am sick——!

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physic works. Faint not, man.

Cris. O—*retrograde—reciprocal—incubus.*

Cæs. What's that, Horace?

Hor. *Retrograde, reciprocal, and incubus* are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to Jupiter!

Cris. O—*glibbery—lubrical—defunct*—O—!

Hor. Well said; here's some store.

Virg. What are they?

Hor. *Glibbery, lubrical, and defunct.*

Gal. Oh, they came up easy.

Cris. O——O——!

Tib. What's that?

Hor. Nothing yet.

Cris. *Magnificate*——

Mec. *Magnificate*! That came up somewhat hard.

Hor. Ay. What cheer, Crispinus?

Cris. Oh! I shall cast up my—*spurious—snotteries*——

Hor. Good. Again.

Cris. *Chilblained*—O—O—*clumsie*——

Hor. That *clumsie* stuck terribly.

Mec. What's all that, Horace?

Hor. *Spurious, snotteries, chilblained, clumsyie.*

Tib. O Jupiter!

Gal. Who would have thought there should have been
such a deal of filth in a poet?

Cris. O—*barmy froth*——

Cæs. What's that?

Cris. *Puffie—inflate—turgidous—ventosity.*

Hor. *Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous, and ventosity*
are come up.

Tib. Oh, terrible windy words!

Gal. A sign of a windy brain.

Cris. O—*oblatrant—furibund—fatuate—strenuous.*

Hor. Here's a deal: *oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.*

Cæs. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had
in his belly?

Hor. No, there's the often *conscious damp* behind still.

Cris. O—*conscious—damp.*

Hor. It is come up, thanks to Apollo and Æsculapius; yet
there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. Oh, no; O—O—O—O—O—!

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.

Cris. O O—*prorumped.*

Tib. *Prorumped*! What a noise it made! as if his spirit
would have prorumped with it.

Cris. O—O—O—!

Virg. Help him, it sticks strangely, whatever it is.

Cris. O—*clutcht.*

Hor. Now it is come; *clutcht.*

Cæs. *Clutcht*! it is well that's come up; it had but a
narrow passage.

Cris. O——!

Virg. Again! hold him, hold his head there.

Cris. *Snarling gusts—quaking custard.*³

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

¹ This pill, with its consequences, is a clever adaptation from the Lexiphanes of Lucian, a lively Greek satirist of the second century. He was born at Samosata, near the Euphrates, and began life as a sculptor, then turned to law, and finally lived a life of his own by the practice of rhetoric in many cities. He saw much of the world, and rose from the delivery of lighter essays as a rhetorician to the most vigorous and ingenious satire upon vices and follies of his time. He died about A.D. 200. Lucian's Lexiphanes (word-shiner) is a great fop, who thinks he has written better than Plato, prorumps affected Greek, and "antisymphosiazes Aristo." Ben Jonson closely imitates the manner in which Lexiphanes is relieved of his bad words by a pill.

² This passage is directly taken from Horace's "Satires" (I. x.)

³ "Let custards quake, my zeal must freely run." ("Scourge of Villanie," Bk. I., Sat. 2.)

Cris. O—*obstupfact.*

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Virg. These pills can but restore him for a time,
Not cure him quite of such a malady
Caught by so many surfeits, which have filled
His blood and brain thus full of crudities :
'Tis necessary therefore he observe
A strict and wholesome diet.¹ Look you take
Each morning of old Cato's principles
A good draught next your heart; that walk upon,
Till it be well digested; then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, suck his phrase
Instead of liquorice; and, at any hand,
Shun Plautus and old Ennius—they are meats
Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read
(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,
As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a dish.
You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms,
To stuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase, you shall not straight
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass; and do not think yourself
Much damnified if you do leave it out,
When nor your understanding nor the sense
Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound and clear:
And this have I prescribed to you, in place
Of a strict sentence; which till he perform,
Attire him in that robe. And henceforth learn
To bear yourself more humbly; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
On him whose laughter can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar!

Virg. And for a week or two see him locked up
In some dark place, removed from company;
He will talk idly else after his physic.
Now to you, sir. [*To DEMETRIUS.*] The extremity of law
Awards you to be branded in the front
For this your calumny: but since it pleaseth
Horace, the party wronged, t' intreat of Cæsar
A mitigation of that juster doom,
With Cæsar's tongue thus we pronounce your sentence.
Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coat and cap, and henceforth think thyself
No other than they make thee; vow to wear them
In every fair and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only, grave prætor, here, in open court,
I crave the oath for good behaviour
May be administered unto them both.

Virg. Horace, it shall: Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius,
lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnly
attest and swear, that never, after this instant, either at
booksellers' stalls, in taverns, two-penny rooms, tiring-

houses, noblemen's butteries, puisnés chambers (the best and
farthest places where you are admitted to come), you shall
once offer or dare (thereby to embar yourself the more to
any player, enghle, or guilty gull in your company) to
malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus
Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man, transcending
you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to work upon,
either for that, or for keeping himself in better acquaintance
or enjoying better friends; or if, transported by any sudden
and desperate resolution, you do, that then you shall not
under the baton,² or in the next presence, being an honour-
able assembly of his favourers, be brought as voluntary
gentlemen to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall
you, at any time, ambitiously affecting the title of the Un-
trussers or Whippers of the age, suffer the itch of writing to
over-run your performance in libel, upon pain of being taken
up for lepers in wit, and, losing both your time and your
papers, be irrecoverably forfeited to the hospital of fools. So
help you our Roman gods, and the Genius of great Cæsar!"

Virg. So! now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. And thanks to Cæsar,
That thus hath exercised his patience.

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of Cæsar.

It is the bane and torment of our ears
To hear the discords of those jangling rhymers,
That with their bad and scandalous practices
Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low
As these despised objects; let them fall
With their flat grovelling souls: be you yourselves;
And as with our best favours you stand crowned,
So let your mutual loves be still renowned:
Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
Though the deserving man should crack his spirit.
"Blush, folly, blush: here 's none that fears
The wagging of an ass's ears,
Although a wolfish case he wears.
Detraction is but baseness' varlet:
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet."

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben Jonson's "Poetaster" was replied to at once
by Thomas Dekker and John Marston, who con-
sidered themselves to be personally attacked in the
characters of Crispinus and Demetrius. Dekker was
born in London, perhaps a little earlier than 1577.
He began to write for the stage in 1597. His first
play was a light hearted comedy, "The Shoemaker's
Holiday," that Ben Jonson could only have thought
well of, for it is brimful of honest mirth, and paints
a blunt and jolly shoemaker with a true dramatic
humour that Ben Jonson would not fail to appreciate.
His next play, "Old Fortunatus," half play, half
fairy masque, had, moreover, an elevation of purpose
that entirely raised Dekker above the "Poetaster."

John Marston was, at the end of Elizabeth's reign,
a young man of about Dekker's age. Marston's
father, also John Marston, was a gentleman of
Coventry, a counsellor at law, who, in 1592, was
Lecturer of the Middle Temple. In 1593, John
Marston the younger graduated at Cambridge as
B.A. In 1598 he published satires—wide open to
charges of rough personality—under the name of
"The Scourge of Villanie," also as "amorist" or
love-poet, a poem called "Pygmalion's Image," with

¹ This whole speech is adapted from Lucian, who gives it as the
advice of Lycinus to Lexiphanes.

² *Baton*, staff. French "*Bâton*."

a Satire or two added, and in 1599 he was referred to in manager Henslowe's diary as "the new poet." His first plays (printed in 1602) were "Antonio and Mellida," and the second part of that play, called "Antonio's Revenge." There was some ground for Marston's opinion that he was pointed at in Crispinus, because Crispinus, in the last scene of the "Poetaster," brought up many words out of the "Scourge of Villanie" and "Antonio and Mellida." But Jonson spoke truly, when he said that he was dealing with principles, and not with persons. Dekker and Marston liked Ben Jonson, but agreed with the town that he had for three years been putting his friends into his plays, to lay the whip of satire on their shoulders. Therefore they thought it time that he should be asked how he himself would like such treatment. They wrote the threatened play, therefore, which they called a whip for the satirist—

SATIROMASTIX,

"or the Untrussing of the Humourous Poet." In this Ben Jonson appears as Horace Junior, his own Captain Tucca is set to bully him in 'prose, and his friends, Marston and Dekker, as Crispinus and Demetrius, reason with him courteously, in sober, earnest verse. A feeble story of the days of William Rufus runs through the piece to make a play of it; but the work was written only for the sake of the return fire upon the "Poetaster," and its best scenes are those in which the two poets administer what they believe to be a needed lesson to the friend for whom they have a goodwill, of which they blend heartiest expression with their satire. The play opens with the strewing of flowers for a wedding, in the house of Sir Quintilian Shorthose. His daughter, Cælestine, is bride. Sir Adam Prickshaft, and Sir Rees ap Vaughan, and the widow Miniver, are guests. So are Crispinus and Demetrius, and the bridegroom is Sir Walter Tyrrel. After this opening of the story, the next scene presents Ben Jonson as

HORACE *sitting in a study behind a curtain, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly; to himself:*

Hor. To thee whose forehead swells with roses,
Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and scent to every flower,
Whose most ador'd name encloses
Things abstruse, deep and divine;
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.
Oh, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In—in—in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortal name—
In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming:
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
[Foh.] hath, shame, proclaim, oh—
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaim, not—
Oh, me thy priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame,—
Good, good,—in flowing numbers filled with spright and flame—

*Enter ASINIUS BUBO.*¹

Asi. Horace, Horace, my sweet ningle,² is always in labour when I come; the nine Muses be his midwives, I pray Jupiter, ningle.

Hor. In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame—
To thee—

Asi. To me? I pledge thee sweet ningle, by Bacchus' quaffing bowl, I thought thou had'st drunk to me.

Hor. It must have been in the divine liquor of Parnassus, than in which, I know you would scarce have pledged me, but come, sweet rogue, sit, sit, sit.

Asi. Over head and ears i' faith? I have a sack-full of news for thee; thou shalt plague some of them, if God sends us life and health together.

Hor. It's no matter; empty thy sack anon, but come here first, honest rogue, come.

Asi. Is 't good, is 't good, pure Helicon, ha?

Hor. [Hang] me if it be not the best that ever came from me, if I have any judgment. Look, sir, 'tis an *Epithalamium* for Sir Walter Tyrrel's wedding; my brains have given assault to it but this morning.

Asi. Then I hope to see them fly out like gunpowder ere night.

Hor. Nay, good rogue mark, for they are the best lines that ever I drew.

Asi. Here's the best leaf in England; but on, on, I'll but tune this pipe.³

Hor. Mark, *To thee whose forehead swells with roses.*

Asi. Oh, sweet; but will there be no exceptions taken, because forehead and swelling comes together?

Hor. Push away, away, it's proper, besides 'tis an elegancy to say the forehead swells.

Asi. Nay, an' 't be proper, let it stand, for [Heaven's] love.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and scent to every flower,
Whose most ador'd name encloses
Things abstruse, deep and divine;
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.

Asi. Oh, pure, rich; there's heat in this; on, on.

Hor. Bright as Eoan fire.

Oh, me thy priest inspire!

For I to thee and thine immortal name . . . mark this.

In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame—

Asi. Ay, marry, there's spright and flame in this.⁴

Hor. A [plague] on this tobacco.

Asi. Would this case were my last, if I did not mark. Nay, all's one, I have always a comfort of pipes about me. Mine ingle is all fire and water; I marked, by this candle (which is none of God's angels); I remember, you started back at spright and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortal name,
In flowing numbers filled with spright and flame,
To thee, Love's mightiest king,
Hymen, O Hymen, does our chaste muse sing.

Asi. There's music in this.

Hor. Mark now, dear Asinius.—

Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the bride,
Though their blushing cheeks they hide,

Yet with kisses will they fee thee, . . .

Yet with kisses will they fee thee, my muse has marched

¹ *Asinius Bubo.* A name formed from Ass and Owl.

² *Ningle* is contracted from *mine ingle*, as a word of endearment. See note 2, page 181.

³ Fill it with tobacco.

⁴ Lighting his pipe, and intent upon the process.

(dear rogue) no farther yet : but how is 't ? how is 't ? Nay, prithee good Asinius, deal plainly, do not flatter me, come, how ?—

Asi. If I have any judgment—

Hor. Nay, look you, sir,—and then follow a troop of other rich and laboured conceits : oh, the end shall be admirable ! but how is 't, sweet Bubo, how, how ?

Asi. If I have any judgment, 'tis the best stuff that ever dropped from thee.

Hor. You have seen my acrostics ?

Asi. I'll put up my pipes, and then I'll see anything.

Hor. Thou hast a copy of mine odes too, hast not, Bubo ?

Asi. Your odes ? Oh, that which you spoke by word of mouth at the ordinary, when Musco, the gull, cried mew at it.

Hor. A [plague] on him, poor brainless rook ; and, you remember, I told him his wit lay at pawn with his new satin suit, and both would be lost for not fetching home by a day.

Asi. At which he would fain have blushed, but that his painted cheeks would not let him.

Hor. Nay, sirrah, the Palinode which I mean to stitch to my Revels shall be the best and most ingenious piece that ever I sweat for ; stay, rogue, I'll fat thy spleen, and make it plump with laughter.

Asi. Shall I ? faith, ningle, shall I see thy secrets ?

Hor. Pooh ! my friend's.

Asi. But what fardle's that ?¹ what fardle's that ?

Hor. Fardle ! away, 'tis my packet ; here lie entombed the loves of knights and earls, here 'tis, here 'tis, here 'tis—Sir Walter Tyrrel's letter to me, and my answer to him. I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious angels, whom I adored as subjects do their sovereigns ; the honest knight angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baits—but why dost laugh, my good rogue ? how is my answer, prithee, how, how ?

Asi. Answer, as God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou may'st answer any justice of peace in England, I warrant ; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, ay, and read'st as legibly as some that have been saved by their neck-verse.

Hor. But how dost like the knight's inditing ?

Asi. If I have any judgment ; a [plague] on 't, here's worshipful lines indeed, here's stuff : but, sirrah ningle, of what fashion is this knight's wit, of what block ?

Hor. Why, you see,—well, well, an ordinary ingenuity, a good wit for a knight ; you know how, before [Heaven], I am haunted with some, the most pitiful dry gallants.

Asi. Troth, so I think ; good pieces of landscape show best afar off.

Hor. Ay, ay, ay, excellent sumpter horses carry good clothes ; but, honest rogue, come, what news, what news abroad ? I have heard of the horses walking at the top of Paul's.

Asi. Ha' ye ? why, the Captain Tucce rails upon you most preposterously behind your back, did you not hear him ?

Hor. A [plague] upon him : by the white and soft hand of Minerva, I'll make him the most ridiculous ; [hang] me if I bring not his humour on the stage ; and—scurvy, limping-tongued captain, poor greasy buff jerkin, hang him. 'Tis out of his element to traduce me, I am too well ranked, Asinius, to be stabbed with his dudgeon wit. Sirrah, I'll compose an epigram upon him, shall go thus—

Asi. Nay, I have more news ; there's Crispinus, and his journeyman poet Demetrius Fannius, too ; they swear they'll bring your life and death upon the stage like a bricklayer in : play.

Hor. Bubo, they must press more valiant wits than their own to do it ; me on the stage ? ha, ha. I'll starve their poor copper-lace work masters that dare play me. I can bring (and that they quake at) a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies.

Asi. Nay, that's certain ; I'll bring one hundred gallants of my rank.

Hor. That same Crispinus is the silliest dor, and Fannius the slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet, O God !

Why should I care what every dor doth buz

In credulous ears, it is a crown to me

That the best judgments can report me wrong'd.

Asi. I am one of them that can report it.

Hor. I think but what they are, and am not mov'd.

The one, a light voluptuous reveller ;

The other, a strange arrogating puff ;

Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Asi. S'lid, do not Criticus revel in these lines, ha, ningle, ha :

[Knocking]

Hor. Yes, they're my own.

Cris. Horace !

Dem. Flaccus !

Cris. Horace, not up yet ?

Hor. Peace ! tread softly, hide my papers ; who's this so early ? Some of my rooks, some of my gulls ?

Cris. Horace ! Flaccus !

Hor. Who's there ? stay, tread softly ; Wat Tyrrel, on my life ; who's there ? my gown, sweet rogue, so, come up, come in.

Enter CRISPINUS and DEMETRIUS.

Cris. Good morrow, Horace.

Hor. Oh, God save you gallants.

Cris. Asinius Bubo, well met.

Asi. Nay, I hope so, Crispinus, yet I was sick a quarter of a year ago of a vehement great toothache ; a [plague] on 't, it bit me vilely. As God save me, la, I knew 'twas you by your knocking so soon as I saw you. Demetrius Fannius, will you take a whiff this morning ? I have tickling gear now, here's that will play with your nose, and a pipe of mine own scouring, too.

Dem. Ay, and a hogshead, too, of your own, but that will never be scoured clean, I fear.

Asi. I burnt my pipe yesternight, and 'twas never used since ; if you will, 'tis at your service, gallants, and tobacco, too ; 'tis right pudding,² I can tell you. A lady or two took a pipe full or two at my hands, and praised it for the heavens. Shall I fill, Fannius ?

Dem. I thank you, good Asinius, for your love !

I seldom take that physic, 'tis enough

Having so much fool to take him in snuff.³

Hor. Good Bubo, read some book, and give us leave . . .

Asi. Leave have you, dear ningle. Marry, for reading any book, I'll take my death upon 't (as my ningle says), 'tis out of my element ; no faith, ever since I felt one hit me i' th' teeth that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, could I abide to go to school, I was at *Asi. [knocking]*, and left there ; yet, because I'll not be counted a worse fool than I am, I'll turn over a new leaf.

[ASINIUS reads and takes tobacco.]

² Right pudding. Tobacco was sold in four forms—leaf, leaf-cut, and pudding. Shakespeare never alluded to it in any form. In his poetry no smoking was allowed.

³ To take in snuff was a phrase for being awfully impatient. There is a play of words intended.

⁴ Leaf tobacco now.

¹ Fardle, a pack or burden ; Italian " fardello ; " French " fardeau."

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distill'd roses, and do strive to drain
Out of my ink all gall; that when I weigh
Each syllable I write or speak, because
Mine enemies with sharp and searching eyes
Look through and through me, carving my poor labours
Like an anatomy: O heavens, to see
That when my lines are measured out as straight
As even parallels, 'tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawn awry
The error is not mine, but in their eye
That cannot take proportions.

Cris. Horace, Horace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt; for could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angel's tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head; though saints should
sing

Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with sting.

Hor. 'Tis true.

Cris. Do we not see fools laugh at heaven and mock
The Maker's workmanship; be not you griev'd
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crook'd, lame and vile,
By racking comments and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pills
And only offer you the bitter core.

Hor. Crispinus—

Cris. Say that you have not sworn unto your paper
To blot her white cheeks with the dregs and bottom
Of your friends' private vices: say you swear
Your love and your allegiance to bright virtue
Makes you descend so low as to put on
The office of an executioner,
Only to strike off the swollen head of sin
Where'er you find it standing:

Say you swear,
And make damnation parcel of your oath,
That when your lashing jests make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court, city, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor city,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare wince at you; great pity.

Dem. If you swear, [to] Fannius, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (our kingdom's golden chain),
To poets . . . , or to players [let me die],
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of five hundred, four
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man?

Hor. Dear Fannius—

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Hear me, I can—

Dem. You must daub on thick colours, then, to hide it.

Cris. We come like your physicians, to purge
Your sick and dangerous mind of her disease.

Dem. In troth we do, out of our loves we come,
And not revenge,—but if you strike us still,
We must defend our reputations.

Our pens shall like our swords be always sheath'd,
Unless too much provoked: Horace, if then
They draw blood of you, blame us not, we are men:

Come, let thy muse bear up a smoother sail,
'Tis the easiest and the basest art to rail.¹

Hor. Deliver me your hands, I love you both,
As dear as my own soul; prove me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorn of men.

Both. Enough: we are friends.

Cris. What reads Asinius?

Asi. By my troth here's an excellent comfortable book;
it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of, Bubo?

Asi. Mass, it smells of rose-leaves a little, too.

Hor. Then it must be a sweet book; he would fain per-
fume his ignorance.

Asi. I warrant he had wit in him that penn'd it.

Cris. 'Tis good, yet a fool will confess truth.

Asi. The [rascal] made me meet with a hard stile, in two
or three places, as I went over him.

Dem. I believe thee, for they had need to be very low and
easy stiles of wit that thy brains go over.

Enter BLUNT and TUCCA.

Blunt. Where's this gallant? Morrow, gentlemen: what's
this device done yet, Horace?

Hor. Odso, what mean you to let this fellow dog you into
my chamber?

Blunt. Oh, our honest captain: come, prithee, let us see.

Tuc. Why, you . . . muses, why do you walk here
in this gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions, with that . . .
poor lime-and-hair rascal?² why—

Cris. Oh, peace, good Tucca; we are all sworn friends.

Tuc. Sworn, that Judas yonder, that walks in rug, will dub
you knights of the post, if you serve under his band of oaths.
The copper-faced rascal will, for a good supper, outswear
twelve dozen of grand juries.

Blunt. A [plague] on't; not done yet, and been about it
three days?

Hor. By [Jove], within this hour. Save you, Captain Tucca.

Tuc. [Hang] thee, thou thin-bearded hermaphrodite, [hang]
thee, I'll save myself, for one, I warrant thee. Is this thy tub,
Diogenes?

Hor. Yes, captain, this is my poor lodging.

Asi. Morrow, Captain Tucca: will you whiff this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there, . . . ; no, . . . Cain, I
am for no whiffs, I: come hither, sheepskin-weaver, . . . ;
thou look'st as though thou hadst begged out of a gaol;
draw, I mean not thy face (for 'tis not worth drawing), but
draw near; this way, march, follow your commander, you
scoundrel: so, thou must run of an errand for me, Mephis-
topheles.

Hor. Dear captain, but one word.

Tuc. Out, bench-whistler, out! I'll not take thy word for a
dagger pie: you brown-bread-mouth stinker, I'll teach thee
turn me into Banks his horse,³ and to tell gentlemen I am a
juggler, and can show tricks.

Hor. Captain Tucca, but half a word in your ear.

¹ It certainly is not the fact that in this play, as Gifford said, Dekker "writes in a downright passion, and foams through every page." Crispinus and Demetrius speak like gentlemen and fellow-poets here, and still more conspicuously in a later scene. Tucca bullies as becomes his nature, and makes rude personal allusions; but there is more mirth than malice in the way of pulling the strings of that puppet, who keeps very well to his character as Jonson painted it.

² Lime-and-hair rascal. Tucca's first allusion to the bricklayer's mortar.

³ Banks his horse.

"White oat-eater that doth dwell
In stable small at sign of 'Bell,'

Tuc. No, you starv'd rascal, thou't bite off mine ears then; you must have three or four suits of names, when . . . th' 'ast but one suit to thy back; you must be called Asper, and Criticus, and Horace—thy title's longer a reading than the stile of the big Turks—Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

Hor. Captain, I know upon what even bases I stand, and therefore—

Tuc. Bases? would the rogue were but ready for me.

Blunt. Nay, prithee, dear Tucce, come you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunks there, not hands, but I'll shake the gull-groper out of his tann'd skin.

Cris. and Dem. For our sake, captain, nay, prithee hold.

Tuc. Thou wrong'st here a good honest rascal Crispinus, and a poor varlet Demetrius Fannius (brethren in thine own trade of poetry), thou say'st Crispinus' satin doublet is ravelled out here, and that this penurious sneaker is out of elbows; go to, my good full-mouth'd ban-dog, I'll have thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart, Captain Tucce, and with you too. I'll lay my hands under your feet, to keep them from aching.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. Say'st thou me so, old Coal come? do it then; yet 'tis no matter, neither; I'll have thee in league first with these two rolly-pollies; they shall be thy Damons, and thou their Pythias; Crispinus shall give thee an old cast satin suit, and Demetrius shall write thee a scene or two, in one of thy strong garlick comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and swear 'tis thine own, old lad, 'tis thine own. Thou never yet fell'st into the hands of Satin, didst?

Hor. Never, captain, I thank [Heaven].

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt now, King Gorboduc, thou shalt, because I'll have thee [diabolical], I'll have thee all in satin: Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Crispinus shall do it, thou shalt do it, heir apparent of Helicon, thou shalt do it.¹

Asi. Mine ingle wear an old cast satin suit?

Tuc. I wafer-face your ningle.

Asi. If he carry the mind of a gentleman, he'll scorn it at his heels.

Tuc. Scorn it, dost scorn to be arrested at one of his old suits?

Hor. No, captain, I'll wear anything.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know thou'rt an honest low-minded pigmy, for I have seen thy shoulders lapped in a player's old cast cloak, like a sly knave as thou art: and when thou ran'st mad for the death of Horatio,² thou borrowed'st a gown of Roscius the Stager (that honest Nicodemus), and sent'st it home lousy, did'st not? Respond, did'st not?

Blunt. So, so, no more of this. Within this hour—

Hor. If I can sound retreat to my wits, with whom this leader is in skirmish, I'll end within this hour.

Tuc. What wut end? wut hang thyself now? has he not writ finis yet, Jack? what, will he be fifteen weeks about this cockatrice's egg too? has he not cackled yet? not laid yet?

That lifts up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by Magician styled Banks

("Wit and Drollery," 1656.)

The allusion is to the scene in which Tucce exhibited the performance of his pages.

¹ *Asper, Criticus, &c.* Ben Jonson put his own comments into the characters of *Asper* in "Every Man Out of His Humour," and *Criticus*, which Tucce twists into Criticus in "Cynthia's Revels," and he associated himself with *Horace* in "The Poetaster."

² When Ben Jonson, at the outset of his career, acted *Jeronimo* in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

Blunt. Not yet; he swears he will within this hour.

Tuc. His wits are somewhat hard bound; . . . , his muse, . . . the poor saffron-cheek, sun-burnt gipsy wants physic; give the hungry-face pudding-pie-eater ten pills: ten shillings, my fair Angelina, thou'lt make his muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blunt. He shall not want for money if he'll write.

Tuc. Go by, *Jeronimo*, go by;³ and here, drop the ten shillings into this basin; do, drop, when Jack? he shall call me his *Mæcenas*; besides, I'll dam up his oven-mouth for railing at us: so, is it right, Jack? is it sterling? fall off now to the vanward of yonder four stinkers, and ask aloud if we shall go? the knight shall defray, Jack, the knight, when it comes to *summa totalis*, the knight, the knight.—

Blunt. Well, gentlemen, we'll leave you; shall we go, captain? good Horace, make some haste.

Hor. I'll put on wings.

Asi. I never saw mine ingle so dash'd in my life before.

Cris. Yes, once, *Asinius*.

Asi. Mass, you say true, he was dash'd worse once, going (in a rainy day) with a speech to the tilt-yard, . . . has called him names a dog would not put up, that had any discretion.

Tuc. Hold, hold up thy hand, I ha' seen the day thou did'st not scorn to hold up thy golls; there's a soldier's spur-royal, twelve pence; stay, because I know thou can'st not write without quicksilver; up again, this goll again, I will give thee double press-money; stay, because I know thou hast a noble head, I'll divide my crown; O royal Porrex, there's a teston⁴ more; go, thou and thy muse



CAPTAIN TUCCA.

A Soldier in buff jerkin: from the "Navigator" of Captain Charles Saltinstall (1642).

munch, do, munch; come, my dear mandrake, if skeldering fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish: farewell, my sweet *Amadis de Gaul*, farewell.

Hor. Dear captain.

³ *Go by, Jeronimo.* A phrase from "The Spanish Tragedy," much quoted in its time.

⁴ *Teston*, still called *tester*, sixpence. The name was originally that of a French coin, and taken from the "teste" (head) upon it. It fell in value from eightpence to sixpence.

Tuc. Come, Jack.

Dem. Nay, captain, stay; we are of your band.

Tuc. March fair, then.

Cris. Horace, farewell; adieu, Asinius. [Exeunt.]

Asi. Ningle, let's go to some tavern, and dine together, for my stomach rises at this scurvy leather captain.¹

Hor. No, they have choked me with mine own disgrace, Which, fools, I'll spit again even in your face.

The wedding guests are next upon the scene. Sir Vaughan ap Rees talks stage Welsh to Mistress Miniver, and defies the rivalry of Sir Quintilian and Sir Adam. The bridegroom enters, and is followed by King William Rufus. There is song and dance, during which his Majesty falls in love with the bride Cælestine, and then dares the bridegroom to trust her at court that night. There follows a short scene with Horace and Asinius on the way to the wedding festival; then come humours of the Welsh knight and his rivals with Mistress Miniver. Tucça joins. Demetrius and Crispinus enter with epigrams on Tucça composed by Horace. Tucça vows vengeance. Then follows, between the bride, the bridegroom, and the bride's father, the question of the going to the King. The next scene is of a banquet by Sir Vaughan to the "Ladies and Gentlemen," who are "almost all welcome to this sweet nuncions of plums."

Dicach. Almost all, Sir Vaughan? why, to which of us are you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a piece of welcome?

Sir Vau. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come. I am sorry my Lady Pride is not among you.

Asi. Slid, he makes hounds of us, ningle, a brace quoth a?

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders, draw out the pictures of all the joint stools, and ladies sit down upon their wooden faces.

Flash. I warrant, sir, I'll give every one of them a good stool.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray and desire in hypocritness that bald Sir Adams were here, then, then, then begin to make your rails at the poverty and beggarly want of hair.

Hor. Leave it to my judgment.

Sir Vau. Master Bubo sit there, you and I will think upon our ends at the tables: Master Horace, put your learned body into the midst of these ladies; so 'tis no matter to speak graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Asi. Mass, I thank my destiny I am not past grace, for by this handful of carraways, I could never abide to say grace.

Dica. Mistress Miniver, is not that innocent gentleman a kind of fool?

Min. Why do you ask, madam?

Dica. Nay, for no harm: I ask because I thought you two had been of acquaintance.

Min. I think he's within an inch of a fool.

Dica. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare gentleman, would you heard what Mistress Miniver says of you?

Philo. Why, what says she, Madam Dicache?

Dica. Nay, nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

Philo. Your wish and mine are twins; I wish so too, for then I should be sure to lead a merry life.

Asi. Yes, faith, lady, I'd make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soon shot; by these comfits, we'd let all slide.

Petu. He takes the sweetest oaths that ever I heard a gallant of his pitch swear; by these comfits, and these carraways, I warrant it does him good to swear.

Asi. Yes, faith, 'tis meat and drink to me.

I am glad, Lady Petula, by this apple, that they please you.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders, wine; I beseech you, Master Asinius Bubo, not to swear so deeply, for there comes no fruit of your oaths; here, ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drink of one cup.

Asi. Peter, I prithee, fill me out too.

Flash. I'd fling you out too, an I might have my will; a [plague] of all fools.

Sir Vau. Mistress Minivers, pray be lusty, would Sir Adams Prickshaft stuck by you.

Hor. Who, the bald knight, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. The same, Master Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcel of hair, his crown is clipt and par'd away; methinks 'tis an excellent quality to be bald; for an there stuck a nose and two neyes in his pate, he might wear two faces under one hood.

Asi. . . . save me la, if I might have my will, I'd rather be a bald gentleman than a hairy; for I am sure the best and tallest yeomen in England have bald heads: methinks hair is a scurvy commodity.

Hor. Bubo, herein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vau. Pray stop and fill your mouths, and give Master Horace all your ears.

Hor. For, if of all the body's parts, the head Be the most royal: if discourse, wit, judgment, And all our understanding faculties, Sit there in their high Court of Parliament, Enacting laws to sway this humorous world: This little Isle of Man: needs must that crown, Which stands upon this supreme head, be fair, And held invaluable, and that crown's the hair: The head that wants this honour stands awry, Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Vau. He means bald-pates, Mistress Minivers.

Hor. Hair, 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves, To hang upon the head: and does adorn Our bodies in the first hour we are born: God does bestow that garment: when we die, That (like a soft and silken canopy) Is still spread over us; in spite of death Our hair grows in our grave, and that alone Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone. The excellence of hair in this shines clear, That the four elements take pride to wear The fashion of 't: when fire most bright does burn, The flames to golden locks do strive to turn; When her lascivious arms the water hurls About the shore's waist, her sleek head she curls: And rorid² clouds being sucked into the air, When down they melt, hang like fine silver hair. You see the earth, whose head so oft is shorn, Frighted to feel her locks so rudely torn, Stands with her hair on end, and (thus afraid) Turns every hair to a green naked blade. Besides, when, struck with grief, we long to die, We spoil that most which most does beautify, We rend this head-tire off. I thus conclude,

¹ *Leather captain.* Tucça was in the buff leather suit worn then, and for some years afterwards, under armour, as shown in the woodcut on the preceding page. There are several references to it both in "Poetaster" and "Satiro-mastix."

² *Rorid, dewy.* From Latin "ros, roris," dew.

Colours set colours out; our eyes judge right
Of vice or virtue by their opposite:

So, if fair hair to beauty add such grace,
Baldness must needs be ugly, vile, and base.

Sir Vau. True, Master Horace, for a bald reason is a reason
that has no hairs upon 't, a scurvy scalled reason.

Min. By my truly, I never thought you could have picked
such strange things out of hair before.

Asi. Nay, my ningle can tickle it, when he comes to it.

Min. Troth, I shall never be enamelled of a bare-headed
man for this, what shift soever I make.

Sir Vau. Then Mistress Miniver, Sir Adams Prickshaft must
not hit you; Peter, take up all the cloaths at the table and
the plums.

Enter TUCCA and his boy.

Tuc. Save thee, my little worshipful harper; how do ye
my little cracknels? how do ye?

Sir Vau. Welcome, Master Tucca, sit and shoot into your
belly some sugar pellets.

Tuc. No, gramercy, Cadwallader: how do you, Horace?

Hor. Thanks, good Captain.

Tuc. Where 's the thing thou carriest about thee? Oh, have
I found thee, my scouring-stick; what 's my name, Bubo?

Asi. Would I were hang'd if I can call you any names but
Captain and Tucca.

Tuc. No . . . ; my name's 'Hamlet revenge;' thou'st
been at Paris Garden, hast not?

Hor. Yes, Captain, I have played Zulziman there.

Sir Vau. Then, Master Horace, you played the part of an
honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could never play that part well
in 's life—no, Fulkus, you could not: thou call'st Demetrius
journeyman poet, but thou put'st up a supplication to be a
poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that
thou couldst not set a good face upon it: thou hast forgot
how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the
highway, and tookst mad Jeronimo's part, to get service
among the mimics: and when the stagerites banished thee
into the Isle of Dogs, thou turn'dst ban-dog (villanous Guy),
and ever since bitest; therefore I ask if thou'st been to Paris
Garden, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou baitst
well, read, *lege*, save thyself and read.

Hor. Why, Captain, these are epigrams composed on you.

Tuc. Go not out, farthing candle, go not out, for trusty
Damboys, now the deed is done, I'll pledge this epigram in
wine, I'll swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vau. God bless us, will he be drunk with nittigrams
now.

Tuc. So, now arise, sprite o' th' buttery; no, herring-bone,
I'll not pull thee out; but arise, dear echo, rise, rise devil, or
I'll conjure thee up.

Min. Good Master Tucca, let's have no conjuring here.

Sir Vau. . . . you scald gouty Captain, why come
you to set encumbrances heere between the ladies?

Tuc. Be not so tart, my precious Metheglin, be not; (my
old woman of Babylon, sit fast).

Min. O [mercy] if I know whereabouts in London Babylon
stands.

Tuc. Feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis, stir not my beau-
teous wriggle-tails, I'll disease¹ none of you, I'll take none of
you up, but only this table-man, I must enter him into some
filthy cinque point, I must.

Hor. Captain, you do me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkst thou mayst be as saucy with me as my
buff jerkin, to sit upon me, dost?

Hor. [Let me die], if ever I traduced your name.

What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Vau. [Ay], what coputations can you lay to his sarge?
answer, or by [Supiter] Ile canvas your coxcomb, Tucky.

Min. If they draw, sweethearts, let us shift for ourselves.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I will not fall out with thee; I
cannot, my mad comrade, find in my heart to shed thy blood.

Sir Vau. Cumrade? by [Sove], call me cumrade againe, and
ile cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders; ownds, what
come you to smell out here? did you not dine and feed
horribly well to-day at dinner, but you come to munch here,
and give us winter-plums? I pray depart, goe marse, marse,
marse out a doors.

Tuc. Adieu, Sir Eglamour; adieu Lute-string, Curtain-rod,
Goose-quill; here, give that full-nos'd Skinker these rhymes.

Asi. Dost threaten me? . . . I'll bind thee to the
good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble, hobby-horse, will you trot and
amble?

Tuc. Raw artichoke, I shall sauce thee. [Exit.]

Tucca challenges Asinius. Sir Adam Prickshaft,
who is bald, has been thrown out of the good graces
of Mistress Miniver by Horace's praise of hair. She
says she will not marry a bare-headed man. Tucca
will turn the tables for Sir Adam:

Tuc. Thus. Go, cover a table with sweetmeats, let all the
gentlewomen, and that same Pasquils-madcap (mother Bee
there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble down
plums; then take up that pair of basket hilts, with my com-
mission, I mean Crispinus and Fannius; charge one of them
to take up the bucklers against that hair-monger Horace,
and have a bout or two in defence of bald pates: let them
crack every crown that has hair on 't: go, let them lift up
baldness to the sky, and thou shalt see 'twill turn Miniver's
heart quite against the hair.

Sir Ada. Excellent; why then, Master Tucca—

Tuc. Nay, whir, nimble Prickshaft: whir, away, I go upon
life and death; away, fly, Scanderbag, fly. [Exit.]

Enter ASINIUS BUBO, and HORACE aloof.

Boy. Arm, Captain, arm, arm, arm; the foe is come down.

Tucca offers to shoot.

Asi. Hold, Captain Tucca, hold; I am Bubo, and come to
answer anything you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parley, my little drumstick?
'tis too late; thou seest my red flag² is hung out. . . .

Asi. Use me how you will; I am resolute, for I have made
my will.

Tuc. Wilt fight, Turk-a-ten-pence? wilt fight, then?

Asi. Thou shalt find I'll fight in a godly quarrel, if I be
once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, I'll have thee burnt when
thou wilt, my cold Cornelius: but come: *Respice funem.*
look, thou seest; open thyself, my little cutler's shop! I
challenge thee, thou slender gentleman, at four sundry
weapons.

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and I'll answer but
one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and
my Captain.

Tuc. Well said, cockerel, out-crow him: art hardy, noble
Huon? art magnanimous? lick-trencher; look, scarch lest

¹ Disease, put to discomfort.

² My red flag. A reference to Marlowe's *Tamurlaine* (see page 111).

some lie in ambush: for this man at arms has paper in [him], or some friend in a corner, or else he durst not be so crank.

Boy. Captain, captain, Horace stands sneaking here.

Tuc. I smelt the foul-fisted mortar-treader. Come, my most . . . fastidious rascal, I have a suit to both of you.

Asi. Oh, hold, most pitiful captain, hold.

Hor. Hold, captain, 'tis known that Horace is valiant, and a man of the sword.

Tuc. A gentleman or an honest citizen shall not sit in your penny-bench theatres, with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts; nor sneak into a tavern with his mermaid; but he shall be satired, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upon the stage: you'll have Every Gentleman in his Humour, and Every Gentleman Out on 's Humour: we that are heads of legions and bands, and fear none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall fear you, you serpentine rascal.

Hor. Honour'd captain—

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Horastratus, for killing a player, but thou must eat men alive? thy friends, sirrah wild-man? thy patrons, thou anthropophagite? thy Mecenasas?

Hor. Captain, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong So close unto your heart; dear captain, think I writ out of hot blood, which now being cold, I could be pleased (to please you) to quaff down The poisoned ink in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Sayest thou so, my palinodical rhymester?

Hor. Henceforth I'll rather breathe out solecisms, (To do which I'd as soon speak blasphemy) Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth, Believe it, noble captain; it to me Shall be a crown, to crown your acts with praise, Out of your hate your love I'll strongly raise.

Tuc. I know now thou hast a number of these quiddits to bind men to the peace: 'tis thy fashion to flirt ink in every man's face; and then to crawl into his bosom, and damn thyself to wipe it off again, yet to give out abroad, that he was glad to come to composition with me: I know, Monsieur Machiavel, 'tis one of thy rules; my long-heel'd troglodite, I could make thine ears burn now, by dropping into them all those hot oaths, to which thyself gav'st voluntary fire, (when thou wast the man in the moon) that thou would'st never squib out any new saltpetre jests against honest Tucca, nor those maligo-tasters, his Poetasters; I could, Cynocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowest thou hast broke those oaths in print, my excellent infernal.

Hor. Captain—

Tuc. Nay, I smell what breath is to come from thee. Thy answer is, that there's no faith to be held with heretics and infidels, and therefore thou swear'st anything: but come, lend me thy hand, thou and I henceforth will be Alexander and Lodowick, the Gemini, sworn brothers; thou shalt be Pirithous and Tucca Theseus: but I'll leave thee in the lurch when thou mak'st thy voyage into hell: till then, thine assuredly.

Hor. With all my soul, dear captain.

Tuc. Thou'lt shoot thy quills at me, when my terrible back is turned, for all this, wilt not, porcupine? and bring me and my heliconists into thy dialogues to make us talk madly, wilt not, Lucian?

Hor. Captain, if I do—

Tuc. Nay, an thou dost, horns of Lucifer, the parcel-poets shall sue thy wrangling muse, in the court of Parnassus, and never leave hunting her, till she plead in *forma pauperis*. But I hope thou hast more grace; come, friends, clap hands, 'tis a bargain; amiable Bubo, thy fist must walk too. So, I

love thee, now I see thou art a little Hercules, and wilt fight; I'll stick thee now in my company like a sprig of rosemary.

Then comes Sir Rees ap Vaughan to fight Tucca for fleecing the widow Miniver of five gold pieces. And then comes Sir Adam's nuncheon of plums, with the defence of baldness wherewith Crispinus, in Sir Adam's interest, is to vanquish Horace's praise of a hairy pate.

Ladies. Thanks, good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome, red-cheeked ladies, And welcome comely widow; gentlemen, Now that our sorry banquet is put by From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips, Walk in my garden: ladies, let your eyes Shed life into these flowers by their bright beams: Sit, sit, here's a large bower, here all may hear. Now, good Crispinus, let your praise begin, There, where it left off,—baldness.

Cris. I shall win

No praise, by praising that, which to deprave, All tongues are ready, and which none would have.

Blu. To prove that best by strong and arméd reason Whose part reason fears to take, cannot but prove Your wit's fine temper, and from these win love.

Min. I promise you have almost converted me. I pray bring forward your bald reasons, Mr. Poet.

Cris. Mistress, you give my reasons proper names, For arguments (like children) should be like The subject that begets them; I must strive, To crown bald heads, therefore must baldly thrive; But be it as it can; to what before Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more, If a bare head (being like a dead man's skull) Should bear up no praise else but this, it sets Our end before our eyes: should I despair, From giving baldness higher place than hair?

Min. Nay, perdie, hair has the higher place.

Cris. The goodliest and most glorious strange-built wonder Which that great Architect has made, is heaven; For there He keeps His court, it is His kingdom, That's His best masterpiece; yet 'tis the roof, And ceiling of the world: that may be called The head or crown of earth, and yet that's bald, All creatures in it bald; the lovely sun, Has a face sleek as gold; the full-cheeked moon, As bright and smooth as silver: nothing there Wears dangling locks, but sometime blazing stars, Whose flaming curls set realms on fire with wars. Descend more low; look through man's five-fold fence, Of all, the eye, bears greatest eminence; And yet that's bald, the hairs that like a lace Are stitched unto the lids, borrow those forms, Like pent-houses to save the eyes from storms.

Sir Ada. Right, well said.

Cris. A head and face o'er-grown with shaggy dress, Oh, 'tis an Orient pearl hid all in moss; But when the head's all naked and uncrowned, It is the world's globe, even, smooth, and round; Baldness is Nature's butt, at which our life Shoots her last arrow: what man ever led His age out with a staff, but had a head Bare and uncovered? he whose years do rise To their full height, yet not bald, is not wise. The head is wisdom's house, hair but the thatch. Hair? It's the basest stubble; in scorn of it,

This proverb sprung, He has more hair than wit :

Mark you not in derision how we call

A head grown thick with hair, bush-natural?

Min. By your leave (master poet but that bush-natural is one of the trimmest and most entangling¹st beauty in a woman.

Cris. Right, but believe this (pardon me, most fair),
You would have much more wit, had you less hair :
I could more weary you to tell the proofs,
As they pass by, which fight on baldness' side,
Than were you tasked to number on a head
The hairs : I know not how your thoughts are led.
On this strong tower shall my opinion rest,
Heads thick of hair are good, but bald's the best.

Whilst this paradox is in speaking, TUCCA enters with SIR VAUGHAN at one door, and secretly places him : then exit and brings in HORACE muffled, placing him : TUCCA sits among them.

Tuc. Thou art within a hair of it, my sweet Wit-whither-wilt-thou : my delicate poetical fury, thou hast hit it to a hair.

SIR VAUGHAN steps out.

Sir Vau. By your favour, Master Tucky, his bald reasons are wide above two hairs. I beseege you pardon me, Ladies, that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mich¹ here, and see how this cruel poet did handle bald heads.

Sir Ada. He gave them but their due, Sir Vaughan ; widow, did he not ?

Min. By my faith, he made more of a bald head than ever I shall be able : he gave them their due truly.

Sir Vau. Nay . . . , their due is to be o' the right hair as I am, and that was not in his fingers to give, but in God a mighties. Well, I will hire that humorous and fantastical poet, Master Horace, to break your bald pate, Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Break my bald pate ?

Tuc. Dost hear, my worshipful blockhead ?

Sir Vau. Patience, Captain Tucky, let me absolve him ; I meane he shall prick, prick your head or scone a little with his goose-quills, for he shall make another Thalimum, or cross-stickes, or some Polinodyes, with a few nappy-grams in them that shall lift up hair, and set it an end, with his learned and hearty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent ; all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace, methinks, hast the most ungodly face, by my fan ; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet apple, when 'tis bruised : it's better than a spoonful of cinnamon-water next my heart for me to hear him speak ; he sounds it so i' the nose, and talks and rants for all the world, like the poor fellow under Ludgate : oh fie upon him !

Min. By my troth, sweet ladies, it's cake and pudding to me to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets.

Hor. I'll face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

Tuc. It's the stinkiest dung-farmer—foh upon him !

Sir Vau. Foh ? oundes, you make him urse than old herring : foh ? by [Supiter], I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a poet as ever drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that ever I knew him hack out, was his white neck-verse : noble Ap Rees, thou wouldst scorn to lay thy lips to his commendations, an thou smell'st him out as I do : he calls thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vau. Right, Peter is my Salamander ; what of him ? but Peter is never burnt : how now ? so, go to, now.

Tuc. And says, because thou clipt the King's English,—

Sir Vau. Oundes me ? that's treason : clip : horrible treasons, [Sove] hold my hands ; clip : he baits mous-traps for my life.

Tuc. Right, little twinkler, right : he says because thou speak'st no better, thou can'st not keep a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vau. By [Supiter], 'tis the best tongue I can buy for love or money.

Tuc. He shoots at thee, too, Adam Bell, and his arrows stick here : he calls thee bald-pate.

Sir Vau. Oundes, make him prove these intolerabilities.

Tuc. And asks who shall carry the vinegar-bottle ? and then he rhymes to it, and says Prickshaft : nay, Miniver, he crumples thy cap too ; and—

Cris. Come, Tucca, come, no more ; the man's well known, thou need'st not paint him : whom does he not wrong ?

Tuc. Marry, himself, the ugly Pope Boniface, pardons himself, and therefore my judgment is, that presently he be had from hence to his place of execution, and there be stabbed, stabbed, stabbed. [*He stabs at him.*]

Hor. Oh, gentlemen, I am slain ! O slave, art hir'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me !

Ladies. O [Love.]

Sir Vau. Ounds, Captain, you have put all poetry to the dint of sword ! blow wind about him : ladies, for your Lords sake, you that have smocks, teare off pieces to shoot through his oundes : Is he dead and buried ? is he ? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tuc. If he be not dead, look here ; I had the stab and pippin for him : if I had kill'd him, I could have pleased the great fool with an apple.

Cris. How now ? be well, good Horace, here's no wound ;

You're slain by your own fears ; how dost thou, man ?

Come, put thy heart into his place again ;

Thy outside's neither pierced, nor inside slain.

Sir Vau. I am glad, Master Horace, to see you walking.

Hor. Gentlemen, I am black and blue the breadth of a groat.

Tuc. Breadth of a groat ? there's a teston, hide thy infirmities, my scurvy Lazarus ; do, hide it, lest it prove a scab in time ; hang thee, desperation, hang thee ; thou knowest I cannot be sharp set against thee : look, feel . . . feel my weapon.

Min. Oh, most pitiful, as blunt as my great thumb.

Sir Vau. By [Supiter], as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Paul's ; 'tis not like thy aloe, cicatrine tongue, bitter : no, 'tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt : dost roar bulchin ? dost roar ? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry lanthorn and candle-light.

Sir Vau. Two 'urds Horace about your ears : how chance it passes, that you bid good b'ye to an honest trade of building simneys, and laying down bricks, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but rails ; your Muse leans upon nothing but filthy rotten rails, such as stand on Poules head, how chance ?

Hor. Sir Vaughan—

Sir Vau. You lie, sir varlet, sir villain, I am Sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamander's face as urse as mine ? Gentlemen all, and ladies, an you say once or twice Amen, I will lay this little side, this body in his blankets agen.

¹ Mich, skulk, hide. The word in Shakespeare's phrase of "Miching mallecho."

² Stabs, not with a dagger, but with a small apple at his fist.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Tuc. A blanket, these cracked Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall toss him!—Hfold fast wag-tails: so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience! Why, when? dost stamp, mad Tamberlaine, dost stamp? thou thinkst thou hast mortar under thy feet, dost?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho!

Hor. Oh, hold, most sacred beauties.

Sir Vau. Hold, silence; the puppet-teacher speaks.

Hor. Sir Vaughan, noble captain, gentlemen, Crispinus, dear Demetrius, oh redeem me, Out of this infamous—

Cris. Nay, swear not so, good Horace, now these ladies Are made your executioners: prepare To suffer like a gallant, not a coward; I'll try t' unloose their hands: impossible; Nay, women's vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why would you make me thus the ball of scorn?

Tuc. I'll tell thee why, because thou hast entered actions of assault and battery against a company of honourable and worshipful fathers of the law: you wrangling rascal, law is one of the pillars of the land, and if thou beest bound to it (as I hope thou shalt be), thou'lt prove a skip-Jack, thou'lt be whipp'd. I'll tell thee why, because thy sputtering chaps yelp, that arrogance and impudence and ignorance are the essential parts of a courtier.¹

Sir Vau. You remember, Horace, they will . . . pink, and pump you, an they catch you by the coxcomb: on I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. I'll tell thee why, because thou criest ptooth at worshipful citizens, and call'st them hat-caps and bankrupts, and modest and virtuous wives cockatrices.² I'll tell thee why, because thou hast arraigned two poets against all law and conscience;³ and not content with that, hast turned them amongst a company of horrible black friars.

Sir Vau. The same hand still, it is your own another day, Master Horace, admonitions is good meat.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraigned poet, and shouldst have been hanged, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable copper-laced Christians, that fetched thee out of purgatory, (players I mean), theaterians pouch-mouth, stage-walkers; for this, poet, for this, thou must lie . . . in that blanket, for this—

Hor. What could I do out of a just revenge, But bring them to the stage? they envy me Because I hold more worthy company.

Dem. Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush for thine, As often as thou speak'st so, where one true And nobly virtuous spirit for thy best part Loves thee, I wish one ten, even from my heart. I make account I put up as deep share In any good man's love, which thy worth earns, As thou thyself; we envy not to see Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy. No, here the gall lies, we that know what stuff Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk On which thy learning grows, and can give life To thy once dying baseness; yet must we Dance antics on your paper.

Hor. Fannius—

Cris. This makes us angry, but not envious, No; were thy warped soul put in a new mould, I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.⁴

Sir Vau. And jewels, Master Horace, must be hanged, you know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well said, they have sewed up that broken seam-rent lie of thine, that Demetrius is out at elbows, and Crispinus is fallen out with satin here, they have; but bloat herring, dost hear?

Hor. Yes, honoured captain, I have ears at will.

Tuc. Is't not better be out at elbows, than to be a bond-slave, and to go all in parchment as thou dost?

Hor. Parchment, captain? 'tis perpetuana, I assure you.

Tuc. My perpetual pantaloons, true, but 'tis waxed over; thou art made out of wax; thou must answer for this one day; thy muse is a haggler, and wears clothes upon best-be-trust: thou art great in somebody's books for this, thou knowest where; thou would'st be out at elbows, and out at heels too, but that thou layest about thee with a bill for this, a bill—

Hor. I confess, captain, I followed this suit hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore we have Hiren here; speak, my little dish-washers, a verdict . . .

Omnes. Blanket.

Sir Vau. Hold, I pray, hold, by [Supiter] I have put upon my head a fine device, to make you laugh: 'tis not your fool's cap, Master Horace, which you cover'd your poetasters in, but a fine trick, ha, ha, is jumbling in my brain.

Tuc. I'll beat out thy brains, my handsome dwarf, but I'll have it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it, good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. To conclude, 'tis after this manners: because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to be more high and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible person to Court, and there before his Majestie dub, or what you call it, dip his muse in some liquor, and christen him, or dye him, into colours of a poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super, super-excellent! Revellers go, proceed you masters of art in kissing these wenches, and in dances, bring you the quivering bride to court in a mask; come, Grumboll, thou shalt mum with us; come, dog me, sneak's-bill.

Hor. O thou my muse!

Sir Vau. Call upon God a mighty, and no Muses; your Muse, I warrant, is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Muse now; therefore I pray marse, marse, marse, oudnes your Moose. [Exeunt.]

Cris. We shall have sport to see them; come, bright beauties, The sun stoops low, and whispers in our ears To hasten on our mask; let's crown this night, With choice composéd wreaths of sweet delight.

Then follows a scene with bride, bridegroom, and Sir Quintilian, in which Cælestine takes a sleeping draught, given to her as poison, that she may escape the danger of her meeting with the king. The king comes; a masque is presented. Cælestine is brought to him in a chair as a dead bride. After due wonderment, and plain speaking by the bridegroom to the king, the father explains:

My king, my son, know all:

I am an actor in this mystery.

And bear the chiefest part. The father I,

'Twas I that ministered to her chaste blood

A true somniferous potion, which did steal

Her thoughts to sleep, and flattered her with death.

I call'd it a quick poisoned drug, to try

malice in a rough wit combat among healthy men, who were to be found soon afterwards in cordial fellowship together.

¹ A reference to "Cynthia's Revels."

² A reference to "Every Man Out of His Humour."

³ A reference to "The Poetaster."

⁴ Passages like this show how little there was of petty spite and

The bridegroom's love and the bride's constancy.
He in the passion of his love did fight
A combat with affection; so did both.
She for the poison strove, he for his oath.
Thus, like a happy father, I have won
A constant daughter and a loving son.

King. Mirror of maidens, wonder of thy name,
I give thee that art given, pure, chaste, the same.
Here, Wat, I would not part for the world's pride
So true a bridegroom and so chaste a bride.

Cris. My liege, to wed a comical event
To presupposed tragic argument,
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadful poet take degree.

King. Dreadful in his proportion or his pen?

Cris. In both: he calls himself the whip of men.

King. If a clear merit stand upon his praise,
Reach him a poet's crown, the honoured bays;
But if he claim it, wanting right thereto,
As many bastard sons of poesy do,
Raze down his usurpation to the ground.
True poets are with art and nature crown'd.
But in what mould soe'er this man be cast,
We make him thine, Crispinus. Wit and judgment
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soul, I know,
Will not go arm'd in passion 'gainst thy foe;
Therefore be thou ourself, whilst ourself sit
But as spectator of this scene of wit.

Cris. Thanks, royal lord, for these high honours done
To me unworthy: my mind's brightest fires
Shall all consume themselves in purest flame
On the altar of your dear eternal name.

King. Not under us, but next us take thy seat:
Arts nourished by kings will make kings great.
Use thy authority.

Cris. Demetrius,
Call in that self-creating Horace, bring
Him and his shadow forth.



HIS MAJESTY'S MOST EXCELLENT DOG.
From the Title-page to Dekker's "Lanthorne and Candlelight" (1609).

Dem. Both shall appear:
No black-eyed star must stick in virtue's sphere.

Enter SIR VAUGHAN.

Sir Fau. 'Ounds, did you see him? I pray let all his

majesty's most excellent dogs be set at liberties, and have
their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Fau. Whom? The composer, the prince of poets,
Horace, Horace; he's departed. In God's name and the king's
I sarge you to ring it out from all our ears, for Horace's
body is departed; master, hue and cry shall—God bless
King Williams, I cry you mercy and ask forgiveness, for
mine eyes did not find in their hearts to look upon your
majesty.

King. What news with thee, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Fau. News? 'Tis as urse news as I can desire to
bring about me: our unhandsome-fac'd poet does play at
bo-peeps with your grace, and cries "All hid," as boys do.

Officers. Stand by, room there, back, room for the poet.

Sir Fau. He's reprehended and taken, by 'Sapient': I re-
joice very near as much as if I had discovered a New-found
Land, or the North and East Indies.

*Enter TUCCA, his boy after him with two pictures under his
cloak, and a wreath of nettles; HORACE and BUBO pulled
in by the horns, bound both like Satyrs, SIR ADAM follow-
ing, MISTRESS MINIVER with him, wearing TUCCA'S chain*

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad bull in by the horns. So,
bait one at that stake, my place-mouth yelpers, and one at
that stake, gurnet's head.

King. What busy fellow's this?

Tuc. Save thee, my most gracious king of hearts, save thee
All hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vail; for but to
thee, great Sultan Soliman, I scorn to be thus put off, or to
deliver up this sconce, I would.

King. Sir Vaughan, what's this jolly captain's name?

Sir Fau. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done
God and his country as good and as hot service, in conquering
this vile monster poet, as ever did St. George his horseback
about the dragon.

Tuc. I sweat for 't, but Tawsoone, hold thy tongue, *mon
Dieu*; if thou'lt praise me, do 't behind my back. I am, my
weighty sovereign, one of thy grains, thy valiant vassal.
Ask not what I am, but read, turn over, unclasp thy
chronicles; there thou shalt find buff jerkin, there read my
points of war: I am one of thy mandilian leaders; one that
enters into thy royal bands for thee; Pantilius Tucce; one
of thy kingdom's chiefest quarrellers; one of thy most
faithful—fi—fi—fi—

Sir Fau. Drunkards, I hold my life.

Tuc. No, whirlingig, one of his faithful fighters; thy
drawer, O royal Tamor Cham.

Sir Fau. Go to, I pray, Captain Tucce; give us all leave
to do our business before the king.

Tuc. With all my heart; shi—shi—shi—shake that bear-
whelp when thou wilt.

Sir Fau. Horace and Bubo, pray send an answer into his
majesty's ears, why you go thus in Ovid's Mortar-Morphosis
and strange fashions of apparel.

Tuc. Cur, why?

Asi. My lords, I was drawn into this beastly suit by head
and shoulders only for love I bare to my ningle.

Tuc. Speak ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch,
why—

Hor. I did it to retire me from the world,
And turn my muse into a Timonist,
Loathing the general leprosy of sin,
Which like a plague runs through the souls of men:
I did it but to—

Tuc. But to bite every motley-head vice by the nose. You
did it, ningle, to play the bugbear satire, and make a camp

royal of fashion-mongers quake at your paper bullets. You nasty tortoise, you and your itchy poetry break out like Christmas, but once a year, and then you keep a revelling, and arraigning and a scratching of men's faces, as though you were Tyber, the long-tailed Prince of Rats, do you?

Cris. Horace—

Sir Fau. Silence; pray let all 'urds be strangled, or held fast between your teeth.

Cris. Under control of my dread sovereign,
We are thy judges; thou that didst arraign
Art now prepared for condemnation?
Should I but bid thy muse stand to the bar,
Thyself against her would give evidence,
For flat rebellion 'gainst the sacred laws
Of divine poesy: herein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorn made her turn satirist,
And not her love to virtue, as thou preachest.
Or should we minister strong pills to thee,
What lumps of hard and indigested stuff,
Of bitter satirism, of arrogance,
Of self-love, of detraction, of a black
And stinking insolence, should we fetch up?
But none of these; we give thee what's more fit:—
With stinging nettles crown his stinging wit.

Tuc. Well said, my poetical huckster; now he's in thy handling, rate him, do, rate him well.

Hor. Oh, I beseech your majesty, rather than thus to be nettled, I'll have my satyr's coat pull'd over mine ears, and be turn'd out of the nine Muses' service.

Asi. And I too, let me be put to my shifts with my ningle.

Sir Fau. By [Sove], so you shall, M. Bubo. Flea off this hairy skin, M. Horace; so, so, so, untruss, untruss.

Tuc. His poetical wreath, my dapper [tit].

Hor. Ooh—

Sir Fau. Nay, your oohs, nor your calinoes cannot serve your turn. Your tongue, you know, is full of blisters with railing, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fiery inventions; and therefore, to preserve your head from aching, this biggin is yours. Nay, by [Supiter], you shall be a poet, though not laurefied, yet nettled, so.

Tuc. Sirrah stinker, thou 'rt but untrussed now; I owe thee a whipping still, and I'll pay it. I have laid rods in . . . vinegar for thee. It shall not be the whipping of the satyr, nor the whipping of the blind bear, but of a counterfeit juggler that steals the name of Horace.

King. How? counterfeit? does he usurp that name?

Sir Fau. Yes, indeed, an 't please your grace; he does sup up that abominable name.

Tuc. He does, O King Cambyzes, he does. Thou hast no part of Horace in thee but his name and his damnable vices; thou hast such a terrible mouth that thy beard's afraid to peep out. But look here, you staring leviathan, here's the sweet visage of Horace; look, parboiled face, look: Horace had a trim, long beard, and a reasonable face for a poet, as faces go now-a-days; Horace did not screw and wriggle himself into great men's familiarity, impudently, as thou dost, nor wear the badge of gentlemen's company, as thou dost thy taffety sleeves, tacked too only with some points of profit. No, Horace had not his face punched full of eyelet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan; Horace loved poets well, and gave coxcombs to none but fools; but thou lovest none, neither wise men nor fools, but thyself. Horace was a goodly corpulent gentleman, and not so lean a hollow-cheeked scrag as thou art.¹ No; here's the copy of thy countenance; by this

will I learn to make a number of villainous faces more, and to look scurrily upon the world, as thou dost.

Cris. Sir Vaughan, will you minister their oath?

Sir Fau. Master Asinius Bubo, you shall swear as little as you can; one oath shall dam up your innocent mouth.

Asi. Any oath, sir, I'll swear anything.

Sir Fau. You shall swear by Phœbus (who is your poet's good lord and master) that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or knives, which you understand not, nor to write your love-letters, which you, in turning of a hand, set your marks upon as your own; nor you shall not carry Latin poets about you, till you can write and read English at most; and lastly, that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

Asi. By Phœbus, I swear all this, and as many oaths as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Fau. Trudge then, pay your legs for fees, and be discharged.

Tuc. Tprooth . . run, Red-cap; wear horns there.

[*Exit* ASINIUS.]

Sir Fau. Now, Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be like your wits, of many colours, and like a broker's book, of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read the inventory of his oath.

Hor. I'll swear till my hair stands up an end, to be rid of this sting. Oh, this sting!

Sir Fau. 'Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Upon him: *imprimis*.

Sir Fau. *Imprimis*, you shall swear by Phœbus and the half a score Muses lacking one, not to swear to hang yourself, if you thought any man, woman, or child could write plays and rhymes as well-favoured ones as yourself.

Tuc. Well said. Hast brought him to the gallows already?

Sir Fau. You shall swear not to bumbast out a new play with the old linings of jests, stolen from the Temple's Revels.

Tuc. To him, old Tango.

Sir Fau. Moreover, you shall not sit in a gallery when your comedies and interludes have entered their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make gentlemen have an eye to you, and to make players afraid to take your part.

Tuc. Thou shalt be my ningle for this.

Sir Fau. Besides, you must forswear to venture on the stage when your play is ended, and to exchange courtesies and compliments with gallants in the lords' rooms, to make all the house rise up in arms, and to cry, "That's Horace; that's he, that's he, that's he that pens and purges humours and diseases."

Tuc. There, boy, again.

Sir Fau. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poor couple—that is to say, your wits and necessities, *alias dictus*, to the rifling of your muse, *alias* your muse's upsitting, *alias* a poet Whitsun-ale—you shall swear that within three days after you shall not abroad, in book-binders' shops, brag that your viceroy or tributary kings have done homage to you, or paid quarterage.

Tuc. I'll buff thy head, Holofernes.

Sir Fau. Moreover and *imprimis*, when a knight or gentleman of worship does give you his passport to travel in and out to his company, and gives you money for God's sake, I trust in [Sove] you will swear, tooth and nail, not to make scald and wry-mouth jests upon his knighthood, will you not?

Hor. I never did it, by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wilt swear by Parnassus and lie too, Doctor Dodipol?

Sir Fau. Thirdly, and last of all saving one, when your

¹ Here is evidence that Ben Jonson acquired his great bulk after the age of thirty.

plays are misliked at court, you shall not cry Mew like a pussy-cat, and say you are glad you write out of the courtiers' element.

Tuc. Let the element alone; 'tis out of thy reach.

Sir Fau. In briefness, when you sup in taverns amongst your betters, you shall swear not to dip your manners in too much sauce, nor at table to fling epigrams, emblems, or play-speeches about you, like hailstones, to keep you out of the terrible danger of the shot, upon pain to sit at the upper end of the table, at the left hand of Carlo Buffon. Swear all this by Apollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three and three in a rank), and by all that belongs to Parnassus, I swear all this.

Tuc. Bear witness.

Cris. That fearful wreath, this honour is your due ;
All poets shall be poet-apes but you.
Thanks (learning's true Mecænas, poesy's king),
Thanks for that gracious ear which you have lent
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

King. Our spirits have well been feasted ; he whose pen
Draws both corrupt and clear blood from all men,
Careless what vein he pricks, let him not rave
When his own sides are struck : blows, blows do crave.

A few lines more of dialogue end the play, by making Captain Tucca carry off the widow Miniver for his own bride, cheating the knights who had paid court to her.

Too much stress is not to be laid on the personalities of the "Satiromastix." If Ben Jonson's fellow-dramatists shared the common belief that a real Captain Hannam sat for Captain Tucca, of the "Poetaster," and that he attacked them personally when he brought off the Poetaster's stomach many words that had been used in plays of theirs, they could give him a taste of his own whip by way of correction, while expressing hearty admiration of his genius ; as in the "Satiromastix" they distinctly did through their own assumed characters of Crispinus and Demetrius Fannius. Ben Jonson is shown by an entry in Henslowe's Diary to have been fellow-worker with Dekker upon two plays in 1599. The "Poetaster" was in 1601 ; "Satiromastix" was in 1602. In March, 1603, Ben Jonson and Dekker were joint-authors of the pageant prepared in London for the reception of James I. In 1604, John Marston dedicated "The Malcontent" to Ben Jonson as "his candid and cordial friend." Men strong in intellect can wrestle intellectually without narrow spite, and if they lose temper it can soon be found again. Ben Jonson did not intend to deal ungenerously by his fellow-poets, and they had no thought of him that was at all fatal to healthy friendship. Ben Jonson replied to the attack upon him in an Epilogue to the "Poetaster," where he made the Author say of it in a dialogue—

I never writ that piece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall,
Nor was there in any circumstance
Which, in the setting down, I could suspect
Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue ;
Only it had the fault to be called mine ;
That was the crime.

P. No! Why, they say you taxed
The law and lawyers, captains and the players,
By their particular names.

Author. It is not so.

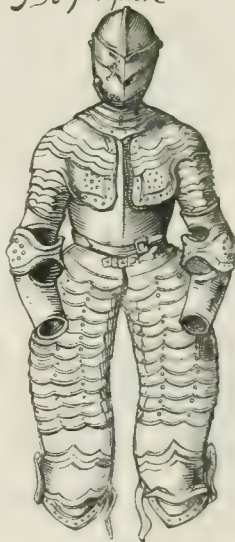
I used no name. My books have still been taught
To spare the persons and to speak the vices.

Of the attack upon the lawyers of which he was accused, he said :

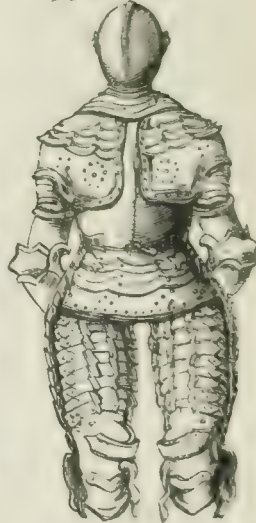
Indeed, I brought in Ovid
Chid by his angry father for neglecting
The study of their laws for poetry ;
And I am warranted by his own words :
Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas ?
Maenoides nullas opes reliquit apes.
And in far harsher terms elsewhere, as these :
Non me verbosas leges discere, non me
Ingrato vocis prostituere foro.
But how this should relate unto our laws,
Or the just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much to understand.

Then, for the Captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made : it is
UNTO TRUE SOLDIERS. That's the lemma : mark it :—
Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are miscalled captains and wrong you
And your high names, I do desire that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take, offence :
I swear, by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession which I once did prove ;
And did not shame it by my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vowed thus much,
But's angry for the Captain still, is such.

The forepart



The backe



ARMOUR OF THE REIGNS OF JAMES I.
From the Translation of *Alban's Tactics*, by John Boult (1611).

Now, for the Players : it is true I taxed them
And yet but some, and those so sparingly
As all the rest might have sat still unquestioned
Had they but had the wit or conscience
To think well of themselves. But, impotent, they

Thought each man's vice belonged to their whole tribe;
 And much good do 't them! What they have done 'gainst me
 I am not moved with: if it gave them meat,
 Or got them clothes, 'tis well; that was their end,
 Only amongst them I am sorry for
 Some better natures, by the rest so drawn
 To run in that vile line.

P. And is this all?

Will you not answer, then, the libels?

Author. No.

P. Nor the Untrussers?

Author. Neither.

With the disdainful self-assertion of his Epilogue,
 Ben Jonson joined a resolve to turn from Comedy,
 that had been so persistently mistaken by low natures.

And, since the Comic Muse
 Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
 If Tragedy have a more kind aspect;
 Her favours in my next I will pursue,
 Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
 So he judicious be, he shall be alone
 A theatre unto me. Once I'll 'say'¹
 To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains
 As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
 Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
 And more despair to imitate their sound.
 I, that spend half my nights and all my days
 Here in a cell, to get a dark, pale face,
 To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
 And in this age can hope no other grace—
 Leave me! There's something come into my thought
 That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

The fresh strain was his tragedy of "Sejanus,"
 produced in 1603, the year of the death of Queen
 Elizabeth. This is a fine poem of the fate of power
 built upon injustice. The favourite of Fortune, who
 has sought no other God, and who spurns even that
 deity when adverse to his worldly gain, is shown with
 his house built upon sand, rising as if to touch the

skies, and tumbling to dire ruin suddenly at last.
 The play had its purpose summed up in the closing
 words:—

Lepidus. How Fortune plies her sports, when she begins
 To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,
 Confounds with varying her impassioned moods!

Arrianus. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy crimes,
 To make amend for thy ill-placéd favours,
 With these strange punishments? Forbear, you things
 That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
 To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,
 You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;
 And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Terentius. Let this example move the insolent man
 Not to grow proud and careless of the gods.
 It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
 Much more to slighten, or deny their powers:
 For, whom the morning saw so great and high,
 Thus low and little 'fore the even doth lie.

When this play was printed, in 1605, there was
 printed with it John Marston's praise of his "most
 worthy friend" for a work that would, as he said,
 "even force applause from despairful envy." Those
 critics who had no eyes of the understanding for the
 noble treatment of a poet's theme, and for the genius
 with which, in some scenes, Ben Jonson has applied
 even his mastery of humour to a tragic purpose,
 could see with the eyes over their noses that the
 bottom of each printed page was charged with refer-
 ences to the Roman authors who had enabled him
 to set his work in a true picture of old Roman life.
 His reason for doing so Ben Jonson had given in a
 preface "To the Readers:"—"Lest in some nice
 nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let
 you know that I abhor nothing more; and I have
 only done it to show my integrity, and save myself
 in those common torturers that bring all wit to the
 rack." The torturers are not to be escaped so easily.
 They see a play with its text justified by many refer-
 ences—Suetonius, Tacitus, and other Latin writers
 —and deliver judgment against "Sejanus" on the
 evidence of the foot-notes, saying to one another,
 with great satisfaction, "It is a pedantic play."

¹ Say, essay.



From a Folio of Ben Jonson's Works (1611).

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.—A.D. 1603 TO A.D. 1625.



From a Folio of Ben Jonson's Works (1611).

FROM its highest point, reached in the reign of James I., the English drama, before that reign was at an end, began to fall. A mastery acquired under Elizabeth was brought into the reign of James by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The company of Lord Chamberlain's players, to which Shakespeare belonged, became after change of reign the King's players. Shakespeare was at that time thirty-nine years old, Ben Jonson thirty. Shakespeare's "Othello" was produced at court on the 1st of November, 1604, and "Measure for Measure" a few weeks later. "Macbeth" and "King Lear" were acted in 1606. "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "Coriolanus," are all masterpieces of the reign of James I., produced before the date of the earliest notice of a performance of "The Tempest," which is in 1611. With that play, or with "King Henry VIII.," which was being acted when the Globe Theatre was burnt down in 1613, Shakespeare's work as a dramatist ended. In his latter years he had retired to Stratford, where he died at the age of fifty-two, on the 23rd of April, 1616.

Ben Jonson having produced his "Sejanus," written in the last days of Elizabeth's reign, turned to comedy again, but did not continue the line of the three humorous dramatic homilies which had followed his true comedy of "Every Man in his Humour." He returned to comedy proper, with the humours of men shown through the skilful development of an ingenious and well-considered plot. Three of his best comedies—"Volpone, or the Fox," in 1605; "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," in 1609; and "The Alchemist," in 1610—came between "Sejanus," and his one other tragedy, "Catiline," in 1611. In 1605, he was also fellow-worker with Marston and Chapman upon "Eastward Hoe." He had produced also Court Masques—"The Masque of Blackness," in 1605; "The Masque and Barriers," represented in 1606 at Whitehall, in the Christmas celebration of the marriage of the Earl of Essex; "The Masque of Beauty," in 1608; in 1609, the third of the masques in which the Queen herself took part,

THE MASQUE OF QUEENS:

"celebrated from the House of Fame, by the Queen of Great Britain, with her Ladies, at Whitehall, Feb. 2nd, 1609."

It increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to Her Majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour: it was my first and special regard, to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be, *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue*: observing that rule of the best artist, to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example.¹ And because Her Majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life, in these spectacles, lay in their variety, had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false masque; I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year, I had an anti-masque of boys; and therefore now devised, that twelve women, in the habit of hags, or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c., the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part; not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the device.

His Majesty, then, being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell: as also from that observation of Torrensius upon Horace's *Canidia*, *que tot instructa venenis*, *et Orci fœdibus profecta videri possit*:² these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven; all differently attired: some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was Master Jones's, with the invention, and architecture of the whole scene, and machine.³ Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

These eleven witches beginning to dance (which is an usual ceremony at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked), on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech.

Hag. Sisters, stay, we want our Dame;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say;
That she quickly anoint, and come away.

1 Charm. Dame, dame! the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.—
From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,

¹ A rule followed by every great English poet.

² *Canidia*, who, instructed in so many poisons, might seem to have come from the throat of *Orcus*. (A note on Horace, *Epic. l. 5*.)

³ *Ingigo Jones*, who became architect to the Queen in 1606, shared honours in the construction of these masques.

From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we!

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

2 *Charm.* The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, on your horse of wood:
Or else tuck up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat, or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,¹
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay.

Nor yet? nay, then,
We'll try her agen.

3 *Charm.* The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip in your hand, to make him go.

Oh, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

At this the DAME entered to them, naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tuck'd, her hair knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came.

Dame. Well done, my Hags! And come we fraught
with spite,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose?

Hag. Yes.

Dame. But wants there none
Of our just number?

Hags. Call us one by one,
And then our dame shall see.

Dame. First, then advance,
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,

[As she names them they come forward]

Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;

And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;
She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead 's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand applied;
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;
She, flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischief.

Hags. Here we are all.

Dame. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites
To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes:
Shew ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: do what may beseem
Such names, and natures; Virtue else will deem
Our powers decreas'd, and think us banish'd earth,
No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrieve her age of gold.
We must not let our native manners, thus,
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not, but in us.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us disturb it then, and blast the light;
Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight
Within herself; loose the whole hinge of things;
And cause the ends run back into their springs.

Hags. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for.

Dame. Then fall to.

But first relate me, what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

1 *Hag.* I have been all day, looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon, as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2 *Hag.* I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;
The spurning of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3 *Hag.* I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4 *Hag.* And I have been choosing out this skull,
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child was asleep,
At night, I sucked the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 *Hag.* I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.²
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind in the tail.

7 *Hag.* A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair;
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.

8 *Hag.* The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,

¹ Ben Jonson, in his notes to his Masque, refers several times to "the King's Majesty's book (our sovereign) of Demonology." The gont ridden was said to be often the devil himself, but "of the green cock, we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour, and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school."

² Infants' fat boiled was said to be the chief ingredient in the ointment which enabled witches to ride in the air. It was mixed with poppy and narcotic drugs. The witches anointed themselves with it, and also sometimes their broomsticks. Killing of infants was also one of a witch's occasional recreations.

I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 *Hag.* And I have been plucking, plants among,
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane:
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10 *Hag.* I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house again,
Killed the black cat, and here's the brain.

11 *Hag.* I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?

Dame. Yes, I have brought, to help our vows,
Hornéd poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let us begin.

Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and began her following Invocation:

You fiends and furies (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves), you that have quaked to see
These knots untied, and shrunk, when we have charmed;
You, that to arm us, have yourselves disarmed,
And to our powers resign'd your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands;
You that have seen me ride, when Hecaté
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky,
And that hath thundered, Jove not knowing why:
When we have set the elements at wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars:
When the wing'd lightning, in the course hath staid,
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons change;
When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell
Poisoned, and durst not stay the second spell:
You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;
And thou, three-form'd star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
If now with rites profane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
With present fogs: exhale earth's rot'nest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers!
Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
The whilst we bury all i' the ground.
But first, see every foot be bare;
And every knee.

Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

4 *Charm.* Deep, O deep we lay thee to sleep;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;
Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou dost wake,
Dame earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ake,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake:
Whose form thou shalt take.

Dame. Never a star yet shot!
Where be the ashes?

Hag. Here in the pot.

Dame. Cast them up; and the hint-stone
Over the left shoulder-bone;
Into the west.

Hag. It will be best.

5 *Charm.* The sticks are across, there can be no loss,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that was in the ground,
Follow it then with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home in the egg-shell sail;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in—

Dame. Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies,
Our magic feature will not rise—
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 *Charm.* Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

Dame. Not yet! my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, Devils, Night and Hell,
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice:
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:
Thorough these crannies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep.
And all the secrets of your away
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf!
Reach me a bough, that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air: and Aconite,
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A rusty knife to wound mine arm;
And as it drops I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,
Once more, his dark and reeking head,
To strike the world, and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 *Charm.* Black go in, and blacker come out:
At thy going down, we give thee a shout.
Hoo!

At thy rising again, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee do.
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.
Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!

8 *Charm.* A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy of the coming day.
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 *Charm.* About, about, and about,
Till the mists arise, and the lights fly out.

The images neither be seen, nor felt ;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt ;
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air ; around, around.

Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music sound,
And the pace be found,
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

At which, with a strange and sudden music, they fell into a magical dance, full of preposterous change and gesticulation.

In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast ; with which not only the hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing ; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the HOUSE OF FAME,¹ in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.



DRESS OF A MASQUER AT THE COURT OF JAMES I.

From the Figure before Dr. Thomas Campion's Masque at Lord Hayes's Marriage, February, 1607.

HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Virtue's sight,
All dark and envious witchcraft fly the light.
I did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's casque,

Nor on my arm advanced with Pallas' shield,
(By which, my face aversed, in open field
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name :
When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.
And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror died,
What black Eryn timer, or more hellish Pride,
Durst arm these hags, now she is grown and great,
To think they could her glories once defeat ?
I was her parent, and I am her strength,
Heroic Virtue sinks not under length
Of years, or ages ; but is still the same
While he preserves as when he got good fame.
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see
Built all of sounding brass, whose columns be
Men-making poets, and those well-made men,
Whose strife it was to have the happiest pen
Renown them to an after-life, and not
With pride to scorn the muse, and die forgot ;
She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath about her vaulted palace hurled
All rumours and reports, or true or vain,
What utmost lands or deepest seas contain,
But only hangs great actions on her file ;
She, to this lesser world, and greatest isle,
To-night sounds honour, which she would have seen
In yond' bright bevy, each of them a queen.
Eleven of them are of times long gone.
Penthesilea, the brave Amazon,
Swift-foot Camilla, queen of Volsca,
Victorious Thomyris of Scythia,
Chaste Artemisia, the Carian dame,
And fair-hair'd Berenice, Egypt's fame,
Hypsicratea, glory of Asia,
Candace, pride of Ethiopia,
The Britain honour, Boadicea,
The virtuous Palmyrene, Zenobia,
The wise and warlike Goth, Amalasunta,
The bold Valasca of Bohemia ;
These, in their lives, as fortunes, crown'd the choice
Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice
Made good to time, had, after death, the claim
To live eterniz'd in the House of Fame.
Where hourly hearing (as what there is old ?)
The glories of Bell-anna so well told,
Queen of the Ocean ; how that she alone
Possest all virtues, for which one by one
They were so fam'd : and wanting then a head
To form that sweet and gracious pyramid

columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c., as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes, which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars, underneath, were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers, over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtus for the arch. The friezes, both below and above, were filled with several-coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., the reflex of which, with our lights placed in the concave, upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches ; and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due ; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle : as the hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him : since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves."

¹ Ben Jonson gives in a note the following description of Inigo Jones's design for this scene :—"There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower

Wherein they sit, it being the sov'reign place
Of all that palace, and reserved to grace
The worthiest queen: these, without envy' on her,
In life, desired that honour to confer,
Which, with their death, no other should enjoy.
She this embracing with a virtuous joy,
Far from self-love, as humbling all her worth
To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
Their names to memory; and means this night,
To make them once more visible to light:
And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit;
To you, most royal and most happy king,
Of whom Fame's house in every part doth ring
For every virtue, but can give no increase:
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your peace.
Lo you, that cherish every great example
Contracted in yourself; and being so ample
A field of honour, cannot but embrace
A spectacle, so full of love, and grace
Unto your court: where every princely dame
Contents to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her;
For by their lives they only did confer
Good on themselves; but, by their fame, to yours,
And every age, the benefit endures.

Here the throne wherein they sat, being machina versatilis, suddenly changed; and in the place of it appeared Fama bona, as she is described (in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa) attired in white, with white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it: which Orus Apollo, in his hierogl., interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive-branch: and for her state, it was, as Virgil describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the music had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Heroic Virtue, and spake this following speech.

FAME.

Virtue, my father and my honour; thou
That mad'st me good as great; and dar'st avow
No Fame for thine but what is perfect: aid,
To-night, the triumphs of thy white-wing'd maid.
Do those renowned queens all utmost rites
Their states can ask. This is a night of nights.
In mine own chariots let them, crown'd, ride;
And mine own birds and beasts, in gears applied
To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye.
Unto the second, griffons, that design
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.
Unto the last, our lions, that imply
The top of graces, state, and majesty.
And let those hags be led as captives, bound
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At which the loud music sounded as before, to give the masquers time of descending.

By this time, imagine the masquers descended; and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles (whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in Fame's speech), their four torch-bearers attending on the chariots' sides, and four of the hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by

griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent (wherein Her Majesty was), and had six torch-bearers more, peculiar to her, with the like number of hags. After which, a full triumphant music, singing this song, while they rode in state about the stage:

Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.
Her house is all of echo made,
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brow the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.
Sing then, good Fame, that's out of Virtue born:
For, who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue scorn.

Here they lighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance: then a second, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits, than of those they personated. The first was to the cornets, the second to the violins. After which, they took out the men, and danced the measures; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety: when, to give them rest, from the music which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice, and exact singer (her Majesty's servant, master Jo. Allen) this ditty was sung:

When all the ages of the earth
Were crown'd, but in this famous birth:
And that, when they would boast their store
Of worthy queens, they knew no more:
How happier is that age, can give
A queen, in whom all they do live!

After it, succeeded their third dance; than which, a more numerous composition could not be seen: graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious prince, Charles duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as if mathematicians had lost proportion, they might there have found it. The author was master Thomas Giles. After this, they danced galliards and corrantos. And then their last dance, no less elegant in the place than the rest, with which they took their chariots again, and triumphing about the stage, had their return to the House of Fame celebrated with this last song: whose notes (as the former) were the work and honour of my excellent friend, Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these live, and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greeks' glory, and the Romans' died:
And who yet imitate
Their noises tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
You can, it soon decays:
But so good Fame shall never:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue, than the celebration of who were the celebrators.

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.	The Co. of MONTGOMERY.
The Co. of ARUNDEL.	The Viscount of CRANBORN.
The Co. of DERBY.	The LA. ELIZ. GUILFORD.
The Co. of HUNTINGDON.	The LA. ANNE WINTER.
The Co. of BEDFORD.	The LA. WINDSOR.
The Co. of ESSEX.	The LA. ANNE CLIFFORD.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher are dramatists who wrote much together, and whose plays belong only to the reign of James I. Fletcher was the son of a bishop, Beaumont the son of a judge. Fletcher was born in 1576, Beaumont in 1586. Beaumont, who was ten years younger, died nine years before Fletcher, Beaumont dying in March, 1616 (a month before Shakespeare), and Fletcher—in the plague—in August, 1625, not many months after the death of James I. The friends began their fellowship as poets in 1607, when there appeared some lines of verse from each of them among the tributes of honour paid to Ben Jonson for his "Volpone." There were eighteen years of activity as a dramatist in Fletcher's life. During nine or ten of them he and Beaumont worked together, but memory of the fellowship clings to the work done by himself, sometimes alone, sometimes with other dramatists, during the other nine years, and the whole body of his plays is contained in volumes known as the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Their first thorough success together was achieved in 1608 with the play of—

PHILASTER.

The First Act opens in the palace of the usurping King of Sicily and Calabria, with a dialogue between Dion, a Lord (father to the sad Eufrosia, who is disguised as the page Bellario, in Philaster's service), and Cleremont and Thrasiline, two noble gentlemen, his associates. Their speech is of the King's daughter, the Princess Arethusa—

Cle. Here 's nor lords, nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here: besides, it was loudly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid of love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know anything but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the Prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the State, that, I think, she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes, whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policy will not let me know, why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems, your nature is more constant than to enquire after State news. But the king, of late, made a

hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any State order or proclamation till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Then enters Galatea, a discreet and modest lady attending on the Princess, with Megra, a lady of opposite nature, and another lady of weak character. A short exchange of words by these, preludes the entrance of the King and his train, with his daughter Arethusa, and with Pharamond, the Prince of Spain. The King commends his daughter to the Prince of Spain, and adds—

Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you)

What I have done thus public, is not only

To add a comfort in particular

To you or me, but all; and to confirm

The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms

By oath to your succession, which shall be

Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.

Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far

To be my own free trumpet. Understand,

Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,

And so deserving I dare speak myself,)

To what a person, of what eminence,

Ripe expectation, of what faculties

Manners and virtues you would wed your kingdoms:

You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!

By more than all my hopes, I hold it happy;

Happy, in their dear memories that have been

Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;

And from you (as a chronicle to keep

Your noble name from eating age) do I

Opine it in myself most happy. Gentlemen,

Believe me in a word, a Prince's word,

There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom

Mighty, and flourishing, defendéd, feared,

Equal to be commanded and obeyed,

But through the travels of my life I'll find it,

And tie it to this country. And I vow,

My reign shall be so easy to the subject,

That every man shall be his prince himself,

And his own law: yet I his prince, and law.

And dearest lady, to your dearest self

(Dear, in the choice of him, whose name and lustre

Must make you more and mightier) let me say,

You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,

You shall enjoy a man of men to be

Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom

Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but
A large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For, certainly,
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape:
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him
He shall be constable.
By this sun, he'll ne'er make king,
Unless it be of trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise, you have it, sir.

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks! he fears.
Oh! this same [ill-born] conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak them freely?—
Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, Prince; you, foreign man.
Never stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread on
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,)
By my dead father (oh! I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living,
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms and some few friends, besides the gods,
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, I might have been. I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look, I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes; for hear me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall.

Phi. He's mad beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
Th' outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Popinjays, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.

King. You do displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over
And maketh nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians; sure, he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think, 'twill prove so.

Dion. He's given him a general purge already, for all
the right he has; and now he means to let him blood: be
constant, gentlemen; by these hilts, I'll run his hazard,
although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace! we are one soul.

Phi. What you have seen in me to stir offence
I cannot find; unless it be this lady
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,
Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fur,
To mutiny within you, without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations,)
And from this presence,¹ spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends.
You do deserve our frown: go to, be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell
What you may call your knowledge, but th' other is
The man set in mine eye; oh! 'tis a prince
Of wax.

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private. [*They whisper.*]

Phi. Take them then,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every
man in this age has not a soul of crystal for all men to read
their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far
asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon
stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his
bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant; if he
give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder
guy, I have no augury.

King. Go to:
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else: sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you: smooth your brow, or by the gods—

Phi. I am dead, sir, you're my fate: it was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars led me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

¹ From this presence—Away from it, not now in presence of the king.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: it's here, O King!
A dangerous spirit; now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these be all my subjects.
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me: noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit: for this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment. [*Ex. KING, PHA., and ARE*]

Dion. I thank you, sir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand; but eye you
stranger, is not he a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these
strangers, I do affect them strangely: they do the rarest
home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love
all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady: 'tis a weak
one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours; has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price
Not to undo your children, you're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that if the king please, I find,
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you: in whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?

Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?

Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the Princess would intreat your
present company.

Phi. The Princess send for me! You are mistaken.

Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say, I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes, go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face?

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.

Thra. But are you sure, it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out.

There's all the danger in 't: but be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. [*Ex. PHIL.*]

Dion. Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless:

Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the king prove false. [*Ex. Gentlemen.*]

Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with danger like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing: but, I know, he fears.

Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid more of
love than fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean you.

Are. Of love to me? Alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned why
She did or this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: if a bowl be of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think, I hear him.

Are. Bring him in:
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well:
Withdraw yourself.

Phi. Madam, your messenger

Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster, but the words are such I have to say, and do so ill besseem The mouth of woman, that I wish them said, And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known That I have aught detracted from your worth? Have I in person wronged you? or have set My baser instruments to throw disgrace Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam,—you!

Are. Why then should you, in such a public place, Injure a princess, and a scandal lay Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great: Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth, which I shall speak, will be Foolish: but for your fair and virtuous self, I could afford myself to have no right To anything you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know, I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by fate, I die, Philaster, If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life: Yet would be loth to have posterity Find in our stories, that Philaster gave His right unto a sceptre, and a crown, To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then hear: I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepar'd To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can't endure it: turn away my face?

I never yet saw enemy that look'd So dreadfully, but that I thought myself As great a basilisk as he; or spake So horribly, but that I thought my tongue Bore thunder underneath, as much as his: Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice, Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life; Why, I will give it you; for it is of me A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask Of so poor use, that I shall make no price. If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know I must have them—and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love; without which, all the land Discover'd yet will serve me for no use But to be buried in.

Phi. Is 't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow On thee: now, though thy breath doth strike me dead, (Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts, To lay a train for this contemn'd life, Which you may have for asking: to suspect Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you! By all my hopes, I do, above my life: But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man, That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot, Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit, Than this thy breath: but spend not hasty time, In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods, The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love Will be the nobler, and the better blest, In that the secret justice of the gods Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss; Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us, And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill, I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true, and worse, You should come often: how shall we devise To hold intelligence, that our true loves, On any new occasion may agree, What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a boy Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent, Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck, I found him sitting by a fountain-side, Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst, And paid the nymph again as much in tears; A garland lay by him, made by himself Of many several flowers bred in the bay, Stuck in that mystick order that the rareness Delighted me: but ever when he turned His tender eyes upon them, he would weep, As if he meant to make them grow again. Seeing such pretty helpless innocence Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story; He told me, that his parents gentle died, Leaving him to the mercy of the fields, Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs, Which did not stop their courses; and the sun, Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light; Then took he up his garland, and did show What every flower, as country people hold, Did signify; and how all, ordered thus, Express his grief; and to my thoughts did read The prettiest lecture of his country art That could be wished: so that, methought, I could Have studied it. I gladly entertained him, Who was as glad to follow; and have got The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy That ever master kept: him will I send To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!—

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove, Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not; And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag Unto a foreign nation, that he made Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world, It is a simple sin to hide myself, Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: for my sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have an answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable,—

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword,—

Phi. Peace, Pharamond; if thou—

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone; by heaven, I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the Princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing:
Give not a word, not a word back: farewell.

[*Exit PHILASTER.*]

A few words more of dialogue with Arethusa add signs of a low brutish instinct to the cowardice of Pharamond, and close the First Act of the play. The Second Act opens with this scene between Philaster and Dion's daughter Euphrasia, who follows him disguised as a page, Bellario:—

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours; you trusted me unknown;
And that which you are apt to construe now
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft, yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love

To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he: but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st,
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princess.

Bel. I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you; take this little prayer:—
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*]

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange,
I have read wonders of it; yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit PHIL.*]

The next scene shows the base nature of Pharamond in contact with the honesty of Galatea, whom he offends, and with the frail spirit of Megra, whom he pleases. Then

Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Galatea enters with news of her knowledge that Pharamond has made an appointment to meet Megra.

She is dismissed to the presence, leaving Arethusa to act on her information, for the breaking of the Spanish match. Then

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you, To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me:

Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou can'st sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas! What kind of grief can thy years know? Had'st thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?

Thou art not capable of other grief;

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,

When no breath troubles them; believe me, boy,

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,

And builds himself caves, to abide in them.

Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Can'st thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love? Thou are deceived, boy; does he speak of me As if he wished me well?

Bel. If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends

In thinking on your face; if it be love,

To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire;

If it be love, to weep himself away

When he but hears of any lady dead

Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),

'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says he names you once,

As others drop a bead, be to be in love;

Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh!

You are a cunning boy, and taught to lie

For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie

That bears this sound, is welcome to me

Than any truth that says he loves me not.

Lead the way, boy: do you attend me too;

'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus; away.

The act ends with the breaking up of the court at evening, after general observation of the beauty of Bellario,—“The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis;” and Arethusa's bringing the king himself to Pharamond's lodging, with the result of open shame to Pharamond and Megra. Megra retorts upon Arethusa, who has grown, she says, enamoured of a boy now in her service.

The Third Act opens in dialogue between Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline, with current belief of this tale, and growing desire to recover the throne for Philaster from the king and his dishonest daughter. Persuaded in their own minds of the story against Arethusa, they resolve to assert more direct evidence than report for the persuading of Philaster, whom they wish to stir to the seizing of his lawful crown. He enters, they do as they purposed, meet his passion

of disbelief by putting certainty for suspicion, and so leave him in a wild tumult of jealousy. It is a tragic element in this scene that Dion unwittingly is foremost in an act that strikes at the heart of his own child. Upon the full fury of Philaster's wrath, enters Bellario.

Phi.

See, see, you gods,

Enter BELLARIO.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; is this justice? Do you mean
To entrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!

The Princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.

Phi. Oh, Bellario,

Now I perceive she loves me, she does show it
In loving thee, my boy; she has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. Oh, let all women
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here!
Here, by this paper she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the Princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well!

But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still!

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks, your words

Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy.

And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Never, my lord, by Heaven.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

The passion of jealousy becomes more manifest in the next words. Bellario understands them then, and says,

You are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you ; I do see
Whereto you tend ; fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you ! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Philaster's passion still shapes all his words. Bellario declares the Princess innocent, and adds that were she guilty,

The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass.
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee ; I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse ;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie !
So young and so dissembling ! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me straight, if I destroy thee not !

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did ; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed !
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow ; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys condemn that ?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus, without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord ;
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy ;
A thing we all pursue ; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls ; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with ! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of ; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do ?
Why, who can but believe him ? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario ;
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utterest them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no vengeance on
Thy tender youth : a love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost ; it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,

That did so well become thee ; but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more ; something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee ; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore !
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

[Exit BEL.]

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st ! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body ? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind !

[Exit PHILASTER.]

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel, my boy comes not back again.
But that, I know, my love will question him
Over and over ; how I slept, waked, talked ;
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such, I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations ? Who attends you ?

Are. None but my single self, I need no guard ;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me : have you not a boy ?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. What kind of boy ?

Are. A page, a waiting boy.

King. A handsome boy ?

Are. I think, he be not ugly ;
Well qualified and dutiful I know him ;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays ?

Are. Yes, sir.

King. About eighteen ?

Are. I never asked his age.

King. Is he full of service ?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask ?

King. Put him away.

The scandal raised by Megra now comes home to Arethusa through her father. While she is left alone in grief at this, Philaster enters.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress !

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers ; sweetest fair, the cause ?
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your honours.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy !

Phi. What boy ?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me,——

Phi. What of him ?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why ?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous, who ?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel,

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you,
How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? Who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets, lose his health in service?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?

Who now shall sing your crying elegies?

And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,

And make them mourn? Who shall take up his lute,

And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep

Upon my eyelid, making me dream and cry,

Oh, my dear, dear Philaster.

Phi. Oh, my heart!

Would he had broken thee that made thee know

This lady was not loyal! Mistress, forget

The boy, I'll get thee a far better one.

Are. Oh, never, never, such a boy again,

As my Bellario.

Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever

All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,

And all desire to do well for itself:

Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,

Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, you put him to me, and

The loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits

When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,

And to do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,

Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood

Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?

Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,

Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken

Danger as stern as death into my bosom,

And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,

And flung it by? Do I live now like him,

Under this tyrant king, that languishing

Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I

Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length

Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,

The cursed boy!

Are. Nay, then I am betrayed,

I feel the plot cast for my overthrow;

Oh, I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have

To this poor kingdom; give it to your joy,

For I have no joy in it. Some far place,

Where never womankind durst set her foot

For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,

And live to curse you;

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts

What woman is, and help to save them from you.

How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts

More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,

Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web,

And worn so by you. How that foolish man

That reads the story of a woman's face,

And dies believing it, is lost for ever.

How all the good you have is but a shadow,

I th' morning with you and at night behind you,

Past and forgotten. How your vows are lost,

Passed for a night, and with the next sun gone.

How you are, being taken altogether,

A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,

That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,

Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.

So farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit PHIL.*]

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!

What way have I deserved this? Make my breast

Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,

Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought

My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes

To find out constancy? Save me, how black,

Enter BELLARIO.

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now?

O thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,

Wert in thy cradle false! sent to make lies

And betray innocents; thy lord and thou

May glory in the ashes of a maid

Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is

Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away

Let my command force thee to that, which shame

Would do without it. If thou understood'st

The loathed office thou hast undergone,

Why, thou would'st hide thee under heaps of hills,

Best men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease

Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief

You add unto me is no more than drops

To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;

My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,

And let out all the hope of future joys:

You need not bid me fly, I came to part,

To take my latest leave; farewell for ever.

I durst not run away, in honesty,

From such a lady, like a boy that stole

Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods

Assist you in your sufferings! hasty time

Reveal the truth to your abus'd lord

And mine, that he may know your worth! whilst I

Go seek out some forgotten place to die. [*Exit BEL.*]

Are. Peace guide thee! thou hast overthrown me once;

Yet if I had another Troy to lose,

Thou, or another villain with thy looks,

Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,

My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you

With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!

Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid,

As with a man, let me discover thee

Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,

That I may die pursued by cruel hounds;

And have my story written in my wounds. [*Exeunt.*]

So the Third Act ends, and the Fourth opens with the huntsmen in the wood. The king is then with the Princess Arethusa, Pharamond, and the chief people of the court, and the king asks Arethusa, "Is your boy turned away?" She answers him, "You did command it, sir; and I obeyed you."

After a dialogue, associated with the hunting scene, that shows the scandal of a court, the wood is left to its solitude, and then enters Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then have taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. O wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out the way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break through thy last command; for I must speak;
You, that are grieved, can pity; hear, my lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Be gone:
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spoke'st, when first
I took thee up; curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy old art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee; for
Thine eyes are poison unto mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt PHIL. and BEL. severally.*]

Then comes Dion, who asks woodmen whether they have seen a lady ride by on a sable horse studded with stars of white. The King enters in passion. It is his daughter who is lost.

King. I wish to see my daughter, show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me. What, am I not your king?
If, ay; then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy king to things

Possible and honest! show her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood.

Dion. Indeed, I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betrayed me, you have let me lose
The jewel of my life; go, bring her me,
And set her here before me; 'tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven; speak, can it not?

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed; how you do dare the pow'rs
That must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest;
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punished; let me choose
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods; 'would, somebody draw
bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her horse.
He galloped empty by: there is some treason;
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood; why left you
her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her.

All separate for search, and then enters the lost
Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head;
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods:
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady; Heav'n knows, I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live, yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty,
And from that flowing store, drop some on dry ground. See
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;
I fear she faints. Madam, look up; she breathes not;
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord, your latest farewell! Oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I pray thee, let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard

This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing it.
(Oh, monstrous! tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?)

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well:—forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damn'd act. Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calméd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I; I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy,—Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me; thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead,
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse; wherever have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you?

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario; thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do; begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword:
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do or suffer.

Are. If my fortunes be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king if he be in the forest. I have
hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not
see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing
but people better horsed than myself, that outride me; I can
hear nothing but shouting. Those kings had need of good

brains, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his
wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this
hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heavens and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! thou'rt a craven, I
warrant thee; thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of
venies at wasters¹ with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. Gad 'uds me, I understand you not; but, I know, the
rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thine own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou wilt force
me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if
you touch the woman. [They fight.]

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

Are. Heav'n's guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people: I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force. [Exit Phi.]

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come
and kiss me now.

*Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and
Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave
has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound,
madam?
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast, look
else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare do this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain: who has hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch:

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far; I made my father's
old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,

'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,

I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all in my hat to you.

Are. Nay, good sir:

If you do take him, bring him quick² to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

¹ Venies at wasters, assaults in cudgel play.

² Quick, alive.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will : woodmen, conduct the princeess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing : come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exit ARE., PHA., DION, CLE., THRA., and 1 Woodman.*]

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep : bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever if thou wilt : you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you : I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake !

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain : if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her ; he has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this ? Bellario sleeping ? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep [Cry within.
Should be so sound ; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. Hark ! I am pursued. You gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape :
They have no mark to know me but my wounds,
If she be true ; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once ! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy : I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. [Wounds him.

Bel. Oh ! death, I hope, is come ; blest be the hand !
It meant me well ; again, for pity's sake.

Phi. I have caught myself, [Phi. falls.
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee : take thy full revenge,
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death :
I'll teach thee to revenge : this luckless hand
Wounded the princess ; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee : get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

Phi. How's this ?——

Wouldst thou, I should be safe ?

Bel. Else it were vain
For me to live. These little wounds, I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me ?

Bel. Or let me perish loathed ! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes ; who does know,
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath ?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee : what wilt thou do ?

Bel. Shift for myself well : peace ! I hear them come.

[*Within.* Follow, follow, follow ; that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall ; heav'n knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, sir, what are you ?

Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts ; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her ; 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy that served her.

Pha. O thou damned
In thy creation ! What cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the princess ?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd ! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed ?

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what ?

Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes 'till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em ; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed ; leaving me worse,
And more condemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great : in short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [PHILASTER creeps out of a bush.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely ?

Pha. Who's that ?

Dion. 'Tis the Lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him.

Pha. How's this ?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas ! he's mad ; come, will you lead me on ?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touched her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good 'twas I :
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

Phi. Thy own tongue be thy judge.

Cle. It was Philaster!

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?

Well, sirs, I fear me, we are all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then show it; some

Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.

Would you have tears shed for you when you die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there

I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit:

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

Locked in the heart of earth can buy away

This arm-full from me; this had been a ransom

To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,

Had he been taken: you hard-hearted men,

More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor Philaster.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and a Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Phi. Sir, here be two confess the deed: but say it was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ay me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. No, sir; if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!

Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life:

Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.

Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence

This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,

I should to earth go weeping: grant me then

(By all the love a father bears his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? soft! our law

Will not reach that, for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a guard.

Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,

We may with more security go on

To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not, their overwise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*]

Here the Fourth Act ends; the Fifth thus closes the story.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes, but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches: but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away.

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before we perish.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA and BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. O Arethusa! O Bellario! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore; can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me, but the king hath sent

To call me to my death; oh, show it me,

And then forget me. And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts; 'tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive

Virtue and honour: and, when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury

And waste my limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)

Do by the honour of a virgin swear

To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.

Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults:

Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?

He was not born of woman that can cut

It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done

If you had wronged me basely, and had found

My life no price, compared to yours? for love, sirs, deal with me plainly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked your pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.

Phi. Forgive me then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city

And the new platform, with some gentlemen

Attending on him.

King. Is the princess ready

To bring her prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your grace.

King. Tell her, we stay.

Dion. King, you may be deceived yet :

The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly : if it must off,—
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate ; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, and BELLARIO in a robe and garland.

King. How now, what masque is this ?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers ;
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the Sirian star and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds when they were big with humour
And delivered in thousand spouts their issues to the earth :
Oh, there was none, but silent quiet there !
'Till never-pleas'd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches ;
And for a while they do so ; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choked up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots, and dried them there :
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king ; and I have done.

King. How, how ?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth.

For now there is no masquing in 't ; this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband ! Call in
The captain of the citadel ; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your parting souls :
Blood shall put out your torches, and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods :
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman ;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Cast amongst dogs, or robbed of his dear young,
The same enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I've done without repentance ;
For death can be no bugbear unto me
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest ! for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next ;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster ;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living ; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble ;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high, and big, as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder ; make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like to the pyramids, lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods,—my little marble,
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, 'less it be some snake, or something
Like to yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, king ; there was a fault,
But I forgive it : let that sin persuade you
To love this lady. If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be sav'd ; for myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, heaven knows, it is my joy to die ;
I find a recreation in 't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king ?

King. Here.

Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger ;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.

Dion. O brave followers !
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny !
Now, my brave valiant foremen, show your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm !

King. A thousand devils take 'em !

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em !

Mes. Arm, arm, O king ! the city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

[*Exit with ARE., PHI., BEL.*

King. Away to the citadel ; I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers : let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance. [*Exit KING.*

[*Remain DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE.*

Cle. The city up ! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too ; now, by my life, this
noble lady has deceived us all. A plague upon myself ; a
thousand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her
dear honour ! Oh, I could beat myself, or do you beat me
and I'll beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true: are your swords sharp? well, my dear countrymen, what ye lack,—If you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troll you in *secula seculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, *The devil take the hindmost!*

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! if they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy fleece! may the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! may their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarm together! what a hum they raise! devils choke your wild throats; if a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokerage for it, and then bring 'em on, they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster—none but Philaster—must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring Lord Philaster! Speak him fair, call him prince, do him all the courtesy you can, commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit CLE.*]

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil¹ you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's scone, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLEREMONT with PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me; do not make Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, Still found amongst diseases. I have wronged you, And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people, And be what you were born to: take your love, And with her my repentance, and my wishes, And all my prayers; by the gods, my heart speaks this: And if the least fall from me not performed, May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir, I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth; free the princess, And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

¹ Soil, feed high: a term applied to horses, from French "*souill*." So in "*King Lear*," act iv., sc. 6., of the dame that shakes her head at pleasure:

"The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite."

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand, And hanging on your royal word: be kingly, And be not moved, sir; I shall bring you peace, Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us tail on, Let our caps swarm, my boys, And let your nimble tongues forget your mothers' Gibberish, of "What do you lack," and set your mouths Up, children, till your palates fall frightened half a fathom, Past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster, Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, Than your cold water camblets or your paintings Spotted with copper; let not your hasty silks, Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin,² or your tissues, Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard, Your Robin-hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your affections, In durance to your shops; no, dainty duckers, Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours; And let your uncut choler make the king feel The measure of your mightiness. Philaster! Cry, my rose nobles, cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? these are mad boys, I tell you; these are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist,³ and let a man of war, an argosy, hull and cry cockles.⁴

Phi. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know, And give your greatness warning that you talk No more such bug-words, or that soldered crown Shall be scratch'd with a musket: dear Prince Pippin, Down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you codled:⁵ let him loose, my spirits, Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, And let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, sir, have at you; here I lie, And with this swashing blow, (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd Like a hare at a poulterer's, and do this with this wiper.

Phi. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?

1 Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one so a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? give him a broad-side, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a satin, and between every flower a mortal cut: your royalty shall ravel; jag him, gentlemen; I'll have him cut to the kell,⁶ then down the seams; oh, for a whip to make him galoon-laces.

I'll have a coach-whip.

Phi. Oh, spare me, gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself. He shall for this time only be sealed up With a feather through his nose, that he may only

² Cloth of bodkin, a rich cloth of interwoven silk and gold: its name was corrupted from *bandkin*, *bandlucan*, which is said to be from Baddach, an Oriental name for Bagdad, whence it was first brought.

³ Foist, barge or pinnace; from the Dutch "*fuste*."

⁴ Hull and cry cockles, float pily, and follow a mean caling. They'll not lower their flag to a flat, and let the man-of-war, the treasure ship, drift, and cry cockles.

⁵ Codled or coddled, softened by soaking in hot water or parboiling, as pippins were, or codlins, i.e., young apples fit for boiling.

⁶ Kell, covering of the intestines. Allied to "*caul*."

See heaven, and think whither he is going.
 Nay, beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you, you'd
 Be king, thou tender heir apparent to
 A church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
 Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
 But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
 Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter.
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen: but why are these
 Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
 Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal rosiclear,
 We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
 And when thy noble body is in durance,
 Thus do we clap our musty morions on,
 And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
 Thou Mars of men. Is the king sociable,
 And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
 And free as Phœbus? Speak: if not, this stand
 Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
 Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am myself
 Free as my thoughts are! by the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
 Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
 Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
 Kiss the gum-golls,¹ and cry, We are your servants?
 Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
 With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
 And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
 I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
 You have a noble soul; forget my name,
 And know my misery; set me safe aboard
 From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
 I'll quit this land for ever: there is nothing,
 Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness,
 All dangers of all sorts and all together,
 The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
 To be as many creatures as a woman,
 And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
 But I would rather make it a new nature,
 And live with all those, than endure one hour
 Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you: friends, discharge your fears,
 Deliver me the prince; I'll warrant you,
 I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
 He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,²
 And mail you like a hawk.³ [*He stirs.*]

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
 Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
 Look you, friends, how gently he leads; upon my word,
 He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
 Good, my friends, go to your houses, and by me have
 Your pardons, and my love;
 And know, there shall be nothing in my power

You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
 To give you more thanks, were to flatter you;
 Continue still your love, and for an earnest,
 Drink this.

All. Long mayest thou live, brave prince!
 Brave prince! brave prince! [*Exeunt PHI. and PHA.*]

Cap. Go thy ways; thou art the king of Courtesy:
 Fall off again, my sweet youths; come, and every man trace
 to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the
 tavern, and bring your wives in muffs: we will have music,
 and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT,
 DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, and Attendants.*

King. Is it appeased?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
 As peaceable as sleep; my lord Philaster
 Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
 I will not break the least word I have given
 In promise to him; I have heaped a world
 Of grief upon his head, which yet, I hope,
 To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!
 Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
 Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
 Methinks, I have a salve unto my breast
 For all the stings that dwell there; streams of grief
 That I have wronged thee, and as much of joy
 That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
 Let them appease thee; take thy right; take her,
 She is thy right too, and forget to urge
 My vexéd soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
 Past and forgotten. For you, prince of Spain,
 Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave
 To make an honourable voyage home.
 And if you would go furnished to your realm
 With fair provision, I do see a lady,
 Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
 How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
 For he hath tried it, and has found it worth
 His princely liking; . . .
 I know your meaning; I am not the first,
 That nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
 Can shame remain perpetually in me,
 And not in others? or have princes salves
 To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship
 To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

The old slander is revived in the king's mind. He
 asks one favour of Philaster.

Phi. Command whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
 To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
 Let it not be the death of her or him,
 And it is granted.

¹ *Gumgolls.* Golls are hands, and *gumgolls* perhaps royal hands made for the servile part of humanity to press their gums against.

² *Surcingle*, band, girth. Old French "sursangle."

³ *Mail a hawk*, pinion, fasten the wings down with a girdle. Lat. "macula," a mesh; Italian "maglia," a mesh, net, coat of mail; whence mail armour.

King. Bear away the boy
To torture; I will have her cleared or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir;
Ask something else, bury my life and right
In one poor grave, but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied.
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture: is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to kill himself.*]

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet; oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir, your tender flesh will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen.

Dion. No; help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there: why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told

In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord.
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! Is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she?
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?

Bel. In Siracusa.

Dion. What's thy name?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. 'Tis just, 'tis she now, I do know thee. Oh
That thou hadst died, and I had never seen
Thee nor my shame! How shall I own thee? Shall

This tongue of mine ever call thee daughter more?

Bel. Would I had died, indeed; I wish it too;
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.

King. What have you done?

Dion. All is discovered.

Phi. Why then hold you me?

[*He offers to stab himself.*]

All is discovered: pray you, let me go.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discovered?

Dion. Why, my shame.

It is a woman; let her speak the rest.

Phi. How! that again.

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

Phi. It is a woman, sir; hark, gentlemen!

It is a woman. Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy: it is a woman. Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, spite of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter.

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none, but before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.

Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,
I have a pow'r to pardon sins as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But, Bellario
(For I must call thee still so), tell me, why
Thou didst conceal thy sex; it was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and sucked it in
Like breath, then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust, for could I have but lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
From this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself

In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you ; and understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match

Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry ; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I

Marry ; it is a thing within my vow.
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. And I, Philaster,

Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me,
Live free, as I do ; she that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her !

Phi. I grieve, such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father,
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman.
Her malice cannot hurt us ; set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty. But leave the court ;
This is no place for such. You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.

Phi.

I do confess,

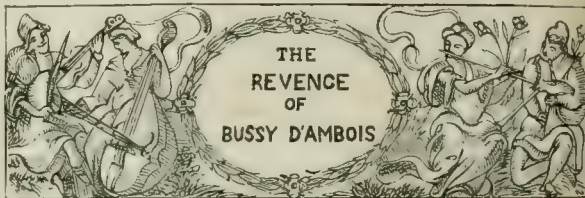
Renowned sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster.
This kingdom which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine, my blessing on you !
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun !—Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood ;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

George Chapman, who was born at Hitchin in 1557 or 1559, and was about forty-five years old when Queen Elizabeth died, was a good scholar as well as dramatist, a friend of Ben Jonson's and of the best men of his time. He did not begin to write plays till he was forty ; and about the time of Shakespeare's death, when Chapman's age was nearly sixty, he completed his famous translation of all the works ascribed to Homer. As a dramatist, he wrote one or two good comedies, especially "All Fools," based upon Terence's "Self Tormentor" (*Heautontimoroumenos*), and "Monsieur d'Olive." His chief tragedies were, two on "The Conspiracy" and "The Tragedy" of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshal of France under Henri IV., who was still living when the plays were produced,

at about the same date as "Philaster ;" and two on the story of Bussy d'Ambois, a tale of the days of Henry III. Bussy d'Ambois, a soldier of fortune, was introduced at court by Monsieur, the king's brother, who meant to use him as a tool. He proved no tool, and the Duke of Guise and the king's brother procured his death by disclosing to the Count of Montsurry a love between his wife Tamyra and the bold adventurer. This play was printed in 1607 ; the sequel, printed in 1613, was more meditative in its tone, a sort of Odyssey to the Iliad of its predecessor.



Border from the "Mirror for Magistrates" (1610).

It had this dedication to Sir Thomas Howard, which I leave in the old spelling :—

Sir,—Since VVorkes of this kinde haue beene lately esteemed worthy the Patronage of some of our worthiest Nobles, I haue made no doubt to preferre this of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and exceeding true Noblesse : as contayning matter no lesse deseruing your reading, and excitation to Heroycall life, then any such late Dedication. Nor haue the greatest Princes of Italie, and other Countries, conceiued it any least diminution to their greatnesse, to haue their Names wing'd with these Tragicke Plumes, and dispersd by way of Patronage, through the most Noble Notices of Europe.

Howsoeuer therefore in the Scænicall presentation, it might meeete with some maligners, yet considering, euen therein, it past with approbation of more worthy iudgements ; the Ballance of their side (especially being held by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whose subiect is not truth, but things like truth ? Poore enuious soules they are that cauilt at truths want in these naturall fictions ; materiall instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary ; being the soule, lims, and limits of an autenticall Tragedie. But whatsoeuer merit of your full countenance and fauour suffers defect in this, I shall soone supply with some other of more generall account : wherein your right vertuous Name made famous and præserved to posteritie, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and diuine expression ; may be so much past others of your Rancke encrease, as they are short of your Iudiciall Ingenuitie, in their due estimation.

For, howsoeuer those Ignoble and sowrebrow'd VVorldlings are carelesse of whatsoeuer future, or present opinion spreads of them ; yet (with the most diuine Philosopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith ; that we truely retaine an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life ; proportionably answerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Instruction : In whose fauour and honour I wish you most eminent ; And rest cuer.

Your true Vertues
most true obseruer,
Geo. Chapman.

The play opens with dialogue between Baligny, Lord Lieutenant of Cambray (who is brother-in-law to the murdered Bussy), and Marquis Renel. The murder of Bussy has been permitted to pass unpunished, war and the spirit of war have died out, men rust in idleness, but, says Baligny, affecting to be faithful follower of the Duke of Guise—

Well thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
Make with thy greatness a new world arise.
Such deprest nobles followers of his)
As you, myself, my lord will find a time
When to revenge your wrongs.

Ren. I make no doubt:

In meantime, I could wish the wrong were righted
Of your slain brother-in-law, brave Bussy d'Ambois.

Bal. That one accident was made my charge.

My brother Bussy's sister, now my wife,
By no suit would consent to satisfy
My love of her with marriage, till I vow'd
To use my utmost to revenge my brother:
But Clermont d'Ambois, Bussy's second brother,
Had since his apparition and excitement
To suffer none but his hand in his wreak,
Which he hath vowed, and so will needs acquit
Me of my vow, made to my wife, his sister,
And undertake himself Bussy's revenge:
Yet loathing any way to give it act
But in the noblest and most manly course.
If the Earl dares take it, he resolves to send
A challenge to him, and myself must bear it,
To which delivery I can use no means;
He is so barricaded in his house,
And armed with guard still.

Ren. That means lay on me,
Which I can strangely make. My last lands' sale,
By his great suit, stands now on price with him,
And he, as you know, passing covetous
With that blind greediness that follows gain,
Will cast no danger where her sweet feet tread.
Besides, you know, his lady by his suit,
Wooing as freshly as when first Love shot
His faultless arrows from her rosy eyes,
Now lives with him again, and she, I know,
Will join with all helps in her friend's revenge.

Bal. No doubt, my lord, and therefore let me pray you
To use all speed: for so on needles' points
My wife's heart stands with haste of the revenge,
Being, as you know, full of her brother's fire,
That she imagines I neglect my vow;
Keeps off her kind embraces, and still asks:
When, when, will this revenge come? when performed
Will this dull vow be? And I vow to heaven
So sternly, and so past her sex she urges
My vow's performance, that I almost fear
To see her, when I have a while been absent,
Not showing her, before I speak, the blood
She so much thirsts for freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the challenge writ, and look from me
To hear your passage cleared no long time after. [*Exit REN.*]

Bal. All restitution to your worthiest lordship,
Whose errand I must carry to the king,
As having sworn my service in the search
Of all such malcontents and their designs
By seeming one affected with their faction
And discontented humours 'gainst the state:
Nor doth my brother Clermont 'scape my counsel

Given to the king about his Guisean greatness,
Which, as I spied it, hath possessed the king
(Knowing his daring spirit, of much danger
Charged in it to his person. Though my conscience
Dare swear him clear of any power to be
Infected with the least dishonesty,
Yet that sincerity, we politicians
Must say, grows out of envy, since it cannot
Aspire to policy's greatness: and the more
We work on all respects of kind and virtue,
The more our service to the king seems great,
In sparing no good that seems bad to him:
And the more bad we make the most of good,
The more our policy searcheth; and our service
Is wondered at for wisdom and sincerity.
'Tis easy to make good suspected still,
Where good, and God, are made but cloaks for ill.
See Monsieur taking now his leave for Brabant,

*Enter HENRY, MONSIEUR, GUISE, CLERMONT, ESPERONE,
SOISSON. MONSIEUR taking leave of the KING.*

The Guise, and his dear minion, Clermont d'Ambois,
Whispering together, not of state affairs
I durst lay wagers, (though the Guise be now
In chief heat of his faction), but of something
Savouring of that which all men else despise,
How to be truly noble, truly wise.

Mons. See how he hangs upon the ear of Guise,
Like to his jewel.

Esp. He's now whispering in
Some doctrine of stability and freedom,
Contempt of outward greatness and the guises
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeal,
Being only servile trains and sumptuous houses,
High places, offices.

Mons. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guise? 'Tis passing needful,
And he, I think, makes show to affect his doctrine.

Esp. Commends, admires it.

Mons. And pursues another.
'Tis fine hypocrisy, and cheap, and vulgar,
Known for a covert practice, yet believed
By those abused souls, that they teach and govern, . . .
As made by custom nothing. This same D'Ambois
Hath gotten such opinion of his virtues,
Holding all learning but an art to live well,
And showing he hath learned it in his life,
Being thereby strong in his persuading others,
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,
Is thought t' embrace his virtues.

Esp. Yet in some
His virtues are held false for the other's vices:
For 'tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To suspect truth than falsehood: and of both,
Truth still fares worse; as hardly being believed
As 'tis unusual and rarely known.

Mons. I'll part engendering virtue. Men affirm
Though this same Clermont hath a D'Ambois' spirit
And breathes his brother's valour, yet his temper
Is so much past his, that you cannot move him:—
I'll try that temper in him.—Come, you two
Devour each other with your virtue's zeal,
And leave for other friends no fragment of ye:
I wonder, Guise, you will thus ravish him
Out of my bosom, that first gave the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and means and lustre.
What do men think of me, I pray thee, Clermont?

Once give me leave (for trial of that love
That from thy brother Bussy thou inheritest)
T' unclasp thy bosom.

Cler. As how, sir?

Mons. Be a true glass to me, in which I may
Behold what thoughts the many-headed beast,
And thou thyself, breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new upstart state in Brabant,
For which I now am bound; my higher aims,
Imagined here in France: speak, man, and let
Thy words be born as naked as thy thoughts:—
Oh, were brave Bussy living!

Cler. Living, my lord?

Mons. Tis true, thou art his brother, but durst thou
Have braved the Guise; mauger his presence, courted
His wedded lady; emptied even the dregs
Of his worst thoughts of me, even to my teeth:
Discern'd not me his rising sovereign
From any common groom, but let me hear
My grossest faults, as grossful as they were.
Durst thou do this?

Cler. I cannot tell: a man

Does never know the goodness of his stomach
Till he sees meat before him. Were I dared,
Perhaps, as he was, I durst do like him.

Mons. Dare then to pour out here thy freest soul,
Of what I am.

Cler. 'Tis stale. He told you it.

Mons. He only jested, spake of spleen and envy:
Thy soul, more learned, is more ingenuous,
Searching, judicial; let me then from thee
Hear what I am.

Cler. What but the sole support
And most expectant hope of all our France,
The toward victor of the whole Low Countries?

Mons. Tush, thou wilt sing encomiums of my praise.
Is this like D'Ambois? I must vex the Guise,
Or never look to hear free truth; tell me,
For Bussy lives not: he durst anger me,
Yet for my love would not have feared to anger
The king himself. Thou understand'st me, dost not?

Cler. I shall, my lord, with study.

Mons. Dost understand thyself? I pray thee tell me,—
Dost never search thy thoughts, what my design
Might be to entertain thee and thy brother?
What turn I meant to serve with you?

Cler. Even what you please to think.

Mons. But what think'st thou?

Had I no end in 't, think'st?

Cler. I think you had.

Mons. When I took in such two as you two were,
A ragged couple of decayed commanders,
When a French crown would plentifully serve
To buy you both to anything i' th' earth,—

Cler. So it would you.

Mons. Nay, bought you both outright,
You and your trunks; I fear me, I offend thee.

Cler. No, not a jot.

Mons. The most renowned soldier
Epaminondas (as good authors say)
Had no more suits than backs, but you two shared
But one suit 'twixt you both, when both your studies
Were not what meat to dine with; if your partridge,
Your snipe, your woodcock, lark, or your red herring;—
But where to beg it, whether at my house,
Or at the Guise's (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars), or at some cookshop,

To eternise the cook's trust, and score it up.
Dost not offend thee?

Cler. No, sir. Pray proceed.

Mons. As for thy gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable oath: and yet some say
Thou and thy most renowned noble brother
Came to the court first in a keel of sea-coal.
Dost not offend thee?

Cler. Never doubt it, sir.

Mons. Why do I love thee then? why have I raked thee
Out of the dunghill? cast my cast wardrobe on thee?
Brought thee to court too, as I did thy brother?
Made ye my saucy boon companions?
Taught ye to call our bravest noblemen
By the corruption of their names: Jack, Tom?
Have I blown both for nothing to this bubble?
Though thou art learn'd; thou 'st no enchanting wit,
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound
To keep thee for my table?

Cler. Well, sir, 'twere

A good knight's place. Many a proud dubb'd gallant
Seeks out a poor knight's living from such emrods.¹

Mons. Of what use else should I design thee to?
Perhaps you'll answer me, to be my pander.

Cler. Perhaps I shall.

Mons. Or did the sly Guise put thee
Into my bosom, to undermine my projects?
I fear thee not; for though I be not sure
I have thy heart, I know thy brain-pan yet
To be as empty a dull piece of wainscot
As ever armed the scalp of any courtier;
A fellow only that consists of sinews;
Mere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cler. But killing of the king.

Mons. Right: now I see
Thou understand'st thyself.

Cler. Ay, and you better.
You are a king's son born.

Mons. Right.

Cler. And a king's brother.

Mons. True.

Cler. And might not any fool have been so too,
As well as you?

Mons. A [plague] upon you.

Cler. You did no princely deeds
Ere you were born, I take it, to deserve it;
Nor did you any since that I have heard;
Nor will do ever any, as all think.

Mons. The devil take him. I'll no more of him.

Guise. Nay: stay, my lord, and hear him answer you.

Mons. No more, I swear. Farewell.

[*Ex. MONS., ESPER., SOISS.*]

Guise. No more? Ill fortune!
I would have given a million to have heard
His scoffs retorted: and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatness (which were never
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made show to his dull eyes beneath the worth
That men aspire to by their knowing virtues,
Without which greatness is a shade, a bubble.
Cler. But what one great man dreams of that, but you?
All take their births and birthrights left to them,
Acquired by others, for their own worth's purchase,

¹ *Emrods*, emeralds: held restorative as princes—

“—in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend.”

(Shakspeare, “*Lover's Complaint*.”)

When many a fool in both is great as they :
 And who would think they could win with their worths
 Wealthy possessions when, won to their hands,
 They neither can judge justly of their value
 Nor know their use ; and therefore they are puff'd
 With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is :
 Enabled only by the goods they have
 To scorn all goodness : none great, fill their fortunes.
 But as those men that make their houses greater
 Their households being less, so fortune raises
 Huge heaps of outside in these mighty men,
 And gives them nothing in them.

Guise. True as truth :

And therefore they had rather drown their substance
 In superfluities of bricks and stones ;
 Like Sisypheus, advancing of them ever,
 And ever pulling down ; than lay the cost
 Of any sluttish corner on a man
 Built with God's finger and enstiled his temple.

Bal. 'Tis nobly said, my lord.

Guise. I would have these things
 Brought upon stages, to let mighty misers
 See all their grave and serious miseries played,
 As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

Cler. Nay, we must now have nothing brought on stages
 But puppetry and pied ridiculous antics :
 Men thither come, to laugh, and feed fool-fat,
 Check at all goodness there, as being profaned :
 When wheresoever Goodness comes, she makes
 The place still sacred, though with other feet
 Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
 Let me learn anything that fits a man,
 In any stables shown as well as stages.

Bal. Why ? is not all the world esteemed a stage ?

Cler. Yes : and right worthily : and stages too
 Have a respect due to them, if but only
 For what the good Greek moralist says of them :
 Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches ?
 Give me an expert actor, I'll show all
 That can within his greatest glory fall.
 Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowness ?
 Give me an actor, I'll show every eye
 What he laments so, and so much doth fly,
 The best and worst of both : if but for this then,
 To make the proudest outside that most swells
 With things without him and above his worth
 See how small cause he has to be so blown up :
 And the most poor man to be grieved with poorness :
 Both being so easily borne by expert actors.
 The stage and actors are not so contemptful
 As every innovating Puritan
 And ignorant sweater out of zealous envy
 Would have the world imagine. And besides
 That all things have been likened to the mirth
 Used upon stages, and for stages fitted,
 The splenetic philosopher that ever
 Laughed at them all, were worthy the enstaging.
 All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears.
 He so conceited that he could distil thence
 Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
 Heard he a lawyer, never so vehement pleading :
 He stood and laughed. Heard he a tradesman swearing
 Never so thriftily, selling of his wares ;
 He stood and laughed. Heard he a holy brother,
 For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
 Ne'er so impetuously ; he stood and laughed.
 Saw he a great man never so insulting,

Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
 Not for their good, but his ; he stood and laughed.
 Saw he a youthful widow
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands,
 For her lost lord ; still the philosopher laughed.
 Now whether he supposed all these presentments,
 Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vain, I take no care,
 But still he laughed, how grave soe'er they were.

Guise. And might right well, my Clermont : and for this
 Virtuous digression, we will thank the scoffs
 Of vicious Monsieur. But now for the main point
 Of your late resolution for revenge
 Of your slain friend.

Cler. I have here my challenge,
 Which I will pray my brother Baligny
 To bear the murderous earl.

Bal. I have prepared
 Means for access to him, through all his guard.

Guise. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
 And bring us the success.

Bal. I will, my lord.

E.

Then the scene turns to Tamyra breathing revenge
 with thought of the slain Bussy, turns to Montsurry,
 and the device for a half forcible delivery to him by
 Baligny of the challenge from Bussy's brother Cler
 mont. The opening of the Second Act shows Baligny,
 a treacherous spy on the Duke of Guise, in private
 discourse with Henri III. This is the whole Act.

HENRY: BALIGNY.

Hen. Come, Baligny, we now are private. Say,
 What service bring'st thou ? make it short : the Guise
 (Whose friend thou seem'st) is now in court, and near.
 And may observe us.

Bal. This, sir, then, in short.

The faction of the Guise (with which my policy,
 For service to your highness seems to join)
 Grows ripe, and must be gather'd into hold :
 Of which my brother Clermont being a part
 Exceeding capital, deserves to have
 A capital eye on him. And as you may
 With best advantage, and your speediest charge,
 Command his apprehension : which (because
 The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)
 We must ask country swinge¹ and open fields.
 And therefore I have wrought him to go down
 To Cambrai with me of which government
 Your highness' bounty made me your lieutenant) :
 Where when I have him, I will leave my house
 And feign some service out about the confines,
 When in the meantime, if you please to give
 Command to my lieutenant, by your letters,
 To train² him to some muster where he may,
 Much to his honour, see for him your forces
 Put into battle ; when he comes, he may
 With some close stratagem be apprehended.
 For otherwise your whole powers there will fail
 To work his apprehension : and with that
 My hand needs never be discerned therein.

Hen. Thanks, honest Baligny.

Bal. Your highness knows
 I will be honest and betray for you
 Brother and father : for, I know, my lord,

¹ *Swinge*, or *swinge*, space for action.

² *Train*, draw decently.

Treachery for kings is truest loyalty ;
 Nor is to bear the name of treachery,
 But grave, deep policy. All acts that seem
 Ill in particular respects, are good
 As they respect your universal rule,
 As in the main sway of the universe
 The supreme Rector's general decrees
 To guard the mighty globes of earth and heaven ;
 Since they make good that guard to preservation
 Of both those in their order and first end,
 No man's particular (as he thinks) wrong
 Must hold him wrong'd : no, not though all men's reasons,
 All law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.

Nor is comparison a flatterer
 To liken you here to the King of kings,
 Nor any man's particular offence
 Against the world's sway, to offence at yours
 In any subject, who as little may
 Grudge their particular wrong if so it seem
 For th' universal right of your estate :
 As (being a subject of the world's whole sway
 As well as yours, and being a righteous man
 To whom heaven promises defence, and blessing,
 Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defenceless,)
 He may complain of heaven for wrong to him.

Hen. 'Tis true : the simile at all parts holds,
 As all good subjects hold, that love our favour.

Bal. Which is our heaven here ; and a misery
 Incomparable, and most truly hellish
 To live deprived of our king's grace and countenance,
 Without which best conditions are most cursed.
 Life of that nature, howsoever short,
 Is a most lingering, and tedious life ;
 Or rather no life, but a languishing,
 And an abuse of life.

Hen. 'Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amiss to yield your highness
 A reason of my speeches ; lest perhaps
 You might conceive I flattered : which I know
 Of all ills under heaven you most abhor.

Hen. Still thou art right, my virtuous Baligny,
 For which I thank and love thee. Thy advice
 I'll not forget : haste to thy government,
 And carry D'Ambois with thee.—So farewell.

Bal. Your majesty fare ever like itself.

Enter GUISE.

Guise. My sure friend Baligny !

Bal. Noblest of princes !

Guise. How stands the State of Cambray ?

Bal. Strong, my lord,

And fit for service : for whose readiness
 Your creature Clermont d'Ambois and myself
 Ride shortly down.

Guise. That Clermont is my love ;
 France never bred a nobler gentleman
 For all parts : he exceeds his brother Bussy.

Bal. Ay, my lord ?

Guise. Far : because besides his valour
 He hath the crown of man, and all his parts,
 Which learning is ; and that so true and virtuous,
 That it gives power to do, as well as say,
 Whatever fits a most accomplished man ;
 Which Bussy, for his valour's season, lacked,
 And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
 Beyond decorum, where this absolute Clermont,
 Though only for his natural zeal to right

He will be fiery when he sees it crossed,
 And in defence of it ; yet when he lists
 He can contain that fire, as hid in embers.

Bal. No question, he's a true, learn'd gentleman.

Guise. He is as true as tides, or any star
 Is in his motion : and for his rare learning,
 He is not (as all else are that seek knowledge)
 Of taste so much depraved, that they had rather
 Delight and satisfy themselves to drink
 Of the stream troubled, wand'ring ne'er so far
 From the clear fount, than of the fount itself.

In all, Rome's Brutus is revived in him,
 Whom he of industry doth imitate.

Or rather, as great Troy's Euphorbus was
 After Pythagoras ; so is Brutus, Clermont.
 And were not Brutus a conspirator——

Bal. Conspirator, my lord ? Doth that impair him ?
 Caesar began to tyrannise ; and when virtue
 Nor the religion of the gods could serve
 To curb the insolence of his proud laws,
 Brutus would be the gods' just instrument.

What said the princess, sweet Antigone,
 In the grave Greek tragedian, when the question
 'Twixt her and Creon is, for laws of kings ?
 Which when he urges, she replies on him,
 Though his laws were a king's, they were not God's ;

Nor would she value Creon's written laws
 With God's unwrit edicts : since they last not
 This day and the next, but every day and ever,
 Where king's laws alter every day and hour,
 And in that change imply a bounded power.

Gui. Well, let us leave these vain disputings what
 Is to be done, and fall to doing something.

When are you for your government in Cambray ?

Bal. When you command, my lord.

Gui. Nay, that's not fit.

Continue your designments with the king,
 With all your service ; only if I send,
 Respect me as your friend, and love my Clermont.

Bal. Your highness knows my vows.

Gui. Ay, 'tis enough.

[*Exit GUISE. Manet BAL.*]

Bal. Thus must we play on both sides, and thus hearten
 In any ill those men whose good we hate.

[*Exit.* Kings may do what they list, and for kings, subjects ;
 Either exempt from censure or exception :

For, as no man's worth can be justly judg'd
 But when he shines in some authority,
 So no authority should suffer censure
 But by a man of more authority.
 Great vessels into less are emptied never,
 There's a redundancy past their continent ever.
 These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures ;
 For look how spinners weave out of themselves
 Webs, whose strange matter none before can see ;
 So these, out of an unseen good in Virtue,
 Make arguments of right and comfort in her,
 That clothe them like the poor web of a spinner.

Enter CLERMONT.

Cler. Now, to my challenge. What's the place, the weapon ?

Bal. Soft, sir : let first your challenge be received.
 He would not touch, nor see it.

Cler. Possible !

How did you then ?

Bal. Left it, in his despute.

But when he saw me enter, so expectless,¹

¹ Expectless, unexpected.

To hear his base exclains of murder, murder,
Made me think noblesse lost in him, quick bumbal!

Cler. They are the breathing pulpchres of noblesse;
No trulier noblemen, than lions' pictures
Hung up for signs are lions. Who knows not
That lions the more soft kept, are more servile;
And look how lions close kept, fed by hand,
Lose quite th' innative fire of spirit and greatness
That lions free breathe, foraging for prey;
And grow so gross, that mastiffs, curs, and mongrels
Have spirit to cow them; so our sort French nobles
Chained up in ease and numbed security,

Their spirits shrunk up like their covetous fists,
And never opened but Domitian-like,
And all his base, obsequious minions,
When they were catching, though it were but flies;
Besotted with their peasants' love of gain,
Rusting at home, and on each other preying,
Are for their greatness but the greater slaves,
And none is noble but who scrapes and saves.

Bal. 'Tis base, 'tis base; and yet they think them high.

Cler. So children mounted on their hobby-horses,
Think they are riding, when with wanton toil
They bear what should bear them. A man may well
Compare them to those foolish great-spleened camels,
That to their high heads, begged of Jove horns higher;
Whose most uncomely and ridiculous pride
When he had satisfied, they could not use,
But where they went upright before, they stooped,
And bore their heads much lower for their horns:
As these high men do, low in all true grace,
Their height being privileged to all things base.
And as the foolish poet that still writ
All his most self-lov'd verse in paper royal,
Of parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings;
Never so blest as when he writ and read
The ape-lov'd issue of his brain; and never
But joying in himself; admiring ever;—
Yet in his works behold him, and he shew'd
Like to a ditcher: so these painted men,
All set on outside, look upon within,
And not a peasant's entrails you shall find
More foul and meased, nor more starved of mind.

Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I fain would know
How many millions of our other nobles
Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth worthy,
Who, did not one act only blemish him—

Cler. One act? what one?

Bal. One, that (though years past done)
Sticks by him still, and will distain him ever.

Cler. Good heaven! wherein? what one act can you name
Suppos'd his stain, that I'll not prove his lustre?

Bal. To satisfy you, 'twas the Massacre.

Cler. The Massacre? I thought 'twas some such blemish.

Bal. Oh, it was heinous.

Cler. To a brutish sense,
But not a manly reason. We so tender
The vile part in us, that the part divine
We see in hell and shrink not. Who was first
Head of that Massacre?

Bal. The Guise.

Cler. 'Tis nothing so.
Who was in fault for all the slaughters made

In Ilion, and about it? Were the Greeks?

Was it not Paris ravishing the queen
Of Lacedæmon? Breach of shame and faith?
And all the laws of hospitality?

This is the beastly slaughter made of men,
When Truth is overthrown, his laws contempt;
When souls are smother'd in the flattered flesh,
Slain bodies are no more than oxen slain.

Bal. Differ not men from oxen?

Cler. Who says so?

But see wherein. In the understanding rules
Of their opinions, lives, and actions;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the wolf that nourished Romulus
More human than the men that did expose him?

Bal. That makes against you.

Cler. Not, sir, if you note
That by that deed, the actions difference make
Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor forms.
Had faith nor, shame, all hospitable rights
Been broke by Troy, Greece had not made that slaughter.
Had that been saved (says a philosopher),
The Iliads and Odysseys had been lost:
Had faith and true religion been preferred,
Religious Guise had never massacred.

Bal. Well, sir, I cannot when I meet with you
But thus digress a little, for my learning,
From any other business I intend.
But now the voyage we resolv'd for Cambray,
I told the Guise, begins; and we must haste.
And till the Lord Renel hath found some means
(Conspiring with the countess) to make sure
Your sworn wreak on her husband, though this failed,
In my so brave command we'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in skirmishes
And battles all our troops and companies,
And sometimes breathe your brave Scotch running horse,
That great Guise gave you, that all th' horse in France
Far over-runs at every race and hunting
Both of the hare and deer. You shall be honoured
Like the great Guise himself, above the king.
And (can you but appease your great-spleened sister,
For our delayed wreak of your brother's slaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcomed to your wonder.

Cler. I'll see my lord the Guise again before
We take our journey.

Bal. Oh, sir, by all means:

You cannot be too careful of his love,
That ever takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues, past the reaches of this age,
And ranks you with the best of th' ancient Romans.

Cler. That praise at no part moves me, but the worth
Of all he can give others spher'd in him.

Bal. He yet is thought to entertain strange aims.

Cler. He may be, well; yet not as you think strange.
His strange aims are to cross the common custom
Of servile nobles; in which he's so ravished,
That quite the earth he leaves, and up he leaps
On Atlas' shoulders, and from thence looks down,
Viewing how far off other high ones creep:
Rich, poor of reason, wander; all pale looking,
And trembling but to think of their sure deaths,
Their lives so base are, and so rank their breaths,
Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet
With life's dear odours, a good mind and name;
For which, he only loves me, and deserves
My love and life, which through all deaths I vow:

Resolving this, whatever change can be,
Thou hast created, thou hast ruined me.

[Exit.]

In the Third Act Captain Maillard, Chalon, and Aumale are in Cambray with troops, having secret instructions to arrest Clermont, who has, according to the design already set forth, been left by Baligny, and upon whom the troops have come with an outward show of paying him honour. He is warned. Those plotting his ruin deceive him with false oaths. He doubts; but alike philosophical and brave, goes at the close of the Act to see a review held in his honour, at which two soldiers, sent to him in the disguise of attendant lacqueys, have been appointed to strike him down and seize him. Then these are the Fourth and Fifth Acts.



SCENA PRIMA.

Alarum within. Eccursions over the stage.

The Lacqueys running, MAILLARD following them.

Mail. Villains, not hold him when ye had him down.

1. Who can hold lightning? 'Sdeath, a man as well

Might catch a cannon bullet in his mouth.

And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

Mail. Pursue; enclose him; stand, or fall on him, And ye may take him. 'Sdeath, they make him guards.

[Exit.]

Alarum still, and enter CHALON.

Chal. Stand, cowards, stand, strike, send your bullets at him.

1. We came to entertain him, sir, for honour.

2. Did ye not say so?

Chal. Slaves, he is a traitor:

Command the horse troops to overrun the traitor. [Exit.]

Shouts within. Alarum still, and chambers shot off. Then enter AUMALE.

Aum. What spirit breathes thus in this more than man, Turns flesh to air possessed, and in a storm Tears men about the field like autumn leaves? He turned wild lightning in the lackey's hands, Who, though their sudden violent twitch unhorsed him, Yet when he bore himself, their saucy fingers Flew as too hot off, as he had been fire. The ambush then made in, through all whose force, He drove as if a fierce and fire-given cannon Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them. The battles then, in two half-moons enclosed him. In which he showed as if he were the light And they but earth, who wond'ring what he was Shrunk their steel horns, and gave him glorious pass: And as a great shot from a town besieged At foes before it flies forth black and roaring, But they too far, and that with weight oppress'd, As if disdainful earth doth only graze, Strike earth, and up again into the air, Again sinks to it, and again doth rise,

And keeps such strength that when it softliest moves, It piecemeal shivers any let it proves,— So flew brave Clermont forth, till breath forsook him: His spirit's convulsions made him bound again, Past all their reaches, till, all motion spent, His fixed eyes cast a blaze of such disdain, All stood and stared, and untouched let him lie, As something sacred fallen out of the sky.

[A cry within.]

Oh, now some rude hand hath laid hold on him!

Enter MAILLARD, CHALON leading CLERMONT, Captains and Soldiers following.

See, prisoner led, with his bonds honoured more Than all the freedom he enjoyed before.

Mail. At length we have you, sir.

Cler. You have much joy too, I made you sport yet. But I pray you tell me, Are not you perjurd?

Mail. No: I swore for the king.

Cler. Yet perjury I hope is perjury.

Mail. But thus forswearing is not perjury.

You are no politician. Not a fault, How foul soever done for private ends, Is fault in us sworn to the public good. We never can be of the damnéd crew. We may impolitic ourselves, as 'twere, Into the kingdom's body politic, Whereof indeed we are members. You miss terms.

Cler. The things are yet the same.

Mail. 'Tis nothing so: the property is alter'd: You are no lawyer. Or say that oath and oath Are still the same in number, yet their species Differ extremely.

Cler. Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none: Retain you that, sir? who said so?

Mail. 'Twas I.

Cler. Thy own tongue damn thine infidelity. But captains all, you know me nobly born, Use ye t' assault such men as I with lackeys?

Chal. They are no lackeys, sir, but soldiers, Disguis'd in lackeys' coats.

1. Sir, we have seen the enemy.

Cler. Avaunt, ye rascals, hence!

Mail. Now leave your coats.

Cler. Let me not see them more.

Aum. I grieve that Virtue lives so undistinguish'd From Vice in any ill, and though the crown Of sovereign law she should be yet her footstool, Subject to censure, all the shame and pain Of all her rigour.

Cler. Yet false policy Would cover all, being like offenders hid, That, after notice taken where they hide, The more they crouch and stir the more are spied.

Aum. I wonder how this chanc'd you.

Cler. Some informer, Bloodhound to mischief, usher to the hangman, Thirsty of honour for some huge state act, Perceiving me great with the worthy Guise, And he, I know not why, held dangerous, Made me the desperate organ of his danger, Only with that poor colour: 'tis the common And more than [cat]-like trick of treachery, And vermin bred to rapine and to ruin: For which this fault is still to be accus'd:

Since good acts fail, crafts and deceipts are us'd.

If it be other, never pity me.

Aum. Sir, we are glad, believe it, and have hope
The king will so conceit it.

Cler. At his pleasure.

In meantime, what's your will, lord-lieutenant?

Mail. To leave your own horse, and to mount the trumpet's.

Cler. It shall be done: this heavily prevents

My purposed recreation in these parts;

Which now I think on: let me beg you, sir,

To lend me some one captain of your troops,

To bear the message of my hapless service

And misery, to my most noble mistress,

Countess of Cambray: to whose house this night

I promis'd my repair, and know most truly

With all the ceremonies of her favour

She sure expects me.

Mail. Think you now on that?

Cler. On that, sir? Ay, and that so worthily,

That if the king, in spite of your great service,

Would send me instant promise of enlargement,

Condition I would set this message by,

I would not take it, but had rather die.

Aum. Your message shall be done, sir: I myself
Will be for you a messenger of ill.

Cler. I thank you, sir, and doubt not yet to live
To quit your kindness.

Aum. Mean space use your spirit

And knowledge for the cheerful patience

Of this so strange and sudden consequence.

Cler. Good sir, believe that no particular torture

Can force me from my glad obedience

To anything the high and general Cause,

To match with his whole fabric, hath ordained.

And know ye all (though far from all your aims,

Yet worth them all, and all men's endless studies)

That in this one thing, all the discipline

Of manners and of manhood is contain'd:

A man to join himself with th' universe

In his main sway, and make, in all things fit,

One with that all, and go on, round as it;

Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,

And into straits, or into nought revert,

Wishing the complete universe might be

Subject to such a rag of it as he:

But to consider great necessity

All things, as well refract as voluntary,

Reduceth to the prime celestial Cause,—

Which he that yields to with a man's applause,

And cheek by cheek goes, crossing it no breath,

But like God's image follows to the death,

That man is truly wise; and everything,

Each cause, and every part, distinguishing

In nature, with enough art understands,

And that full glory merits at all hands,

That doth the whole world at all parts adorn,

And appertains to one celestial born.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter BALIGNY, RENEL.

Bal. So foul a scandal never man sustained,

Which caus'd by the king, is rude and tyrannous:

Give me a place, and my lieutenant make

The filler of it!

Ren. I should never look

For better of him; never trust a man,

For any justice, that is rapt with pleasure;

To order arms well, that makes smocks his ensigns,

And his whole governments sells: you heard of late,

He had the four-and-twenty ways of venery

Done all before him.

Bal. 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

Ren. 'Tis more than nature's mighty hand can do

To make one humane and a lecher too.

Look how a wolf doth like a dog appear,

So, like a friend is an adulterer,

Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods

No more true men are, than so many toads.

A good man happy, is a common good;

Vile men advanced live of the common blood.

Bal. Give and then take, like children.

Ren. Bounties are

As soon repented as they happen rare.

Bal. What should kings do, and men of eminent places;

But as they gather, sow gifts to the graces?

And where they have given, rather give again,

(Being given for virtue) than like babes and fools,

Take and repent gifts; why are wealth and power?

Ren. Power and wealth move to tyranny, not bounty.

The merchant for his wealth is swollen in mind,

When yet the chief lord of it is the wind.

Bal. That may so chance to our state-merchants too:

Something performed, that hath not far to go.

Ren. That's the main point, my lord; insist on that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further? hath it taken

The tender tinder of my wife's sore blood?

Is she so passionate?

Ren. So wild, so mad,

She cannot live, and this unwreaked sustain.

The woes are bloody that in women reign.

The Sicile gulf keeps fear in less degree;

There is no tiger, not more tame than she.

Bal. There is no looking home then?

Ren. Home? Medea

With all her herbs, charms, thunders, lightnings,

Made not her presence and black haunts more dreadful.

Bal. Come, to the king, if he reform not all,

Mark the event, none stand where that must fall. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Countess, RIOTA, and an Usher.

Ush. Madame, a captain come from Clermont D'Ambois
Desires access to you.

Count. And not himself?

Ush. No, madame.

Count. That's not well. Attend him in. [*Enter Usher.*]

The last hour of his promise now run out

And he break? some brack's in the frame of nature

That forceth his breach.

Enter Usher and AUMALE.

Aum. Save your ladyship.

Count. All welcome. Come you from my worthy servant?

Aum. Ay, madame, and confer such news from him.

Count. Such news? what news?

Aum. News that I wish some other had the charge of

Count. Oh, what charge? what news?

Aum. Your ladyship must use some patience

Or else I cannot do him that desire,

He urg'd with such affection to your grace's.

Count. Do it; for heaven's love do it, if you serve

His kind desires; I will have patience.

Is he in health?

Aum. He is.

Count. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good estate we hold in earth;
All our ill built upon that, is no more
Than we may bear, and should. Express it all.

Aum. Madam, 'tis only this; his liberty.

Count. His liberty! Without that, health is nothing.
Why live I, but to ask in doubt of that,
Is that bereft him?

Aum. You'll again prevent me.

Count. No more, I swear, I must hear, and together
Come all my misery. I'll hold though I burst.

Aum. Then, madame, thus it fares: he was invited
By way of honour to him, to take view
Of all the powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his government; which rang'd in battles,
Maillard, lieutenant to the governor,
Having received strict letters from the king,
'To train him to the musters, and betray him,
To their surprise, which, with Chalon in chief,
And other captains, all the field put hard
By his incredible valour for his 'scape,
They haplessly and guiltlessly perform'd,
And to Bastille he's now led prisoner.

Count. What change is here? how are my hopes prevented:
Oh, my most faithful servant; thou betrayed!
Will kings make treason lawful? Is society
(To keep which only, kings were first ordain'd)
Less broke in breaking faith 'twixt friend and friend,
Than 'twixt the king and subject? let them fear,
Kings' precedents in licence lack no danger.
Kings are compar'd to gods, should be like them
Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
Nor nothing straining pass right, for their right:
Reign justly, and reign safely. Policy
Is but a guard corrupted, and a way
Ventured in deserts, without guide or path.
Kings punish subjects' errors with their own.
Kings are like archers, and their subjects, shafts:
For as when archers let their arrows fly,
They call to them, and bid them fly or fall,
As if 'twere in the free power of the shaft
To fly or fall, when only 'tis the strength,
Straight shooting, compass given it by the archer,
That makes it hit or miss; and doing either,
He's to be praised or blamed, and not the shaft:
So kings to subjects crying, "Do, do not this,"
Must to them by their own example's strength,
The straightness of their acts, and equal compass,
Give subjects power to obey them in the like:
Not shoot them forth with faulty aim and strength,
And lay the fault in them for flying amiss.

Aum. But for your servant, I dare swear him guiltless.

Count. He would not for his kingdom traitor be;
His laws are not so true to him, as he.
Oh, knew I how to free him, by way forced
Through all their army, I would fly, and do it:
And had I, of my courage and resolve,
But ten such more, they should not all retain him;
But I will never die, before I give
Maillard a hundred slashes with a sword,
Chalon a hundred breaches with a pistol.
They could not all have taken Clermont D'Ambois,
Without their treachery; he had bought his bands out
With their slave bloods: but he was credulous:
He would believe, since he would be believ'd;
Your noblest natures are most credulous.
Who gives no trust, all trust is apt to break;

Hate like hell-mouth, who think not what they speak.

Aum. Well, madame, I must tender my attendance
On him again. Will't please you to return
No service to him by me?

Count. Fetch me straight
My little cabinet. [*Exit NURSE*] 'Tis little, tell him,
And much too little for his matchless love:
But as in him the worths of many men
Are close contracted; [*Enter NURSE*] so in this are jewels
Worth many cabinets. Here, with this, good sir,
Commend my kindest service to my servant,
Thank him, with all my comforts; and, in them,
With all my life for them: all sent from him
In his remembrance of me, and true love:
And look you tell him, tell him how I lie

[*She kneels down at his feet.*]

Prostrate at feet of his accursed misfortune,
Pouring my tears out, which shall ever fall,
Till I have pour'd for him out eyes and all.

Aum. Oh, madame, this will kill him: comfort you
With full assurance of his quick acquittal;
Be not so passionate: rise, cease your tears.

Count. Then must my life cease. Tears are all the vent
My life hath to 'scape death: tears please me better
Than all life's comforts, being the natural food
Of hearty sorrow. As a tree fruit bears,
So doth an undissembled sorrow, tears.

[*He raises her, and leads her out.* *Exeunt.*]

Ush. This might have been before, and saved much charge.
[*Exit.*]

*Enter HENRY, GUISE, BALIGNY, ESP., SOISSON, PERICOT with
pen, ink, and paper.*

Gui. Now, sir, I hope your much abused eyes see
In my word for my Clermont, what a villain
He was who whispered in your jealous ear
His own black treason in suggesting Clermont's,
Colour'd with nothing but being great with me.
Sign then this writ for his delivery,
Your hand was never urg'd with worthier boldness:
Come, pray sir, sign it: why should kings be pray'd
To acts of justice? 'tis a reverence
Makes them despised, and shows they stick and tire
In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

Hen. Well, take your will, sir; I'll have mine ere long.

[*Arrise.*]

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one?

Gui. In his most gentle and unwearied mind,
Rightly to virtue fram'd; in very nature;
In his most firm inexorable spirit
To be removed from anything he chooseth
For worthiness; or bear the least persuasion
To what is base, or fitteth not his object;
In his contempt of riches and of greatness;
In estimation of th' idolatrous vulgar;
His scorn of all things servile and ignoble,
Though they could gain him never such advancement;
His liberal kind of speaking what is truth,
In spite of temporising: the great rising,
And learning of his soul, so much the more
Against ill Fortune, as she set herself
Sharp against him, or would present most hard,
To shun the malice of her deadliest charge;
His detestation of his special friends
When he perceived their tyrannous will to do,
Or their objection basely to sustain
Any injustice that they could revenge;

The flexibility of his most anger,
Even in the main career and fury of it,
When any object of desertful pity
Offers itself to him; his sweet disposeure
As much abhorring to behold as do
Any unnatural and bloody action;
His just contempt of jesters, parasites,
Servile observers, and polluted tongues:
In short, this Senecal man¹ is found in him,
He may with heaven's immortal powers compare,
To whom the day and fortune equal are,
Come fair or foul, whatever chance can fall,
Fixed in himself, he still is one to all.

Hen. Shows he to all others thus?

Omnes. To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor?

Gui. These are your Machiavelian villains,
Your bastard Teucers that, their mischiefs done,
Run to your shield for shelter: Cacuses,
That cut their too large murderous thieveries
To their den's length still: woe be to that state
Where treachery guards, and ruin makes men great.

Hen. Go, take my letters for him, and release him.

Om. Thanks to your highness! Ever live your highness!

[*Exeunt.*]

Bal. Better a man were buried quick, than live
A property for state, and spoil to thrive.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CLERMONT, MAILLARD, CHALON, with Soldiers.

Mail. We joy you take a chance so ill, so well.

Cler. Who ever saw me differ in acceptance
Of either fortune?

Chal. What, love bad like good?
How should one learn that?

Cler. To love nothing outward
Or not within own powers to command;
And so being sure of everything we love,
Who cares to lose the rest? If any man
Would neither live nor die in his free choice,
But as he sees necessity will have it,
(Which if he would resist, he strives in vain,)
What can come near him that He doth not well,
And if in worst events His will be done
How can the best be better? all is one.

Mail. Methinks 'tis pretty.

Cler. Put no difference

If you have this, or not this; but as children
Playing at quoits ever regard their game
And care not for their quoits, so let a man
The things themselves that touch him not esteem,
But his free power in well disposing them.

Chal. Pretty, from toys.

Cler. Methinks this double distich
Seems prettily too, to stay superfluous longings:—
Not to have want, what riches doth exceed?
Not to be subject, what superior thing?
He that to nought aspires, doth nothing need.
Who breaks no law, is subject to no king.

Mail. This goes to mine ear well, I promise you.

Chal. Oh, but 'tis passing hard to stay one thus.

Cler. 'Tis so; rank custom raps² men so beyond it,
And as 'tis hard, so well men's doors to bar
To keep the cat out, and th' adulterer,
So 'tis as hard to curb affections so
We let in nought to make them overflow.

And as of Homer's verses, many critics
On those stand of which Time's old moth hath eaten
The first or last feet, and the perfect parts
Of his unmatched poem sink beneath,
With upright gasping and sloth dull as death:
So the unprofitable things of life,
And those we cannot compass, we affect;
All that doth profit, and we have, neglect,
Like cautious and basely-getting men
That, gathering much, use never what they keep,
But for the least they lose, extremely weep.

Mail. This pretty talking and our horses walking
Down this steep hill, spends time with equal profit.

Cler. 'Tis well bestow'd on ye, meat and men sick
Agree like this and you: and yet even this
Is th' end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to hear, sir, how your mistress takes this.

Enter AUMALE with a cabinet.

Mail. We soon shall know it: see Aumale returned.

Aum. Ease to your bands, sir.

Cler. Welcome, worthy friend.

Chal. How took his noblest mistress your sad message?

Aum. As great rich men take sudden poverty.

I never witnessed a more noble love,
Nor a more ruthless sorrow: I well wished
Some other had been master of my message.

Mail. You are happy, sir, in all things but this one
Of your unhappy apprehension.

Cler. This is to me, compared with her much moan,
As one tear is to her whole passion.

Aum. Sir, she commends her kindest service to you,
And this rich cabinet.

Chal. Oh, happy man!

This may enough hold to redeem your bands.

Cler. These clouds, I doubt not, will be soon blown over.

Enter BALIGNY with his discharge: RENEL, and others.

Aum. Your hope is just and happy; see, sir, both
In both the looks of these.

Bal. Here's a discharge

For this your prisoner, my good lord lieutenant.

Mail. Alas, sir, I usurp that style enforced,
And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

Bal. Well, sir, my wrong aspired past all men's hope.

Mail. I sorrow for it, sir.

Ren. You see, sir, there
Your prisoner's discharge authentical.

Mail. It is, sir, and I yield it him with gladness.

Bal. Brother, I brought you down to much good purpose.

Cler. Repeat not that, sir: the amends makes all.

Ren. I joy in it, my best and worthiest friend:

Oh, you've a princely fautor³ of the Guise.

Bal. I think I did my part too.

Ren. Well, sir; all

Is in the issue well: and, worthiest friend,
Here's from your friend the Guise; here from the countess,
Your brother's mistress, the contents whereof
I know, and must prepare you now to please
Th' unrested spirit of your slaughtered brother,
If it be true, as you imagined once,
His apparition showed it. The complot
Is now laid sure betwixt us: therefore haste
Both to your great friend, who hath some use weighty
For your repair to him, and to the countess,
Whose satisfaction is no less important.

¹ Senecal man. With a mind philosophical as Seneca's.

² Raps, snatches. From Latin "rapio."

³ Fauteur, taxgather, patron. A Latin word.

Cler. I see all, and will haste as it importeth.
And, good friend, since I must delay a little
My wished attendance on my noblest mistress,
Excuse me to her, with return of this,
And endless protestation of my service.
And now become as glad a messenger,
As you were late a woeful.

Aum. Happy change!

I ever will salute thee with my service.

[*Exit.*]

Bal. Yet more news, brother; the late jesting Monsieur
Makes now your brother's dying prophecy equal
At all parts, being dead as he presaged.

Ren. Heaven shield the Guise from seconding that truth,
With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cler. It hath enough, 'twas graced with truth in one,
To the other falsehood and confusion.
Lead to the court, sir.

Bal. You I'll lead no more,
It was too ominous and foul before.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis actus quarti.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCENA PRIMA.

*Ascendit Umbra Bussi.*¹

Umb. Up from the chaos of eternal night,
(To which the whole digestion of the world
Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold damp of this piercing air,
To urge to Justice, whose almighty word
Measures the bloody acts of impious men
With equal penance, who in the act itself
Includes the infliction, which like chained shot
Batter together still; though, as the thunder
Seems, by men's duller hearing than their sight,
To break a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time tear the labouring cloud,
So men think penance of their ills is slow
Though the ill and penance still together go.
Reform, ye ignorant men, your manless lives
Whose laws ye think are nothing but your lusts!
When leaving, but for supposition sake,
The body of felicity, Religion,
Set in the midst of Christendom, and her head
Cleft to her bosom, one half one way swaying,
Another the other, all the Christian world,
And all her laws, whose observation
Stands upon faith, above the power of reason;
Leaving (I say) all these, this might suffice,
To fray ye from your vicious swinge in ill,
And set you more on fire to do more good:
That since the world (as which of you denies)
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude
That all the joints and nerves sustaining nature
As well may break and yet the world abide,
As any one good unrewarded die,
Or any one ill 'scape his penalty. [*The ghost stands close.*]

Enter GUISE, CLERMONT.

Gui. Thus, friend, thou see'st how all good men would
thrive,
Did not the good thou prompt'st me with prevent
The jealous ill pursuing them in others.
But now thy dangers are dispatched, note mine:
Hast thou not heard of that admir'd voice,
That at the barricadoes spake to me,
(No person seen,) Let's lead, my lord, to Rheims?

¹ The Ghost of Bussy rises.

Cler. Nor could you learn the person?

Gui. By no means.

Cler. 'Twas but your fancy then, a waking dream.
For as in sleep, which binds both th' outward senses,
And the sense common too, th' imagining power,
Stirred up by forms hid in the memory's store,
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours
In bodies full and foul and mixed with spirits,
Feigns many strange, miraculous images,
In which act it so painfully applies
Itself to those forms, that the common sense
It actuates with his motion, and thereby,
Those fictions true seem, and have real act:
So, in the strength of our conceits, awake,
The cause alike doth of like fictions make.

Gui. Be what it will, 'twas a presage of something
Weighty and secret, which th' advertisements
I have received from all parts, both without,
And in this kingdom, as from Rome and Spain
Soccain and Savoy, gives me cause to think;
All writing that our plot's catastrophe
For propagation of the Catholic cause
Will bloody prove, dissolving all our councils.

Cler. Retire then from them all.

Gui. I must not do so.

The Archbishop of Lyons tells me plain
I shall be said then to abandon France
In so important an occasion:
And that mine enemies, their profit making
Of my faint absence, soon would let that fall,
That all my pains did to this height exhale.

Cler. Let all fall that would rise unlawfully.
Make not your forward spirit in virtue's right
A property for vice, by thrusting on
Further than all your powers can fetch you off.
It is enough, your will is infinite
To all things virtuous and religious,
Which, within limits kept, may without danger
Let virtue some good from your graces gather,
Avarice of all is ever Nothing's father.

Ghost. Danger, the spur of all great minds, is ever
The curb to your tame spirits; you respect not,
With all your holiness of life and learning,
More than the present, like illiterate vulgars.
Your mind, you say, kept in your flesh's bounds,
Shows that man's will must ruled be by his power:
When by true doctrine you are taught to live
Rather without the body than within,
And rather to your God still than yourself.
To live to Him, is to do all things fitting
His image, in which, like Himself we live;
To be His image, is to do those things
That make us deathless, which by death is only
Doing those deeds that fit eternity,
And those deeds are the perfecting that justice
That makes the world last, which proportion is
Of punishment and wreak for every wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong:—
Away then, use the means thou hast to right
The wrong I suffered! What corrupted law
Leaves unperformed in kings, do thou supply,
And be above them all in dignity. [*Exit.*]

Gui. Why stand'st thou still thus, and appliest thine ears
And eyes to nothing?

Cler. Saw you nothing here?

Gui. Thou dream'st. Awake now: what was here to see?

Cler. My brother's spirit! urging his revenge.

Gui. Thy brother's spirit ! pray thee mock me not.

Cler. No, by my love and service.

Gui. Would he rise,

And not be thund'ring threats against the Guise ?

Cler. You make amends for enmity to him

With ten parts more love, and desert of me ;

And as you make your hate to him no let

Of any love to me, no more bears he

(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.

Which reason and which justice is performed

In spirits ten parts more than fleshy men ;

To whose foresights our acts and thoughts lie open.

And therefore, since he saw the treachery

Late practised by my brother Baligny,

He would not honour his hand with the justice

(As he esteems it) of his blood's revenge,

To which my sister needs would have him sworn

Before she would consent to marry him.

Gui. O Baligny, who would believe there were

A man, that (only since his looks are raised

Upwards, and have but sacred heaven in sight)

Could bear a mind so more than devilish

As for the painted glory of the countenance

Flitting in kings, doth good for nought esteem,

And the more ill he does the better seem.

Cler. We easily may believe it, since we see

In this world's practice few men better be.

Justice to live doth nought but justice need,

But policy must still on mischief feed.

Untruth, for all his ends, truth's name doth sue in ;

None safely live but those that study ruin.

A good man happy, is a common good ;

Ill men advanced live of the common blood.

Gui. But this thy brother's spirit startles me,

These spirits seld or never haunting men

But some mishap ensues.

Cler. Ensue what can :

Tyrants may kill, but never hurt a Man ;

All to his good makes, spite of death and hell.

Enter AUMALE.

Aum. All the desert of good, renown your highness !

Gui. Welcome Aumale.

Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome.

How took my noblest mistress the changed news ?

Aum. It came too late, sir, for those loveliest eyes,

Through which a soul looked so divinely loving,

Tears nothing uttering her distress enough,

She wept quite out, and like two falling stars

Their dearest sights quite vanished with her tears.

Cler. All good forbid it !

Gui. What events are these ?

Cler. All must be borne, my lord.—And yet this chance

Would willingly enforce a man to cast off

All power to bear with comfort, since he sees

In this, our comforts made our miseries.

Gui. How strangely thou art loved of both the sexes ;

Yet thou lov'st neither, but the good of both.

Cler. In love of women, my affection first

Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood ;

Which till I have enjoyed, is passionate,

Like other lovers : but fruition past,

I then love out of judgment ; the desert

Of her I love still sticking in my heart,

Though the desire and the delight be gone ;

Which must chance still, since the comparison

Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,

And what affection, makes in me best

Ever preferred ; what most love, valuing least.

Gui. Thy love being judgment then, and of the mind,
Marry thy worthiest mistress now being blind.

Cler. If there were love in marriage, so I would.

But I deny that any man doth love,

Affecting wives, maids, widows, any women :

For neither flies love milk, although they drown

In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the bee

Love honey, though the labour of her life

Is spent in gathering it ; nor those that fat

Or beasts, or fowls, do any thing therein

For any love : for as when only Nature

Moves men to meat, as far as her power rules

She doth it with a temperate appetite,

The too much men devour abhorring nature ;

And in the most health, is our most disease.

So, when humanity rules men and women,

'Tis for society confined in reason.

But what excites the [mere] desire in blood

By no means justly can be construed love ;

For when love kindles any knowing spirit,

It ends in virtue and effects divine ;

And is in friendship chaste and masculine.

Gui. Thou shalt my mistress be ; methinks my blood

Is taken up to all love with thy virtues.

And howsoever other men despise

These paradoxes strange and too precise,

Since they hold on the right way of our reason

I could attend them ever. Come, away ;

Perform thy brother's thus importuned wreak ;

And I will see what great affairs the king

Hath to employ my counsel, which he seems

Much to desire, and more and more esteems.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HENRY, BALIGNY, with six of the guard.

Hen. Saw you his saucy forcing of my hand
To D'Ambois' freedom ?

Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes

Let fire into my heart, that burned to bear

An insolence so giantly austere.

Hen. The more kings bear at subjects' hands, the more

Their lingering justice gathers ; that resembles

The weighty and the goodly-bodied eagle,

Who being on earth before her shady wings

Can raise her into air, a mighty way

Close by the ground she runs ; but being aloft,

All she commands she flies at ; and the more

Death in her serres¹ bears, the more time she stays

Her thund'ry stoop from that on which she preys.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the weight

Of these your shady counsels, who will else

Bear, where such sparks fly as the Guise and D'Ambois,

Powder about them. Counsels, as your entrails,

Should be unpierced and sound kept ; for not those

Whom you discover you neglect, but ope

A ruinous passage to your own best hope.

Hen. We have spies set on us, as we on others ;

And therefore they that serve us must excuse us

If what we most hold in our hearts take wind,

Deceit hath eyes that see into the mind.

But this plot shall be quicker than their twinkling,

On whose lids fate with her dead weight shall lie

And confidence that lightens ere she die.

¹ Seres, claws. "Sere" is the claw of an eagle or bird of prey, from the French "serre."

Friends of my guard, as ye gave oath to be
True to your sovereign, keep it manfully :
Your eyes have witnessed oft th' ambition
That never made access to me in Guise
But treason ever sparkled in his eyes :
Which if you free us of, our safety shall
You not our subjects but our patrons call.

Ommes. Our duties bind us : he is now but dead.

Hen. We trust in it, and thank ye. Baligny,
Go lodge their ambush, and thou God that art
Fautor of princes, thunder from the skies
Beneath his hill of pride this giant Guise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TAMYRA with a letter, CHARLOTTE¹ in man's attire.

Tam. I see you are servant, sir, to my dear sister,
The lady of her loved Baligny.

Char. Madam, I am bound to her virtuous bounties
For that life which I offer in her virtuous service
To the revenge of her renowned brother.

Tam. She writes to me as much, and much desires
That you may be the man whose spirit she knows
Will cut short off these long and dull delays,
Hitherto bribing the eternal justice :
Which I believe, since her unmatched spirit
Can judge of spirits that have her sulphur in them
But I must tell you, that I make no doubt
Her living brother will revenge her dead,
On whom the dead imposed the task ; and he,
I know, will come to effect it instantly.

Char. They are but words in him. Believe them not.

Tam. See ; this is the vault, where he must enter :
Where now I think he is.

Enter RENEL at the vault, with the COUNTESS being blind.

Ren. God save you, lady.
What gentleman is this, with whom you trust
The deadly weighty secret of this hour ?

Tam. One that yourself will say, I well may trust.

Ren. Then come up, madam. [*He helps the COUNTESS up.*
See here, honoured lady,

A countess that in love's mishap doth equal
At all parts your wronged self ; and is the mistress
Of your slain servant's brother, in whose love,
For his late treacherous apprehension,
She wept her fair eyes from her ivory brows,
And would have wept her soul out, had not I
Promised to bring her to this mortal quarry,
That by her lost eyes for her servant's love
She might conjure him from this stern attempt,
In which (by a most ominous dream she had)
She knows his death fixed, and that never more
Out of this place the sun shall see him live.

Char. I am provided then to take his place
And undertaking on me.

Ren. You, sir, why ?

Char. Since I am charged so by my mistress,
His mournful sister.

Tam. See her letter, sir.

Good madam, I rue your fate more than mine,
And know not how to order these affairs,
They stand on such occurrents. [*He reads.*

Ren. This indeed

I know to be your lady mistress' hand,
And know besides his brother's will, and must
Endure no hand in this Revenge but his.

Enter Umbra Bussy.²

Umb. Away, dispute no more ; get up, and see,
Clermont must author this just tragedy.

Coun. Who's that ?

Ren. The spirit of Bussy.

Tam. Oh, my servant ! let us embrace.

Umb. Forbear. The air, in which
My figure's likeness is impressed, will blast.
Let my Revenge for all loves satisfy,
In which, dame, fear not, Clermont shall not die
No word dispute more : up, and see the event.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Make the guard sure, Renel ; and then the doors
Command to make fast, when the earl is in. [*Exit REN.*
The black soft-footed hour is now on wing
Which for my just wreak ghosts shall celebrate
With dances dire and of infernal state. [*Exit.*

Enter GUISE.

Gui. Who says that death is natural, when nature
Is with the only thought of it dismayed ?
I have had lotteries set up for my death,
And I have drawn beneath my trencher one,
Knit in my handkerchief another lot,
The words being : you are a dead man if you enter.
And these words, this imperfect blood and flesh
Shrink at in spite of me ; their solid'st part
Melting like snow within me, with cold fire.
I hate myself, that seeking to rule kings
I cannot curb my slave. Would any spirit
Free, manly, princely, wish to live to be
Commanded by this mass of slavery,
Since reason, judgment, resolution,
And scorn of what we fear, will yield to fear ?
While this same sink of sensuality swells,
Who would live sinking in it, and not spring
Up to the stars, and leave this carrion here,
For wolves, and vultures, and for dogs to tear ?
O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide
This softness from my flesh, far as my reason,
Far as my resolution, not to stir
One foot out of the way, for death and hell !
Let my false man by falsehood perish here,
There's no way else to set my true man clear.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The king desires your grace to come to council.

Gui. I come. It cannot be : he will not dare
To touch me with a treachery so profane.
Would Clermont now were here, to try how he
Would lay about him, if this plot should be :
Here would be tossing souls into the sky !
Who ever knew blood saved by treachery ?
Well, I must on, and will ; what should I fear ?
Not against two, Alcides ? against two,
And Hercules to friend, the Guise will go.

[*He takes up the arras, and the guard enters upon him : he draws.*

Gui. Hold, murderers !

[*They strike him down. The KING comes in, fight with Es., Sois., and others.*

In greatness, not in goodness ! Where is the king ?
Let him appear to justify his deed.

In spite of my betrayed wounds, ere my soul
Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath strength
To urge his tyranny —

¹ *Charlotte*, it should be remembered, is herself Baligny's wife,
sister of Bussy D'Ambois, bent on the revenging of his death.

² The Ghost of Bussy.

Hen. See, sir, I am come
To justify it before men, and God,
Who knows with what wounds in my heart for woe
Of your so wounded faith, I made these wounds;
Forced to it by an insolence of force
To stir a stone; nor is a rock opposed
To all the billows of the churlish sea
More beat, and eaten with them, than was I
With your ambitious mad idolatry;
And this blood I shed is to save the blood
Of many thousands.

Gui. That's your white pretext.
But you will find one drop of blood shed lawless
Will be the fountain to a purple sea.
The present lust and shift made for kings' lives
Against the pure form and just power of law,
Will thrive like shifter's purchases; there hangs
A black star in the skies, to which the sun
Gives yet no light, will rain a poisoned shower
Into your entrails, that will make you feel
How little safety lies in treacherous steel.

Hen. Well, sir, I'll bear it. You've a brother too,
Bursts with like threats, the scarlet cardinal:
Seek, and lay hands on him; and take this hence,—
Their bloods, for all you, on my conscience. *[Exit.]*

Gui. So, sir, your full swing take: mine, death hath curbed.
Clermont, farewell! Oh, didst thou see but this:
But it is better, see by this the ice
Broke to thine own blood, which thou wilt despise
When thou hear'st mine shed. Is there no friend here
Will bear my love to him?

Aum. I will, my lord.

Gui. Thanks with my last breath: recommend me then
To the most worthy of the race of men. *[Dies. Exeunt.]*

Enter MONTS. and TAMYRA.

Mont. Who have you let into my house?

Tam. I, none.

Mont. 'Tis false, I savour the rank blood of foes
In every corner.

Tam. That you may do well;
It is the blood you lately shed, you smell.

Mont. 'Sdeath, the vault opens. *[The gulf opens.]*

Tam. What vault? hold your sword. *[CLERMONT ascends.]*

Cler. No, let him use it.

Mont. Treason! murder, murder!

Cler. Exclaim not; 'tis in vain, and base in you,
Being one, to only one.

Mont. O bloody strumpet!

Cler. With what blood charge you her? It may be mine
As well as yours. There shall not any else
Enter or touch you. I confer no guards,
Nor imitate the murderous course you took:
But single here, will have my former challenge
Now answer'd single. Not a minute more
My brother's blood shall stay for his Revenge,
If I can act it; if not, mine shall add
A double conquest to you, that alone
Put it to fortune now, and use no odds.
Storm not, nor beat yourself thus 'gainst the doors,
Like to a savage vermin in a trap:
All doors are sure made, and you cannot 'scape,
But by your valour.

Mont. No, no, come and kill me.

Cler. If you will die so like a beast, you shall.
But when the spirit of a man may save you,
Do not so shame man, and a noble man.

Mont. I do not show this baseness that I fear thee,
But to prevent and shame thy victory,
Which of one base is base, and so I'll die.

Cler. Here then.

Mont. Stay, hold, one thought hath hardened me,

[He starts up.]

And since I must afford thee victory,
It shall be great and brave, if one request
Thou wilt admit me.

Cler. What's that?

Mont. Give me leave

To fetch and use the sword thy brother gave me
When he was bravely giving up his life.

Cler. No, I'll not fight against my brother's sword:
Not that I fear it; but since 'tis a trick
For you to show your back.

Mont. By all truth, no:

Take but my honourable oath, I will not.

Cler. Your honourable oath! Plain truth no place has
Where oaths are honourable.

Tam. Trust not his oath.

He will lie like a lapwing, when she flies
Far from her sought nest, still "here 'tis" she cries.

Mont. Out on thee, dam of devils, I will quite
Disgrace thy bravo's conquest, die, not fight. *[Lies down.]*

Tam. Out on my fortune to wed such an abject.

Now is the people's voice the voice of God;
He that to wound a woman wants so much,
As he did me, a man dares never touch.

Cler. Revenge your wounds now, madam, I resign him
Up to your full will, since he will not fight.
First you shall torture him (as he did you,
And justice wills), and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this poignard.

Mont. Sink earth, open heaven,
And let fall vengeance.

Tam. Come, sir, good sir, hold him.

Mont. O shame of women, whither art thou fled!

Cler. Why, good my lord, is it a greater shame
For her than you? Come, I will be the bands
You used to her, profaning her fair hands.

Mont. No, sir, I'll fight now, and the terror be
Of all you champions to such as she.

I did but thus far dally: now observe,
O all you aching foreheads that have robb'd
Your hands of weapons and your hearts of valour,
Join in me all your rages and rebutters,
And into dust ram this same race of furies

In this one relic of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple soul shed, drown it all. *[Fight.]*

Mont. Now give me breath a while.

Cler. Receive it nobly.

Mont. What think you of this now?

Cler. It is very noble;

Had it been free, at least, and of yourself,
And thus we see, where valour most doth vaunt,
What 'tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cler. That you shall.

Mont. If you obtain it.

Cler. True, sir, 'tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce
Change lives with you, I feel so great a change
In my tall spirits breathed, I think with the breath
A D'Ambois breathes here; and Necessity,
With whose point now prick'd you, and so who shall
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,

If she except not you of all men only,
May change the case here.

Cler. True, as you are changed,
Her power in me urged, makes you another man
Than yet you ever were.

Mont. Well, I must on.

Cler. Your lordship must by all means.

Mon. Then at all.

Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.

CHARLOTTE above.

Char. Death of my father! What a shame is this!
Stick in his hands thus?

Ren. Gentle sir, forbear.

Coun. Is he not slain yet? [*She gets down.*]

Ren. No, madam, but hurt in divers parts of him.

Mont. Y'have given it me,
And yet I feel life for another vennie.¹

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Cler. What would you, sir?

Char. I would perform this combat.

Cler. Against which of us?

Char. I care not much if 'twere
Against thyself: thy sister would have shamed
To have thy brother's wreak with any man
In single combat stick so in her fingers.

Cler. My sister? know you her?

Tam. Ay, sir, she sent him

With this kind letter, to perform the wreak
Of my dear servant.

Cler. Now alas, good sir,
Think you you could do more?

Char. Alas! I do,
And wer't not, I, fresh, sound, should charge a man
Weary and wounded, I would long ere this
Have proved what I presume on.

Cler. You have a mind
Like to my sister, but have patience now;
If next charge speed not, I'll resign to you.

Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.

Cler. No, my lord,
I am the man in fate; and since so bravely
Your lordship stands me, 'scape but one more charge,
And on my life, I'll set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit joy and all good on thy victory.

Fights and falls down. He gives his hand to CLER. and his wife.

Mont. Farewell; I heartily forgive thee,—wife,
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest of life.

Cler. Noble and Christian!

Tam. Oh, it breaks my heart.

Cler. And should; for all faults found in him before,
These words, this end, makes full amends and more.
Rest, worthy soul, and with it the dear spirit
Of my loved brother, rest in endless peace!
Soft lie thy bones, heaven be your soul's abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no load.

[*Music, and the Ghost of BUSSY enters, leading the Ghosts of
the GUISE, MONSIEUR, Cardinal GUISE, and CHATTILLON,
they dance about the dead body, and Exeunt.*]

Cler. How strange is this! the Guise amongst these
spirits!

¹ Vennie, venue, an assault in fencing. French "venue," a coming on.

And his great brother Cardinal,—both yet living!
And that the rest with them with joy thus celebrate
This our revenge! This certainly presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinal.
That the Chatillon's ghost too should thus join
In celebration of this just revenge,
With Guise, that bore a chief stroke in his death,—
It seems that now he doth approve the act.
And these true shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,
Forerunning thus their bodies, may approve
That all things to be done, as here we live,
Are done before all times in the other life.
That spirits should rise in these times, yet are fables;
Though learnedst men hold that our sensitive spirits
A little time abide about the graves
Of their deceased bodies; and can take,
In cold condensed air, the same forms they had
When they were shut up in this body's shade.

Enter AUMALE.

Aum. Oh, sir, the Guise is slain!

Cler. Avert it, Heaven!

Aum. Sent for to council by the king, an ambush
Lodged for the purpose rushed on him, and took
His princely life; who sent, in dying then,
His love to you, as to the best of men.

Cler. The worst, and most accursed of things creeping
On earth's sad bosom. Let me pray ye all
A little to forbear, and let me use
Freely mine own mind in lamenting him.
I'll call ye straight again.

Aum. We will forbear, and leave you free, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Cler. Shall I live, and he
Dead, that alone gave means of life to me?
There's no disputing with the acts of kings,
Revenge is impious on their sacred persons:
And could I play the worldling (no man loving
Longer than gain is reaped, or grace from him)
I should survive, and shall be wondered at,
Though in mine own hands being I end with him:
But friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is,
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation.

Ren. I fear your servant, madam: let's descend.

[*Descend REN. and COUNTESS.*]

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I never lived
To please men worldly, and shall I in death
Respect their pleasures, making such a jar
Betwixt my death and life, when death should make
The comfort sweetest; th' end being proof and crown
To all the skill and worth we truly own?
Guise, O my lord, how shall I cast from me
The bands and coverts hind'ring me from thee?
The garment or the cover of the mind
The human soul is; of the soul, the spirit
The proper robe is; of the spirit, the blood;
And of the blood, the body is the shroud.
With that must I begin then to uncliothe,
And come at the other. Now then as a ship,
Touching at strange, and far removed shores,
Her men ashore go for their several ends,
Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and pearl,
All yet intentive when the master calls
The ship to put off, ready to leave all
Their greediest labours, lest they there be left
To thieves or beasts or be the country's slaves:

So, now my master calls, my ship, my venture
 All in one bottom put, all quite put off,
 Gone under sail, and I left negligent,
 To all the horrors of the vicious time,
 The far removed shores to all virtuous aims;
 None favouring goodness; none but he respecting
 Piety or manhood. Shall I here survive?
 Not cast me after him into the sea
 Rather than here live, ready every hour
 To feed thieves, beasts, and be the slave of power?
 I come, my lord! Clermont, thy creature, comes!

Enter AUMALE, TAMYRA, CHARLOTTE.

Aum. What? lie and languish, Clermont? Cursed man
 To leave him here thus! He hath slain himself.

Tam. Misery on misery! O me, wretched dame
 Of all that breathe! All Heaven turn all his eyes
 In hearty envy thus on one poor dame!

Char. Well done, my brother: I did love thee ever,
 But now adore thee. Loss of such a friend
 None should survive,—of such a brother.
 With my false husband live, and both these slain!
 Ere I return to him, I'll turn to earth.

Enter RENEL leading the COUNTESS.

Ren. Horror of human eyes, O Clermont D'Ambois!
 Madam, we stayed too long, your servant's slain.

Coun. It must be so, he liv'd but in the Guise,
 As I in him. Oh, follow, life, mine eyes.

Tam. Hide, hide thy snaky head! To cloisters fly!
 In penance pine! Too easy 'tis to die.

Cler. It is. In cloisters then let's all survive.
 Madam, since wrath nor grief can help these fortunes,
 Let us forsake the world, in which they reign,
 And for their wish'd amends to God complain.

Count. 'Tis fit and only needful: lead me on,—
 In heaven's course comfort seek, in earth is none. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HENRY, ESPERNONE, SOISSONS, and others.

Hen. We came indeed too late, which much I rue,
 And would have kept this Clermont as my crown.
 Take in the dead, and make this fatal room,
 The house shut up, the famous D'Ambois Tomb. [*Exeunt.*]



From Kneller's "History of the Turks" (1610).

Montsurry had, in the ethics of old poetry, so much of a right to kill Bussy d'Ambois that one might be content if Bussy's death went unrevengeed. But the wealth of thought lavished upon the study of the philosophic Clermont, whom in the play of "the Revenge" he has thus painted as brother to the headstrong man of action, is very characteristic of George Chapman's genius. His sentences, though often clouded with an overweight of thought, flash out again and again with vivid utterances that bring truth to light.

Thomas Heywood, a Lincolnshire man and Fellow of Peterhouse, had joined the players about the same time as Ben Jonson, and wrote many plays during the

reigns of James I. and Charles I. He died about the year 1641, having had, as he said, "either an entire hand or at least a main finger in two hundred and twenty dramas." There remain two historical plays on the reign of "King Edward the Fourth." He wrote a play called "the Fair Maid of the Exchange," in which the heroine is rescued from danger by a magnanimous cripple, who fights two rascals with his crutch, and who, when she falls in love with him, leads her to happy life with a more suitable husband. "The Loyal Subject" and "A Woman Killed with Kindness" are two of Heywood's best plays, and he wrote four mythological dramas, on the four Ages—the Golden, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron. "The Golden Age, or the Lives of Jupiter and Saturn, with the defining of the Heathen Gods," was printed in 1611 "as it hath bene sundry times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants."



A CHEEK USED AT THE RED BULL.

Homer plays Chorus and explains the show, saying when he first introduces himself—

I was the man
 That flourished in the world's first infancy;
 When it was young and knew not how to speak
 I taught it speech and understanding both,
 Even in the cradle. Oh, then farther me,
 You that are in the world's decrepit age,
 When it is near his universal grave,
 To sing an old song, and in this Iron Age
 Show you the state of the first Golden world.
 I was the Muses' patron, Learning's spring.
 And you shall once more hear old Homer sing.

Thomas Middleton was another active dramatist, who was about thirty-two years old at the accession of James I., and wrote, in 1613, a play called "The Witch" with incantations that, like those in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," some speak of in connection with the incantations in Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Cyril Tournear, who wrote only in the reign of James I., has left us "The Atheist's Tragedy," "The Revenger's Tragedy," and "The Nobleman." William Rowley and Nathaniel Field also are dramatists of the reign of James I. But a greater than these is John Webster, whose tragic power may be illustrated by his "Duchess of Malfi." The influence of Italy is indicated in our drama by the frequent use of stories (there are ten among the plays of Shakespeare) that have their scene laid in Italy. Some of the most familiar characters in our old English plays are individual forms of types

familiar in Italian burlesque comedy; but in the time of James I., when our drama was at its ripest, though with traces of incipient decay, Italian literature had lost its vigour, and was, perhaps, at its weakest on the stage. Thomas Coryat, writing in 1611 of a visit to Venice, said of the theatre there that "the house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately playhouses in England; neither can their actors compare with ours for apparel, shows, and music. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometime used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor." The Italians also had by this time developed the beginnings of their musical drama. The first drama with musical accompaniments is said to have been represented in 1480, in the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. Orazio Vecchi, of Modena, in a piece called "Anfiparnaso," of which every scene is said by Dr. Burney to be nothing more than a five-part madrigal in action, made all the actors sing, not excepting the Pantaloon, the Zany, Doctor Graziano, and Captain



CHARACTERS OF THE OLD ITALIAN COMEDY.

Spagnuolo, who all appeared upon his scene. These were stock characters. Captain Spagnuolo was the bragging soldier, the rudimentary form of Captain Bobadil and Captain Tucca. Doctor Graziano was the foolish scholar; not only the pantaloon, but also the harlequin had now made his appearance on the Italian stage. The first musical piece that put the dialogue into recitative with songs interspersed, is said to have been the "Euridice" of Ottavio Rinuccini, a Florentine, produced in December, 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary de' Medici with Henri IV. of France.

Little is known of John Webster. He was born free of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and was, perhaps, the son of a John Webster who was de-

scribed as a citizen and merchant tailor of London in 1591. The poet had a play out in 1601, which is not now in existence, on "The Guise; or the Massacre



THE OLD ITALIAN PANTALON AND HARLEQUIN.

of France;" and his career as a dramatist, beginning about that time, brought him to the fulness of his power in 1612, when "the White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona," was printed. This is one of his two finest plays. The other, produced on the stage about the year 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare, and first printed in 1623, was



From Knolles's "History of the Turks" (1610).

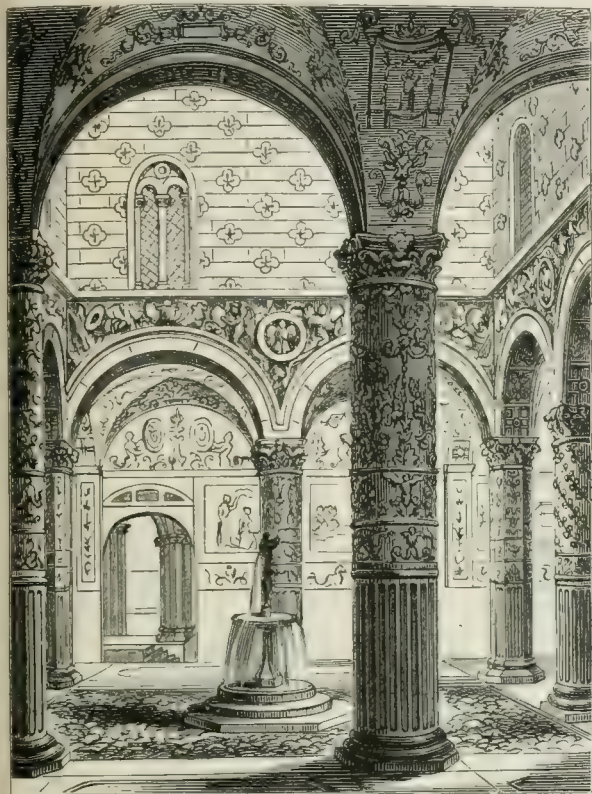
THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

At Malfi, or Amalfi, a seaport in Southern Italy, on the north shore of the Gulf of Salerno, the scene opens in the presence-chamber of the Duchess who, as a widow, rules the place. Of her two brothers, one—her twin brother—is Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and the other is a cardinal, living at Rome. They have been paying a visit to her at her court when the play opens, and are about to sail away again. At the same time, Antonio Bologna, steward of the Duchess's household, whom she secretly intends to marry, has just returned from a long visit to France, an accomplished gentleman, who is victor at the sports that served to entertain the visitors to Malfi. With the welcome home of Antonio by Delio, one of his old friends, the story begins thus.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO.

Delio. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio; You have been long in France, and you return

A very formal Frenchman in your habit :
How do you like the French court ?



COURT OF AN OLD ITALIAN PALACE. (THE OLD PALACE AT FLORENCE.)

Ant. I admire it :
In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fixed order, their judicious king
Begins at home ; quits first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons,—which he sweetly terms
His master's master-piece, the work of heaven ;
Considering duly that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if 't chance
Some curs'd example poison't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is 't makes this blessed government
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times ?
Though some o' the court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee.—Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall ; yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety :
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants ;
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so.—Here's the Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal and BOSOLA.

Bos. I do haunt you still.

Card. So.

Bos. I have done you better service than to be slighted
thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well
is the doing of it !

Card. You enforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the galleys in your service ; where, for
two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with
a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle.
Slighted thus ! I will thrive some way : black-birds fatten
best in hard weather ; why not I in these dog-days ?

Card. Would you could become honest !

Bos. With all your divinity do but direct me the way to it.
I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant
knaves as they went forth, because they carried themselves
always along with them. [*Exit Cardinal.*] Are you gone ?
Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil ; but this
great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make
him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit ?

Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow
crooked over standing pools ; they are rich and o'er-laden
with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on
them. Could I be one of their flattering panders, I would
hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and then
drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would rely upon these
miserable dependencies, in expectation to be advanced to-
morrow ? what creature ever fed worse than hoping Tan-
talus ? nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that
hoped for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks and dogs
when they have done us service ; but for a soldier that
hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry
is his last supportation.

Delio. Geometry !

Bos. Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter
swing in the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from
hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir : and yet do not you
scorn us ; for places in the court are but like beds in the
hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and
so lower and lower. [*Exit.*]

Del. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys
For a notorious murder ; and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborned it : he was released
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recovered Naples.

Ant. 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected : I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness ; for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents ; and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill : you promised me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord Cardinal's,
And other strangers that are now in court ?
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

*Enter FERDINAND, CASTRUCCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO,
GRISOLAN, and Attendants.*

Ferd. Who took the ring oftener ?

Sil. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister Duchess' great-master of her household ?
give him the jewel.—When shall we leave this sportive
action, and fall to action indeed ?

Cast. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to
war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity :—why, my lord ?

Some talk with the courtiers develops the weak-

ness of Castruccio, whose wife, Julia, is mistress to the Cardinal. Duke Ferdinand then turns to Antonio.

Ferd. You are a good horseman, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France: what do you think of good horsemanship?

Ant. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have bespoke it worthily.

Silvio. Your brother, the lord Cardinal, and sister Duchess.

Re-enter Cardinal, with Duchess, CARIOLA, her Attendant, and JULIA.

Card. Are the galleys come about?

Gris. They are, my lord.

Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvio come to take his leave.

Delio. Now, sir, your promise: what's that Cardinal? I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow, Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance, Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman; the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, intelligencers, atheists and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so impudently as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done—

Delio. You have given too much of him. What's his brother?

Ant. The Duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature:

What appears in him mirth is merely outside;
If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Delio. Twins?

Ant. In quality.

He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits
With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' the bench
Only to entrap offenders in their answers;
Dooms men to death by information;
Rewards by hearsay.

Delio. Then the law to him
Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider,—
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him.

Ant. Most true:

He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,
And those he will confess that he doth owe.
Last, for his brother there, the Cardinal,
They that do flatter him most say oracles
Hang at his lips; and verily I believe them,
For the devil speaks in them.
But for their sister, the right noble Duchess,
You never fixed your eye on three fair medals
Cast in one figure, of so different temper.
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,
She held it less vain-glory to talk much
Than your penance to hear her: whilst she speaks,
She throws upon a man so sweet a look,

That it were able to raise one to a galliard
That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
On that sweet countenance; but in that look
There speaketh so divine a continence
As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
Her days are practised in such noble virtue,
That sure her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,
Are more in heaven than other ladies' shrifts.
Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
And dress themselves in her.

Delio. Fie, Antonio,

You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much:
All her particular worth grows to this sum,—
She stains the time past, lights the time to come.

Cari. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
Some half an hour hence.

Ant. I shall. [Exit ANTONIO and DELIO.]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duch. To me, sir?

Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the galleys—

Duch. Yes, I know him.

Ferd. A worthy fellow he is: pray, let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.

Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him and prefers him.

Ferd. Call him hither. [Exit Attendant.]

We are now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio,
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the leaguer.

Silvio. Sir, I shall.

Ferd. You are for Milan?

Silvio. I am.

Duch. Bring the caroches.—We'll bring you down to the
haven.

[Exit DUCHESS, SILVIO, CASTRUCIO, RODERIGO,
GRISOLAN, CARIOLA, JULIA, and Attendants.]

Card. Be sure you entertain that Bosola
For your intelligence: I would not be seen in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning.

Ferd. Antonio, the great-master of her household,
Had been far fitter.

Card. You are deceived in him:
His nature is too honest for such business.—
He comes: I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Re-enter BOSOLA.

Bos. I was lured to you.

Ferd. My brother, here, the Cardinal could never
Abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt.

Ferd. Maybe some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you.

Bos. Doth he study physiognomy?

He did suspect me wrongfully.

Ferd. For that

You must give great men leave to take their times.
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceived:
You see the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
Fastens it more at root.

Bos. Yet, take heed;

For to suspect a friend unworthily
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold.

Bos. So:

What follows? never rained such showers as these
Without thunderbolts i' the tail of them. Whose throat must
I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i' the court here, and observe the Duchess;
To note all the particulars of her 'haviour,
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
And whom she best affects. She's a young widow:
I would not have her marry again.

Bos. No, sir?

Ferd. Do not you ask the reason; but be satisfied
I say I would not.

Bos. It seems you would create me
One of your familiars.

Ferd. Familiar! what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,—
An intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee; and ere long thou mayst arrive
At a higher place by 't.

Bos. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels: these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'd take me to hell.

Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given:
There is a place that I procured for you
This morning, the provisorship o' the horse;
Have you heard on 't?

Bos. No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours: is't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curse yourself now, that your
bounty

(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me
A villain. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms vile,
That names he complimentary.

Ferd. Be yourself;
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill express
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em: this will gain
Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse—

Bos. As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's my place?
The provisorship o' the horse? say, then, my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.

Ferd. Away!

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame.
Sometimes the devil doth preach.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Duchess, Cardinal, and CARIOLA.

Card. We are to part from you; and your own discretion
Must now be your director.

Ferd. You are a widow:
You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—

Card.

No,

Nor any thing without the addition, honour,
Sway your high blood.

Ferd. Marry! they are most luxurious
Will wed twice.

Card. Oh, fie!

Ferd. Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep.

Duch. Will you hear me?

I'll never marry.

Card. So most widows say;

But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass: the funeral sermon
And it end both together.

Ferd. Now hear me:

You live in a rank pasture, here, i' the court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;
'Twill poison your fame; look to't: be not cunning;
For they whose faces do belie their hearts
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Ay, and give the devil suck.

Duch. This is terrible good counsel.

Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,
Subtler than Vulcan's engine: yet, believe 't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.

Card. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eaves of night—

Ferd. Think 't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,
Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right
Because it goes its own way: but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated.

Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferd. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do fore-run man's mischief.

Card. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it. [*Exit.*]

Duch. I think this speech between you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.

Ferd. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loth to see 't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels:
A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms
That were never built for goodness;—fare ye well;—
And women like

. . . . variety of courtship:
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow. [*Exit.*]

Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps: and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I winked and chose a husband.—Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life,—my fame.

Cari. Both shall be safe;

For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison

Keep poison from their children.

Duch. Thy protestation

Is ingenuous and hearty : I believe it.

Is Antonio come ?

Cari. He attends you.

Duch. Good dear soul,

Leave me ; but place thyself behind the arras,

Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed ;

For I am going into a wilderness

Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue

To be my guide. [*CARIOLA goes behind the arras.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

I sent for you : sit down ;

Take pen and ink, and write : are you ready ?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. What did I say ?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Duch. Oh, I remember.

After these triumphs and this large expense,

It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire

What's laid up for to-morrow.

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch. Beauteous !

Indeed, I thank you : I look young for your sake ;

You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Ant. I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue and expense.

Duch. Oh, you are

An upright treasurer : but you mistook ;

For when I said I meant to make inquiry

What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean

What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant. Where ?

Duch. In heaven.

I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,

In perfect memory), and I pray, sir, tell me,

Were not one better make it smiling, thus,

Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,

As if the gifts we parted with procured

That violent distraction ?

Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit :

But I intend to make you overseer.

What good deed shall we first remember ? say.

Ant. Begin with that first good deed began i' the world

After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage :

I'd have you first provide for a good husband ;

Give him all.

Duch. All ?

Ant. Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding-sheet ?

Ant. In a couple.

Duch. Saint Winifred, that were a strange will !

Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you

To marry again.

Duch. What do you think of marriage ?

Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory :

It locally contains or heaven or hell ;

There's no third place in 't.

Duch. How do you affect it ?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,

Would often reason thus——

Duch. Pray, let us hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,

What takes that from him ? only the bare name

Of being a father, or the weak delight

To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse

Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter

Like a taught starling.

Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this ?

One of your eyes is bloodshot ; use my ring to 't,

They say 'tis very sovereign : 'twas my wedding-ring,

And I did vow never to part with it

But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How ?

Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil

Is dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him.

Ant. How ?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it : thus ; is it fit ?

[*She puts the ring upon his finger : he kneels.*]

Ant. What said you ?

Duch. Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built ;

I cannot stand upright in 't nor discourse,

Without I raise it higher : raise yourself ;

Or, if you please, my hand to help you : so. [*Raises him.*]

Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,

That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,

But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt

With the wild noise of prattling visitants,

Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.

Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim

Whereto your favours tend : but he's a fool

That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine

I make you lord of.

Ant. Oh, my unworthiness !

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself :

This darkening of your worth is not like that

Which tradesmen use i' the city ; their false lights

Are to rid bad wares off : and I must tell you,

If you will know where breathes a complete man

(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,

And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,

I should be honest : I have long serv'd Virtue,

And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duch. Now she pays it.

The misery of us that are born great !

We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us ;

And as a tyrant doubles with his words,

And fearfully equivocates, so we

Are forced to express our violent passions

In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path

Of simple virtue, which was never made

To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag

You have left me heartless ; mine is in your bosom :

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble :

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,

To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident :

What is 't distracts you ? This is flesh and blood, sir ;

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster

Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man !

I do here put off all vain ceremony,

And only do appear to you a young widow

That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,

I use but half a blush in 't.

Ant. Truth speak for me

I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duch. And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quictus est*. This you should have begg'd now :
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But for your brothers ?

Duch. Do not think of them :
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared :
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.

Duch. Kneel. [*CARLOLA comes from behind the arras.*]

Ant. Ha !

Duch. Be not amazed ; this woman's of my counsel :
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presentis is absolute marriage.

[*She and ANTONIO kneel.*]

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine !

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion !

Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music !

Ant. That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided !

Duch. What can the church force more ?

Ant. That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fix'd wishes !

Duch. How can the church build faster ?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but echo this.

With the Duchess thus wedded to Antonio and
blindly following her will, the First Act of the play
ends ; Cariola closing the scene after their departure
with this comment :

Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not ; but it shows
A fearful madness : I owe her much of pity.

The Second Act opens again in the palace of the
Duchess of Malfi, where Bosola is set as the spy for
her brothers. Bosola is in satiric, scornful dialogue
with Castruccio, and with an old lady, keeping "his
old garb of melancholy." He suspects that the
Duchess is about to become a mother, and stands
ready to try her with a gift of apricots. Then he
is in dialogue with Antonio, whose relation to the
Duchess—hitherto carefully concealed from her
brothers—he does not suspect ; and next has an
opportunity of offering his apricots, which are eaten
greedily. But the Duchess suddenly falls ill, and to
conceal the birth of her child the outer gates of the
palace are locked, that none may leave, because it is
given out that she has had an attempt made on her
life with poisoned apricots.

Delio. How fares it with the Duchess ?

Ant. She's exposed

Unto the worst of torture, pain, and fear

Delio. Speak to her all happy comfort.

Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger !
You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome :
My life lies in your service.

Delio. Do not doubt me.

Ant. Oh, 'tis far from me : and yet fear presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

Delio. Believe it,

'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more :
How superstitiously we mind our evils !
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well :
I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father ;
And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,—
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best. [*Exit.*]

Enter CARLOLA.

Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a son :
Your wife commends him to you.

Ant. Bless'd comfort !—

For heaven's sake tend her well : I'll presently
Go set a figure for 's nativity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter BOSOLA, with a dark lantern.

Bos. Sure I did hear a woman shriek : list, ha !
And the sound came, if I received it right,
From the Duchess' lodgings. There's some stratagem
In the confining all our courtiers
To their several wards : I must have part of it ;
My intelligence will freeze else. List, again !
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,
The owl, that scream'd so.—Ha ! Antonio !

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. I heard some noise.—Who's there ? what art thou ?
speak.

Bos. Antonio, put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of fear :
I am Bosola, your friend.

Ant. Bosola !—

[*Aside.*] This mole does undermine me.—Heard you not
A noise even now ?

Bos. From whence ?

Ant. From the Duchess' lodging.

Bos. Not I : did you ?

Ant. I did, or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walk towards it.

Ant. No : it may be 'twas
But the rising of the wind.

Bos. Very likely.

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat :
You look wildly.

Ant. I have been setting a figure
For the Duchess' jewels.

Bos. Ah, and how falls your question ?
Do you find it radical ?

Ant. What's that to you ?

'Tis rather to be questioned what design,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker.

Bos. In sooth, I'll tell you :
Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil
Had leas't to do here; I came to say my prayers;
And if it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.

Ant. [*Aside.*] This fellow will undo me.—
You gave the Duchess apricots to-day :
Pray heaven they were not poisoned !

Bos. Poisoned ! a Spanish fig
For the imputation.

Ant. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discovered. There were jewels stol'n too :
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than yourself.

Bos. You are a false steward.

Ant. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.

Bos. Maybe the ruin will crush you to pieces.

Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir :
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting ?
You libel well, sir.

Bos. No, sir : copy it out,
And I will set my hand to 't.

Ant. [*Aside.*] My nose beats.
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance :
Two letters, that were wrote here for my name,
Are drowned in blood !
Mere accident.—For you, sir, I'll take order ;
I' the morn you shall be safe :—[*aside*] 'tis that must colour
Her lying-in :—sir, this door you pass not :
I do not hold it fit that you come near
The Duchess's lodgings, till you have quit yourself.—

[*Aside.*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame. [*Exit.*]

Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper :—
Some of your help, false friend :—Oh, here it is.
What's here ? a child's nativity calculated ! [*Reads.*]

"The Duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve
and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504,"—that's this year—
"decimo nono Decembris,"—that's this night,—"*taken according to the meridian of Malfi*,"—that's our Duchess : happy
discovery !—"The lord of the first house being combust in the
ascendant, signifies short life ; and Mars being in a human sign,
joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth
threaten a violent death. *Cetera non scrutantur.*"¹

Why, now 'tis most apparent : this precise fellow
Is [*go-between*] :—I have it to my wish !
This is a parcel of intelligency
Our courtiers were cased up for : it needs must follow
That I must be committed on pretence
Of poisoning her ; which I'll endure, and laugh at.
If one could find the father now ! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruccio
I' the morning posts to Rome : by him I'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty way.
Though lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise. [*Exit.*]

Now the scene changes to Rome, where Castruccio's
wife, Julia, is with the Cardinal, whose courtship has
a note of scorn in it. Next Delio has suit to her,
speaks of her husband's hard riding to Rome, and
hears told her by a servant that Castruccio has

delivered a letter which seemed to put the Duke of
Calabria out of his wits. Then we hear the Duke
and the Cardinal, the two brothers of the Duchess,
in counsel over the news sent by Bosola. The Duke
is in a tempest of passion, the Cardinal more danger-
ously quiet in his wrath at the supposed taint on the
royal blood of Arragon and Castile.

Card. How idly shows this rage, which carries you,
As men convey'd by witches through the air,
On violent whirlwinds ! this intemperate noise
Fity resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.

Ferd. Have not you
My palsy ?

Card. Yes, but I can be angry
Without this rupture : there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.
You have divers men who never yet expressed
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune.

Ferd. So I will only study to seem
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself ; for I do think
It is some sin in us Heaven doth revenge
By her.

Card. Are you stark mad ?

The Act ends with a passionate resolve to find the
father of the child.

At the opening of the Third Act, time has elapsed.
There are two more children of the Duchess's mar-
riage to Antonio when Delio returns to Malfi, in the
train of the Duchess's brother Ferdinand. Ferdinand
is again visiting his sister, and, in the opinion of
Antonio, "doth bear himself right dangerously."

He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter :
Those houses that are haunted are most still
Till the devil be up.

The character of the Duchess has suffered among
her people, but they suppose only of Antonio that he
has used his office in the household to get wealth.

For other obligation
Of love or marriage between her and me
They never dream of.

Delio. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, and Attendants.

Ferd. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary.—I am to bespeak
A husband for you.

Duch. For me, sir ! pray, who is 't ?

Ferd. The great Count Malatesti.

Duch. Fie upon him !

A count ! he's a mere stick of sugar-candy ;
You may look quite through him. When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honour.

¹ The rest not searched into.

Ferd. You shall do well in 't. How is 't, worthy Antonio?

Duch. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour.

Ferd. Let me be ever deaf to 't:
One of Pasquill's paper-bullets, court calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purged of. Yet say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom my fixed love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocence.

Duch. [*Aside.*] O bless'd comfort!
This deadly air is purged.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS, ANTONIO, DELIO, and Attendants.]

Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coulters.

Enter BOSOLA.

Now, Bosola,

How thrives our intelligence?

Bos. Sir, uncertainly:
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read i' the stars.

Ferd. Why, some
Hold opinion all things are written there.

Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
Used on the Duchess.

Ferd. Sorcery! to what purpose?

Bos. To make her dote on some desertless fellow
She shames to acknowledge.

Ferd. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?

Bos. Most certainly.

Ferd. Away! these are mere gulleries, horrid things,
Invented by some cheating mountebanks
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs or charms
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Swears by equivocation they are in love.
The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This night
I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two days, a false key
Into her bed-chamber.

Bos. I have.

Ferd. As I would wish.

Bos. What do you intend to do?

Ferd. Can you guess?

Bos. No.

Ferd. Do not ask, then:

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quicksands.

Bos. I do not
Think so.

Ferd. What do you think, then, pray?

Bos. That you are
Your own chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter yourself.

Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thank thee:
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell.
That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Bed-chamber of the Duchess.

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CARIOLA.

Duch. Bring me the basket hither, and the glass.—
You get no lodging here to-night, my lord.

Ant. Indeed, I must persuade one.

Duch. Very good:

I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.

They are illy playful, and the Duchess at her
dressing-glass says presently,

I prithee,

When were we so merry?—My hair tangles.

Ant. Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the room,
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times
Served her the like, when she hath chafed extremely.
I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO and CARIOLA.]

Duch. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?
When I wax grey, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras,¹ to be like me.
You have cause to love me; I entered you into my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

Enter FERDINAND behind.

We shall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Methinks his presence, being now in court,
Should make you keep your own [room]; but you'll say
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall [see] no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome:

For know, whether I am doomed to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.

Ferd. Die, then, quickly! [*Giving her a poniard.*]
Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse thee?

Duch. Pray, sir, hear me.

Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?

Duch. Sir,—

Ferd. Do not speak.

Duch. No, sir:

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

Ferd. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st us so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes.
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.

Duch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.

Ferd. So!

Duch. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely now
To clip the bird's wings that's already flown!
Will you see my husband?

Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.

Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.

¹ *IRIS*, orris, a flower of the iris kind, its root having the scent of violets.

The wild fury of Ferdinand breaks out again.
The Duchess asks,

Why might not I marry?

I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom.

Ferd. Thou art undone;

And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart.

Duch. Mine bleeds for 't.

Ferd. Thine! thy heart!

What should I name 't unless a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Duch. You are in this

Too strict; and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful: my reputation
Is safe.

Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is?

I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruction
Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagued with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talked of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents: "Stay," quoth Reputation,
"Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again." And so for you:
You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So, fare you well:
I will never see you more.

Duch. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cased up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.

Ferd. So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more. [Exit.]

Re-enter ANTONIO with a pistol, and CARIOLA.

Duch. You saw this apparition?

Ant. Yes: we are
Betrayed. How came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that.

Cari. Pray, sir, do; and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.

Duch. That gallery gave him entrance.

Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love.— [She shows the poniard.]

Ha! what means this?

Duch. He left this with me.

Ant. And it seems did wish
You would use it on yourself.

Duch. His action
Seem'd to intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle to 't,
As well as a point: turn it towards him,
And so fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.

[Knocking within.]

How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?

Duch. I stand
As if a mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up.

Cari. 'Tis Bosola.

Duch. Away!

O misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we.
You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already.
[Exit ANTONIO.]

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. The Duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind;
Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome.

Duch. So late?

Bos. He told me, as he mounted into the saddle,
You were undone.

Duch. Indeed, I am very near it.

Bos. What's the matter?

Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in 's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit.

Bos. Strange!—[Aside.] This is cunning.

Duch. And hereupon

My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against.—Call up our officers.

Bos. I shall.

[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Duch. The place that you must fly to is Ancona:
Hire a house there; I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewels. Our weak safety
Runs upon ingenious wheels: short syllables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feign'd crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honours.—Hark! they are coming.

Re-enter BOSOLA and Officers.

Ant. Will your grace hear me?

Duch. I have got well by you; you have yielded me
A million of loss; I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship.
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had signed your quietus; and that cured you
Without help of a doctor.—Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all;
So shall you hold my favour; I pray, let him;
For h'as done that, alas! you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish.—Use your fortune elsewhere.

Ant. I am strongly armed to brook my overthrow,
As commonly men bear with a hard year:
I will not blame the cause on 't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour. Oh, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! you may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night,
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
A-loth to part from 't; yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down.

Duch. We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.

Ant. I am all yours; and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir, you have your pass.

Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve
A prince with body and soul.

[*Exit.*]

Bos. Here 's an example for extortion: what moisture is
drawn out of the sea, when foul weather comes, pours down,
and runs into the sea again.

Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.

Sec. Off. He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I
thought your grace would find him a Jew.

Third Off. I would you had been his officer, for your own
sake.

Fourth Off. You would have had more money.

First Off. He stopped his ears with black wool, and to
those came to him for money said he was thick of hearing.

Sec. Off. Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could
not abide a woman.

Fourth Off. How scurvy proud he would look when the
treasury was full! Well, let him go.

First Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after
him, to scour his gold chain.

Duch. Leave us.

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

What do you think of these?

Bos. That these are rogues that in 's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wished
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses,
And follow'd after 's mule, like a bear in a ring.

Well, never look to have the like again:

He hath left a sort of flattering rogues behind him;

Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers

In their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies; that's justice.

Alas, poor gentleman!

Duch. Poor! he hath amply filled his coffers.

Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles.

Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel
You have in a wanton humour thrown away,
To bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent
Courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it
As beastly to know his own value too little
As devilish to acknowledge it too much.

Both his virtue and form deserved a far better fortune:
His discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show
itself:

His breast was filled with all perfection,
And yet it seemed a private whispering-room,
It made so little noise of 't.

Duch. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?
You shall want him:

For know an honest statesman to a prince
Is like a cedar planted by a spring:

The spring bathes the tree's roots, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so.

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied
Together with an intelligencer's heart-string,

Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour.

Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the world
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happened unto thee, considering thy fall
Was accompanied with virtue.

Duch. Oh, you render me excellent music!

Bos. Say you?

Duch. This good one that you speak of, is my husband.

Bos. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodness in 't as to prefer
A man merely for worth, without these shadows
Of wealth and painted honours? possible?

Duch. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.

No question but many an unbenedicted scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice

That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land

That have no dowries shall hope your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want

Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors

Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.

Last, the neglected poets of your time,

In honour of this trophy of a man,

Raised by that curious engine, your white hand,

Shall thank you, in your grave, for 't; and make that

More reverend than all the cabinets

Of living princes. For Antonio,

His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,

When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,

So would I find concealment.

Bos. Oh, the secret of my prince,

Which I will wear on the inside of my heart!

Duch. You shall take charge of all my coin and
jewels,

And follow him; for he retires himself

To Ancona.

Bos. So.

Duch. Whither, within few days,

I mean to follow thee.

Bos. Let me think:

I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues
From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction

Shall lead me by the hand.

Cari. In my opinion,

She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,
Or go visit the Spa

In Germany; for, if you will believe me,

I do not like this jesting with religion,

This feign'd pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool:

Prepare us instantly for our departure.

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,

For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and CAROLA*]

Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil:

He fashions all sins on him, and the blows

Are never heard: he may work in a lady's chamber,

As here for proof. What rests but I reveal

All to my lord? Oh, this base quality

Of intelligencer! why, every quality 't the world

Prefers but gain or commendation:

Now, for this act I am certain to be raised,

And men that paint weeds to the life are praised.

[*Exit.*]

The scene changes to Rome, where the Cardinal, known as a warrior before he joined the church, is informed by a carpet soldier, the Count Malatesti, that the Emperor has joined him in commission "with the right fortunate soldier the Marquis Pescara."

Proscara. Bosola arrived! what should be the business?
Some falling-out amongst the cardinals.

These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided,
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country
About them goes to wreck for 't.

Silvio. What's that Bosola?

Delio. I knew him in Padua,—a fantastical scholar, like
such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules'
club, of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector
were not troubled with the tooth-ache. He hath studied
himself half blear-eyed to know the true symmetry of
Cæsar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to gain the
name of a speculative man.

Pes. Mark Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in 's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.

Sil. That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his
oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones: he lifts
up 's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.

Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.

Delio. Like a deadly cannon
That lightens ere it smokes.

Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life that struggle with great statesmen.

Delio. In such a deformed silence witches whisper their
charms.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding-hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?

Ferd. That,
That damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christened.

Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banished.

Ferd. You are for Loretto:
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.—
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With 's mother's honesty.

Bos. I will.

Ferd. Antonio!
A slave that only smelled of ink and counters,
And never in 's life looked like a gentleman
But in the audit-time.—Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.

First Pil. I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this;
Yet I have visited many.

Second Pil. The Cardinal of Arragon
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat:
His sister Duchess likewise is arrived
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.

First Pil. No question.—They come.

*Here the ceremony of the Cardinal's instalment in the habit
of a soldier, performed in delivering up his cross, hat,
robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with
sword, helmet, shield, and spurs; then ANTONIO, the
DUCHESS, and their children, having presented themselves
at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb-show
expressed towards them by the Cardinal and the state of
Ancona, banished: during all which ceremony, a ditty is
sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen: and
then exeunt all except the Two Pilgrims.*

First Pil. Here's a strange turn of state! Who would have
thought

So great a lady would have matched herself
Unto so mean a person? yet the cardinal
Bears himself much too cruel.

Sec. Pil. They are banished.

First Pil. But I would ask what power hath this state
Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

Sec. Pil. They are a free state, sir, and her brother showed
How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her looseness,
Hath seized into the protection of the church
The dukedom which she held as dowager.

First Pil. But by what justice?

Sec. Pil. Sure, I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation.

First Pil. What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?

Sec. Pil. 'Twas her wedding-ring;
Which he vowed shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.

First Pil. Alas, Antonio!

If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to 't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to the bottom. Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help the unhappy man to fall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children, CARIOLA, and Servants.

Duch. Banished Ancona!

Ant. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.

Duch. Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant. These poor men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take your fortune: but your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledged, are gone.

Duch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in mind of death: physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world:
From decayed fortunes every flatterer shrinks;
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.

Duch. I had a very strange dream to-night.

Ant. What was 't?

Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were changed to pearls.

Ant. My interpretation
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.

Duch. The birds that live i' the field
On the wild benefit of nature live

Happier than we; for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring.

Enter BOSOLA with a letter.

Bos. You are happily o'ertaken.

Duch. From my brother?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand your brother
All love and safety.

Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief,
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm weather
At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair
To those they intend most mischief. [*Reads.*

"Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business."

A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.

And here's another pitfall that's strew'd o'er

With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one: [*Reads.*

*"I stand engaged for your husband for several debts at Naples;
let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart than his
money."*—

And I believe so too.

Bos. What do you believe?

Duch. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with him
Until he see it: the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love which I present you?

Duch. Their league is like that of some politic kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin: tell them so.

Bos. And what from you?

Ant. Thus tell him; I will not come.

Bos. And what of this?

Ant. My brothers have dispersed
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I hear are muzzled,
No truce, though hatched with ne'er such politic skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.
I'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaims your breeding:
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir:
You shall shortly hear from's. [*Exit.*

Duch. I suspect some ambush:
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom.

Ant. You counsel safely.
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part:
Heaven hath a hand in't; but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring't in better order.

Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you.—Farewell, boy:
Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow.—In the Eternal Church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.

Ant. Oh, be of comfort!
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used:
Man, like to cassia, is proved best, being bruised.

Duch. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,

Account it praise to suffer tyranny?

And yet, O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!

I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd myself to't: naught made me e'er
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

Ant. Do not weep:

Heaven fashioned us of nothing; and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing.—Farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful.—If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger: fare you well.

Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for that speech
Came from a dying father: your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Ant. My heart is turned to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well.

[*Exit* ANTONIO and his son.

Duch. My laurel is all withered.

Cari. Look, madam, what a troop of arm'd men
Make toward us.

Duch. Oh, they are very welcome:
When Fortune's wheel is overcharged with princes,
The weight makes it move swift: I would have my ruin
Be sudden.

Re-enter BOSOLA disguised, with a guard.

I am your adventure, am I not?

Bos. You are: you must see your husband no more.

Duch. What devil art thou that counterfeit'st heaven's
thunder?

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me whether
Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearken'd to the last too much.

Duch. O misery! like to a rusty o'ercharg'd cannon
Shall I never fly in pieces?—Come, to what prison?

Bos. To none.

Duch. Whither, then?

Bos. To your palace.

Duch. I have heard
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.

Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.

Duch. Pity!
With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.

Bos. These are your children?

Duch. Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle?

Duch. No:
But I intend, since they were born accursed,
Curses shall be their first language.

Bos. Fie, madam!
Forget this base, low fellow,—

Duch. Were I a man,
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.

Bos. One of no birth.

Duch. Say that he was born mean:
Man is most happy when's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.

Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.

Duch. I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her

With this rough language; "Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and fresh time o' the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou
Pass by our dogship without reverence?"
"Oh," quoth the salmon, "sister, be at peace:
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:
I' the market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire."
So to great men the moral may be stretch'd;
Men oft are valu'd high, when they're most wretch'd.—
But come, whither you please. I am arm'd 'gainst misery;
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:
There's no deep valley but near some great hill. *[Exeunt.]*

Here the Third Act closes; and the Fourth thus opens:—

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Malpi, in the Palace of the DUCHESS.

Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA.

Ferd. How doth our sister Duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?

Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her.
She's sad as one long used to 't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity:
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles:
She will muse four hours together; and her silence,
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.

Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain.

Bos. 'Tis so; and this restraint,
Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she is kept from.

Ferd. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you. *[Exit.]*

Enter DUCHESS.

Bos. All comfort to your grace!

Duch. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poisoned pills
In gold and sugar?

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' the night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure.—
Take hence the lights.—He's come.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Where are you?

Duch. Here, sir.

Ferd. This darkness suits you well.

Duch. I would ask your pardon.

Ferd. You have it;

For I account it the honorablest revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon.—Where are your cubs?

Duch. Whom?

Ferd. Call them your children;

For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.

Duch. Do you visit me for this?

You violate a sacrament o' the church
Shall make you howl in hell for 't.

Ferd. It had been well,

Could you have lived thus always; for, indeed,
You were too much i' the light:—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand

[Gives her a dead man's hand.]

To which you have vowed much love; the ring upon 't
You gave.

Duch. I affectionately kiss it.

Ferd. Pray do, and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'd it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.

Duch. You are very cold:

I fear you are not well after your travel.—

Ha! lights!—Oh, horrible!

Ferd. Let her have lights enough. *[Exit.]*

Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath
left

A dead man's hand here?

*[Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures
of ANTONIO and his children, appearing as if they
were dead.]*

Bos. Look you, here 's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were 't my picture, fashioned out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and yond 's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that?

Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.

Duch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive that rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.

Bos. Oh, fie! despair? remember
You are a Christian.

Duch. The Church enjoins fasting:
I'll starve myself to death.

Bos. Leave this vain sorrow.

Things being at the worst begin to mend: the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.

Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must despatch me?

I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.

Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.

Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to tend
So small a business.

Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you.

Duch. Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

Enter Servant.

What are you?

Serv. One that wishes you long life.

Duch. I would thou wert hanged for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me; I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray:—

No, I'll go curse.

Bos. Oh, fie!

Duch. I could curse the stars.

Bos. Oh, fearful!

Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.

Bos. Look you, the stars shine still.

Duch. Oh, but you must

Remember, my curse hath a great way to go.—
Plagues that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them!

Bos. Fie, lady!

Duch. Let them, like tyrants,
Ne'er be remembered but for the ill they've done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!—

Bos. Oh, uncharitable!

Duch. Let heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them!—

Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:

It is some mercy when men kill with speed.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she's plagued in art:
These presentations are but framed in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.

Bos. Why do you do this?

Ferd. To bring her to despair.

Bos. Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty:
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.

Ferdinand answers with passionate threats of more
torment to the mind:

And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolved
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' the moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her.
Your work is almost ended.

Bos. Must I see her again?

Ferd. Yes.

Bos. Never.

Ferd. You must.

Bos. Never in mine own shape;
That's forfeited by my intelligence
And this last cruel lie: when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort.

Ferd. Very likely;

Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio
Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
Which never will slack till it have spent his fuel:
Intemperate agues makes physicians cruel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

Cari. 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practised till this hour.

Duch. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cari. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duch. Thou art deceived:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison.

Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Cari. Pray dry your eyes.

What think you of, madam?

Duch. Of nothing;
When I muse thus, I sleep.

Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?

Cari. Yes, out of question.

Duch. Oh, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy.—How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,

And so the imposthume broke; the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' the month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing of 't,
Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' the brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or "How do you" she employed him in each morning;
A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation:
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.

Duch. Sit, Cariola.—Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure thy tyranny.

Enter Madmen.

Here by a Madman this song is sung to a dismal kind of music.

*Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
And corroded your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.*

First Madman. Doom's-day not come yet; I'll draw it
nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the
world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is
stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

Second Madman. Hell is a mere glass-house, where the
devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow
irons, and the fire never goes out.

First Madman. I have skill in heraldry.

Second Madman. Hast?

First Madman. You do give for your crest a woodcock's
head with the brains picked out on 't; you are a very
ancient gentleman.

Third Madman. Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be
saved by the Helvetian translation.

First Madman. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

Second Madman. Oh, rather lay a corrosive: the law will
eat to the bone.

Third Madman. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is
damned.

Fourth Madman. I have pared the devil's nails forty times,
roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

Third Madman. Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make
possets to procure sleep.

Fourth Madman. All the college may throw their caps at
me: I have made a soap-boiler costive; it was my master-
piece.

[*Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music
answerable thereunto; after which, BOSOLA, like an
old man, enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is
insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory
of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk,
fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those
paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible,
since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a
lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is
like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads,
like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge
of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy Duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to
sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner
than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a
mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear:
a little infant that breeds thy teeth, should it lie with thee,
would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living; I am a
tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry:—of what stuff wilt thou
make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do
we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do
not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven;
but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of
the tooth-ache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed
upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the
world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall:—

Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell.

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cari. Oh, my sweet lady!

Duch. Peace; it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady?—Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours? they are mad-folks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*CARIOLA is forced out by the Executioners.*
Now what you please:]

What death?

Bos. Strangling: here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them:

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit:

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smother'd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way, for heaven-sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.

First Execut. We are ready

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?

First Execut. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me:—

Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees [*Kneels*].—Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!—
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the DUCHESS:*

Bos. Where's the waiting-woman?

Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[*CARIOLA and Children are brought on by the Executioners, who presently strangle the Children.*

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cari. Oh, you are damned
Perpetually for this! My turn is next;
Is 't not so order'd?

Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for 't.

Cari. You are deceived, sir;
I am not prepar'd for 't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bos. Come, despatch her.—

You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.

Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.

First Execut. Here's your wedding-ring.²

Cari. Let me but speak with the duke; I'll discover
Treason to his person.

Bos. Delays:—throttle her.

First Execut. She bites and scratches.

Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd; I have not been at confession
This two years.

Bos. [*To Executioners.*] When?

[*The Executioners strangle CARIOLA.*
Bear her into the next room;

Let these lie still.

[*Escort the Executioners with the body of CARIOLA.*

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what

You'd have her. But here begin your pity:

[*Shows the Children strangled.*

Alas, how have these offended?

Ferd. The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

¹ "All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the Duchess's death is ushered in are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inductions of this life, so her language seems not of this world. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed unto that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's iron crown,' the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bell-man, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit; this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved: their terrors want dignity, their frightments are without decorum." C. Lamb ("Spec. of Eng. Dram. Poets").

² Showing the round of the noose in the rope.

Bos. Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first:
You have bloodily approved the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.

Ferd. Let me see her face
Again. Why didst not thou pity her? what
An excellent honest man mightst thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!
Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't.
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continued widow, to have gained
An infinite mass of treasure by her death:
And what was the main cause? her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee, as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is cursed
For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for 't,
And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much ill well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude: I challenge
The reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee:
What I'll give thee.

Bos. Do.

Ferd. I'll give thee pardon
For this murder.

Bos. Ha!

Ferd. Yes, and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?

Bos. By yours.

Ferd. Mine! was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up to the court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment registered,
Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,
Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for 't.

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveal this?

Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee:
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder.

Bos. You, not I, shall quake for 't.

Ferd. Leave me.

Bos. I will first receive my pension.

Ferd. You are a villain.

Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.

Ferd. O horror,
That not the fear of Him which binds the devils
Can prescribe man obedience!—
Never look upon me more.

Bos. Why, fare thee well.
Your brother and yourself are worthy men:
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance,
Like two chained bullets, still goes arm in arm:
You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream:
I am angry with myself, now that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o' the world,
That I may never see thee.

Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir
I served your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfy yourself than all the world:
And though I loathed the evil, yet I loved
You that did counsel it; and rather sought
To appear true servant than an honest man.

Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness.

[Exit.

Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honour!
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe.—She stirs; here's life:—
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell:—she's warm, she breathes:—
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour.—Who's there!
Some cordial drink!—Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity.—Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy.

Duch. Antonio!

Bos. Yes, madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but feigned statues.
He's reconciled to your brothers; the Pope hath wrought
The atonement.

Duch. Mercy!

[Dies.

Bos. Oh, she's gone again! there the cords of life broke.
O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtle's feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register wherein is writ
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffered
To do good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow;
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk: my estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come,
I'll bear thee hence,
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,

Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.

[*Exit.*]

The Fifth Act opens in Milan, with dialogue between Antonio and Delio, who misdoubts the Arragonian brethren.

For though they have sent their letters of safe-conduct
For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you.

The brave soldier, the Marquis of Pescara, under whom Antonio holds lands, has been moved to seize them. Delio tries the position for his friend by asking the marquis for

the citadel of Saint Benet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna.

They are refused to him, and directly afterwards given to the light Julia, who supports her petition with a letter from the Cardinal. Honest Pescara refused Delio because

it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend.

Then in the gallery of a palace at Milan belonging to the Duke and Cardinal, Pescara visits Ferdinand, whose storm of passion has now laid his mind in ruin.

Enter PESCARA and Doctor.

Pes. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?

Doc. If't please your lordship: but he's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction.

Pes. Pray thee, what's his disease?

Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call it lycanthropia.

Pes. What's that?

I need a dictionary to't.

Doc. I'll tell you.

In those that are possessed with't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into wolves;
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the Duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Mark's Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howled fearfully;
Said he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside; bade them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent for,
And, having ministered to him, found his grace
Very well recovered.

Pes. I am glad on't.

Doc. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dreamed of; if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.
Stand aside; he comes.

Enter FERDINAND, Cardinal, MALATESTI, and BOSOLA.

Ferd. Leave me.

Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are crows, daws,
and starlings that flock together. Look, what's that follows me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes.

Mal. 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it; let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.

Ferd. I will throttle it.

[*Throws himself down on his shadow.*]

Mal. Oh, my lord, you are angry with nothing.

Ferd. You are a fool: how is't possible I should catch my shadow, unless I fall upon't? When I go to hell, I mean to carry a bribe; for, look you, good gifts evermore make way for the worst persons.

Pes. Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. 'Tis a noble virtue.

Ferd. To drive six snails before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time;—the patient'st man i' the world match me for an experiment;—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-biter.

Card. Force him up.

[*They raise him.*]

Ferd. Use me well, you were best. What I have done, I have done: I'll confess nothing.

Doc. Now let me come to him.—Are you mad, my lord? are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd. What's he?

Pes. Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows filed more civil.

Doc. I must do mad tricks with him, for that's the only way on't.—I have brought your grace a salamander's skin to keep you from sun-burning.

Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes.

Doc. The white of a cockatrice's egg is present remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best.—Hide me from him: physicians are like kings,—they brook no contradiction.

Doc. Now he begins to fear me: now let me alone with him.

Card. How now! put off your gown!

Doc. . . . he and I'll go pelt one another
—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk, sir?—Let him go, let him go, upon my peril: I find by his eye he stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

Ferd. Can you fetch your frisks, sir!—I will stamp him into a cullis,¹ flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i' the cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's-hall.—Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice: there's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery.

[*Exit.*]

Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

Doc. True; I was somewhat too forward.

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment,
Hath fallen upon this Ferdinand!

Pes. Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

Card. [*Aside*] I must feign somewhat.—Thus they say it grew:—

¹ Cullis, meat jelly, strong broth. French "coulis."

You have heard it rumour'd, for these many years
 None of our family dies but there is seen
 The shape of an old woman, which is given
 By tradition to us to have been murdered
 By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure
 One night, as the prince sat up late at 's book,
 Appeared to him; when crying out for help,
 The gentlemen of 's chamber found his grace
 All on a cold sweat, altered much in face
 And language: since which apparition,
 He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
 He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pes. We'll leave your grace,
 Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
 All health of mind and body.

Card. You are most welcome.

[*Exit* PESCARA, MALATESTI, and Doctor.

Are you come? so.—[*Aside.*] This fellow must not know
 By any means I had intelligence
 In our Duchess' death; for, though I counselled it,
 The full of all the engagement seemed to grow
 From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our sister?
 I do not think but sorrow makes her look
 Like to an oft-dyed garment: she shall now
 Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?
 Oh, the fortune of your master here the prince
 Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
 If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,
 Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his bones,
 I'd make you what you would be.

Bos. Anything;

Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to't:
 They that think long small expedition win,
 For musing much o' the end cannot begin.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card. I am busy; leave me.

Julia. [*Aside.*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow!

[*Exit.*

Card. 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan:
 Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
 Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought
 Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and style me
 Thy advancement.

Bos. But by what means shall I find him out?

Card. There is a gentleman called Delio
 Here in the camp, that hath been long approved
 His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;
 Follow him to mass; maybe Antonio,
 Although he do not account religion
 But a school-name, for fashion of the world
 May accompany him; or else go inquire out
 Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
 Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways
 A man might find to trace him; as to know
 What fellows haunt the Jews for taking up
 Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;
 Or else to go to the picture-makers, and learn
 Who bought her picture lately: some of these
 Happily may take.

Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i' the business:
 I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
 Above all sights i' the world.

Card. Do, and be happy.

Bos. This fellow doth breed basilisks in 's eyes,

He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems
 Not to have notice of the Duchess' death.
 'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;
 There cannot be a surer way to trace
 Than that of an old fox.

Re-enter JULIA.

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bos. How now!

Julia lets Bosola know how quickly she has transferred to him her light fancies, and when she offers to do something to prove her love, he bids her discover for him the cause of the Cardinal's melancholy. She promises to do that immediately. Let him hide and hear.

Go get you in:

You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
 Like a skein of silk.

The Cardinal enters, saying to his servants,

Let none, upon your lives, have conference
 With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it.—
 [*Aside.*] In this distraction he may reveal
 The murder.

Yond's my lingering consumption:
 I am weary of her, and by any means
 Would be quit of.

Julia then tries her skill in winning from the Cardinal his secret cause of trouble.

Sir, never was occasion
 For perfect trial of my constancy
 Till now: sir, I beseech you—

Card. You'll repent it.

Julia. Never.

Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee.
 Be well advised, and think what danger 'tis
 To receive a prince's secrets: they that do,
 Had need have their breasts hooped with adamant
 To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisfied;
 Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy
 To tie knots than unloose them: 'tis a secret
 That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
 Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.

Julia. Now you dally with me.

Card. No more; thou shalt know it.
 By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi
 And two of her young children, four nights since,
 Were strangled.

Julia. O heaven! sir, what have you done!

Card. How now? how settles this? think you your bosom
 Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
 For such a secret?

Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.

Card. Why?

Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.

Card. No?

Come, I will swear you to't upon this book.

Julia. Most religiously.

Card. Kiss it.

[*She kisses the book.*

Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity
 Hath undone thee: thou'rt poison'd with that book;
 Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
 I have bound thee to't by death.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter BOSOLA.**Bos.* For pity sake, hold!*Card.* Ha, Bosola!*Julia.* I forgive you

This equal piece of justice you have done;
 For I betrayed your counsel to that fellow;
 He overheard it; that was the cause I said
 It lay not in me to conceal it.

Bos. O foolish woman,
 Couldst not thou have poisoned him?

Julia. 'Tis weakness,
 Too much to think what should have been done. I go.
 I know not whither. [*Dies.*]

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man like yourself,
 Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,
 To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hewed in pieces.

Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of that life
 Which is not yours to dispose of.

Card. Who placed thee here?*Bos.* Her lust, as she intended.*Card.* Very well:

Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours
 Upon your rotten purposes to me?
 Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
 And when they have done, go hide themselves i' the graves
 Of those were actors in 't?

Card. No more; there is
 A fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?
 'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.

Card. I have honours in store for thee.

Bos. There are many ways that conduct to seeming honour,
 And some of them very dirty ones.

Card. Throw to the devil
 Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
 What need we keep a stirring of 't, and make
 A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?

Bos. Yes.*Card.* Take up that body.*Bos.* I think I shall

Shortly grow the common bier for churchyards.

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants
 To aid thee in the murder.

Bos. Oh, by no means. Physicians that apply horse-
 leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off their tails, that
 the blood may run through them the faster: let me have no
 train when I go to shed blood, lest it make me have a greater
 when I go to the gallows.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove
 That body to her own lodging: I'll give out
 She died o' the plague; 'twill breed the less inquiry
 After her death.

Bos. Where's Castruccio her husband?

Card. He's rode to Naples, to take possession
 Of Antonio's citadel.

Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.

Card. Fail not to come: there is the master-key
 Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceive
 What trust I plant in you.

Bos. You shall find me ready. [*Exit Cardinal.*]
 Oh, poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful
 To thy estate as pity, yet I find
 Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing:
 In such slippery ice-pavements men had need

To be frost-nailed well, they may break their necks else:
 The precedent's here afore me. How this man
 Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well:
 Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
 Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,
 I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
 To put thee into safety from the reach
 Of these most cruel biters that have got
 Some of thy blood already. It may be,
 I'll join with thee in a most just revenge:
 The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
 With the sword of justice. Still methinks the duchess
 Haunts me: there, there!—'Tis nothing but my melancholy.
 O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
 That throws men down only to raise them up! [*Exit*]

SCENE III.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO.

Delio. Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortification
 Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
 And to yond side o' the river lies a wall,
 Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
 Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
 So hollow and so dismal, and withal
 So plain in the distinction of our words,
 That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
 That answers.

Ant. I do love these ancient ruins.
 We never tread upon them but we set
 Our foot upon some reverend history:
 And, questionless, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, some men lie interred
 Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to 't,
 They thought it should have canopied their bones
 Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
 Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
 Must have like death that we have.

Echo. Like death that we have.*Delio.* Now the echo hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave
 A very deadly accent.

Echo. Deadly accent.

Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
 A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
 Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. A thing of sorrow.*Ant.* Ay, sure, that suits it best.*Echo.* That suits it best.*Ant.* 'Tis very like my wife's voice.*Echo.* Ay, wife's voice.

Delio. Come, let us walk further from 't.
 I would not have you go to the Cardinal's to-night:
 Do not.

Echo. Do not.

Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
 Than time: take time for 't; be mindful of thy safety.

Echo. Be mindful of thy safety.*Ant.* Necessity compels me:

Make scrutiny throughout the passages
 Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
 To fly your fate.

Echo. Oh, fly your fate!

Delio. Hark! the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
 And give you good counsel.

Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. *Thou art a dead thing.*

Ant. My Duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly: O heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Echo. *Never see her more.*

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
But that; and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Delio. Your fancy merely.

Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life:
I will not henceforth save myself by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.

Delio. Your own virtue save you!

I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his own blood
Spread in so sweet a figure may beget
The more compassion. However, fare you well.
Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none:
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.

[*Escunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Cardinal, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN.

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the sick prince;
His grace is very well recover'd.

Mal. Good my lord, suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no means;
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him: I pray, all to bed;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.

Pes. So, sir; we shall not.

Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honours, for I was enjoin'd to 't
By himself; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.

Pes. Let our honours bind this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers.

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.

Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.

Card. Why, I thank you.

Gris. 'Twas a foul storm to-night.

Rod. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like an osier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the devil,
To rock his own child. [*Exeunt all except the Cardinal.*]

Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. Oh, my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath served my turn,
He dies.

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice; I heard him name
Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear one's footing.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my
guard.

Ferd. What say to that? whisper softly; do you agree
to't? So; it must be done i' the dark: the Cardinal would
not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. [*Exit.*]

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of
murder.

We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cured with death.

Enter ANTONIO and Servant.

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark lantern.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right, my sword!—

[*Stabs him.*]

I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

Re-enter Servant with a lantern.

Serv. Where are you, sir?

Ant. Very near my home.—Bosola!

Serv. Oh, misfortune!

Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.—Antonio!
The man I would have saved 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded
Which way please them.—Oh, good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear
Shall make 'thy heart break quickly! thy fair Duchess
And two sweet children—

Ant. Their very names

Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murdered.

Ant. Some men have wished to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do 't in sadness: I would not now
Wish my wounds balmed nor healed, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in the air.
Pleasure of life, what is 't? only the good hours
Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.

Bos. Break, heart!

Ant. And let my son fly from the courts of princes. [*Dies.*]

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio?

Serv. I brought him hither,
To have reconciled him to the Cardinal.

Bos. I do not ask thee that.

Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—Oh, my fate moves swift!
I have this Cardinal in the forge already;
Now I'll bring him to the hammer. O direful misprision!
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st.

[*Exeunt.*]



PALACE OF THE PODESTA, FLORENCE. (From a Picture by Canaletto.)

SCENE V.

Enter Cardinal, with a book.

Card. I am puzzled in a question about hell:
He says, in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

Enter BOSOLA, and Servant bearing ANTONIO's body.

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mixed with some fear.

Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Ha!—Help! our guard!*Bos.* Thou art deceived;

They are out of thy howling.

Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the watch! we are betray'd!*Bos.* I have confined your flight:

I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.

Card. Help! we are betrayed!*Enter, above, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN.**Mal.* Listen.*Card.* My dukedom for rescue!*Rod.* Fie upon his counterfeiting!*Mal.* Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.*Rod.* Yes, yes, 'tis he:

But I'll see him hanged ere I'll go down to him.

Card. Here's a plot upon me; I am assaulted! I am lost,
Unless some rescue!

Gris. He doth this pretty well;

But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.

Card. The sword's at my throat!*Rod.* You would not bawl so loud then.*Mal.* Come, come, let's go

To bed: he told us thus much aforehand.

Pes. He wished you should not come at him; but,
believe 't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest:

I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines

Force ope the doors.

[*Exit above.*]*Rod.* Let's follow him aloof,

And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.

[*Exit, above, MALATESTI, RODERIGO,
and GRISOLAN.*]

Bos. There's for you first,

'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door

To let in rescue.

[*Kills the Servant.*]*Card.* What cause hast thou to pursue my life?*Bos.* Look there.*Card.* Antonio!*Bos.* Slain by my hand unwittingly.

Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'st thy sister,

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,

And left her naught but her sword.

Card. Oh, mercy!*Bos.* Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;

For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity

Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time; there!

[*Stabs him.*]*Card.* Thou hast hurt me.*Bos.* Again![*Stabs him again.*]*Card.* Shall I die like a leveret,

Without any assistance?—Help, help, help!

I am slain!

*Enter FERDINAND.**Ferd.* The alarm! give me a fresh horse;

Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost.

Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms,

Shake my sword over you; will you yield?

Card. Help me; I am your brother!*Ferd.* The devil!

My brother fight upon the adverse party!

[*He wounds the Cardinal, and, in the scuffle,
gives BOSOLA his death-wound.*]

There flies your ransom.

Card. Oh, justice!

I suffer now for what hath former bin:

Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave fellows. Cæsar's fortune was
harder than Pompey's; Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity,
Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both die in the field.
The pain's nothing: pain many times is taken away with
the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight
of the barber that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy
for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou main cause[*Kills FERDINAND.*]

Of my undoing!—The last part of my life

Hath done me best service.

Ferd. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded.

I do account this world but a dog-kennel:

I will vault credit and affect high pleasures

Beyond death.

Bos. He seems to come to himself,

Now he's so near the bottom.

Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there's the cause on't.

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,

Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.

[*Dies.*]*Card.* Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth ;
 'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
 That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
 Begun upon a large and ample base,
 Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter, below, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN.

Pes. How now, my lord !

Mal. Oh, sad disaster !

Rod. How comes this ?

Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murder'd
 By the Arragonian brethren ; for Antonio
 Slain by this hand ; for lustful Julia
 Poisoned by this man ; and lastly for myself,
 That was an actor in the main of all
 Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' the end
 Neglected.

Pes. How now, my lord !

Card. Look to my brother :

He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
 Here i' the rushes.¹ And now, I pray, let me
 Be laid by and never thought of.

Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
 His own rescue !

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
 How came Antonio by his death ?

Bos. In a mist ; I know not how :
 Such a mistake as I have often seen
 In a play. Oh, I am gone !
 We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
 That, ruined, yield no echo. Fare you well.
 It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
 In so good a quarrel. Oh, this gloomy world !
 In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
 Doth womanish and fearful mankind live !
 Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
 To suffer death or shame for what is just :
 Mine is another voyage.

Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
 Told me of Antonio's being here, and showed me
 A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Enter DELIO, and ANTONIO'S SON.

Mal. Oh, sir, you come too late !

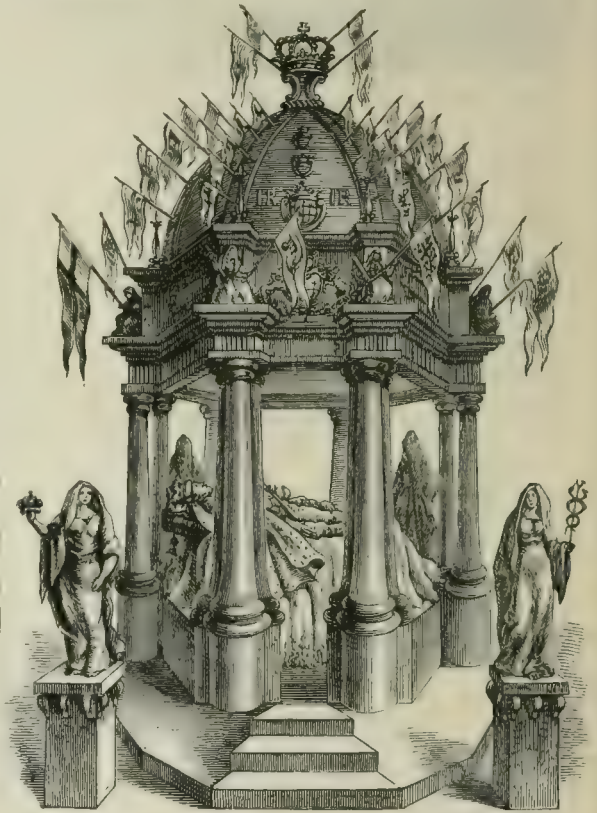
Delio. I heard so, and
 Was armed for't, ere I came. Let us make noble use
 Of this great ruin ; and join all our force
 To establish this young hopeful gentleman
 In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things
 Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
 Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow ;
 As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
 Both form and matter. I have ever thought
 Nature doth nothing so great for great men
 As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth :
 Integrity of life is Fame's best friend,
 Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end. *[Exeunt.]*

In August, 1624, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondomar, protested against an English play by Thomas Middleton, which had been acted in June that summer, and expressed England's delight at the failure of the Spanish marriage. The play was called "A Game of Chess." White and Black in the play

¹ Rushes formerly strewn on the floor of halls and rooms.

represented England and Spain. White wins, for the White Knight (Charles, Prince of Wales) takes the Black Knight (the Conde de Gondomar) by discovery, and checkmates the Black King. Gondomar complained of the bringing of high personages, including the King of England and the King of Spain, by allegory upon the stage, and of the frequent insults to Spain throughout the play. The Privy Council took proceedings, and the play was suppressed ; but no severe measures were taken with dramatist or actors, for they had duly obtained the licence of the Master of the Revels, and they represented the strong feeling of England.

There remain two dramatists of high mark—Philip Massinger and John Ford—who wrote in the reign of James, and produced some of their best plays in the time of Charles the First, which we have next to illustrate.²



FUNERAL HEARSE OF JAMES I. (Designed by Inigo Jones.)

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH.—
 A.D. 1625 TO A.D. 1660.

PHILIP MASSINGER was about nineteen years old at the time of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and had not long passed forty when King James I. died.

² The number of plays that can be given in this volume bears, of course, a very small proportion to the whole wealth of the English drama. There are dramatists of second rank, like William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who produced four "Monarchic Tragedies" in 1603,

Massinger was about ten years older than James Shirley, the last of the good dramatists born under Elizabeth. He was about ten years younger than Ben Jonson, who still lived, with broken health, and ranked as master poet, during the first twelve years of the reign of Charles I. Ben Jonson died in 1637, the year in which Milton wrote "Lycidas;" Francis Beaumont had died in the same year as Shakespeare (1616); John Fletcher died in the same year as King James (1625); John Ford was only about two years younger than Massinger. We look next, therefore, to Massinger and Ford.



PHILIP MASSINGER.

From the Portrait in Coxeter's Edition of his Plays (1761).

Philip Massinger, son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman of the household of the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, near Salisbury, was well educated, and entered as a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in May, 1602. Antony Wood says that his exhibition was from the Earl of Pembroke, and that he gave his mind more to poetry and romance, for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have studied, as he was patronised to that end. He left Oxford without a degree about the year 1606, when, perhaps by the death of his father, he seems to have been thrown upon his own resources. An undated document, perhaps of 1614, shows Massinger to have been poor and a playwright when it was written. His first printed play was "The Virgin Martyr," in 1622. Then followed

1604, and 1605; occasional plays written by true poets, like Samuel Daniel's "Philotas," printed in 1605; and single plays of considerable literary interest, like "The Return from Parnassus," acted at Christmas by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1606, which the limits of this book oblige me to pass over. The book is not a history, but a series of specimens, with no more narrative than is necessary to explain coherently when and by whom each piece was written. Readers who desire fuller details may receive much help from Professor A. W. Ward's two volumes of "A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne" (Macmillan, 1875), an interesting and very serviceable book, based evidently upon honest independent reading of the works described.

"The Duke of Milan," in 1623. No other plays by Massinger were printed in the reign of James I., and the earliest work of his printed under Charles I. was "The Roman Actor," in 1629.

Massinger shows in "The Roman Actor" respect for his art as a dramatist, and hatred of tyranny in its most absolute form, personified by Domitian. But his plays contain frequent traces of political opinions, and it is evident that Massinger was much less distinctly than his fellow-dramatists upon the king's side when Charles I. came into contest with his Parliament. In 1638, when ship-money was in question, Massinger produced a play—now lost—called "King and Subject," on the story of Don Pedro the Cruel. From this piece one allusion has been quoted with the record that King Charles at Newmarket, with his own hand, wrote upon it, "This is too insolent, and to be changed." Said the king in the play,

Monies? We'll raise supplies which ways we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify.

And now here is, according to Massinger, one of the Cæsars in

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

The play opens at the theatre with Paris, the hero of the piece, and two of his fellow-actors, Latinus and Æsopus.



REMAINS OF A ROMAN THEATRE AT ORANGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(Copied by permission from Ferguson's "History of Architecture," 1855.)

Æsop. What do we act to-day?
Lat. Agave's frenzy,
With Pentheus' bloody end.
Par. It skills not what:
The times are dull, and all that we receive

Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
 The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention
 Both of the buskined scene and humble sock,
 That reign in every noble family,
 Declaim against us; and our theatre,
 Great Pompey's work,¹ that hath given full delight
 Both to the ear and eye of fifty thousand
 Spectators in one day, as if it were
 Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
 Is quite forsaken.

Pleasures of worse natures, Latinus says, are
 gladly entertained. The most censorious of the
 Roman gentry will pay lavishly to buy their shame.

Par. Yet grudge us,
 That with delight join profit, and endeavour
 To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
 Decipher to the life what honours wait
 On good and glorious actions, and the shame
 That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
 Of six sestertii.²

Æsop. For the profit, Paris,
 And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;
 Since, while you hold your grace and power with Cæsar,
 We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
 Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

Par. Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
 To aftertime.

Lat. And, would they give us leave,
 There ends all our ambition.

Æsop. We have enemies,
 And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
 The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
 Said at his table, ere a month expired,
 For being galled in our last comedy,
 He'd silence us for ever.

Par. I expect
 No favour from him; my strong Aventine³ is
 That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd
 In his most sullen moods, will once return,
 Who can repair with ease the consul's ruins.

Lat. 'Tis frequent in the city, he hath subdued
 The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,
 The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Par. Jove hasten it! With us?—I now believe
 The consul's threats, Æsopus.

1 Lict. You are summoned
 To appear to-day in senate.

2 Lict. And there to answer
 What shall be urged against you.

Par. We obey you.
 Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
 We, that have personated in the scene
 The ancient heroes and the falls of princes,
 With loud applause; being to act ourselves,
 Must do it with undaunted confidence.
 Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport:
 And, though condemned, let's hear it without sorrow,
 As if we were to live again to-morrow.

1 Lict. 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter ÆLIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, and PALPHURIUS SURA.

Lam. Whither goes Paris?

1 Lict. He's cited to the senate.

Lat. I am glad the state is
 So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
 That it has vacant time to look on us.

Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs of kings
 And provinces were determined, to descend
 To the censure of a bitter word or jest
 Dropped from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships!
 We are glad that you are safe.

[Exeunt Lictors, PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.]

Lam. What times are these!
 To what's Rome fallen! may we, being alone,
 Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,
 And not fear the informer?

Rust. Noble Lamia,
 So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
 Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,
 Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions
 Are called in question; to be nobly born
 Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
 Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
 Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
 From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
 Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
 Is to be guilty. They are only safe
 That know to soothe the prince's appetite,
 And serve his lusts.

Sura. 'Tis true, and 'tis my wonder,
 That two sons of so different a nature
 Should spring from good Vespasian. We had a Titus,
 Styled, justly, "the Delight of all Mankind,"
 Who did esteem that day lost in his life,
 In which some one or other tasted not
 Of his magnificent bounties. One that had
 A ready tear when he was forc'd to sign
 The death of an offender: and so far
 From pride, that he disdain'd not the converse
 Even of the poorest Roman.

Lam. Yet his brother,
 Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
 Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes
 In which some are not fastened to the hook,
 Or thrown down from the Gemonies.⁴ His freedmen
 Scorn the nobility, and he himself,
 As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
 Forgets he is a man.

⁴ *The Gemonies.* "Gemonius" in Latin is that which is associated with sighs and groans. The Gemonies, or "gemoniæ scalæ," were steps on the Aventine Hill to which bodies of executed criminals were dragged by hooks to be thrown into the Tiber flowing below.

¹ *Pompey's Theatre* in the Campus Martius was the first stone theatre built in Rome. There had been wooden theatres, and one built B.C. 59, a few years before Pompey's, would hold 80,000 persons, and had 3,000 statues between its pillars. Pompey overcame the objection to stone theatres by making the benches of his lead up as steps to a temple of Venus Victorious. The opening of Pompey's Theatre, which would hold 40,000 persons, was celebrated by combats of beasts in which 500 lions and twenty elephants were killed. When in this theatre the play of "Clytemnestra" was acted, six hundred mules were introduced to give pomp to the show. The Flavian Amphitheatre, called afterwards the Coliseum, was begun by Vespasian and completed in Domitian's reign.

² *The salary of six sestertii.* Sestertius meant two and a-half, and was the name of a small silver coin, equivalent to two and a-half of the copper coins called asses, and to about twopence in English money. Six sestertii would, therefore, mean about a shilling.

³ *Aventine*, one of the seven hills of Rome. "My strong Aventine," the strong rock I build on.

Rust. In his young years
He showed what he would be when grown to ripeness:
His greatest pleasure was, being a child,
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
In the bosom of the god: and, in his edicts,
He does not blush, or start, to style himself
(As if the name of emperor were base)
Great Lord and God Domitian.

Sara. I have letters
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes
To enter with all glory. The flattering senate
Decreases him divine honours; and to cross it
Were death with studied torments:—for my part,
I will obey the time; it is in vain
To strive against the torrent.

Rust. Let's to the curia,
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages
Before we are compelled.

Lam. And since we cannot
With safety use the active, let's make use of
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,
Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. [*Exeunt.*

The scene then changes to the house of the Senator
Ælius Lamia, whose fair wife, Domitia, the emperor
has marked out for his own. Domitian's freedman,
Parthenius, visits her on his master's errand.

Enter DOMITIA and PARTHENIUS.

Dom. To me this reverence!

Parth. I pay it, lady,
As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress:
For understand with joy, he that commands
All that the sun gives warmth to, is your servant;
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.
Think upon state and greatness, and the honours
That wait upon Augusta, for that name,
Ere long, comes to you:—still you doubt your vassal—
[*Presents a letter.*

But, when you've read this letter, writ and signed
With his imperial hand, you will be freed
From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you,
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,
And senators shall take it for an honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet;
When every smile you give is a preferment,
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures;
Think on Parthenius. [*Kneels.*

Dom. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour
Upon his humble handmaid?

Parth. What, but your beauty?
When nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place. I will not say
(For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate
The service I have done you) with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar

Was fired with the relation of your story:
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prospered.

The husband enters, and the wife is taken from
him by a centurion and soldiers, who are at the
bidding of Parthenius.



A ROMAN COUPLE.

From a Statue in the Justinian Gallery, Rome.

Lam. Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this?

Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's: and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress. Wait me, Parthenius;
And now farewell, poor Lamia. [*Exeunt all but LAMIA.*

Lam. To the gods
I bend my knees (for tyranny hath banished
Justice from men), and as they would deserve
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,
That this my ravished wife may prove as fatal
To proud Domitian, and her embraces
Afford him, in the end, as little joy,
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy!

The next scene represents the actors brought
before the senate, on the information of Aretinus
the spy.

Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian.

Par. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality of treason,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.

Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord:
In what are we delinquents?

Aret. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feigned names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touched at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.

Par. If I free not myself,
And in myself the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too,
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.

Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly?

Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted; and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.—
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at,
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof,
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair Virtue for our guide, not Pleasure,
Condemned unto the fire?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth,
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers:
They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable thing
The active virtue is: but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Show great Alcides honoured in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage: if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,—
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

Rust. He has put

The consuls to their whisper.

Par. But, 'tis urged,
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion that
Even those spectators that were so inclined
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.

Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over;
Yet he is so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessities
To maintain life; if a patrician,
Though honoured with a consulship, find himself
Touched to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence as he favours
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,
That puts you in remembrance of things past
Or things intended,—TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
I have said, my lord: and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him
Act an orator's part before.

Æsop. We might have given
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
Our cause delivered worse.

[A shout within.]

Enter PARTHENIUS.

Aret. What shout is that?

Parth. Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
Returned in triumph.

Enl. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the court; we will reserve to him
The censure¹ of this cause.

All. Long life to Cæsar!

[Exeunt.]

In the next scene, as Domitian approaches, Julia, daughter of Titus, and Cænis, who was mistress to Vespasian, dispute precedence, which Domitia proudly claims. Domitian enters in triumph with captives, whom he sends to prison and to execution. He then boasts of himself as of a god.

Cæs. When I but name the Daci
And grey-eyed Germans whom I have subdued,

¹ Censure. Latin "censura," expression of opinion, favourable or unfavourable.

The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph
(Truth must take place of father and of brother)
Will be no more remembered. I am above
All honours you can give me; and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,
Not my ambition, is deserved.

Aret. At all parts
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,
In our acknowledgment.

Cæs. Thanks, Aretinus;
Still hold our favour.



DOMITIAN. (From a Statue in the Justinian Gallery, Rome.)

The senators cast lives, wealth, liberties, at his
feet, and Domitian takes openly to wife the wife of
Lamia.

Lam. You are too great to be gainsaid.

Cæs. Let all

That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,
Without examining the reason why,
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)
With the title of Augusta.

Dom. Still your servant.

All. Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress!

Cæs. Paris, my hand.

Par. [Kissing it.] The gods still honour Cæsar!

Cæs. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,

We are for soft delights. Command the poets
To use their choicest and most rare invention

To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action: we'll provide the people

Pleasures of all kinds.—My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond.—On to the Capitol:

'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.

This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone

He can command all, but is awed by none.

The Second Act opens with a picture of sordid
avarice in the father of Parthenius, Domitian's freed

man. The son endeavours in vain to persuade the
father to cease from denying himself the just dues of
life. "No," says the old man, Philargus—

No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour; but, if lessened, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteemed, by me
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol.

[Exit.

Parth. What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself! what man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is cracked with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to inquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented.

Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.

Par. I acknowledge
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,
(Without boast I may say so much) was never
Employed to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.

Parth. 'Tis confessed: many men owe you
For provinces they ne'er hoped for, and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,
I could say more.

Par. You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.

Parth. I believe so.
Met you my father?

Par. Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?

Parth. Oh, Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice: I once observed.
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage as in a mirror,

May see his own deformity and loathe it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomised in the scene,
And see himself so personated, the baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
Truly described, that I much hope the object
Will work compunction in him.

Parth. There's your fee;
I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.

Par. Sir, when you please;
We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor. [Exit.

The emperor enters with his spy Aretinus, who reports comments of malcontents, Junius Rusticus, Palphurius Sura, Ælius Lamia, upon his tyranny.

But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign
To her you honour with Augusta's title,
Being only named, they do conclude there was
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;
But nothing Roman left now but in you
The lust of Tarquin.

Cæs. Yes, his fire and scorn
Of such as think that your unlimited power
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend
An interest to that which I call mine;
Or but remember she was ever his,
That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither.

[Exit Guard.

I'll give him cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own name, than e'er mentioned hers.
Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,
Though contradicting all divine decrees
Or laws confirmed by Romulus and Numa,
Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should, else, take from
The dignity of Cæsar.

Cæs. Am I master
Of two and thirty legions that awe
All nations of the triumphéd world
Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account
Of what's our pleasure to a private man!
Rome perish first, and Atlas' shoulders shrink,
Heaven's fabric fall, the sun, the moon, the stars
Losing their light and comfortable heat,
Ere I confess that any fault of mine
May be disputed!

Aret. So you preserve your power,
As you should, equal and omnipotent here
With Jupiter's above.

[*PARTHENIUS kneeling, whispers CÆSAR.*

Cæs. Thy suit is granted,
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
Done to Augusta. — Only so? a trifle:
Command him hither. If the comedy fail
To cure him, I will minister something to him
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well,
Since my intents are pious!

[Exit.

Cæs. We are resolved

What course to take; and therefore, Aretinus,
Inquire no further. Go you to my empress,
And say I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The music of her voice at yonder window,
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend

[Exit ARETINUS.

My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater violence, and hate clothed in smiles,
Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes not
Prepared to meet it.—

Re-enter Guard with LAMIA.

Our good Lamia, welcome!

Lamia is mocked, insulted, and then sent to execution.

Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess
What I love more than than empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of treason.—Off with his head! do you stare?
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,
If he but live to make reply, thy life
Shall answer it!

[The Guard leads off LAMIA, stopping his mouth.

My fears of him are freed now;
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,
For an offence he never could imagine,
In wantonness removed.—Descend, my dearest;
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breed doubts of jealousies in you: [Exit DOM. above.] 'tis dis-
patched,
And with as little trouble here, as if
I had killed a fly.

*Enter DOMITIA, ushered in by ARETINUS, her train borne
up by JULIA, CÆNIS, and DOMITILLA.*

Now you appear, and in
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop
To do you service, in the act much honour'd!
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves
To her is more true liberty than to live
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,
That wait on Phœbe in her full of brightness,
Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once
Were the adoréd glories of the time,
To witness to the world they are your vassals,
At your feet to attend you.

Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS with PHILARGUS.

Parth. Cæsar's will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

Phil. Lose time to see an interlude! must I pay too,
For my vexation?

Parth. Not in the court:
It is the emperor's charge.

Phil. I shall endure
My torment then the better.

Cæs. Can it be
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?
No actor can express him: I had held
The fiction for impossible in the scene,
Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah, sit still,
And give attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever.—Let them spare the prologue,
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last act—there, where the cure
By the doctor is made perfect.

The interlude is represented that shows Avarice as in a mirror, and achieves its cure. But old Philargus is not to be cured by a play, and in spite of the entreaties of his son Parthenius, who is aghast at the result of his experiment, Domitian sends the old man off to execution.

Phil. Pray you, give me leave
To die as I have lived. I must not part with
My gold; it is my life: I am past cure.

Cæs. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.

Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service; Caesar, mercy!

Cæs. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty.

The Third Act opens with the rebellion of Julia and Domitilla against the pride of the new Augusta.



A ROMAN EMPRESS (JULIA, WIFE OF TIBERIUS).
From a Statue at Rome.

Cænis enters, joins the rebellion, and tells how Domitia, at the play of the "Cure of Avarice," was fascinated by the person of the actor Paris.

Domitil. Where is her Greatness?

Cænis. Where you would little think she could descend
To grace the room or persons.

Jul. Speak, where is she?

Cænis. Among the players; where, all state laid by,
She does enquire who acts this part, who that,
And in what habits? blames the tirewomen
For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,
That is to act a lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitil. In the mean time
How spends the emperor his hours?

Cænis. As ever

He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.
And, but this morning, if 't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemned,
At Aretinus his informer's suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,
Men of the best repute in Rome for their
Integrity of life; no fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel sentence
On Pætus Thrasea, the philosopher,
Their patron and instructor.

Steph. Can Jove see this,
And hold his thunder!

Domitil. Nero and Caligula
Only commanded mischiefs; but our Caesar
Delights to see them.

Jul. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with silence.

Cænis. We are called for
By our proud mistress.

Domitil. We awhile must suffer.

Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another room in the same.

Enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. They are then in fetters?

Parth. Yes, sir, but——

Cæs. But what?

I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.

Parth. I shall, sir:

But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed——

Cæs. To the point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believe
Your vassal, that with dry eyes looked upon
His father dragged to death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

Cæs. Well; forward.

Parth. 'Tis my zeal

Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Tempered with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Deserve all tortures: yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up

Stephanos, Domitilla's freedman, offers to give his life to the achievement of revenge upon Domitian.

With loud applauses of the multitude
For foolish honesty and beggarly virtue,
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments
You please,—it skills not,—than to have them drawn
To the degrees¹ in public; for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion
In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar
That may disturb you.

Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited coward!
Can we descend so far beneath ourself
As or to court the people's love, or fear
Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,
Add any moment to us? Or thou think,
If there are gods above, or goddesses,
But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,
That they have vacant hours to take into
Their serious protection or care
This many-headed monster? Mankind lives
In few, as potent monarchs and their peers;
And all those glorious constellations
That do adorn the firmament, appointed
Like grooms with their bright influence to attend
The actions of kings and emperors,
They being the greater wheels that move the less.
Bring forth those condemned wretches;—[*Exit PARTHENIUS*]
—let me see
One man so lost, as but to pity them,
And though there lay a million of souls
Imprisoned in his flesh, my hangman's hooks
Should rend it off, and give them liberty.
Cæsar hath said it.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS, with ARETINUS, and Guard: Executioners dragging in JUNIUS RUSTICUS and PALPHURIUS SURA, bound back to back.

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,
That with fixed eyes you carefully observe
The people's looks. Charge upon any man
That with a sigh or murmur does express
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.
You know his will, perform it.

Cæs. A good bloodhound,
And fit for my employments.

Sura. Give us leave
To die, fell tyrant:

Rust. For, beyond our bodies,
Thou hast no power.

Cæs. Yes; I'll afflict your souls,
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake.
Prepared for such to howl in that blaspheme
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is
After this sleep of death.

Rust. To guilty men
It may bring terror; not to us, that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
The substance of that pure untainted soul
Of Thræsea, our master, made a star,
That with melodious harmony invites us
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere
Above yon crystal canopy.

Cæs. Do invoke him

With all the aids his sanctity of life
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin?—Torment them.
[*The Executioners torment them, they still smiling.*]

So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove
If it can render you insensible
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,
Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan!—
Is my rage lost? What curs'd charms defend them!
Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful:
'Tis all your weakness, sir.

Parth. I dare not show
A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,
The spectacle is so horrid.

[*Aside.*]

Cæs. I was never
O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,
And show you are corporeal, and not turned
Aërial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,
It is unkindly done to mock his fury
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,
That does report him to have sat unmoved,
When cunning surgeons ripped his arteries
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop.

Sura. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading
Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
Thy hangman's studied tortures, is a debt
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
Which growing out of fashion, though it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.
But unto such as thou, that have no hopes
Beyond the present, every little scar,
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through and through them.

Cæs. We will hear no more.

Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it:
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth²
As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense:—
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;
For I'll appear in horror.

Cæs. By my shaking
I am the guilty man, and not the judge.
Drag from my sight these curs'd ominous wizards,
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
Which way soe'er I look, are furies to me.
Away with them! first show them death, then leave
No memory of their ashes. I'll mock fate.

[*Exeunt Executioners with RUSTICUS and SURA.*]
Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?
No, no; the fever does begin to leave me;

¹ To the degrees, to the steps. See Note 4, page 272.

² This earth—of my body.

Enter DOMITIA, JULIA, and CENIS: STEPHANOS following.

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain
I could renew the vigour of my youth,
And be a second Virbius! O my glory!
My life! command! my all!

Dom. As you to me are. [*Embracing and kissing.*]
I heard you were sad: I have prepared you sport
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,
(I hug myself for 't,) I have been instructing
The players how to act; and to cut off
All tedious impertinence, have contracted
The tragedy into one continued scene.
I have the art of 't, and am taken more
With my ability that way, than all knowledge
I have, but of thy love.

Cæs. Thou art still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest,—

Dom. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and, to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me,
(Howe'er she is your cousin,) I have forced her
To play the part of Anaxáreté—
You are not offended with it?

Cæs. Anything
That does content thee yields delight to me:
My faculties and powers are thine.

Dom. I thank you:
Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter
Without more circumstance.

After a short flourish, enter PARIS as IPHIS.

How do you like

That shape? methinks it is most suitable
To the aspect of a despairing lover.
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.

Cæs. And all was excellent.

Dom. Now hear him speak.

Iphis. "That she is fair, (and that an epithet
Too foul to express her,) or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other virgin found,
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride
In the divinest Anaxáreté,
Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle;
And with more difficulty to be dissolved,
Than that the monster Sphinx, from the steep rock,
Offered to Œdipus. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,
Thy never-tired votary, hath presented
With scalding tears whole hetacombs of sighs,
Preferring thy power and thy Paphian mother's
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,
And had the sway of things, yet were compelled
By thy inevitable shafts to yield
And fight under thy ensigns) be auspicious
To this last trial of my sacrifice
Of love and service!"

Dom. Does he not act it rarely?

Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with 't.

Iphis. "And from thy never-emptied quiver take
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol—
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy,
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,
From the assurance of her excellencies,
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful advocates to make intercession,
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,
My limbs benumbed with cold, I oft have washed,
With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud
With frequent favours from her delicate feet."

Dom. By Cæsar's life, he weeps! and I forbear
Hardly to keep him company.

Iphis. "Blest ground, thy pardon,
If I profane it with forbidden steps.
I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands held up for expiation
To the incenséd gods to spare a kingdom.—
Within there, ho! something divine come forth
To a distressed mortal."

Enter LATINUS as a Porter.

Port. "Ha! Who knocks there?"

Dom. What a churlish look this knave has!

Port. "Is't you, sirrah?"

Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly;
Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else."

Dom. Churlish devil!

But that I should disturb the scene, as I live
I would tear his eyes out.

Cæs. 'Tis in jest, Domitia.

Dom. I do not like such jesting: if he were not
A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells
At the other's sweet humility!

Cæs. 'Tis his part:

Let them proceed.

Dom. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

Iphis. "As you have, gentle sir, the happiness
(When you please) to behold the figure of
The masterpiece of nature, limned to the life
In more than human Anaxáreté,
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk
Of wolves, and tigers, or a mother of
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.
Will you be gracious, sir?"

Port. "Though I lose my place for 't,
I can hold out no longer."

Dom. Now he melts,
There is some little hope he may die honest.

Port. "Madam!"

Enter DOMITILLA as ANAXARETE.

Anax. "Who calls? What object have we here?"

¹ *Virbius.* Hippolytus is said by Virgil to have been restored to life by medicinal herbs and the love of Diana, and carried to Italy, where he was placed in the grove of Aricia, and worshipped under the name of Virbius, meaning "twice a man."

Dom. Your cousin keeps her proud state still ; I think I have fitted her for a part.

Anax. " Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might see this thing more ! "

Iphis. " I am, indeed,
What thing you please ; a worm that you may tread on :
Lower I cannot fall to show my duty,
Till your disdain hath digged a grave to cover
This body with forgotten dust ; and, when
I know your sentence, cruellest of women,
I'll, by a willing death, remove the object
That is an eyesore to you. "

Anax. " Wretch, thou dar'st not :
That were the last and greatest service to me
Thy doating love could boast of. What dull fool
But thou, could nourish any flattering hope
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,
Much less consent to make my lord of one
I'd not accept, though offered for my slave ?
My thoughts stoop not so low. "

Dom. There's her true nature :
No personated scorn.

Anax. " I wrong my worth,
Or to exchange a syllable or look
With one so far beneath me. "

Iphis. " Yet take heed,
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider,
How brittle the foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst condemn
Latona's double burthen ; but what followed ?
She was left a childless mother, and mourned to marble.
The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness
Can change to loath'd deformity ; your wealth
The prey of thieves ; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,
Ulysses' bondwoman : but the love I bring you
Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate,
Can ravish from you. "

Dom. Could the oracle
Give better counsel ?

Iphis. " Say, will you relent yet,
Revoking your decree that I should die ?
Or, shall I do what you command ? Resolve ;
I am impatient of delay. "

Anax. " Despatch then :
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,
Peradventure laugh at it ; for it will prove
A comedy to me. "

Dom. O devil ! devil !

Iphis. " Then thus I take my last leave. All the curses
Of lovers fall upon you ; and, hereafter,
When any man, like me condemned, shall study,
In the anguish of his soul, to give a name
To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only
Say, this most bloody woman is to me,
As Anaxáreté was to wretched Iphis !
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in
The ruins you have made : for Hymen's bands,
That should have made us one, this fatal halter
For ever shall divorce us : at your gate,
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,
I'll presently hang myself. "

Dom. Not for the world—— [Starts from her seat.
Restrain him, as you love your lives !

Cæs. Why are you
Transported thus, Domitia ? 'tis a play ;

Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits
This passion in you.

Par. I ne'er purposed, madam,
To do the deed in earnest ; though I bow
To your care and tenderness of me.

Dom. Let me, sir,
Entreat your pardon ; what I saw presented,
Carried me beyond myself.

Cæs. To your place again,
And see what follows.

Dom. No, I am familiar
With the conclusion ; besides, upon the sudden
I feel myself much indisposed.

The Act ends with a few strokes showing the infatuation of Domitian ; the suspicious glance of the spy Aretinus at Domitia ; and the note of vengeance in exchange of words by Stephanos and Domitilla.

The Fourth Act opens with comments of the jealous women, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis, on the progress of Domitia's passion for the Roman actor.

Enter PARTHENTIUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, and CÆNIS.

Parth. Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris !

Jul. You observed not,
As it appears, the violence of her passion,
When, personating Iphis, he pretended,
For your contempt, fair Anáxareté,
To hang himself.

Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that ;
But never could imagine it could work her
To such a strange intemperance of affection,
As to doat on him.

Domitil. By my hopes, I think not
That she respects, though all here saw, and marked it ;
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Into what form she likes, though we and all
The informers of the world conspired to cross it.

Cæn. Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging
The want of health and rest, she did entreat
Cæsar to leave her !

Domitil. Who no sooner absent,
But she calls, " Dwarf ! " (so in her scorn she styles me)
" Put on my pantofles ; fetch pen and paper,
I am to write : "—and with distracted looks,
In her smock, impatient of so short delay
As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,
She sealed—I know not what, but 'twas indorsed,
" To my loved Paris. "

Jul. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a page received it, " Let him wait me,
And carefully, in the walk called our Retreat,
Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,
Unsent for, never enters. "

Parth. This being certain,
(For these are more than jealous suppositions),
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,
Discover it ?

Domitil. Alas ! you know we dare not.
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,
To free us from that slavery which her pride
Imposes on us. But if you would please
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.

Parth. I would second you,

But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in Ascletrio the Chaldean;
Who, in his absence, is condemned of treason,
For calculating the nativity
Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling,
In every circumstance, when he shall die
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my directions, I would have you speak
As much to Arctinus as you have
To me delivered: he in his own nature
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,
(With which he never yet held correspondence
But to endear his vigilant observings
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
That crossed him in the senate-house.—

Enter ARCTINUS.

Here he comes,

His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,
Or I much err, already. My designs
Command me hence, great ladies; but I leave
My wishes with you.

[*Exit.*

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
In the trap, my proud Augusta?

Domitil. What is't wraps him?

Aret. And my fine Roman Actor! Is't even so?

Arctinus is prepared for action. The angry
women deliver their accusation to Domitian, and
on peril of their lives proceed to put their accusation
to the proof.

The scene changes to the Empress's Retreat, a
private walk in the gardens of the Palace.

Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, and Servants.

Dom. Say we command that none presume to dare
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand
Within the distance of their eyes or ears
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt Servants.*

And, sirrah,

Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Par. With my humblest service
I but obey your summons, and should blush else
To be so near you.

Dom. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this privacy.

Par. That were, mightiest empress,
To play with lightning.

Dom. You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save is not alone
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my fortune
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your will,
And then to serve it.

Dom. And would not a secret,
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,
Scald you to keep it?

Par. Though it raged within me
Till I turned cinders, it should ne'er have vent.
To be an age a-dying, and with torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel
Or actuate what you command to me,
A wretched obscure thing not worth your knowledge,
Were a perpetual happiness.

Dom. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful, and gainsome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with;
But that (as vessels still partake the odour
Of the sweet precious liquors they contained)
Thou must be really, in some degree,
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our Paris is the volume, in which all
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with,
Are curiously bound up.

Par. The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force I must be such. Oh, gracious madam,
How glorious soever or deformed
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,
I am no more nor less than what I was
Before I entered.

Domitia speaks plainly; but still Paris is discreet.

Par. Oh, madam! hear me with a patient ear
And be but pleased to understand the reasons
That do deter me from a happiness
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,
Beyond my hopes or merits, showered upon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falsehood and treason? Though you have a shape
Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,
Though I refuse to satisfy.

Dom. You are coy,
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;
But for Augusta so to lose herself,
That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must—thou shalt:
The violence of my passion knows no mean,
And in my punishments and my rewards
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,
As a caution from me; threadbare chastity
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,
But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To have the salary of vice weigh down
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling,
Thy sudden answer.

Par. In what a strait am I brought in!
Alas! I know that the denial's death;
Nor can my grant, discovered, threaten more.
Yet, to die innocent, and have the glory

For all posterity to report, that I
 Refused an empress, to preserve my faith
 To my great master, in true judgment must
 Show fairer than to buy a guilty life
 With wealth and honour. 'Tis the base I build on :—
 I dare not, must not, will not.

Dom. How! contemned?

Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes, prevail not,
 I must use a mean. [*Aside.*]—Think who 'tis sues to thee.
 Deny not that yet which a brother may
 Grant to a sister: as a testimony

*Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS, and a
 Guard, behind.*

I am not scorned, kiss me;—kiss me again :
 Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
 And I thy Helen.

Par. Since it is your will.

Cæs. And I am Menelaus: but I shall be
 Something I know not yet.

Dom. Why lose we time
 And opportunity? These are but salads
 To sharpen appetite: let us to the feast,

[*Courting PARIS wantonly.*]

Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,
 And I Alcmena.

Cæs. [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio
 Stands by, and draws the curtains.

Par. Oh!—

[*Falls on his face.*]

Dom. Betrayed!

Cæs. No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,
 Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
 Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
 To witness, with a smile, he does desire
 To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
 You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
 Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
 Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,
 Wronged men have breathed out against wicked women,
 Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from
 Thy low condition to the height of greatness,
 Command, and majesty, in one base act
 To render me,—that was, before I hugged thee,
 An adder, in my bosom, more than man,—
 A thing beneath a beast? Did I force these
 Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to
 Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought
 But how with benefits to bind thee mine;
 And am I thus rewarded? Not a knee,
 Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?
 Break, stubborn silence: what canst thou allege
 To stay my vengeance?

Dom. This. Thy lust compelled me
 To be a strumpet, and mine hath returned it
 In my intent and will, though not in act,
 To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O impudence! take her hence,
 And let her make her entrance into hell,
 By leaving life with all the tortures that
 Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
 Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs
 Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me
 To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!
 Oh that my dotage should increase from that
 Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,
 If I look on her longer, I shall melt,

And sue to her, my injuries forgot,
 Again to be received into her favour;
 Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her chamber;
 Be that her prison, till in cooler blood
 I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with DOMITILLA.*]

Arct. Now step I in,

While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.—
 Sir, if my service has deserved—

Cæs. Yes, yes:

And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robbed me of
 All rest and peace, and been the principal means
 To make me know that, of which if again
 I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

Re-enter Guard.

With the loss of empire. Strangle him; take these hence too,
 And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,
 Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
 That this discovery, that hath showered upon me
 Perpetual vexation, should not fall
 Heavy on you? Away with them!—Stop their mouths;
 I will hear no reply.

[*Exit Guard with ARETINUS, JULIA, CÆNIS, and
 DOMITILLA.*]

—O Paris, Paris!

How shall I argue with thee? how begin
 To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
 With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me?
 Yet, in respect I have favoured thee, I'll hear
 What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
 Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;
 And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,
 As I might bury the remembrance of it.
 Look up: we stand attentive.

Par. O dread Cæsar!

To hope for life, or plead in the defence
 Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
 I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,
 That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,
 When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)
 May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,
 Her will, and the temptation of that beauty
 Which you could not resist. How could poor I, then,
 Fly that which followed me, and Cæsar sued for?
 This is all. And now your sentence.

Cæs. Which I know not

How to pronounce. Oh that thy fault had been
 But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst
 In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,
 Betrayed an army, butchered the whole senate,
 Committed sacrilege, or any crime
 The justice of our Roman laws calls death,
 I had prevented any intercession,
 And freely signed thy pardon.

Par. But for this,

Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
 Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
 That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffered a wrong
 Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
 Cowards would baffle¹ him.

Cæs. With such true feeling
 Thou arguest against thyself, that it
 Works more upon me, than if my Minerva,
 The grand protectress of my life and empire,

¹ Baffle, treat contemptuously. A knight was baffled by hanging him in effigy upside down. Old French "befler," to mock.

On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,
 "Cæsar, show mercy!" and, I know not how,
 I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;
 Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.
 What we must do, we shall do: we remember
 A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,
 Called *The False Servant*.

Par. Such a one we have, sir.

Ces. In which a great lord takes to his protection
 A man forlorn, giving him ample power
 To order and dispose of his estate
 In 's absence, he pretending then a journey:
 But yet with this restraint that, on no terms,
 (This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
 She having played false to a former husband,)
 The servant, though solicited, should consent,
 Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

Par. That was, indeed, the argument.

Ces. And what

Didst thou play in it?

Par. The *False Servant*, sir.

Ces. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait without?

Par. They do, sir, and prepared to act the story
 Your majesty mentioned.

Ces. Call them in. Who presents
 The injured lord?

Enter ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, and a Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my part, sir.

Ces. Thou didst not

Do it to the life; we can perform it better.
 Off with my robe and wreath; since Nero scorned not
 The public theatre, we in private may
 Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without
 Wearing a beard, or other property,
 Will fit the person.

Æsop. Only, sir, a foil,
 The point and edge rebated, when you act,
 To do the murder. If you please to use this,
 And lay aside your own sword.

Ces. By no means,
 In jest or earnest this parts never from me.
 We'll have but one short scene—that, where the lady
 In an imperious way commands the servant
 To be unthankful to his patron: when
 My cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
 And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,
 When I come to execution, you shall find
 No cause to laugh at me.

Lat. In the name of wonder,
 What's Cæsar's purpose?

Æsop. There is no contending.

Ces. Why, when?

Par. I am armed:

And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his
 Inevitable dart aimed at my breast,
 His cold embraces should not bring an ague
 To any of my faculties, till his pleasures
 Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's years
 To me would be unwelcome. [*Aside.*]

Lady. "Must we entreat,
 That were born to command? or court a servant,
 That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,
 For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
 Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of
 Thy absent lord, or that thou standst engaged
 For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears

Of what may follow, it being in my power
 To mould him any way."

Par. "As you may me,
 In what his reputation is not wounded,
 Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
 I know you're young and fair; be virtuous too,
 And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
 To the height of happiness."

Lady. "Can my love-sick heart
 Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever
 Offer to put in an exploded plea
 In the court of Venus? My desires admit not
 The least delay; and therefore instantly
 Give me to understand what I must trust to:
 For, if I am refused, and not enjoy
 Those ravishing pleasures from thee, I run mad for,
 I'll swear unto my lord, at his return,
 (Making what I deliver good with tears.)
 That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
 What I make suit for. And then but imagine
 What 'tis to die, with these words, *slave and traitor*,
 With burning corsives writ upon thy forehead,
 And live prepared for 't."

Par. "This he will believe
 Upon her information, 'tis apparent;
 And then I'm nothing: and of two extremes,
 Wisdom says, choose the less. [*Aside.*—Rather than fall
 Under your indignation, I will yield:
 This kiss, and this, confirms it."

Æsop. Now, sir, now.

Ces. I must take them at it?

Æsop. Yes, sir; be but perfect.

Ces. O villain! thankless villain!—I should talk now,
 But I've forgot my part. But I can do:
 Thus, thus, and thus! [*Stabs PARIS.*]

Par. Oh! I am slain in earnest.

Ces. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris:
 And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour
 I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
 If it had been within the power of Cæsar,
 His dignity preserved, he had pardoned thee:
 But cruelty of honour did deny it.
 Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study
 To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish
 My Paris from all others; and in that
 Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall
 By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs
 Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however
 Thy crime deserved it: but, as thou didst live
 Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou
 Shouldst die in action, and to crown it, die,
 With an applause enduring to all times,
 By our imperial hand.—His soul is freed
 From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward!
 And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile
 Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed
 In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse
 With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage
 For ever mourn him, and all such as were
 His glad spectators, weep his sudden death,
 The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[*Sad music; the Players bear off PARIS' body, CÆSAR and
 the rest following.*]

The Fifth Act has for its theme the retribution
 upon tyranny.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with an image of Minerva.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, STEPHANOS, *and* Guard.

Parth. Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit not Access to any, to exchange a word Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases To call him to his presence.—[*Exit* Guard.]—The relation That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me. The informer Aretinus put to death For yielding him a true discovery Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris killed first, And now lamented; and the princesses Confined to several islands; yet Augusta, The machine on which all this mischief moved, Received again to grace!

Steph. Nay, courted to it:

Such is the impotence of his affection! Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out The people made suit for her, whom they hate more Than civil war or famine. But take heed, My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes, You lend or furtherance or favour to The plot contrived against her: should she prove it, Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man, Her power o'er doating Cæsar being now Greater than ever.

Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at; And, when there's opportunity——

Steph. Say but, Do, I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I'll stand one trial more, And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter CÆSAR *and* DOMITIA.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Dom. It may be, on your part.

Cæs. Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour That you should welcome with more cheerful looks. Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for That did the injury, and yet must sue To her whose guilt is washed off by his mercy, Only to entertain it?

Dom. I asked none; And I should be more wretched to receive Remission for what I hold no crime, But by a bare acknowledgment, than if By slighting and contemning it as now I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers Persuade thee that thy murders, lusts, and rapes Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar, Though never so unjust, is right and lawful; Or work in thee a false belief that thou Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth, When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes, And all the ensigns of thy boasted power, Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar, Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to His violent passions, and in that my slave; Nay, more my slave than my affections made me To my loved Paris.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this? Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know The strength that you hold on me, do not use it With too much cruelty; for though 'tis granted

That Lydian Omphale had less command O'er Hercules than you usurp o'er me, Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke Of my fond dotage.

Dom. Never; do not hope it:

It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive, And not to be redeemed, my empire's larger Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death. And when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury, To drop down tears in vain spent to appease me, I know thy fervour such to my embraces, Which shall be, though still kneeled for, still denied thee, That thou with languishment shalt wish my Actor Did live again, so thou mightst be his second To feed upon those delicacies when he's sated.

Cæs. O my Minerva!



SEATED MINERVA. (From a Statue at Rome.)

Dom. There she is, [*points to the statue*] invoke her: She cannot arm thee with ability To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater: Or only say to thy centurions, Dare none of you do what I shake to think on, And, in this woman's death, remove the Furies That every hour afflict me?—Lamia's wrongs, When thy lust forced me from him, are, in me, At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris, But that thy love, increasing with my hate, May add unto thy torments; so, with all Contempt I can, I leave thee.

[*Exit*]

Cæs. I am lost; Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betrayed The freedom of my faculties and will To this imperious Siren, I laid down The empire of the world and of myself At her proud feet. Sleep all my iredful powers? Or is the magic of my dotage such That I must still make suit to hear those charms

That do increase my thralldom? Wake, my anger!
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear
With usual terror, and enable me,
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor have a tongue to say this, *Let her die*,
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,

[*Pulls out a table-book.*]

To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,
And vindicate thy votary! [*Writes.*] So; she's now
Among the list of those I have proscribed,
And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,
To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal book
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank
Were marked out for destruction.

Parth. I begin
To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parth. [*Coming forward.*] Cæsar.

Cæs. So!

These, that command armed troops, quake at my frowns,
And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard
We charged you to fetch in?

Parth. Ready to suffer
What death you please to appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.

We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes, and Guard with ASCLETARIO.

Now, you, that hold

Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix
The day and hour in which we are to part
With life and empire, punctually foretelling
The means and manner of our violent ends;
As you would purchase credit to your art,
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,
What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since
A certain knowledge, and as sure as thou
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The kalends of October, the hour five,
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be
Torn and devoured by dogs;—and let that stand
For a firm prediction.

Cæs. May our body, wretch,
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer
Of life and death, yet cannot mock the stars
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;
And having cut his throat, erect a pile,
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursèd trunk
Be turned to ashes: upon forfeit of
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,

[*The Tribunes and Guard bear off ASCLETARIO.*]

And do as I command you. I was never
Fuller of confidence; for, having got
The victory of my passions, in my freedom
From proud Domitia, (who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love,) I rest unmoved:
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,
Chaldeans' vain predictions, jealous fears
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors

The soldiers' doubted faith or people's rage
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am armed.
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is seared up,
And I insensible of all my actions
For which by moral and religious fools
I stand condemned, as they had never been.

And, since I have subdued triumphant Love,
I will not deity pale captive Fear,

Nor in a thought receive it: for, till thou,
Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,
Not Junius Rusticus' threatened apparition,
Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,
Being things impossible to human reason,
Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch, that
A sudden but a secure drowsiness

Invites me to repose myself. [*A couch is brought on.*] Let
music,

With some short ditty, second it:—[*Exit PARTHENIUS.*]—The
mean time,

Rest there, dear book, which opened, when I wake,

[*Lays the book under his pillow.*]

Shall make some sleep for ever.

[*Musick and a song. CÆSAR sleeps.*]

Re-enter PARTHENIUS and DOMITIA.

Dom. Write my name

In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle:
He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing;

But I observed, when you departed from him,
After some little passion, but much fury,
He drew it out: whose death he signed, I know not;
But in his looks appeared a resolution
Of what before he staggered at. What he hath
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,
Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it.
Now, if out of the confidence of your power,
The bloody catalogue being still about him,
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself or what to suffer
Or how to cross it.

Dom. I would not be caught
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!

No motion!—you lie uneasy, sir,

Let me mend your pillow. [*Touches the book.*]

Parth. Have you it?

Dom. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh!

Parth. You have waked him: softly, gracious madam,
While we are unknown; and then consult at leisure.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Dreadful music. The appearances of JUNIUS RUSTICUS and
PALPHURIUS SURA rise, with bloody swords in their hands;
they walk round the head of CÆSAR, who seems troubled
in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of MINERVA,
which they scorn to see, and then disappear with it.*

Cæs. [*Starting.*] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream
Will force me to distraction! whither have
These Furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow.
I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,
And am deprived of organs to pursue
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once
Robbed of my hopes and being? No, I live—

[*Rises distractedly.*]

Yes, live, and have discourse, to know myself
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!—What traitor?
He that hath been a traitor to himself,
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer;
Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?
Where is my goddess? vanished! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,
That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,
Were by their innocence made up again,
And in corporeal forms but now appeared,
Waving their bloody swords above my head,
As at their deaths they threatened. And methought,
Minerva, ravished hence, whispered that she
Was, for my blasphemies, disarmed by Jove,
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so,

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

His thunder does confirm it, against which,
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes.

Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolved
To be my executioners?

1 *Trib.* Allegiance

And faith forbid that we should lift an arm
Against your sacred head.

2 *Trib.* We rather sue

For mercy.

3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in justice
Our lives are forfeited for not performing
What Cæsar charged us.

1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it
In our want of will or care; for, being but men,
It could not be in us to make resistance,
The gods fighting against us.

Cæs. Speak, in what
Did they express their anger? we will hear it,
But dare not say, undaunted.

1 *Trib.* In brief thus, sir:
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,
For the astrologer Ascletrio's death,
With speed was put in execution.

Cæs. Well.

1 *Trib.* For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and his arms
Pinioned behind his back, the breathless trunk
Was with all scorn dragged to the field of Mars,
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,
Smeared o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,
The carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,
But suddenly, to the amazement of
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash
Of lightning, breaking through the scattered clouds,
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,
And, as disdaining all heat but itself,
In a moment quenched the artificial fire:
And before we could kindle it again,
A clap of thunder followed with such noise
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,
Had in his secret purposes determined

An universal ruin to the world.

This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood
Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen:
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;
Or that the sea, spouted into the air
By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships
But sailing near it, so falls down again.—
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we laboured to consume
The wizard's body, all the dogs of Rome,
Howling and yelling like to famished wolves,
Brake in upon us; and though thousands were
Killed in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,
And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.

Cæs. But have they torn it?

1 *Trib.* Torn it, and devoured it.

Cæs. I then am a dead man, since all predictions
Assure me I am lost. Oh, my loved soldiers,
Your emperor must leave you! yet, however
I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,
I freely pardon you. The fatal hour
Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning
By five, my soldiers; that's the latest hour
You e'er must see me living.

1 *Trib.* Jove avert it!

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.

Cæs. Oh, no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no strength here to be altered.

Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
Compassed of late with armies, in his eyes
Carrying both life and death, and in his arms
Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a god,
And is, for that presumption, cast beneath
The low condition of a common man,
Sinking with mine own weight.

1 *Trib.* Do not forsake

Yourself; we'll never leave you.

2 *Trib.* We'll draw up

More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.

Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended gods,
That now sit judges on me, from their envy
Of my power and greatness here, conspire against me.

1 *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.

Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:

I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I
Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,
That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:
And could you but till then assure me—

1 *Trib.* Yes, sir;

Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn
In which we'll mix our ashes.

Cæs. 'Tis said nobly:

I am something comforted: howe'er, to die
Is the full period of calamity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CENIS, DOMITILLA,
STEPHANOS, SEJEIUS and ENTELLUS.

Parth. You see we are all condemned; there's no evasion;
We must do, or suffer.

Steph. But it must be sudden;
The least delay is mortal.

Dom. Would I were
A man, to give it action!

Domitil. Could I make my approaches, though my stature
Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher.

Steph. I will take
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos.

Sej. You shall not share alone
The glory of a deed that will endure
To all posterity.

Ent. I will put in
For a part, myself.

Parth. Be resolved, and stand close.
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.

Steph. We'll despatch him, fear not:
A dead dog never bites.

Parth. Thus then at all.

[*Exit; the rest conceal themselves.*]

Enter CÆSAR and the Tribunes.

Cæs. How slow-paced are these minutes! in extremes,
How miserable is the least delay!
Could I imp¹ feathers to the wings of time,
Or with a little ease command the sun
To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,
Making the hour to tremble at, past recalling,
As I can move this dial's tongue to six;
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see death about me?

1 Trib. Think not of him;
There is no danger: all these prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural causes;
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.

Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,
Should still believe I am so near my end,
And have my guards about me? Perish all
Predictions! I grow constant they are false,
And built upon uncertainties.

1 Trib. This is right;
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.

Cæs. We will to
The camp, and having there confirmed the soldier
With a large donative, and increase of pay,
Some shall—I say no more.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS.

Parth. All happiness,
Security, long life, attend upon
The monarch of the world!

Cæs. Thy looks are cheerful.

Parth. And my relation full of joy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperial body,
My lord, neglected, the feared hour being past,
In which your life was threatened?

Cæs. Is't past five?

Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge; and, in justice,

Your clockmaster should die, that hath deferred
Your peace so long. There is a post now lighted,
That brings assured intelligence that your legions
In Syria have won a glorious day
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him
Concealed, that you might first partake the pleasure
In private, and the senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.

Cæs. Hence, pale fear, then!
Lead me, Parthenius.

1 Trib. Shall we wait you?

Cæs. No.

After losses guards are useful. Know your distance.

[*Exit CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.*]

2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude men! as I live,
The hour is not yet come.

1 Trib. Howe'er, we are
To pay our duties, and observe the sequel.

[*Exit Tribunes. DOMITIA and the rest come forward.*]

Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

Re-enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. Where, Parthenius,
Is this glad messenger?

Steph. Make the door fast.—Here;
A messenger of horror.

Cæs. How! Betrayed?

Dom. No; taken, tyrant.

Cæs. My Domitia
In the conspiracy!

Parth. Behold this book.

Cæs. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am unarmed,
I'll not fall poorly. [*Overthrows STEPHANOS.*]

Steph. Help me.

Ent. Thus, and thus!

Sej. Are you so long a falling? [*They stab him.*]

Cæs. 'Tis done basely.

[*Falls, and dies.*]

Par. This for my father's death.

Dom. This for my Paris.

Jul. This for thy incest.

Domitil. This for thy abuse

Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*]

Tribunes. [*Within.*] Force the doors!

Enter Tribunes.

O Mars!

What have you done?

Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.

Steph. Dispatched a monster.

1 Trib. Yet he was our prince,
However wicked; and, in you, this murder,
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
Nor will we, that served under his command,
Consent that such a monster as thyself,
(For, in thy wickedness, Augusta's title
Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunished.
Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.—
We will refer the hearing to the Senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his body: he in death hath paid
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference:
Good kings are mourned for after life; but ill,
And such as governed only by their will
And not their reason, unlamented fall,
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.

[*Exit; the Tribunes bearing the body of CÆSAR.*]

¹ *Imp*, graft, from First-English "impan." A hawk's wing was said to be imp'd when a strong feather was put in place of a broken one to secure the better flight. Children are imps as grafts or buds on the parent stock.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,

printed in 1633, is a play of Massinger's, that has held its place on the stage until the present day. It is a comedy, with the scene laid near Nottingham, and owes its life upon the stage to a character in it—that of Sir Giles Overreach—which actors like to play. He is a usurer, without pity or conscience, who lives liberally, is bold and defiant—

This Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.
He fights men out of their estates, and breaks
Through all the law nets made to curb ill men
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

He seeks to marry his one child, Margaret, to Lord Lovell, and is ready to spend freely his own money and her honour for alliance with a noble house. He has ruined his careless nephew Wellborn, and become possessed of his estate. Wellborn in tattered clothes, at the beginning of the play, is the scoff of a low innkeeper. Tom Allworth, Lord Lovell's page, and son to a rich widow, Lady Allworth, loves Margaret Overreach, and is also Wellborn's friend. The fathers of the two young men had been warm friends. When Wellborn visits Lady Allworth, for his father's sake, she forgets her anger at his follies, and falls into his Way to Pay Old Debts to his uncle. She allows it to be thought that he is favoured in suit for her hand. Sir Giles's chief agent and steward, Marrall, falls into the trap, but cannot persuade his master. The usurer feasts Lord Lovell, who is in the counsels of his page. He also enforces basest counsel upon his innocent daughter to secure that prize. Lady Allworth comes to his house during the feast, as if to invite Lord Lovell, brings Wellborn with her, and so behaves as to secure the delusion of Sir Giles, whose comment on the wonder is—

It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Sir Giles's coach and Sir Giles's money are suddenly at his nephew's service; all Wellborn's debts are paid, and his rich clothes are taken out of pawn. But Marrall the steward grows impatient of many insults. In Lady Allworth's house, Sir Giles being alone with Lord Lovell, opens his bad mind to the expected son-in-law:

Over. To my wish; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive, to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!

It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands; for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for these other peddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser

Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire

The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,

My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth by dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,—
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that it is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an ear! if gold can do it,
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal. So, my lord, good morrow. *[Exit.]*

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

This disclosure enables Lady Allworth to bring
Lord Lovell into the confederation for utter discom-
fiture of Sir Giles; and he agrees to pretend that
he has married Margaret. Marrall, insulted by Sir
Giles, courts what he believes to be the rising for-
tunes of the nephew; and begins to betray secrets
of his master:—

This only, in a word; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in 't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present moneys: I'll instruct you further
As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize
To your full content and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee. *[Exeunt.]*

Even Margaret is driven, by her father's baseness
towards her, to join, as Lord Lovell counsels, in the

plot against her father. Sir Giles, being led to believe
that the lord urges a secret marriage, proceeds to force
his daughter to it, and unwittingly secures her union
to the young page Allworth, who is supposed to be
acting for his master:—

All. An 't please your honour,

For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my know-
ledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth! . . .
Tempt me no further; if you do, this goad

[Points to his sword.]

Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by to do a father's part
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the meantime,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefited
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in 't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your
ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there!

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. *[Writes.]*

All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my
lord,

In respect he comes disguised; and only write,—
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away!—*[MARGARET kneels.]*—My blessing, girl:
thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, begone:—good master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir. *[Exeunt ALLWORTH and MARGARET.]*

Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure.
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,
(This is state in ladies,) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd—then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over.

[*Exit.*]

So the Fourth Act ends with Sir Giles Overreach exultant, and the ground beneath him everywhere undermined. The Fifth Act here follows. Of the justice Greedy who appears in it, no more need be said than that he is an amusing person, who is on the scent of all feasts in the play.

SCENE I.—*A room in Lady ALLWORTH'S House.*

Enter LORD LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, and AMBLE.

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were That did, my lord, induce me to dispense A little with my gravity, to advance, In personating some few favours to him, The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn. Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer In some few men's opinions for 't, the action; For he that ventured all for my dear husband, Might justly claim an obligation from me To pay him such a courtesy; which had I Coyly or over-curiously denied, It might have argued me of little love To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, madam, For the poor gentleman, hath found good success; For, as I understand, his debts are paid And he once more furnished for fair employment; But all the arts that I have used to raise The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth, Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well: For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant Than their years can promise; and for their desires, On my knowledge they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear The building, though well grounded. To deceive Sir Giles, that 's both a lion and a fox In his proceedings, were a work beyond The strongest undertakers; not the trial Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam: Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means; And judgment, being a gift derived from Heaven, Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men That ne'er consider from whom they receive it, Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it. Which is the reason that the politic And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth, Is by simplicity oft over-reached.

L. All. May he be so! yet in His name to express it Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! What think you of the motion?

L. All. Troth, my lord, My own unworthiness may answer for me; For had you, when that I was in my prime, My virgin flower uncropped, presented me With this great favour; looking on my lowliness Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth, I could not but have thought it as a blessing Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest, And undervalue that which is above My title, or whatever I call mine. I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry A widow might disparage me; but being A true-born Englishman, I cannot find How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more, That which you think a blemish is to me The fairest lustre. You already, madam, Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish A husband that deserves you; which confirms me, That, if I am not wanting in my care To do you service, you'll be still the same, That you were to your Allworth. In a word, Our years, our states, our births are not unequal, You being descended nobly, and allied so; If then you may be won to make me happy, But join your lips to mine, and that shall be A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good Should I refuse it [*Kisses him*]; yet, my lord, receive me As such a one the study of whose whole life Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not with all tenderness Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord, To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, handsomely apparelled.

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am Your creature, madam, and will never hold My life mine own when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you. You could not make choice of a better shape To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy That my endeavours prospered. Saw you of late Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam, By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions About his daughter. This last night he look'd for Your lordship at his house, but missing you, And she not yet appearing, his wise head Is much perplexed and troubled.

Lov. It may be, Sweetheart, my project took.

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [*Within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing, I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship, For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw A little out of sight, though not of hearing, You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me.

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter OVERREACH, with distracted looks, driving in MARRALL before him, with a box.

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry, And thou a subject only fit for beating, And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;

Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord, her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make curtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime, as I am myself,
I give you to understand I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Well. Sir.

Over. No more?

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best more than myself?

Over. His fortune swells him:

'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*

L. All. This is excellent!

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows?

Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Re-
member,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the gaol. You know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in [reckless] taverns.

Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed you shall not;
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved!

[*Both draw.*

L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,

Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him!
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed. [*Aside to WELLBORN.*

Well. This rage is vain, sir.
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! Oh, impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continu'd in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here enclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none. I ne'er pass'd over
Any such land. I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in a humbler key and sue for favour.

L. All. Never: do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence. If thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*

Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing. Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is:
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight. Besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses. The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to MARRALL.*]

Mar. I! no, I assure you:

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncuse you too.
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise, your football, or
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge,
Can now anatomise you and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride; and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverise, the walls you think defend you.

L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Well. To him again.

Over. Oh, that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear
thee
Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families who, yet alive
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep me from thee should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee!

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this:

One bandog worry the other!

Over. I play the fool

And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here:—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?

Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for
thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting! at least for a month
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more,
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.¹

Over. Instantly be here? [*Whispering to WILLDO.*]

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hope to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud music*!—they come! I
hear the music.

A lane there for my lord!

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cooled, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.

As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*]
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them
joy!

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot—

Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touched
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill MARGARET.*]

¹ "Bearing-dishes, solid substantial dishes portly viands." (Halliwell's "Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words.")

Lov. [*Coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims but that
They may be crossed.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Well. You'll grow like him
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place.
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell add to my afflictions!

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my
stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;

His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Order (*Lady Allworth's Steward.*) Take this kick with you.

Amble (*Lady Allworth's Usher.*) And this.

Furnace (*Lady Allworth's Cook.*) If that I had my cleaver
here,

I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven

False servants still arrive at.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!

Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*]

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.

[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*]

Well. There's no help;

Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus,

And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. Oh, my dear father! [*They force OVERREACH off.*]

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you, take comfort.
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language

That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.

It is a time of action. If your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well. [Coming forward.] Nothing wants then
But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we
Nor he that wrote the comedy can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours, (as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play :)
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACTORS OF COMEDY IN ANCIENT GREECE.

From J. Baptista Casalius, "*De Tragedia et Comœdia*."

John Ford, about two years younger than Philip Massinger, was born in 1586, at Ilington, in North Devon. He was of good family. When James I. came to the throne he was a youth of seventeen, who had just begun the study of law in the Middle Temple. He joined in play-writing under James I., but did not print a play of his own until 1628. He did not look to his plays for income, but wrote them for the pleasure he found in the exercise of his genius. His first printed play, in 1628, was "*The Lover's Melancholy*." Three more plays of his were printed in 1633. One of them was

THE BROKEN HEART,

of which the scene is laid in Sparta.

ACT I., SCENE I.—Orgilus, son of the Counsellor Crotolon, obtains leave from his father to quit Sparta. Feud between this family and that of the dead Thrasus had been turned to peace by the old Amyclas, king of Sparta; reconciliation was to have been confirmed by marriage of Orgilus to the only daughter of Thrasus, the fair Penthea. But Thrasus had left a son, Ithocles, in whom the old spirit of feud survived. Ithocles forbade his sister's marriage with Orgilus, and forced her into union against her will

with a rich noble, Bassanes. Bassanes is of a jealous temper. Orgilus pleads to his father, Crotolon, a desire to free Penthea from the torture of her husband's jealousy, by withdrawing himself to Athens, and has leave to do so. But before leaving he obtains a promise from his sister Euphranea that she will not marry without his consent.

SCENE 2.—Meanwhile King Amyclas, with his Counsellor Armotes, uncle of Ithocles, and Prophilus, who is the friend of Ithocles, rejoices in the hero of successful war with the Messenians.

Death-braving Ithocles brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty.

Calantha, the king's daughter, who has Euphranea, sister of Orgilus, among her maids of honour, has heard of the valour of Ithocles. She is present when he returns, and, when he has received the king's thanks, crowns him with a chaplet:

Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift,
Deserved, not purchased.

Ithocles takes praise like a brave man who is more concerned to give their due to others, even to the courtiers Hemophil and Groneas, who "were not missing, to wish their country's peace."

SCENE 3.—But Orgilus has meant no flight to Athens. In Sparta still, disguised as a scholar in the grove within the gardens of the palace, granted by special favour lately from the king to Tecnicus, who there gives lessons of philosophy, he watches "Penthea's usage and Euphranea's faith" with anger at his heart. He sees that his sister's heart turns towards Prophilus, the friend of Ithocles, whom he hates for having thwarted his own love; he overhears their innocent love-talk in the garden, is observed by them, maintains his disguise as a poor scholar, and calls himself Aplotes.

Euph. Dost thou want anything?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend.
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me. So can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day,
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?

Pro. Nor aught besides
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou wouldst have bought thee, in a note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money:
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.
Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.
Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires;
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt PRO. and EUPH.*]

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories;
They die too basely who outlive their glories.

ACT II., SCENE 1.—When he has displayed to his
servant Phulas the mad passion of his jealousy,
Bassanes tells Penthea that they shall go to court.

Thy brother is returned, sweet, safe, and honoured
With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him;
We will to court.

But he speaks with ill-dissembled jealousy, and is
stung by talk of the woman Grausis, whom he has
placed with his wife as overseer. Lords and ladies
arrive from court, among them Prophilus, who brings
to Penthea the desire of her brother Ithocles for her
instant presence. She shall go.

SCENE 2.—In the king's palace at Sparta the
victorious Ithocles is touched by ambition, for he
loves the king's daughter, Calantha. Crotolon, her
father, cannot answer to the suit of Prophilus for
Euphranea without the consent of her brother Orgilus.

Ith. Not yet
Resolved, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been moved to 't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Crotolon
For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command. Their wills
Are laws not to be questioned.

Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me and mine to yours
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!

Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed.
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth:
For had your father Thrasus lived,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts.—[*Aside.*]
No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.

Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawsness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love;
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Crotolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction:
What would you more?

Crot. I am conquered: if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes.
Life, power, sword, and heart, all are your own.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA,
EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.

Cal. I present you

A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock
Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume, [To Bass.
T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will;
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now?

Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.
Bass. [*Aside.*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad and modest.
There may be tricks yet, tricks—Have an eye, Grausis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we joined in must not
Fall by too long demur.

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!

Pro. Most sweetly gracious!

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,

Eternity of pleasures;—no restoratives
 Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she?
 'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
 Such a new monster) [*aside*].—I can speak by proof,
 For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.
Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolved, speak freely,
 In your affections to this gentleman?
Euph. Nor more nor less than as his love assures me,
 Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
 I cannot but approve in all points worthy.
Crot. So, so! I know your answer. [*To Pro.*]
Ith. It had been pity,
 To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your presence;
 And, fairest princess, yours.
Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. Where are the lords? all must unto the king
 Without delay; the prince of Argos—
Cal. Well, sir?
Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.
Cal. How!
 The prince of Argos?
Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
 T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.
Ith. Penthea!
Pen. Brother.
Ith. Let me an hour hence
 Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
 I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
 Conduct her thither, and have special care
 The walks be cleared of any to disturb us.
Pro. I shall.
Bass. How's that?
Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
 I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

Bassanes remains jealous even of his wife's meeting alone with her brother.

SCENE 3.—Having brought Penthea to the grove in the palace gardens to await her brother, Prophilus meets there the student Aplotes, as he believes (the disguised Orgilus, Penthea's passionate lover), and commits Penthea for the next hour to his care. She pays little heed to the student until passion stirs in the philosophy he talks.

Penthea. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
 Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
 And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
 Not relishing the real taste of food:
 Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
 From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;
 No horror should deface that precious figure
 Sealed with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitched thy tongue:
 The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
 Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions
 Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
 Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,
 In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
 Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.

Thus I take off the shroud in which my cares
 Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[*Throws off his scholar's dress.*]

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou lay'st
 A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
 Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,
 By all the laws of ceremonious wellock,
 I have not given admittance to one thought
 Of female change, since cruelty enforced
 Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
 Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. Oh, rather

Examine me, how I could live to say
 I have been much, much wronged. 'Tis for thy sake
 I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
 If thy soft bosom be not turned to marble,
 Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
 Confirms me thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;

With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
 Thus kneel before ye. [*PEN. kneels.*]

Org. You instruct my duty. [*ORG. kneels.*]

Pen. We may stand up. [*They rise.*] Have you ought else
 to urge

Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
 'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
 And shall be, shall be ever: what more would you?

Org. I would possess my wife: the equity
 Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove

Your steps some distance from me; at this pace
 A few words I dare change; but first put on
 Your borrowed shape.

Org. You are obeyed; 'tis done. [*He resumes his disguise.*]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,
 The heavens do witness; they can witness too
 A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
 Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
 In tendering thy freedom; for I find
 The constant preservation of thy merit,
 By thy not daring to attempt my fame
 With injury of any loose conceit,
 Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
 Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
 Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
 Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
 And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
 Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
 This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
 And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
 With mercy, not contempt. I hope thy wife,
 Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
 Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:

Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,

And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Orgilus departs in passion; jealous Bassanes, who has watched his wife, enters with Grausis in suppressed wrath, but brings news.

Lady, come; your brother
 Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off;
Some surfeit of disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy!

Pen. Then let us care

To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III., SCENE I.—Orgilus parts from his master
Tecnicus, and leaves the grove in which he has
hidden himself under the guise of a poor student of
philosophy. Tecnicus doubts, and warns, and com-
ments upon his departed pupil.

Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts:—
But let the gods be moderators still;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES, with a Casket.

From whence come you?

Arm. From King Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this sealed box, he sends a treasure,
Dear to him as his crown; he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt¹
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is 't, Armostes?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo [*He takes the casket.*]
Inspire my intellect!—The Prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—In the house of Ithocles, in a room
adjoining his sick-chamber, jealous Bassanes and
Grausis come with Penthea to her brother's cham-
ber-door. There is soft music and a song heard from
within.

Song.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

Prophilus having taken away Bassanes and Grausis,

*The scene opens; ITHOCLES is discovered in a chair, and
PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have lived
At distance, like two strangers; I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
Had proved to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand plucked from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee! first, let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherished
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

Ith. Wronged soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earned with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.

¹ Bolt, sift, separate the flour from the bran.

Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will you?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. Such an one

As only you have made me; a faith-breaker,

.;—forgive me, I am one—

In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles;

. Wilt kill me now?

The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betrayed their name
To infamy in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous. Thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolv'd martyrdom; wronged maids
And married wives shall to thy hallowed shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crowned with myrtle, if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have moved this question; 'tis a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,

By your new protestations I conjure you,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name?—'tis,—'tis—I dare not!

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Peace!

Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable!
Do I now love thee? For my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the Prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story.
I sweat in blood for 't.

Pen. We are reconciled.

Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide.
Have comfort; you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;

Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows

Have not too much dulled my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man!—Why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent?

Bassanes bursts upon brother and sister with
drawn sword, followed by those who would restrain

him, and the scene closes with his shame at his own folly.

SCENE 3.—At court, Nearchus, Prince of Argos, has the consent of King Amyclas to his suit for Calantha, who receives him courteously, and the king reasons with Armestes and Crotolon that

The marriage

Between young Prophilus and Euphranea

Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures

At celebration of it, would give life

To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman;

Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us!

Cal. A prince a subject?

Near. Yes, to Beauty's sceptre;

As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close!—so soon—my heart! [*Aside.*]

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The KING gives ORG. his hand to kiss.*]

Crot. My son preferred by Ithocles!

[*Aside.*]

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrossed
Some rarity of wit to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on 't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,
Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wished for.

Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare

For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness; crown the hours with gladness:
No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady!

SCENE 4.—In the house of Crotolon, Orgilus, returned, since he hates Ithocles who parted him from Penthea, expresses deep repugnance to his sister's marriage with the friend of Ithocles. He then yields, and in the presence of Ithocles joins the hands of Prophilus and Euphranea, speaks for them a bridal song, and adds to it—

If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention,
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

SCENE 5.—In Calantha's chamber, where sad Penthea has sought the princess.

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much, woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. [*Aside.*—Then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper

My will was charactered; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;

It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me

But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage.
May those be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel

You mean to part with?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeching charity without dishonour!

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! speak the last;
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only Brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What said'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it;
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared,
He moves before you!

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service:
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world
To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet, by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit: but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look or one harsh word,

[*Weeps.*]

And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind—oh, most unkind!

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you?—Lady,
Your cheek lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones: wait on Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles? wrong'd lady! [*Aside.*]

Pen. My reckonings are made even: death or fate
Can now nor strike too soon nor force too late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—Armotes, in the chamber of
Ithocles, seeks in vain to understand his grief. As
they speak, Calantha comes.

The princess, sir.

Ith. The princess? ha!

Arm. With her the Prince of Argos.

*Enter NEARCHUS, leading CALANTHA; AMELUS, CHRISTALLA,
PHILEMA.*

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance
Of livery from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark— [*Attempts to take a ring from her finger.*]

Cal. A toy!

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.

Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap;
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop for 't,
And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress:
She'll thank him for 't perhaps.

[*Casts the ring before ITHOCLES, who takes it up.*]

Amelus. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessed owner,
Upon my knees— [*Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.*]

Near. You are saucy.

Cal. This is pretty!
I am, belike, "a mistress"—wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on 't.—On, cousin!

[*Exeunt NEAR., CAL., CHRIS., and PHIL.*]

Ith. [*To AME.*] Follow, spaniel;
I'll force you to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

[*Exit.*]

Arm. My lord, you were too forward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle.

Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;

Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it to you.

Ith. True; and she said—well I remember what—
Her cousin prince would beg it.

Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on 't.

Ith. Penthea,
Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!
I want a fee to gratify thy merit;
But I will do—

Arm. What is 't you say?

Ith. "In anger"?
In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves as lick
The dust his footsteps print into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine; it should not;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be anything
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty Prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Quick blood is stirred between Ithocles and the
Prince of Argos; Orgilus stands between, affecting
friendly courtesy. The philosopher Tecnicus then
enters with the prophetic scroll and warning of
grief to come.

Ithocles,

When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

And to Orgilus the oracle is—

"Let craft with courtesy awhile confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner."

SCENE 2.—Bassanes, won by the innocence of
Penthea, repents his jealousy too late. Orgilus enters
to him.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hooped about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Cursed by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise

Your trials for addition to my penance:
I am resolved.

Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but—what's the miracle
More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live!

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment;
'Tis anchored into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast

From every joy of life! Thou barren rock!
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

*Enter PENTHEA, with her hair loose, ITHOCLES, PHILEMA, and
CHRISTALLA.*

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you: why d' you weep? dear, turn not from me.—
Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see it?
Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?
Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing pitifully,
And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell. The turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapped up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave!—Art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for certain,
I should have cried when they cried.—Truly, brother,
My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatched this thralldom first
With thine own poniard! Every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To bandy passion! ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once.

[*To Org.*

Org. Thou didst, wronged creature: in despite of malice,
For it I'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand;

Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.

Pen. Complain not, though I wring it hard: I'll kiss it;
Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear:
Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—

[*Pointing to ITHOCLES.*

And yet he paid for 't home; alas! his heart

Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gather'd roses in the garden,
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.

That's he, and still 'tis he.

[*Again pointing to ITH.*

Ith. Poor soul, how idly

Her fancies guide her tongue!

Bass. Keep in, vexation,

And break not into clamour.

[*Aside.*

Org. She has tutored me;

Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness.

Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—

Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold!

Dear soul, he has lost his colour! have you seen
A straying heart? all crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!

If this be madness, madness is an oracle.

[*Exit.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We cannot any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—misery of miseries!

Pen. Take comfort,

You may live well and die a good old man:

By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,

If you had join'd our hands once in the temple,

('Twas since my father died, for had he lived

He would have done 't,) I must have called you father.—

Oh, my wrecked honour! ruined by those tyrants,

A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.

There is no peace left for a ravished wife

Widowed by lawless marriage; to all memory,

Penthea's—poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:

But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit

Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,

Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never heightened

With taste of sustenance! starve; let that fulness

Whose pleurisy hath fevered faith and modesty—

Forgive me; oh! I faint.

[*Falls into the arms of her attendants.*

Arm. Be not so wilful,

Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature

Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat?

Refuse the only ordinary means

Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,

A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bassanes?

Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts

Enough to think: all shall be well anon.

'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery

In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;

Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits

Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—

Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out
The trick on 't.

[*Aside.*

Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends; they leave, without control,
No cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[*Exit, supported by CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly
What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,
'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd;
Yet, when I've done't, I've done't:—ye shall all thank me.

[*Exit.*

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
Shall's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

The generous Prince of Argos, seeing that
Calantha loves the soldier Ithocles, takes warning
by "life-spent Penthea and unhappy Orgilus." He
sends Ithocles to Calantha. But King Amyclas
suddenly is ill.

SCENE 3.—To the drooping king is presented a
box, left by the philosopher Tecnicus, who is gone
to Delphos. Unsealed it yields the secret of the
oracle.

Read, Armotes.

Arm. The plot in which the Vine takes root
Begins to dry from head to foot;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape:
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amyc. That is the oracle; what exposition
Makes the philosopher?

Arm. This brief one, only.

The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm: the rest conceal'd.

TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough; although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest:
But must Calantha quail too? that young grape
Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be crost by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the dew
Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of oracles
Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As uttered; Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—where is Ithocles?—
Armotes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine

Of my frail carcass, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here!

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,
EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

Ith. Oh, my royal master!

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my life's
solace,

With your fore-judging fears: there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness:
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe too.
Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.
Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes thee.
But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting: mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me.

To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never!—

[*Aside.*

May I propose a suit?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further
Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand; [*To ITH.*
Calantha, take thine own. In noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wished for, 'cause the
same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich Fortune's guard, the favour of a princess,
Rock thee, brave man, in ever-crown'd plenty!—
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.
Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!

The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

[*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey me
Unto my bed-chamber; none on his forehead
Wear a distempered look.

Al. The gods preserve you !

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity !

[*AMYCLAS is carried out.—Exeunt all but ITHOCLES, detained by ORGILUS.*]

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord ?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own ; for Prophilus must henceforth

Be all thy sister's ; friendship, though it cease not

In marriage, yet is oft at less command

Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal ! a subject royal ?

Org. Why not, pray sir ?

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,

Stooped to desert, not birth ; there's as much merit

In clearness of affection as in puddle

Of generation ; you have conquered love

Even in the loveliest. If I greatly err not,

The son of Venus hath bequeathed his quiver

To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows

Calantha's breast is opened.

Ith. Can it be possible ?

Org. I was myself a piece of a suitor once,

And forward in preferment too ; so forward

That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,

Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye !)

My certainty of marriage stood assured

With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's.

Ith. 'Tis granted :

And for a league of privacy between us,

Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret ;

The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not ?

I now applaud her wisdom : when your kingdom

Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,

I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;

Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness

Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus !

It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory

Of numerous children, potency of nobles,

Bent knees, hearts paved to tread on !

Ith. With a friendship

So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting

For office ; but for service—

Ith. We'll distinguish

Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners

In all respects else but the bed.—

Org. The bed ?

Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly

We slip down in the common earth together.

And there our beds are equal ; save some monument

To shew this was the king, and this the subject—

[*Soft sad Music.*]

List, what sad sounds are these ? extremely sad ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark ! a voice too.

A Song (within).

Oh, no more, no more, too late.

Sighs are spent ; the burning tapers

Of a life as chaste as fate,

Pure as are unwritten papers,

Are burnt out : no heat, no light

Now remains ; 'tis ever night.

Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes,

Locked in endless dreams,

Th' extremes of all extremes,

Ope no more, for now Love dies.

Now Love dies,—implying

Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. Oh, my misgiving heart !

Org. A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air ; let's know the reason :

Tread softly ; there is mystery in mourning. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Apartment of PENTHEA in the same.*

PENTHEA discovered in a chair, veiled ; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA at her feet, mourning. Enter two Servants, with two other chairs, one with an engine.¹

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

1 *Serv.* [*Aside to ORG.*] 'Tis done ; that on her right hand.

Org. Good ! begone.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room !

Org. How fares the lady ?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead !

Phil. Starved.

Chris. Starved !

Ith. Me miserable !

Org. Tell us

How parted she from life ?

Phil. She called for music,

And begged some gentle voice to tune a farewell

To life and griefs ; Christalla touch'd the lute,

I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,

But her last breath sealed up these hollow sounds :

" O cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus ! "

So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died !

Org. Up ! you are messengers of death, go from us ;

[*CHRIS. and PHIL. rise.*]

Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.

Away ; and,—hark ye !—till you see us next,

No syllable that she is dead.—Away,

Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*].—My lord.—

Ith. Mine only sister !

Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,

I'll seat me here in this : between us sits

The object of our sorrows ; some few tears

We'll part among us : I perhaps can mix

One lamentable story to prepare them.—

There, there !—sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*]

What means this treachery ?

Org. Caught ! you are caught,

Young master ! 'tis thy throne of coronation,

Thou fool of greatness ! See, I take this veil off ;

Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames

Of an insulting Phaëton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely ?

Org. I foreknew

The last act of her life, and trained thee hither,

To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.

¹ Engine, "ingetum," a cunning device.

You dreamt of kingdoms, did you ! how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess !
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth ; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touched upon your thought ! as for my injuries,
Alas ! they were beneath your royal pity ;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound thee.
Behold thy fate ; this steel ! *[Draws a dagger.]*

Ith. Strike home ! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome.
But prithee faint not ; if the wound close up,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,
As loath to leave the vainness of my glories.
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,
With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel ; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language ! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly ;
And take this peace along : some few short minutes
Determined, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost ; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality ! thus, thus I free it. *[Stabs him.]*

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.
Org. Keep up thy spirit :
I will be gentle even in blood ; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
Safety, with best success ; oh, may it prosper !—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds :
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long looked-for peace—now—moves—to heaven. *[Dies.]*

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood ! henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble sufferance.
I'll lock the bodies safe till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for ever !—
In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name.

[Locks the door, and exit.]

The Fifth Act opens in the house of Bassanes, who has been seeking cure for Penthea. Orgilus enters to him, will acquaint him with an unmatched secret that shall set a period to his griefs, and bids him follow. And then thus ends the play :—

SCENE II.—A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish. Enter EUPHRANEA, led by GRONEAS and HEMOPHIL ; PROPHILUS, led by CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA ; NEARCHUS supporting CALANTHA ; CROTOLON and AMELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus ;
On whom attend they ?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whispered some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher ; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence : as for Bássanes,
Delights to him are troublesome ; Armostes
Is with the king ?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance !
Cousin, hand you the bride ; the bridegroom must be
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea ; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA with GRONEAS.

They dance the first change ; during which ARMOSTES enters.

Arm. *[Whispers CAL.]* The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is't possible ?

They dance the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. *[Whispers CAL.]* Oh, madam !
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee !—
Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They dance the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. *[Whispers CAL.]* Brave Ithocles is murdered, murdered cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds ! Strike up more sprightly ;
Our footings are not active like our heart
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck !

The last change.

Cal. So ! let us breathe awhile.—*[Music ceases.]*—Hath not
this motion

Raised fresher colours on our cheeks ?

Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully :
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes ; some hollow voice delivered to me
How that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead :
That fatal news was mine ; for in mine arms
He breathed his last, and with his crown bequeath'd you
Your mother's wedding ring ; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange !

Cal. Peace crown his ashes ! We are queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha ! Sparta's sovereign queen !

All. Long live the queen !

Cal. What whisper'd Bássanes ?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.

Cal. She 's happy. She hath finished
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithodes

Was murdered ;—rather butchered, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How ! murdered !

Cal. By whose hand ?

Org. By mine : this weapon

Was instrument to my revenge ; the reasons
Are just, and known ; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abilitment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fie, Orgilus !

Euph. Fie, brother !

Cal. You have done it ?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice ; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced. Armestes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities ; thou hast lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife : continue man still ;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what 's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And entered into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly. Mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear ; not for Penthea !
Excellent misery !

Cal. We begin our reign

With a first act of justice : thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence :
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excused. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son ; Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.

Crot. [To *Org.*] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution !

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye !
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus ; my vengeance
Aimed never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw. [*Exeunt CROT., PRO., and EUPH.*]
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatched from him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best ; there 's all our bounty.
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last : vouchsafe your
clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference. Those that are dead,
Are dead : had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,

One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords ;
We 'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL., PHIL., and CHRIS.*]

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit :
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye ? let 's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice ?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner ?

Org. Myself, no surgeon ;
I am well skilled in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream ; here 's a skilful instrument :

[*Shews his dagger.*]

Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit ;
Quick, fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship !
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.—[*They give him a staff.*]—If a
proneeness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety :
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune ; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, has lain bed-ridden.
We trifle time in words :—thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*]

Arm. Desperate courage !

Near. Honourable infamy !

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose !

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd ;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick—I 'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale.—Have at ye ! stretch out
Thine arm with vigour, and unshaken virtue.

[*Opens the vein.*]

Good ! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities : this pastime
Appears majestical ; some high-tuned poem,
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory and his subject's triumph.
How is 't, man ?—droop not yet.

Org. I feel no palsies.
On a pair-royal do I wait in death :
My sovereign, as his liegeman ; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant ; and on Ithodes,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy.
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning ; but for that I durst not
Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfaced my vengeance.
Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire !

I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect :

Revenge proves its own Executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,

The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature !

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow :

Welcome, thou ice that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee.

[*Dies.*

Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral urn

Shall be my charge; remove the bloodless body.

The Coronation must require attendance ;

That past, my few days can be but one mourning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*1 Temple.*

An Altar, covered with white: two lights of virgin wax upon it. — Recorders,¹ during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLES on a Hears, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA, in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white: NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute

To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful

Your duties or obedience is, to render

Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,

Who have been ever fortunate in princes

Of masculine and stirring composition ?

A woman has enough to govern wisely

Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.

A nation warlike, and inured to practice

Of policy and labour, cannot brook

A feminine authority: we therefore

Command your counsel, how you may advise us

In choosing of a husband, whose abilities

Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,

Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens

Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice

By your own judgment both allowed and liked of,

Sparta may grow in power and proceed

To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind ?

Bass. Alas, great mistress ! reason is so clouded

With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,

That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.

Give me some corner of the world to wear out

The remnant of the minutes I must number,

Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints

Of virgins who have lost contracted partners ;

Of husbands howling that their wives were ravished

By some untimely fate ; of friends divided

By churlish opposition ; or of fathers

Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcasses ;

Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,

And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort

As musical as theirs. What can you look for

From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,

But craziness of age ?

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently

To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely

What articles I would propose to treat on,

Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds ; then in Argos

Armotes might be viceroy ; in Messene

Might Crotolon bear sway ; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen ? alas ! what I ?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal ;

The multitudes of high employments could not

But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,

Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,

Should wait upon your person, in your chamber :

I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,

She'll prove a constant wife ; and Philema

Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament !

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be performed.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus ;

He should be, cousin, solemnly invested

In all those honours, titles, and preferments

Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,

Too short a time enjoyed.

Pro. I am unworthy

To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady !

Near. Madam, what means that word, "neglected husband" ?

Cal. Forgive me :—now I turn to thee, thou shadow

Of my contracted lord ! Bear witness all,

I put my mother's wedding-ring upon

His finger :—'twas my father's last bequest.

[*Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.*

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am.

Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,

I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture.

When one news straight came huddling on another,

Of death ! and death ! and death ! still I danced forward ;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,

Yet live to court new pleasures, and outlive them :

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.

—Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last !—[*Kisses ITH.*—
crack, crack—

Argos now's Sparta's king. Command the voices

Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song

I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song !

¹ *Recorders*, small flutes with a note like the music of birds, whence their name :

"Fair Philomel, night music of the spring,
Sweetly records her tuneful harmony." (Drayton.)

DIRGE.

Cho. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delight, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.

First voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second. Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.

Third. Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Cho. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care :
Love only reigns in death ; though art
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN HEART.

Arm. Look to the queen !

Bass. Her heart is broke indeed.
Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst missed this part !
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus ! thus said he :
When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

'Tis here fulfilled.
Near. I am your king.
All. Long live
Nearchus, King of Sparta !
Near. Her last will
Shall never be digressed from ; wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
The counsels of the gods are never known
Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt.*TRAGEDY AND COMEDY. (From a Roman Bas-relief of the Apotheosis of Homer.)¹

The opposition of the Puritans to plays took its bitterest form in the year of the publication of Ford's "Broken Heart." William Prynne then published (A.D. 1633) "Histrio-mastix. The Players Scourge, or Actors Tragedie, Divided into Two Parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture, of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell ; of 55 Synodes and Councils ; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the year of our Lord 1200 ; of about 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since ; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets, of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republicques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates ; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonick, Imperiall Constitutions ; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Vniversities, Writers, Preachers. That popular Stage-playes (the very Pomps of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we believe the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions ; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage-players ; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseeeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully

answered ; and the unlawfulness of acting, of beholding Academicall Enterludes, briefly discussed ; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c., of which the Table will informe you." The mottoes on Prynne's title-page are as diffuse as the title itself, and the book extends to more than a thousand pages of small quarto. The book represented Puritan opinion upon such matters in its narrowest and most intemperate form. All who danced or looked on at dancing were said to assist at a lewd service of the devil. Whoever danced broke all the ten commandments ; and so forth. As the Queen danced in court masques, Prynne was said to have insulted the Queen, and was subjected to a material persecution as intemperate as his own shower of mere words. The sentence of the Star Chamber on the 17th of February, 1634 (1633, old style), was "That Master Prynne should be committed to prison during life, pay a fine of 5,000 pounds to the King, be expelled Lincoln's Inn, disbarred, and disabled ever to exercise the profession of a barrister ; degraded by the University of Oxford of his degree there taken ; and that done, be set in the Pillory at Westminster, with a paper on his head declaring the nature of his offence, and have one of his ears there cut off, and at another time be set in the pillory in Cheapside, with a paper as aforesaid, and there have his other ear cut off ; and that a fire shall be made before the said pillory, and the hangman being there ready for that purpose, shall publicly in disgraceful manner cast all the said books which could be produced into the fire to be

¹ For this cut and those figures from the antique which have been used to illustrate Massinger's "Roman Actor," I am indebted to the plates in Montfaucon's "Antiquité Expliquée."

burnt, as unfit to be seen by any hereafter." The government that sought thus passionately to repress opinion might well come to an evil end. Prynne lived to see what was for him a day of vengeance.

The best of the Puritans—John Milton—Puritan in the high spiritual sense, and no slave to the narrow prejudices of his time, knew the worth of the stage. At this time he was at Horton, where he wrote "L'Allegro." When the play was good, and the stage trod by actors able to interpret it, play-going was for him one of the social pleasures that produce a healthy cheerfulness:

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

beth's Lord Keeper, who became Lord Ellesmere before his death in 1617. But his third wife held and retained during her second widowhood the higher title derived from her first husband, and was still the Dowager Countess of Derby, seventy-four years old, and within two or three years of her death, when "Arcades" was written for her. Her second husband's son by a former marriage, John Egerton, who was made Earl of Bridgewater after his father's death, married a daughter of hers by the Earl of Derby, and thus became both stepson and son-in-law. He had many children, and on some day of family interest, these children and other descendants joined in an act of loving homage to the old lady, who lived at Harefield, about ten miles from Milton's home at Horton. Perhaps they first took Henry Lawes, the music-master, into council. Milton's father



HAREFIELD PLACE. (From Nichols's "Progresses of Elizabeth.")

It is worth notice that Milton wrote his masque of "Comus" in the year after the appearance of Prynne's "Histrio-mastix." It was a stage performance that abounded in dancing, and might serve as an answer in kind to Prynne's intemperance of judgment.

In 1634 Milton, born on the 9th of December, 1608, was in his twenty-sixth year. He had already, we may suppose, pleased the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, by his little domestic masque of "Arcades," written for the Earl's stepmother and mother-in-law, the Countess of Derby. That old lady had been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, when, in her youth, the poet Spenser dedicated to her his "Tears of the Muses." It was her rare honour to have had one poem dedicated to her by Spenser in her youth, and another written for her by Milton in her age. When Spenser dedicated to her, in 1591, she was the wife of Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, who became fifth Earl of Derby in 1593, and died in 1594. His widow, as Dowager Countess of Derby, married six years afterwards Sir Thomas Egerton, Queen Eliza-

was a musician and friend of musicians, and it may have been Lawes who suggested asking young John Milton for the words that were to be said and sung. The Countess of Derby's seat at Harefield was in a richly-wooded district. An unobtrusive family offering of compliment in verse could not be more simply planned than Milton has planned this. The young members of the family put on the pastoral dress, so often in request, that it must have been as much part of the wardrobe of a person in society as the domino of later days. They then became Arcades, the Arcadians. The old lady sat in the garden, the grandchildren and other relatives formed procession at the house and marched towards her. As they turned the corner and came in sight they began to sing—

Look, nymphs and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry?

During the song they advanced until they stood before her. Then one habited as the Genius of the Woods about Harefield stepped forward to pay

delicate homage to their mistress. Then the children kissed the grandmother's robe ("Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem"), and sang themselves into a dance before her, till a second song called them away. And that was all. The genius of the poet had assisted simply at a graceful utterance of family affection and homage of youth to age.

COMUS,

produced at Ludlow Castle on the 29th of September, 1634, was, as completely as any human work can be, the reverse of a pomp of the devil. In June, 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater became Lord President of the West, that is to say, of Wales and the four adjacent counties—Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire. The office was like that of the Lord Deputy—now called Lord Lieutenant—in Ireland, and the viceroyal court was held at Ludlow Castle in Shropshire. The Earl of Bridgewater did not go into residence at Ludlow before October, 1633. In 1634 his whole family had joined him, and he resolved then to give a state entertainment, representing royal hospitality, that should include a masque. Henry Lawes, musician and music-master, was again called into council, and John Milton, then in his twenty-sixth year, was asked for the words. He chose to grace the festival—at a time when hard drinking had come into fashion—with a genial plea for temperance. Comus had come down from old Greek times as the personification of unmeasured mirth, of

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.

He is that in Milton's masque. It was a recommendation of the subject that there was ample range for the mask-maker, since he had to furnish heads for the rout of followers of Comus, who by intemperance degrade themselves to beasts, and in whom,

Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before.¹

¹ The songs of the time of Charles I. abounded with strains in which excess was treated as a higher comeliness. Thus John Cleveland sang—

"Come let us drink away the time,
When wine runs high wit's in the prime.
Wine makes the soul for action fit,
Who drinks most wine hath the most wit."

And Robert Heath—

"'Tis wine in love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine."

And Sir John Suckling—

"The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth—
That nothing is done with much thinking:
He drunk and he fought,
Till he had what he sought:
The world was his own by good drinking."

Knowing that the chief actors in the masque at Ludlow were to be the three youngest children of the Lord President's family (a girl and two boys), Milton provided them with parts that in no way took them out of their own characters, unless it were by identifying them with absolute innocence and purity. In 1634, the Earl of Bridgewater's ten living children (five others had died) were eight daughters—Frances, Arabella, Elizabeth, Mary, Penelope, Catharine, Magdalen, Alice; after whom came the two boys, John and Thomas, John being the son and heir, with title of Lord Brackley. Alice, the youngest girl, about fifteen years old, was the Lady in Comus; and her two younger brothers, John and Thomas, played their own parts. The three children, in fact, represented in the masque none but themselves. They were supposed to cross the stage from back to front, to be introduced to their father and mother, who sat in the front row of the audience. The stage was made to represent a wood, the old type of our world; and in this world of ours in the days of Charles I., partly an actual corruption of manners, partly a combative desire in the King's friends to flout the Puritans and show that they were staunch, had caused many to vaunt drunkenness and sensual excess as virtues of good fellowship and hospitality. Such as these were the dazzling spells that Comus hurled into the spongy air "of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion." This false view of social enjoyment was the power of the charming-rod of Comus, that made evil appear good. Temptations such as these beset innocent youth, and of them Milton devised his allegory. Since God cares for His children, the scene opened with the descent of a guardian angel, or Attendant Spirit, who thus tells his mission for the help of such as

By due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

Within our sea-girt isle the Earl of Bridgewater comes to the west to rule the Welsh—or, in other words,

—all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was despatched for their defence and guard.
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circé's island fell—who knows not Circé,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup

Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy-berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named.
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And, in thick shelter of black shades embowered,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art;
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drought of Phœbus: which as they taste—
 For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst—
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before;
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

The guardian angel comes therefore to aid the innocent, and puts off his sky robes to take the shape of

A swain

That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods.

While there is fitness in this association of the heavenly guide with harmony, this and another passage doubtless include an under-touch of compliment to Henry Lawes, who acted the part of the Attendant Spirit. Upon the voice that speaks of care in heaven follows the wild sound of careless riot upon earth. Comus enters with his crew of followers, "headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts." They express their character in Bacchanalian song and dance, and hide among the trees at the approach of some chaste footing, an innocent life that Comus waits to win into his company.

Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circé. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares.

Comus steps aside when the Lady enters—the Lady

Alice Egerton, who represents no other than herself, except that by her purity of thought and word she becomes identified with the principle to which Comus is opposite. Her words express absolute purity, and faith of the pure soul in a protecting God. Parted from her brothers in the night, whose darkness brings no fear, she seeks to make her voice reach them in song. Milton here gives to the Lady Alice an echo song, and Henry Lawes would be content with such an opportunity of showing how his pupil had profited by good instruction. But the Lady's song typifies, as the after comment of Comus shows, the sacred harmony of a pure soul, best harmony of earth, to which Heaven seems to answer with "resounding grace." Comus, in comment, feels the difference between the voice of a pure innocence that aids with a real joy, and the beguiling strains of an impure pleasure that takes strength away.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted night!
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of Darkness till it smiled. I have oft heard
 My mother Circé with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiads,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.

When Comus, disguised, tempts to what he calls his "low, but loyal cottage," the Lady who is trustful becomes ignorant of evil; her final trust is the secure one, and she follows with a prayer—

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on.

When the two boys, her brothers, enter next, searching in darkness for their sister, their thoughts are those of innocent minds strengthened by study. The elder, as more taught, strengthens the younger, who is more disposed to fear, and draws aid from Plato to faith in the strength of innocence.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. But when lust,

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Often seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. B. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

The divine philosophy that on the lips of the elder charmed the younger brother, was taken straight from a passage in Plato's "Phædo." To the boys thus communing together comes the guardian angel with his aid. He is habited like a shepherd. "Oh, Brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure." God's shepherd, and their Father's shepherd still. Association of the spirit with sweet music again admits an under-note of reference to Henry Lawes.

Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.

When the brothers are warned by him of their sister's danger, the younger asks—

Is this the confidence

You gave me, Brother?

Eld. B. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

But the boys' readiness to seek out the magician sword in hand is met with warning of the mastery of Comus over mere brute strength.

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

When Ulysses in the island of Circe—who stands for lusts of the flesh—went to rescue from the spells of the enchantress his friends, whom she had transformed into swine, he was met by Hermes, the god representing intellect, and warned that he could not

resist her power without a charm given by him, and that was the herb moly, with a black root and white flower, hard to be dug by men. By this Homer meant knowledge that comes of toil, and gives the spirit power to resist enticements of the flesh. Milton refers to this passage in the "Odyssey," when he makes his attendant spirit give to the brothers a like lesson, and raise the herb hamony—name from a word meaning skilled by experience; the experience that study brings—above moly, as far as knowledge, quickened by Christ's teaching, is above the knowledge of the ancient world. The shepherd lad in the following passage is any poor wise man, who, though of small regard with men, may hold communion with the angels; and the "dull swain" is any man, poor or rich, by whom the wisdom bred of study is contemned.¹

¹ This is the passage in the tenth book of the "Odyssey" which Milton has here in mind, and on which also he bases the references to Circe. I quote through the beautiful translation of the "Odyssey" into Spenserian stanza, by Philip Stanhope Worsley.

Then in two bands I numbered all my train,
Each with its claret. One to myself I took,
One did to fair Eurylochus pertain.
Then we the lots in steely helmet shook,
And his leapt forth; nor he the work forsook,
But passed with twain-and-twenty ranged around,
Weeping; we after them yearned many a look
Weeping. So in the woods the house they found
Of Circe, stone well-hewn, and on conspicuous ground.

Wolves of the mountain all around the way,
And lions, softened by the spells divine,
As each her philters had partaken, lay.
These cluster round the men's advancing line
Fawning like dogs, who, when their lord doth dine,
Wait till he issues from the banquet-hall,
And for the choice gifts which his hands assign
Fawn, for he ne'er forgets them—so these all
Fawn on our friends, whom much the unwonted sights appal.

Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear
A voice of singing from a lovely place,
Where Circe weaves her great web year by year,
So shining, slender, and instinct with grace,
As weave the daughters of immortal race.
Then said Polites, nearest, first in worth
Of all my friends: "Hark! through the echoing space
Floats a sweet music charming air and earth!
Call! for some goddess bright or woman gave it birth."

Thus spake he, and they lifted up their voice
And called her. She the brilliant doors anon
Unfolding bade them in her halls rejoice;
Who entered in not knowing, save alone
Eurylochus, misdoubting fraud. Full soon
Benches and chairs in fair array she set,
And mixing meal and honey, poured thereon
Strong Pramnian wine, and with the food they ate
Beat up her baleful drugs, to make them quite forget

Their country. They receiving drunk, unwise,
Forthwith she smote them with her wand divine,
And drove them out, and shut them close in styes,
Where they the head, voice, form, and hair of swine
Took, but the heart stayed same, as ere the wine
Confused them; they thus to their lairs retreat;
She food, whereon the brutish herd might dine,
Furnished, mast, acorns, their familiar meat,
Such as earth-groveling swine are ever wont to eat.

Then sought Eurylochus the swift black ship,
The bitter fortune of his friends to tell;
Nor, when he came there, could he stir a lip,
Nor the thing show that in his soul did swell.

Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd-lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out.
The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil,
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you—
As I will give you when we go—you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand.

Tongueless he stood, heart-wounded, weak to quell
The agony within; a dark dumb ram
Of weeping ever from his eyelids fell;
Much did we wonder and enquire his pain,
Till words at last he found his anguish to make plain.

"Searching as thou, Odysseus, didst command,
We a fair palace in the woodland gain,
Where one that plied the distaff with her hand
Sang sweet—divine or mortal. Then my train
Called her, and she, the brilliant portals twain
Unfolding, bade them to her halls; but I,
Doubtful of guile, without the doors remain.
There all the rest are vanished utterly;
Sitting long time I watched; not one could I descry."

Forthwith my silver-hilted sword I take,
Arrows and bow, and bid him go before;
But he with both hands clasped my knees, and spake
Accents of winged words, bewailing sore:
"Force me not, hero, to that hated door!
Drag me not hence to perish! for I know
Thou and thy comrades will return no more.
Rather with these right quickly let us go,
And save our souls through fight, and shun the evil woe."

But I: "Eurylochus, abide thou here
Fast by the hollow ship, and drink and eat;
But I will hence. Necessity severe
Constrains me." Thus I passing turned my feet
On through the glens for the divine retreat
Of Circe; and a youth, in form and mould
Fair as when tender manhood seems most sweet,
Beautiful Hermes, with the wand of gold,
Met me alone and there my hand in his did fold.

The Brothers, like the Lady, proceed to the house of
Comus with a prayer for God's protection:

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

In the next scene the Lady in the stately palace
of Comus, set amongst his revellers in the charmed
chair, from which she cannot rise, was in the position
of many an innocent youth in the days of
Charles the First and after them, bound by what
were regarded as the laws of hospitality to presence
at a drunken revel. The dialogue between Comus
and the Lady shows us the two principles represented
by them reasoning out in argument Milton's
plea for temperance. The brothers then rush in,
break the Enchanter's glass, but let Comus himself
escape. "Oh, ye mistook," the Spirit tells them,

Ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

Without reversal of the charming-rod that cheats
the eye with false appearances—change of the social
opinion that establishes under fair name an evil
usage—Comus will still be master of his crew. But
as the Lady must be rescued from her thralldom,
the allegory is changed to a raising of the Spirit of
Temperance, typified by pure water drops that might
have been taken from any stream, but at Ludlow
were taken from the river of Shropshire by raising
the nymph of the Severn, who undoes the charm.

Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,

"Whither," he said, "wouldst thou thy steps incline,
Ah! hapless, all unweeting of thy way?
Thy friends lie huddling in their styes like swine;
And these wouldst thou deliver? I tell thee nay—
Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.
Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,
For I will save thee from thine ills this day,
Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,
Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.

"Drink will she mix, and in thy food will charm
Drugs, but in vain, because I give thee now
This antidote beyond her power of harm.
When she shall smite thee with her wand, do thou
Draw thy sharp sword, and fierce design avow
To slay her. She will bid thee to her bed,
Fearing thy lifted arm and threatening brow.
Nor thou refuse, that so her heart be led
To loose thy luckless friends, and on thee kindness shed

"But by the grand oath of immortals blest
First bind her, ere thou yield, that she no wrong
Scheme for thy ruin in her secret breast,
Lest, naked and unmanned, thou linger long
Pent in vile durance with her swinish throng."
Therewith the root he tore up from the ground,
Black, with a milk-white flower, in heavenly tongue
Called Moly, and its nature did expound—
Hard to be dug by men; in gods all power is found.

Then to the far Olympus Hermes went,
Sheer through the woodland isle; but I repaired
Onward to Circe's halls magnificent,
And with a heaving heart the danger dared.

Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble, venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost its hold.

Here follow rustic dances before a scene representing Ludlow town and castle, after which the Attendant Spirit brings the three children to the front and presents them to their father and mother :

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays,
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

Next follow allegorical dances by the chief characters of the masque, in which the children join, the dances figuring the lesson of the poem. All then closes with the Spirit's epilogue, which is summed up by opposing this thought to the faith of the wild revellers that virtue dwells with sour severity while the free life is theirs :

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphyry chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

There is a harmless touch of the bacchanalian view of free life in Thomas Randolph's "Aristippus," written in 1630, as a playful Cambridge interlude in honour of good sack and in contempt of beer. Randolph died, but twenty-seven years old, in 1634, the year of the production of "Comus." He had been educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree, was a good scholar and a good wit, and wrote among his five dramatic pieces one called

THE MUSES' LOOKING-GLASS.

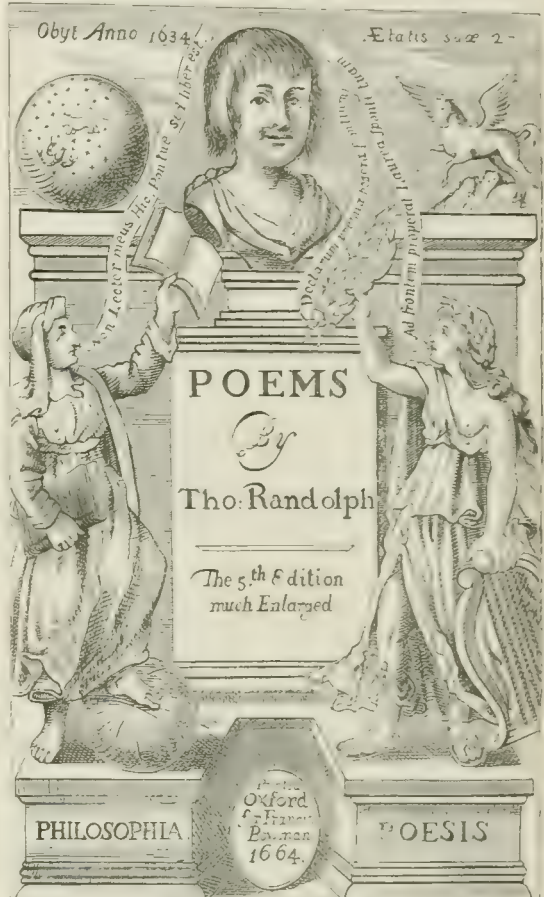
in defence of plays. This is the opening :—

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter BIRD, a Featherman, and MISTRESS FLOWERDEW, wife to a Haberdashier of small wares; the one having brought feathers to the playhouse, the other pins and looking-glasses—two of the sanctified fraternity of Black Friars.

Flow. See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuffed,
Stuffed, and stuffed full as a cushion
With the lewd reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before inns?
Yes, I will say inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour such
As travelled to destruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.



FRONTISPIECE OF RANDOLPH'S POEMS WITH HIS EFFIGIE.
From the 1664 Edition of his Poems.

Flow. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new-built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Flow. I say, no works are good.

Good works are merely popish, and apocryphal.

Bird. But the bad abound, surround, yea, and confound.

No marvel now if playhouses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.

Flow. Flat fornication!
I wonder anybody takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a ——— tragedy I think they call it:
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.

Flow. Or you sell feathers, brother
But are they not hanged for it?

Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance medley; and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or anybody;
We cannot put our moneys to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Flow. Is not this flat conjuring,
'To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?

Bird. That's nothing, Mistress Flowerdew, they will
play

'The knave, the fool, the devil, and all for money.

Flow. Impiety! Oh, that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!

Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparitors,
Beadles, and marshals' men, the needful instruments
Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters? for they are monsters, they are monsters,
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deformed,
Pernicious monsters?

Flow. I have heard our vicar
Call playhouses the Colleges of Transgression,
Wherein the Seven Deadly Sins are studied.

Bird. Why, then, the city will in time be made
An University of Iniquity.
We dwell by Black Friars College, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
'Oh, impudence!

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning playhouses.

Bird. For charity, what is it?

Flow. That the Globe,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consumed: the Phoenix burnt to ashes.
'The Fortune whipped for a blind [trull]: Black Friars
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' th' time of Reformation. Lastly he wished
The Bull might cross the Thames to the bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird. A good prayer.

Flow. Indeed it something pricks my conscience
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custom, too, for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SCENE 2.

Enter ROSCIUS, a Player.

Mr. Roscius, we have brought the things you spake.

Ros. Why, 'tis well.

Flow. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

Ros. We use them in our play.

Bird. Are you a player?

Ros. I am, sir, what of that?

Bird. And is it lawful?

Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?

Flow. And so impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by sin?

Ros. My spleen is up. And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to joint gewgaws, and to knit together
Gorgetts, strips, neckcloths, laces, ribbons, ruffs,
And many other such-like toys as these,
To make the baby bride a pretty puppet?
And you, sweet featherman, whose ware, though light,
O'erweighs your conscience. What serves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vainglory? spoiling the peacock's tail
To adorn an idiot's cockcomb: Oh, dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood, what we do mean
For good and honest; they abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice: indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live we see
Like cooks by pampering prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one play
Laughed into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
And foppish humours: hence the cause doth rise,—
Men are not won by the ears so well as eyes.
First see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able
To unsanctify our eyes, and make 'em carnal.

Ros. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No, sister, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.

Flow. I am content.

Ros. Then take your places here, I will come to you,
And moralise the plot.

Flow. That moralising
I do approve, it may be for instruction.

SCENE 3.

Enter a Deformed Fellow.

Def. Roscius, I hear you have a new play to-day.

Ros. We want not you to play Mephistopheles.
A pretty natural wizard!

Def. What have you there?

Ros. A looking-glass or two.

Def. What things are they?

Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here?
I've seen a devil. Looking-glasses call you them?
There is no basilisk but a looking-glass.

Ros. 'Tis your own face you saw.

Def. My own? thou liest;
I'd not be such a monster for the world.

Ros. Look in it now with me, what see'st thou now?

Def. An angel and a devil.

Ros. Look on that
Thou call'st an angel, mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face?

Def. As 'twere the same.

Ros. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the glass, but thy deformity,
That makes this ugly shape; if they be fair
That view the glass, such the reflections are.
This serves the body; the soul sees her face
In comedy, and has no other glass.

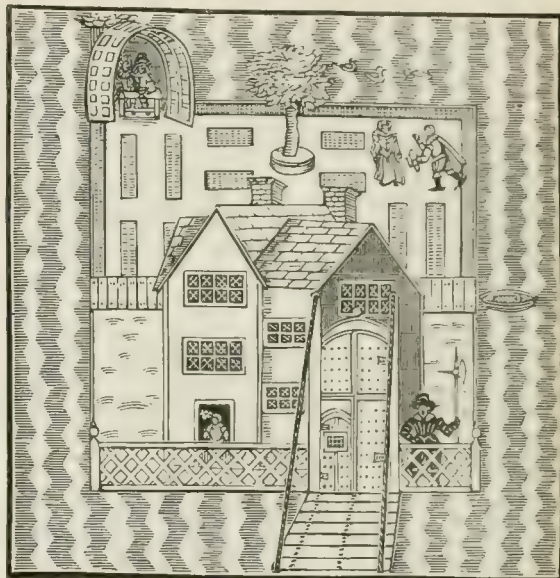
Def. Nay then, farewell, for I had rather see
Hell than a looking-glass or comedy. [*Exit Def.*]

Ros. And yet methinks if 't were not for this glass,
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,
We could not find another way to see
How near our shapes approach divinity.
Ladies, let those who will your glass deride,
And say it is an instrument of pride;
I will commend you for it: there you see
If you be fair how truly fair ye be;
Where finding beauteous faces, I do know
You'll have the greater care to keep them so.
A heavenly vision in your beauty lies,
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes;
Were it not pity, you alone should be
Debarred of that others are blessed to see;
Then take your glasses, and yourselves enjoy
The benefit of yourselves; it is no toy,
Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her,
That will preserve us good, or make us better.
A country slut (for such she was, though here
I' th' city may be some, as well as there),
Kept her hands clean (for those being always seen,
Had told her else how sluttish she had been),
But had her face as nasty as the stall
Of a fishmonger, or an usurer's hall
Daubed o'er with dirt: one might have dared to say
She was a true piece of Prometheus clay,
Not yet informed; and then her unkembed hair
Dressed up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare;
One day within her pail (for country lasses,
Fair ladies, have no other looking-glasses),
She spied her ugliness, and fain she would
Have blushed, if thorough so much dirt she could:
Ashamed, within that water, that, I say,
Which showed her filth, she washed her filth away.
So comedies, as poets do intend them,
Serve first to show our faults, and then to mend them.
Upon our stage two glasses off there be,
The comic mirror, and the tragedy:
The comic glass is full of merry strife,
The low reflection of a country life.
Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports,
Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.

The play afterwards following the doctrine of Aristotle, that Virtue is seated in the mean, and that each vice is either the too much or too little of a virtue, shows the Vices by characteristic dialogue between pairs of extremes. After which, Mediocrity, the Golden Mean, Mother of Virtue, introduces her daughter with a long speech, and Bird and Flowerdew are treated to a Masque of the Virtues.

But angry Puritans still warred against the stage, and as the civil troubles gathered strength the drama suffered more and more neglect. Young poets who would have written many plays had they been born in the preceding reign, wrote songs, and each a play or two. Shakerley Marmion published in 1632 a play called "*Holland's Leaguer*," and in 1633 his "*Fine Companion*." *Holland's Leaguer* was a place of garden entertainment within the moat that surrounded the old Manor House of Paris Garden. Sir John Suckling wrote "*Aglaura*," "*Brennoralt*," and "*The Goblins*" before his death in 1641. William

Habington produced "*The Queen of Arragon*" in 1640. William Cartwright, one of the most spiritual and accomplished of the young Oxford men of his



HOLLAND'S LEAGUER.

From the Title-page of a Pamphlet dated 1632.

day, a "seraphical preacher" as well as a lyric poet, dramatist, and a loyal friend to the king, died of camp-fever in 1643, when he was but thirty-two years old. One of his four plays was

THE ROYAL SLAVE,

first acted on the 30th of August, 1636, before the king and queen at Oxford, by students of Cartwright's own college, Christchurch, and first printed at Oxford in 1639. The habits Persian, the scene Sardis, its plot is founded on a notion "that 'tis the custom of the Persian kings, after a conquest, to take one of the captives and adorn him with all the robes of majesty, giving him all privileges for three full days, that he may do what he will, and then be certainly led to death." After a victory over the Ephesians, from among the enslaved prisoners from Ephesus, Cratander, who excels his fellows in nobility of character, is chosen and invested with this three days' royalty. Thus he becomes "the Royal Slave."

ACT I., SCENE I.—Philotas, Stratocles, Leocrates, Archippus, Ephesian captives of a baser nature, drink and riot in their prison, and mock Molops their gaoler.

SCENE 2.—Arsamnes, King of Persia, accompanied by his four lords Praxaspes, Hydarnes, Masistes, and Orontes, with Priests, enter the prison to select the captive who is to be the chosen sacrifice to their god, and made royal for three days before his death. They scorn the prisoners they see, "their blood runs thick;" but the gaoler is sent for one whom he had set apart as, in his opinion, "wondrous heavy and bookish, and therefore unfit for any honour." Molops then brings Cratander, at whose approach Arsamnes says,—

See, there comes one
Armed with a serious and majestic look
As if he'd read philosophy to a king :
We've conquered something now. What read'st thou
there ?

Molops. I believe he's conning a hymn against the
good time.

Cratander. 'Tis a discourse o' the Nature of the Soul,
That shows the vicious, slaves ; but the well inclined,
Free and their own, though conquered.

Cratander still speaks nobly, and is asked whether, if
he had vows to pay, he would sacrifice the best or
worst. He would give the best to the gods. Then
answers Arsannes—

Bravely said.
But 'tis pity thou hast reasoned all this while
Against thyself, for our Religion doth
Require the immolation of one captive ;
And thou hast proved that he is best bestowed
Who best deserveth to be spared.

Cratander, having sworn by the sceptre to be
faithful to the state, is robed by a priest who sings—

Come from the dungeon to the throne,
To be a King and straight be none.
Reign, then, awhile that thou mayst be
Fitter to fall by Majesty.

Chorus. So beasts for sacrifice we feed ;
First they are crowned, and then they bleed.

Priest. Wash with thy blood what wars have done
Offensive to our God, the Sun :
That as thou fallest we may see
Him pleased, and set as red as thee.
Enjoy the glories then of state
Whiles pleasures ripen thee for fate.

Chorus. So beasts for sacrifice we feed ;
First they are crowned, and then they bleed.

Arsannes. Now then, Cratander, I do here indulge
thee
All the prerogatives of Majesty
For three full days ; which being expired, that then
Thou mayst fall honourably, I intend
To strike the blow myself.

Cratander remains master of himself. His first
order is for the release of his fellow-captives, and for
reinforcement of battle to complete the victory over
the Ephesians. The Persian lords obey unwillingly.

SCENES 3, 4.—Atossa, Queen of Persia, talks of
the three days' king with the Persian lords and her
ladies, Mandane and Ariene. His recognised nobility
of thought and bearing causes the queen, when she
hears of it, to say—

If he do well,
And keep his virtues up until his fall,
I'll pay a good wish to him as he's going,
And a fair mention of him when he's gone.

SCENE 5.—Arsannes enters to the lords after
Atossa and her ladies have departed.

Arsannes. How doth our new King bear his royalty ?
Praxaspes. If he go still on thus, his three days' folly
Will fill your annals.

He draws the admiration of the noblest ; wins the
compassion of Atossa. The promise of the three
days' royalty must be faithfully kept, but the Royal
Slave must be watched narrowly. Says Arsannes—

He must live
And reign his time prescribed ; but he must not
Perform the actions he intends. Let then
All the delights and pleasures that a slave
Admires in kings be offered. Though an hundred
Still watchful eyes beset his head, yet there
Is one way left ; music may subtly creep
And rock his senses so that all may sleep.

ACT II., SCENES 1, 2, 3.—Cratander, in a stately
palace, scorns the luxuries of meat and drink, and
blandishments of music that appeal to sensual
delight. To the lords who bring such music he
says—

I did expect some solemn Hymn of the
Great World's Beginning, or some brave captain's
Deserving deeds extolled in lofty numbers.
These softer subjects grate our ears. But what
Are these, my lord ? the minstrels ?

All such temptations are in vain, and from a
gallery above, Queen Atossa and her ladies have
been witnesses of Cratander's worth.

SCENE 4.—The baser Ephesian captives enter in
rich Persian habits, show their baser nature, and
are carrying off Atossa's ladies, when

SCENE 5.—Cratander meets them, rescues the two
ladies, and threatens the four slaves, his countrymen,
with prison for their next offence. Left alone with
his high thoughts, there falls before him a gold chain
thrown by Atossa from above.

What ? More temptations yet ? Ha, whence ? from
whom ?

The heavens I hope don't drop down follies too !
No arm out of the clouds ? A chain ! Why this
Is but an exprobaton of my late
Distress'd fortune. 'Tis rich yet, and royal :
It can't be th' wealth of any but the throne.
Fall out what will, I'll wear it till I know
From whence it came.

SCENE 6.—Hippias and Phocion, two disguised
fellow-citizens from Ephesus, now find Cratander,
and use all their eloquence to urge him through love
of his native city, to use his three days' opportunity
for its deliverance out of the hands of the Persians.
But Cratander answers that he has sworn to the
King of Persia

Faith to his sceptre and himself, and must
Ask his leave ere I do betray his country.

He holds by truth against all pleas of patriotism,
but his soul is shaken. "Be then," says one of the
Ephesian emissaries—

Be then thy name
 Blasted to all posterity, and let
 Our wretched nephews when their souls shall labour
 Under the Persian yoke, curse thee, and say
 This slavery we owe unto Cratander.

Cratander. Pray, stay, I will go with you, and consider.
 How am I straitened! Life is short unto me:
 And th' good man's end ought still to be a business.
 We must die doing something, lest perhaps
 We lose our deaths: we must not yet do ill,
 That we misplace not action. If I strike
 On this hand, I'm a parricide; if on that,
 The same brand waits me too. How do? I tremble
 Like to the doubtful needle 'twixt two loadstones,
 At once inclining unto both, and neither.
 Here piety calls me; there my justice stops me.
 It is resolved. Faith shall consist with both,
 And aged Fame after my death shall tell,
 Betwixt two sins Cratander did do well.

So ends the Second Act.

ACT III., SCENE 1.—The four meaner Ephesians are drinking with Molops, who says, "You Grecians, I think, have sponges in your maws; 'tis but setting your hands to your sides and squeezing yourselves, and presently you drink as much as before." They fall into unmeasured mirth, with bacchanalian singing.

Thus then we chase the night
 With these true floods of light,
 This Lesbian wine which, with its sparkling streams
 Darting diviner graces,
 Casts glories round our faces,
 And dulls the taper with majestic beams.

Chorus. Then laugh we, and quaff we, until our rich
 noses
 Grow red and contest with our chaplets of roses.

SCENE 2.—Cratander enters to them with a stern rebuke of drunkenness. When he has left them they rebel against him as insufferable.

SCENE 3.—The Persian lords Praxaspes and Masistes join the angry and drunken Ephesians, and tempt them to kill Cratander before his time. The dead ne'er go to sacrifice; Cratander's time of royalty must therefore be pieced out by one of the other captives—one of themselves will have a taste of royal pleasures. They drink as they plot assassination, and Cratander, who is watchful, overhears them.

SCENE 4 is between Cratander and Atossa. He will not return her chain, but finds in her favour a pure joy that wins from her an affection not less pure. "I can distinguish," he says—

betwixt love and love,
 'Tween flames and good intents, nay, between flames
 And flames themselves; the grosser now fly up
 And now fall down again, still coveting new
 Matter for food, consuming and consumed.
 But the pure clearer flames that shoot up always
 In one continued pyramid of lustre
 Know no commerce with earth, but unmixed still
 And still aspiring upwards—if that may
 Be called aspiring which is nature—have
 This property of immortality,

Still to suffice themselves, neither devouring
 Nor yet devoured: and such I knowledge yours,
 On which I look as on refined ideas
 That know no mixture or corruption,
 Being one eternal simpleness. That these
 Should from the circle of their chaster glories
 Dart out a beam on me, is far beyond
 All human merit, and I may conclude
 They've only their own nature for a cause,
 And that they're good, they are diffusive too.

Atossa. Your tongue hath spoke your thoughts so
 nobly that

I bear a pity to your virtues, which
 Ere night shed poppy twice o'er th' wearied world
 Must only be in those two registers,
 Annals and Memory. Could you but contrive
 How you might live without an injury
 Unto religion, you should have this glory,
 To have a queen your instrument.

He asks her aid not in the saving of his own life, but in securing the well-being of both Greece and Persia. Praxaspes and Masistes will not allow Cratander to be trusted with an army, believing that he would use it to betray the kingdom to which he has sworn fidelity. But his intent is only to perfect the conquest of Arsamnes, and by so doing benefit his own country. The queen promises help, with the thought to herself as he leaves her, that—

In great designs
 Valour helps much, but virtuous love doth more.

SCENE 5.—Arsamnes enters to his queen, and protests against her gift of her chain—her favour—to a slave—

Atossa. Doth not the Sun, the Sun which yet you
 worship,
 Send beams to other than yourself? Yet those
 Which dwell on you lose neither light nor heat,
 Coming not thence less vigorous or less chaste?
 Would you seal up a fountain? or confine
 The air unto your walk? would you enjoin
 The flower to cast no smell but as you pass?
 Love is as free as fountain, air, or flower,
 For't stands not in a point; 'tis large, and may
 Like streams give verdure to this plant, that tree,
 Nay, that whole field of flowers, and yet still run
 In a most faithful course towards the bosom
 Of the loved ocean.

Arsamnes reasons only to become more conscious of the simple purity of Atossa, transparent as her crystal, but more spotless, and recognises in her kindness to Cratander "not the offence, but charity of love."

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—Atossa tells Mandane, Ariene, and other ladies and "women of divers sorts" that the slaves mean, next night, to rise against their honour and their wealth.

To tell your husbands
 Were to procure a slaughter on both sides.
 If we avert the riot and become
 Our own defence, the honour, as the action,

Will be entirely ours: which may be done
Only by flying to Arsamnes' Castle,
A thing so easy, that 't will only be
To take the air for fame; and when we do
Return, our husbands shall strew praises in
Our ways, which we will tread on and contemn.
Omnes. Let's fly, let's fly, let's fly.

And so it is resolved.

SCENE 2.—His countrymen, the Ephesians, Hip-
pias and Phocion, still urge Cratander to save his
own Ephesus by breaking trust with Persia. Cra-
tander says—

Oh, Phocion!

Such men as you have made our Grecian faith
Become a proverb t' express treachery.
An oath's the same in Persia and in Greece,
And binds alike in either.

Ephesus is oppressed and weak, her allies fall from
her, she cannot regain a perfect liberty, but might
yet live protected as a weakened friend under the
Persian shelter; still keeping her laws and liberties.
At that mark Cratander aims. "Go then," he says—

And deal discreetly with the army; tell them
The tempest that is falling on their head,
Unless the Persian shield them. When you have
Persuaded them to this, conduct your forces
Towards Arsamnes' Castle, where the Queen
And ladies now expect me. But be sure
You come not within sight of Sardis.

Phocion. Why?

Shall we not march beyond the frontiers then?

Cratander. By no means; for you'll cut off all retreat.
Now, when you see the numerous Persians come,
You may securely fly without the loss
Of any. This will quell the future rising
Of those whose forwardness is not content
Either with the calm or tempest of affairs.
We must comply with Fortune now we're conquered.
Permit the rest unto the gods and me.

Having arranged so far, Cratander prepares to
meet the foreknown attempt upon his life by his own
countrymen.

SCENE 3.—"Leocrates and Archippus, after a while
Philotas and Stratocles, all four disguised in beggars'
habits, one having a leg, another an arm tied up:
all some counterfeiting of such maunding people.
Leocrates and Archippus peep out of the wood's side
at several places." They wait for Cratander, who, as
they have been told by Praxaspes, will pass that way.
He is not expected for an hour, yet Stratocles thinks
they have done ill to leave their weapons yonder.
Leocrates says pish, they can fetch them as soon as
they have agreed who is to kill Cratander. He shall
do it whom the next passenger declares to be fittest
to make a Persian priest.

SCENE 4.—Cratander comes upon them unex-
pectedly. They surround him as feigned beggars, and
ask which of the four is fittest to make a Persian
priest. He has servants, he says, who can settle
their doubts; calls his servants, orders the arrest of
the four rascals, shows that he knows all their

plotting, and bids them be led through the city, with
their assumed rags and sores and lamenesses, to
Molops the gaoler.

SCENE 5.—Hydarnes, Orontes, Praxaspes, and
Masistes are amazed to find that all the women are
gone, and there is not a smooth face left at court.
They have taken arms, it is found. But whither?
A messenger arrives bidding them make haste with
all their forces

To th' Queen and ladies in Arsamnes' Castle:
They now are likely to be all surprised
By the remainder of the Greeks.

Prax. Cratander,

That damnéd villain, hath enticed them thither
Merely to entrap them. Let us to the King:
We'll on, although against revolted slaves.
We fought with men before, but now with vice:
He calls for death that must be conquered twice.

ACT V., SCENE 1.—"Atossa, Mandane, Ariene,
with divers other women in warlike habits, dis-
covered on the castle walls, with Cratander fully
seated in the midst." Cratander expresses gratitude
to Atossa, who does so much that is heroic, of which
the reward can only be to rank her in story with a
slave.

Atossa. I do't not to the man, but to the virtue,
The deed's reward enough unto itself.

Cratander. 'T would be a piece of exemplary in-
gratitude

To bring you into any danger hence.
You're safe as in your court. Your subjects shall not
Run any doubtful hazard in the chance
Of an uncertain battle; their first step
Shall be victorious; and when your eloquence,
Guarded with beauty, shall procure the freedom
Of our enthralled City, the Ephesians
Shall know a goddess greater than their own,
And you depose our magnified Diana,
Having shrines in every breast outshining hers.
As for myself, I shall still live in those
Good benefits my country shall receive.
This day instating me in immortality,
While raising thus our City by my fall,
I shall go down a welcome shade, and dwell
Among the ancient fathers of my country.

SCENE 2.—"To them below Arsamnes, Hydarnes,
Orontes, Praxaspes, Masistes, and others in warlike
habits." They naturally misunderstand the position
of Cratander, when they observe—

how proudly he

Sits in the midst, hemmed in on every side
With beauties.

They cannot shoot at him without endangering the
women. The aggrieved Arsamnes calls to Atossa—

Credulous woman,

Descend, Arsamnes calls thee, if he be
A name regarded when Cratander's by.

Atossa. Most virtuous sir, you may expect, perhaps,
Atossa's breast grown strange and wrested from

Her wonted faith: but witness, O thou Sun,
Whom with a pious eye I now behold,
That I have neither tried to untie or loosen
That sacred knot; but what I've condescended
To aid thus far, is only a fair likeness
Of something that I love in you.

Arsamnes. If then
Your loyalty be still entire to me,
Shew it, and yield Cratander up to us.

Atossa. As his desires are honourable, so
Are our intents, with which there needs must stand
A resoluteness. It cannot be virtue
Unless't be constant too. Th' approach o' th' enemy
Forbids me to say more. On to your victory,
Your wonted art to conquer. They're the relics
Of a few scattered troops, the fragments of
The last meal that your swords made. On, and when
You have subdued them wholly, we will plant
Fresh bays unto your brows, and seal unto you
A peace as everlasting as our loves.

Soldiers within. Arm, arm, arm, arm!
Omnes. Methra and victory!

SCENE 5.—The King of Persia and his followers
go out to battle, and they return soon from an enemy
that fled at sight of them. Then Arsamnes tells the
women that their fears may sleep securely now—

Open the castle gates.

Atossa. But you must grant us some conditions first.

Arsamnes. Must we be artiled with by our women?
What is't, an't please the gods, that you require.

Atossa. Cratander's life.

Cratander. It is not in your power
To grant it, great Arsamnes. Your Queen speaks,
Out of a tender pity, to no purpose.

Atossa. Hear me, Arsamnes. Whom the raging sword
Hath spared, why should the peaceable destroy?

All hate's not ended in the field, I see;
There's something still more cruel after war.

Arsamnes. Alas, you know not what you ask. The
gods
Permit not that he live: he falls to them.

Cratander. You must not hear her, sir, against the
gods,

Who now expect their solemn feast and banquet.

Atossa. If they are gods, pity's a banquet to them.
Whene'er the innocent and virtuous
Doth escape death, then is their festival.
Nectar ne'er flows more largely than when blood's
Not spilt that should be saved. Do you think the smoke
Of human entrails is a steam that can
Delight the deities? Who e'er did burn
The building to the honour of the architect,
Or break the tablet in the painter's praise?
'Tis mercy is the sacrifice they like.

Cratander. Let not affection call a curse upon you
While you permit it to take place of your
Religion.

Arsamnes. See, he will not live, Atossa.
To do the unwilling man a courtesy
Is but a specious tyranny.

Atossa. Alas!
He would be near the gods, he would leave us.
You must not, shall not, kill him, my Arsamnes.

The other women plead, and still the royal slave

is firm. Men plead, Orontes and Hydarnes urge
their king, and then Arsamnes says:—

Cratander, live; we do command thee, live.

Cratander. Bear witness, O ye gods, that I do suffer
This as his servant, too. And ye, the souls
Of my deceased countrymen, who fell
In the last battle, if there yet be sense
In the forgetful urn, know that it was
No stratagem of mine to be detained
Thus long from your society.—Now to you,
Arsamnes: Good kings equal those in laws
Whom they have overcome in war; and to
The valiant that chief part of good to which
We are all born, sweet liberty, is pleasing
Even in the enemy. Your queen and others
Her ladies here, with the most beautiful
Part of your royal court are in my power,
But far be't from me to injure but the meanest.

Atossa presently tells Arsamnes that she has
bound herself by great and solemn vows to dwell
in the castle until Arsamnes

—grant that the Ephesians may
Still freely use their ancient customs, changing
Neither their rights nor laws, yet still reserving
This honest power unto your royal self
To command only what the free are wont
To undergo with gladness.

Arsamnes replies that it is a time of mercy, that
his queen has only called forth the favours that were
freely coming. Cratander has served his country,
and of the generosity of Arsamnes he says—

There I confess a conquest, where I find
He that subdued my body gains my mind.

SCENE 4.—In prison; Molops with his prisoners the
base Ephesians, still in their base disguises, prepare
for a grotesque dance before Arsamnes and Cra-
tander.

SCENE 5.—At court; they dance their dance, and
the ladies of the court, still in their warlike habit
and in solemn march, then proceed to a dance of
Amazons.

SCENE 6.—There enters to the festival at court a
priest, who says

The fire is fully kindled, and the people
All in their festival attire; there wants
Only the sacrifice and yourself to kill it.

Arsamnes. The voice of ravens in the dead of night
Conveys not harsher notes into mine ears.
I've pardoned him.

Priest. You cannot; unless you
Will be more impious in preserving him
Than you were valorous in conquering.

Arsamnes pleads with the priest in vain, finds
that the gods recall his courtesy, but promises Cra-
tander statues in his honour. Cratander meets his
fate like a philosopher.

To accuse

Or gods or men's the part of him that would
Live longer. If I look on the desires
Of some here, whensoever I shall fall
I shall be thought to have lived too little; if
On the actions I have done, I've lived enough;
If on the injuries of Fortune, too much;
If on mine honour and my fame, I shall
Live still: He gains by death that doth die praised.
Others have longer kept an empire, but
None better left it. To speak more were but
A sluggard's policy to defer his sufferings.
On to the altar.

With the warm friendship of Arsamnes, and of all about him, the royal slave goes to his death.

SCENE 7.—The temple; an altar, and one busy placing fire thereon. As the sacrificial procession enters, a priest sings,

Thou, O bright Sun, who seest all,
Look down upon our captive's fall!
Never was purer sacrifice:
'Tis not a man, but virtue dies.

Chorus. While thus we pay our thanks, propitious be;
And grant us either peace or victory.

The sacrificial knife is then solemnly presented to King Arsamnes. Cratander kneels as a ready victim at the altar, and another priest sings—

But thou, O Sun, mayst set, and then
In brightness rise next morn agen.
He, when he shall once leave this light,
Will make, and have, eternal night.

Chorus. Good deeds may pass for sacrifice; Oh, than,
Accept the virtues and give back the man.

Then the sun is eclipsed, and a shower of rain dashes out the fire. Arsamnes prepares to give the stroke, but is interrupted by the priest:

Hold, hold, Arsamnes.

Heaven is not pleas'd with your sacrifice.
The glorious Sun hath veiled his face in clouds,
Not willing to behold it, and the skies
Have shed such numerous tears, as have put out
The fire, though fully kindled.

Atossa. Thou hast now
The voice and visage of the gods, good priest;
The Heavens were never more serene. The gods
Have justified my case, Cratander.

The knot was worthy of the intervention of the gods. Cratander saved, gives half his remaining life to Ephesus, half to Arsamnes. Arsamnes says that Cratander, who has proved his royal nature as a slave, shall be really a king in Greece, and ends the play with the thought

Let others,
When they make war, have this ignoble end,
To gain them slaves; Arsamnes gains a friend.

An older man than the dramatists last illustrated, though he survived most of them, was James

Shirley, born under Elizabeth in 1594. He lived to be seventy-two, and died in the year of the Fire of London, 1666. He had been educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and went to St. John's College, Oxford, when Laud was President there. Laud objected to his taking orders because he had a mole on his left cheek. He then went to Catharine Hall at Cambridge, where he did take orders. Then he taught in the Grammar School at St. Albans, passed over to the Church of Rome, and was for the rest of his life dramatist or schoolmaster, but dramatist as long as he could live by the stage. He has left us more than thirty plays with much clever invention in them. Charles I. and his queen were good patrons to Shirley, and when a masque called the "Triumphs of Peace" was produced, in 1634, by the four Inns of Court in loyal defiance of Prynne and his "Histrio-mastix," the designer was James Shirley, and £20,000 were said to have been spent on its production. He held for a time a commission in the army. In 1637 he went to Ireland with Strafford. His play of "The Sisters" was one of the last produced—a piece called "The Irish Rebellion" was the last play licensed—before the closing of the theatres by Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, on the 2nd of September, 1642. The play which happened to be produced by Shirley immediately after Prynne's imprisonment was "The Bird in a Cage." Its title caused him to publish before it an ironical dedication to the prisoner. In the play, a certain banished Philenzo, who had loved Eugenia the daughter of the Duke of Mantua, returns in disguise as Rolliardo, a wild humourist, when the Duke is shutting his daughter up in a tower, guarded from approach of man, until he wed her to a husband of his own approving. Rolliardo talks his wildest to the Duke, who asks, "You have your senses?" "Five," he says, "the small birds dare not peep for 'em, I take it." There is nothing he cannot achieve—with money. The Duke takes him at his word, and will try through him the efficacy of his guard upon Eugenia. Rolliardo shall have money at will for a month, try only to come into the presence of the Duke's daughter, and die if he fails. He finds guards incorruptible, but by help of a mountebank makes his way into the tower disguised as a great bird in a cage of strange birds which the Duke is tempted to send for his daughter's entertainment.

Richard Brome, who had been a servant of Ben Jonson's, wrote his first play in 1632. Henry Glapthorne was a minor dramatist of the time of Charles I., among whose plays is one on Wallenstein, printed in 1639. It was in 1641 that Sir John Denham, born in 1615, produced his one play, "The Sophy," which caused Waller to say of him that he "broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it." The play opens in Persia when there is much dread of an impending battle with the Turks. Prince Mirza, son of Abbas the Persian king, is at the head of the army, and obtains a crowning victory. The king is of a jealous and suspicious temper, and is led by Haly, his favourite, to believe that his son hates him and desires his throne.

After a scene of such practising on the king's mind, Haly suggests that those who seek the favour of the coming sovereign are ready

To make

The father's life the price of the son's favour,
To walk upon the graves of our dead masters
To our own security.

[*King starts and scratches his head.*

Haly. [*Aside.*] This must take:—Does this plainness please you, sir?

We may be disposed also to start at the tragic stage direction. The noble Prince is imprisoned, and has his eyes burnt out, and afterwards is in passion on the point of killing his own daughter Fatyma, because his father loves her. He is turned from his purpose by her innocent talk, in a scene artificially natural. Then he is poisoned by Haly, who also deposes King Abbas. King Abbas dies tormented by remorse for his injustice to his son, but the Prince has left a young son, the Sofy, to be made king in his turn, and do justice on the villains of the play. His last words that close the piece are

Let's study for a punishment,

A feeling one,
And borrow from our sorrow so much time
T' invent a torment equal to their crime.

There was not much left of the spirit of Shakespeare on the English stage when the decree of the 2nd of September, 1642, closed the theatres until the Restoration. Sir William Davenant, who had written plays under Charles I., defied the ordinance of the Puritans under the Commonwealth by producing an entertainment in recitative and song, which he declared to be no play, but an opera. For such entertainment he opened Rutland House, Charterhouse Yard, on the 21st of May, 1656, and there he produced in operatic form, the first part of "The Siege of Rhodes;" transformed into a play, with the addition of a second part, after the Restoration.



THEATRE CHECKS OF DRURY LANE AND THE DUKE'S THEATRE (1671).

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1689.

THEATRES were reopened at the Restoration, but the Puritans avoided them. Patronage of a dissolute but witty king and his court reduced the standard of the drama to the royal level. Earnest men who were no Puritans felt the degradation of the stage, and Samuel Johnson, in his Prologue written for the reopening of Drury Lane by Garrick in 1747, has hardly overstated it.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame,
Themselves they studied; as they felt they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.

Wit of the sensualist gives only an artificial polish to such pictures of low life in high places as we get from comedy after the Restoration. Apart from the influence of the king's character, there was, directly and through France, a growing influence of the Spanish theatre on English comedy. In Spain, comedy was formed almost exclusively upon plots of animal love and intrigue. In England, such plots now became general. Comedy left the fellowship of all the Muses, to become the comrade of a satyr dressed in a court suit. The grand sincerity that had marked Tragedy when at her wildest in the old poetic days, gave way to conventional artifice and empty mouthings, to which the poet's soul had little to contribute, and in which his ingenuity was often much astray. French influence was established, and the best writers of tragedy looked rather to Corneille—and to Corneille in his second and worse manner—than to Shakespeare. When, after a time, more substance came into our comedies, that was due not to a deeper insight into life, but to the influence of the great genius of Molière. French criticism—much amiss and holding itself faultless—introduced shallow conceit into the judgments of the English courtier who aspired to the fashionable title of a man of sense, or wit, or parts. It was creditable to have such aspiration, to affect the virtue of a care for letters, and make it a fashion to encourage wit. Unhappily there was a low conception of the spirit of good literature, and the formalist was critic of its form. Every fop thought he could mend Shakespeare. Good poets, bad poets, and men who were no poets at all, dressed Shakespeare's plays afresh to make them what the shallow poetasters of their own age—the French-classical Midases and clever rakes—considered to be passable. These men had no power over the real strength of the English people, which was as marked in the time of Charles II. as

in years before. They could not stop John Milton from writing "Paradise Lost," or John Bunyan from writing the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but they did succeed in putting down the English drama. Sir William Davenant thought that Shakespeare's "Tempest" would be much improved if there were added to its character of a woman who had never seen a man, another character of a man who had never seen a woman. He suggested this fine notion to Dryden, then a younger man, who actually worked it out, and found it necessary to include another woman who had never seen a man, to be paired at the end of the play with the man who had never seen a woman, because among Shakespeare's characters there was nobody who would serve as a wife for him. Otway laid his hands upon Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and gave it the "classical" turn then in fashion, by transforming it into "The History and Fall of Caius Marius," where Romeo was transformed into a Marius Junior, and Juliet into a Lavinia. Shadwell recast "Timon of Athens," which he said "has the inimitable hand of Shakespeare in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play!" Nahum Tate altered "King Lear" and "Coriolanus." "Macbeth" was furnished by Sir William Davenant with new songs, Locke's music, and a liberal display of ballet dancers; and Dryden, who altered "Troilus and Cressida" and "The Tempest," spent some of his best work on a new version of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," which he understood so little—reading it according to the sensual fashion of his day—that he called it "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," when Shakespeare meant the direct opposite to that—"All for Lust, or the World Ill Lost."

Sir William Davenant was Charles II.'s first poet laureate. He was born in 1605, the son of an Oxford innkeeper, who sent him to Lincoln College. He became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and was for a time in the household of a thoughtful poet—Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. After Lord Brooke's murder in 1628, Davenant turned to the stage, became popular at the court of Charles I. for his masques and plays, and was made governor of the king's and queen's company acting at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. In the civil war, he was knighted for service at the siege of Gloucester. Then he was an exile in Paris, and in 1651 published his fragment of an heroic poem—"Gondibert,"—in which he laid down absolutist principles, and showed a leaning to philosophical thought, which had won him the friendship of Thomas Hobbes. Davenant was capable of more than he achieved. The better mind was dulled by a libertine life, and repressed by the low taste (affecting to be finely critical) that he was bound to satisfy, as Charles II.'s poet laureate and the leading dramatist in the first days after the Restoration. He became manager of the Duke's Theatre, established first in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he was the first to introduce on the stage costly decorations of scenery. Another change made after the Restoration was the full introduction of women as actresses of female parts. The custom had been to train boys for such parts, though the custom had sometimes

been broken. In "The Court Beggar," played in 1632, a Lady Strangelove says, "The boy's a pretty actor, and his mother can play her part. The women now are in great request." Of such actresses in Charles I.'s time, Thomas Brand, a Puritan, wrote, "Glad am I to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage." After the Restoration, Thomas Killigrew was appointed manager of the King's Theatre, which was the Cockpit in Drury Lane until the new theatre in Drury Lane was opened in April, 1663. It was he who, in 1661, began the regular use of professional actresses, and they were now so popular that in Killigrew's own play of "The Parson's Wedding"—which turned the Plague to comic account—Pepys was told that all the parts, male and female, were taken by women. Sir William Davenant, however, lost no time in following Killigrew's example, in the second part of his "Siege of Rhodes." Though living an ill life, to which part of his nose fell a sacrifice, the touch of deeper thought is often traceable in Davenant's writing.



SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. (From the Portrait by John Greenhill, engraved for the Folio Edition of Davenant's Works.)

THE SIEGE OF RHODES,

produced under the Commonwealth as an opera, with various scenery, was recast after the Restoration, and enlarged by the addition of a second part in 1661. Davenant adopted the rhymed couplets of French tragedy—thence called "heroic," though in earlier and better days Chaucer had established them as a good gossiping measure, and they were known after him as "riding rhyme." Davenant also kept some of the music, and an incidental show of singing and dancing, which from his example became thenceforth a regular feature in the "heroic play" of Charles II.'s time. Dryden followed Davenant as chief author of those heroic plays of which the "Siege of Rhodes" is the first pattern. Davenant attached to his play a political lesson, on the evil of disunion, and the advantage of a form of civil government like that which

Hobbes argued for in his "Leviathan," with a single absolute head, and of a single church intolerant of sectaries. In the dedication to the Earl of Clarendon, he wrote before his first printed edition of the play, in 1663, "In this poem I have revived the remembrance of that fatal desolation which was permitted by Christian Princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of Religions (begot by the factions of Learning) in Germany: whilst those who would never admit Learning into their Empire (lest it should meddle with Religion and intangle it with Controversy) did make Rhodes defenceless; which was the only fortify'd Academy in Christendome where Divinity and Arms were equally profess'd."

In a Preface to the Reader dated August, 1656, Sir William Davenant refers to his desire for a larger theatre. The first part of the "Siege of Rhodes" was acted within narrow bounds, all the dialogue being written for singing in recitative, to remove the piece outside the forbidden ground of a stage play; and he says, "it has been often wisht that our scenes (we having oblig'd ourselves to the variety of five changes, according to the Ancient Drammatick distinctions made for time) had not been confined to eleven foot in height and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserv'd for the Musick. This is so narrow an allowance for the Fleet of Solyman the Magnificent, his army, the Island of Rhodes, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the Cæsars carv'd upon a Nut." This was the decoration of the Proscenium in aid of the first attempt made at scenic effect upon an English Stage:—

The Ornament which encompass'd the scene, consisted of several Columns of gross Rustic work; which bore up a large Freese. In the middle of the Freese was a Compartment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartment was supported by divers Habiliments of War; intermix'd with the Military Ensignes of those several Nations who were famous for defence of that Island; which were the *French, Germans, and Spaniards*, the *Italians, Avergnois*, and *English*: The Renown of the English valour made the Grand Master *Villerius* to select their Station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the Freese was a Crimson Drapery, whereon several Trophies of Arms were fixt. Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper cognisance of the Order of the *Rhodian* Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the *Ottomans*.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE FIRST ENTRY.

The Curtain being drawn up, a lightsome Sky appear'd, discovering a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdures naturally growing upon such situations; and afar off, the true Prospect of the City RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate: with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was represented the Turkish Fleet making towards a Promontory, some few miles distant from the town.

The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.

THE FIRST ENTRY.

Enter ADMIRAL.

Admir. Arm, Arm, Villerius, Arm!

Thou hast no leisure to grow old;
Those now must feel thy courage warm,
Who think thy blood is cold.

Enter VILLERIUS.

Viller. Our Admiral from sea?
What storm transporteth thee?
Or bring'st thou storms that can do more
Than drive an Admiral on shore?

The Turkish fleet is on its way to Rhodes from Chios. Tumult of warlike preparation. Enters Alphonso, a Sicilian Duke, to ask what the noise is about, and is told that these bright Crescents

are yet but the fore running Van
Of the prodigious Gross of Solyman.

Enters the High Marshall of Rhodes, who joins in complaint that the Western Nations fight together and leave Rhodes to its fate. Alphonso wedded to Ianthe but a month ago, is only a guest in Rhodes; he is bidden to return to Sicily. "We love to lodge, not to entomb a guest." But the brave youth will stay to share the danger—

My sword against proud Solyman I draw,
His curséd Prophet and his sensual Law.

All depart from the stage, Chorus resounding those last words

Our swords against proud Solyman we draw,
His curséd Prophet and his sensual Law.

Enter Ianthe, with Melosile and Madina, her two women, bearing two open caskets with jewels. Ianthe is in Sicily, but will fly to her imperilled love in Rhodes, and turn her jewels into arms and gunpowder. But her maids lament the sacrifice of jewelery. A soldier's chorus then ends the first entry, after which "The scene is chang'd, and the city, Rhodes, appears beleaguér'd at sea and land. The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick."

Dialogue between Villerius and the Admiral shows that the defence of Rhodes has lasted for three months. Duke Alphonso has by the fire of his valour warmed the people's blood, but the nations of Europe, torn by their own discords and mean ambitions, leave at Rhodes the Crescent to drive away the Cross. Duke Alphonso, then entering, sings the brave deeds of the men who at Rhodes represented different nations of Europe, but adds

If Death be rest, here let us die,
Where weariness is all
We daily get by Victory,
Who must by Famine fall,
Great Solyman is landed now;
All Fate he seems to be;

And brings those Tempests in his brow
Which he deserved at sea.

The defenders of Rhodes, resolving to do worthily, quit the stage; then enter Solyman the Magnificent, and Pirrhus, his Vizier Bassa. Solyman rebukes his Bassa for having been delayed so long before a single town. "Away!" says Solyman,

Away! range all the Camp for an Assault!
Tell them, they tread in graves who make a halt.

"*Exit Pirrhus*, bowing," and Solyman sings that the Christians, though dissolute in love and wine, excel in war. Then Mustapha, one of his Bassas, brings to him Ianthe veiled.

Solyman. What is it thou wouldst show, and yet dost shroud?

Mustapha. I bring the Morning pictured in a Cloud.

The two galleys with which Ianthe was coming to Rhodes had been taken by a Turkish squadron, though Ianthe, veiled also when on board, had urged her men to fight.

Mustapha. This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,
Sweeter than buds unfolded in a shower,
Bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long
The theme has been of each heroic song;
And she for his relief those galleys fraught;
Both stowed with what her dower and jewels bought.

She will not unveil for Solyman because Mustapha had sworn by the Prophet that he would convey her veiled to her husband at Rhodes, and that only her husband should remove the veil. But for that promise she would not have lived. Solyman praises the generous virtue of his Bassa, orders that the lady and her galleys freighted with food for the famine stricken be both sent with honour into Rhodes, the Turks lowering flags and firing salutes; and that she and her Alphonso have safe passage back to Sicily. The second entry then ends with a Chorus of women who are at work with spades on the defences of Rhodes.

Then "the further part of the scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd; representing *Soliman's* Imperial throne; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bassas* and inferior Officers. The entry is again prepared by instrumental music. The Third Entry, Enter *Soliman*, *Pirrhus*, *Mustapha*." The utmost power of the East is to be ranged, with the dawn, against doomed Rhodes.

Pirrhus. When to all Rhodes our army does appear,
Shall we then make a sudden halt,
And give a general assault?

Solyman. Pirrhus, not yet, Ianthe being there:
Let them our valour by our mercy prize.
The respite of this day
To virtuous love shall pay
A debt long due for all my victories.

Mustapha. If virtuous beauty can attain such grace
Whilst she a captive was, and hid,

What wisdom can his love forbid
When Virtue's free and Beauty shows her face?

Solyman. Dispatch a trumpet to the town;
Summon Ianthe to be gone
Safe with her lord. When both are free
And on their course to Sicily,
Then Rhodes shall for that valour mourn
Which stops the haste of our return.

A host of masons have arrived from Greece. They shall within a month build a palace for Solyman, on Mount *Philermus*, within sight of the Rhodians, where, he says, "if my anger cannot them subdue, my patience shall outwait them."

"The scene is chang'd to that of the town besieged. Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Alphonso*, *Ianthe*." Ianthe is praised for her love, by which one woman has done more for Rhodes than all the kings of Europe. Says the Admiral to her,

Though Rhodes no pleasure can allow,
I dare secure the safety of it now;
All will so labour to save you
As that will save the city too.

Left alone with Alphonso he fears that her presence will make him for her sake a coward; but she shows spirit, tells how Solyman had sent her to him, given her galleys back to her.

Alphonso. O wondrous enemy!

Ianthe. These are the smallest gifts his bounty knew.

Alphonso. What could he give you more?

Ianthe. He gave me you.

And you may homeward now securely go
Through all his fleet.

Alphonso. But honour says not so.

Ianthe. If that forbid it, you shall never see
That I and that will disagree;

Honour will speak the same to me.

Alphonso. This Christian Turk amazes me, my dear.

Ianthe presently departs, and Alphonso warbles over his perplexity.

Then enters suddenly Solyman's wife, Roxolana, with Pirrhus and another Bassa, Rustan. Solyman's wife has heard of Ianthe, had a twinge of jealousy, and set off straight for Rhodes. And, she says,—

And, as a present, I
Bring vainly ere I die
That heart to him which he has now forsaken.

The entry then ends with a chorus of men and women, who sing their opinion that all husbands and wives should try to be Alphonso and Ianthes.

For the fourth entry, which is again prepared by instrumental music, "The scene is varied to the prospect of Mount *Philermus*: Artificers appearing at work about that castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by Solyman. His great army discovered in the plain below, drawn up in *Battalia*; as if it were prepared for a general assault."

Solyman enters with Pirrhus and Mustapha, wondering that Alphonso and Ianthe have refused

his passport and resolve to die. He is determined to save them in spite of themselves.

Go, Mustapha, and strictest orders give,
Through all the camp, that in assault they spare,
And in the sack of this presumptuous town,
The lives of these two strangers with a care
Above the preservation of their own.
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
That he to all but cowards must be known.
Ianthé is so fair, that none can be
Mistaken, among thousands, which is she.

"The scene returns to that of the town besieged.
Enter *Alphonso, Ianthe*." Ianthe reasons that—

We were too proud no use to make
Of Solyman's obliging proffer;
For why should honour scorn to take
What honour's self does to it offer.
Alphonso. To be o'ercome by his victorious sword
Will comfort to our fall afford:
Our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
Our virtue should to his submit;
In that, Ianthe, I must be
Advanced, and greater far than he.

Ianthé. He is a foe to Rhodes and not to you.

Alphonso. In Rhodes besieged we must be Rhodians too.

Ianthé. 'Twas fortune that engaged you in this war.

Alphonso. 'Twas Providence. Heaven's prisoners here
we are.

Ianthé. That Providence our freedom does restore;
The hand that shut now opens us the door.

Alphonso. Had Heaven that passport for our freedom
sent,

It would have chosen some better instrument
Than faithless Solyman.

Ianthé. O say not so!

To strike and wound the virtue of your foe
Is cruelty which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deserved from you.

Alphonso. From me, Ianthe, no;

What he deserves from you, you best must know.

So Alphonso proceeds to be jealous. Ianthe is distressed thereby, and resolves to seek her death in the assault to-morrow. Then enter Villerius and the Admiral, who let us know that the enemy has mined, the Rhodians have countermined, and Duke Alphonso has his courage and his reason overthrown by jealousy. Everybody knows it. Says the Admiral—

Already they perceive Alphonso wild,
And the beloved Ianthe grieved.

Villerius. Let us no more by honour be beguiled;
This town can never be relieved;
Alphonso and Ianthe being lost,
Rhodes, thou dost cherish life with too much cost.

Chorus proposes then a sally from the forts.

Drive back the Crescent and advance the Cross
Or sink all human empires in our loss!

Then enters Roxolana, jealous, with Pirrhus, Rustan, and two of her women. Solyman will not see

her before the impending assault has been delivered. His mind, she knows, is on Ianthe. Haly enters to announce the sally of the Rhodians.

Our foes appear! the assault will straight begin.
They sally out where we must enter in.

Roxolana laments for Solyman, and a chorus of wives closes the fourth entry by singing about jealousy. Then the scene is changed into a representation of a general assault given to the town; the greatest fury of the army being discerned at the English station.

The fifth entry, again prepared by instrumental music, begins with Pirrhus busy. "Traverse the cannon! Mount the batteries higher!" and so forth. Then Mustapha—

More ladders and reliefs to scale!
The fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!

and so forth. Solyman enters with like martial ardour. The Turks give way. The Rhodians give way.

Mustapha. Those desperate English ne'er will fly!
Their firmness still doth hinder others' flight,
As if their mistresses were by
To see and praise them while they fight.

Solyman. That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes
Outshines the light of all my victories.

Mustapha saw a vision of a fighting woman in the English station, "fairer than woman, and than man more fierce."

It had a dress much like the imag'rie
For heroes drawn, and may Ianthe be.

The English seem to retire. Solyman advances, seeking to conquer two whom he by force would save. Then enters Alphonso with his sword drawn, worried by Solyman's edict that forbids attack upon himself or Ianthe. The Admiral enters to call him to aid; tells that Ianthe disguised lies wounded in the English bulwark. Rhodes calls him to the rescue of his great master. Honour pulls that way. Pity calls him to the side of his suspected wife. Pity pulls strongest, and says Alphonso—

Hence, Admiral, and to my master hie!
I will as swiftly to my mistress fly.

Then they go out several ways.

Pirrhus enters repulsed. Seven crescents are lost. He pours out military orders. Mustapha comes in and pours out some more. Solyman comes in and abuses his people, who

prevail
But so as shoals of herrings choke a whale.
This dragon Duke so nimbly fought to day,
As if he wings had got to stoop at prey.
Ianthé is triumphant, but not gone;
And sees Rhodes still beleaguered but not won.
Audacious town! thou keep'st thy station still;
And so my castle tarries on that hill,
Where I will dwell till famine enter thee,
And prove more fatal than my sword could be.

Nor shall Ianthe from my favour run,
But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

The scene is chang'd to that of the town besieg'd.

Enter VILLERIUS, ADMIRAL, IANTHE.

She in a night-gown; and a chair is brought in.

Ianthe is told in song that she is not seriously wounded, and that the Ottoman attack has been repelled, chiefly by help of Alphonso's valour; but Alphonso too is slightly wounded. Presently Alphonso also enters wounded, led in by two mutes. He is sorry he was jealous; she is sorry that she did resent his jealousy.

Alphonso. Accursed crime! O let it have no name
Till I recover blood to show my shame.

Ianthe. Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As monarchs' children making love
By proxy to each other move,
And by advice of tedious councils meet.

Alphonso. Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does fail
When on thy cheek I see thy roses pale.
Draw all the curtains, and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin.

So Ianthe is carried out in a sedan chair, and Alphonso is led away by the two mutes. Then enter Solyman and Roxolana with her women attendants. Solyman tells his wife that her women have fed her jealousy. The women say that reports justified them, and Solyman thus ends the dialogue of the play:—

My war with Rhodes will never have success
Till I at home, Roxana, make my peace.
I will be kind, if you'll grow wise;
Go chide your whisperers and your spies.
Be satisfied with liberty to think;
And when you should not see me, learn to wink.

Then all ends with a triumphant chorus of soldiers of Rhodes. The last stanza thereof, on which the curtain falls, will be eight lines more than enough of it.

You began the assault
With a very long halt;
And as halting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself as a dainty
He keeps his Ianthe,
Whilst we drink good wine, and you drink but coffee.

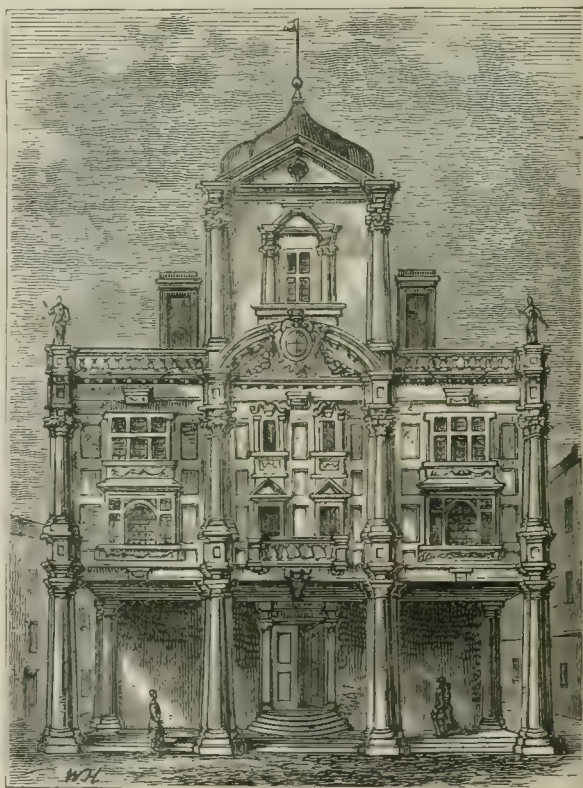
THE END OF THE FIFTH ENTRY.

The Curtain is let fall.

In Sir William Davenant's company in April, 1662, Mistress Davenport played Roxalana, and Mistress Saunderson played Ianthe in the "Siege of Rhodes." Among the boys who were still used to play women's parts, the most popular was Edward Kynaston, who grew to be a stately actor, and died a rich man in 1712. Charles Hart, son of a player who was the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister, was after 1663 the best actor in the King's company of players, under Thomas Killigrew. Hart withdrew

from the stage in 1679, and died soon afterwards. In the Duke of York's company, under Sir William Davenant, the chief actor was Thomas Betterton, who achieved in the "Siege of Rhodes" a great success, and then played "Hamlet" under instruction from Sir William Davenant, who had seen how the part was acted when it might be supposed that Shakespeare's own instructions to the player added charm to the performance. Betterton did not rant, and in later years he won the applause of Richard Steele when acting "Hamlet" at the age of seventy-four. In 1663, Betterton married Mistress Saunderson, the actress of Ianthe in the "Siege of Rhodes." In respectable families, only the little girls were then called "Miss," and no actress was so styled before the year 1702. Betterton died in 1710. Colley Cibber said of him, "How Shakespeare wrote, all men who have a taste for nature may read and know; but with what higher rapture would he still be read, could they perceive how Betterton played him." He is said to have felt his part so keenly, that on the appearance of the ghost in the third act of "Hamlet," Betterton's naturally ruddy face would turn perfectly white with emotion. His wife's Lady Macbeth was not less famous.

The new theatre designed by Sir Christopher Wren for Sir William Davenant soon after the Restoration



FRONT OF THE THEATRE IN DORSET GARDENS. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

was one of several buildings on the site of Dorset House, or Sackville House, formerly Salisbury Court, a mansion of the Bishops of Salisbury, west of Whitefriars. It had passed from the Bishops to

the Sackvilles, was the house in which Thomas Sackville wrote "*Ferrex and Porrex*," our first tragedy, and after it had been pulled down, Davenant's new theatre was among the houses built on its site. In the first printed copy (1673) of Elkanah Settle's tragedy, the "*Empress of Morocco*," there is a frontispiece, showing the outside of the new Dorset Gardens Theatre, in which the play was acted.

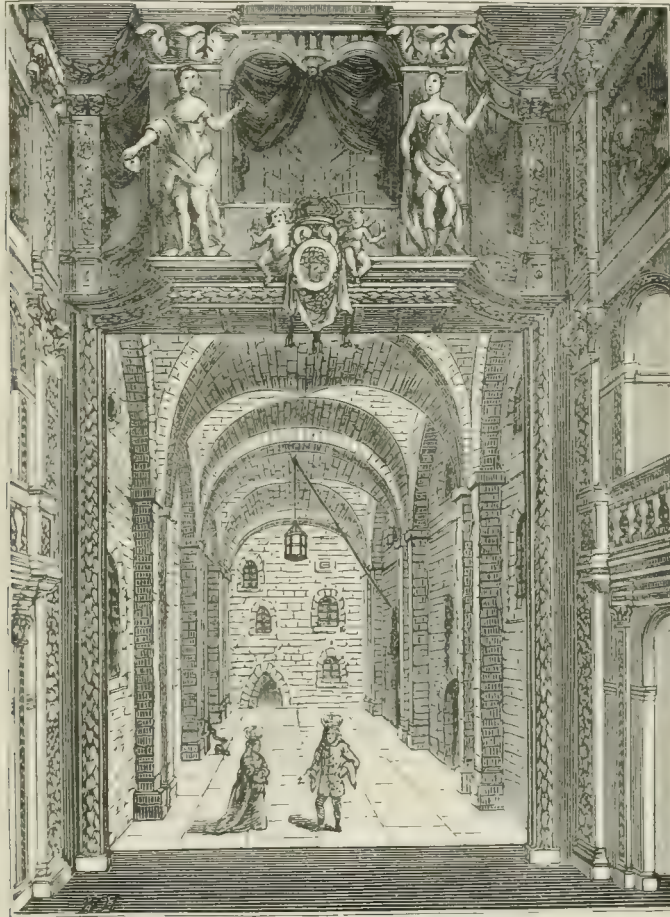
The same copy of Settle's play, being the first play-book, "adorned with sculptures," shows the

tember, 1663, Dryden married Sir Robert Howard's sister Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in the following month, January, 1664,

THE INDIAN QUEEN

was produced at the King's Theatre with rich scenery and decoration.

In the First Act, the Inca of Peru, victorious over the Mexicans by aid of the valour of the young stranger, Montezuma, offers Montezuma all rewards,



PROSCENIUM OF THE DORSET GARDENS THEATRE.

character of Sir William Davenant's scenery and grouping, by giving a picture of the chief stage scene in each of the five acts, with the proscenium of the theatre in each case for a setting. The first scene—a dungeon—is given here, with the proscenium, to show part of the interior decorations of the Dorset Gardens Theatre. The other scenes will be given presently, with a very short sketch of the play they illustrated.

In February, 1663, John Dryden, then in his thirty-second year, produced at the King's Theatre his first play, a comedy called "*The Wild Gallant*." It was a failure, but he was then working with a friend four or five years older than himself, Sir Robert Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Berkshire, at a play called "*The Indian Queen*." In De-

cember, 1663, Dryden married Sir Robert Howard's sister Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in the following month, January, 1664, and gives him his prisoner, Prince Acasis, son of Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen. Montezuma sets Acasis free and asks the hand of the Inca's daughter Orazia. The Inca parts in wrath. Montezuma will take vengeance by carrying his sword to the side of the Mexicans, although Acasis vainly warns him of his nobler duty, and refuses to accept liberty for himself from Montezuma. He is tied by honour to the Inca, and has felt the charm of Orazia. Says Montezuma, "Still you are mine, his gift has made you so." Acasis replies, "He gave me to his general, not his foe." Montezuma departs to the enemy. Acasis remains, and when the Inca returns with soldiers, too late to seize his presumptuous general, and finds that Acasis chooses to remain his prisoner, he sets him free. But the young Mexican remains now to

protect the Inca and his daughter against the wrath of Montezuma. The next scene shows the mother of Acasis, Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen, with her general, Traxalla, who has crowned her by slaying her brother, and is encouraged in aspiration to her love. Shouts of the Mexicans and tidings that Montezuma, that mighty man by whom they have been thrice overcome, now brings his fate and valour to their aid close the first act, with Zempoalla's vow to sacrifice a prince to the gods if they give victory.

In the Second Act, the Inca and his daughter Orazia first appear pursued in battle. Montezuma dismisses the soldiers, who were about to seize them, and has pangs of conscience in their presence. He will turn back the tide of ruin. Traxalla, brought in by the Mexican soldiers to the prey snatched from them, claims the Inca and Orazia as his prisoners. Montezuma holds by his own claim. Acasis enters. He has often in that day's battle saved the lives of the Inca and his daughter. Traxalla and the Mexicans welcome their prince. He is made by them umpire of the rival claims to the prisoners, and adjudges the Inca and Orazia to Montezuma. The next scene shows Zempoalla frowning on her throne because the victorious Mexicans exalt a stranger's name above that of their prince. When told by Traxalla that her son Acasis has given the Inca and his daughter to Montezuma, she requires them to be forced away, their lives are due to the gods in payment of her vow. Traxalla gladly departs to do her bidding. The scene changes to a dialogue of friendship between Montezuma and Acasis, who tells his grief in his mother's usurpation of the throne after the murder of his uncle by Traxalla. His uncle was a gentle ruler, who left his queen, Amexia, about to be a mother. Amexia had fled, "only with true Garrucca for her aid," and had been vainly searched for. While the friends speak, a messenger tells that Orazia and the Inca have been forced from Montezuma's tent by Traxalla.

Mont. Orazia forc'd away! what tempests roll
About my thoughts, and toss my troubled soul?
Can there be gods to see, and suffer this?
Or does mankind make his own fate or bliss,
While every good and bad happens by chance,
Not from their orders, but their ignorance?
But I will pull a ruin on them all,
And turn their triumph to a funeral.

Aca. Be temperate, friend.

Mont. You may as well advise
That I should have less love, as grow more wise.

Aca. Yet stay—I did not think to have revealed
A secret which my heart has still concealed;
But in this cause since I must share with you,
'Tis fit you know—I love Orazia too:
Delay not then, nor waste the time in words,
Orazia's cause calls only for our swords.

Mont. That ties my hand, and turns from thee that rage
Another way, thy blood should else assuage:
The storm on our proud foes shall higher rise,
And changing, gather blackness as it flies:
So when winds turn, the wandering waves obey,
And all the tempest rolls another way.

Aca. Draw then a rival's sword, as I draw mine,
And like friends suddenly to part, let's join

In this one act, to seek one destiny:
Rivals with honour may together die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

ZEMPOALLA appears seated upon her Slaves in triumph, and the Indians as to celebrate the Victory, advance in a warlike Dance; in the midst of which triumph, ACASIS and MONTEZUMA fall in upon them.

ZEMPOALLA descends from her triumphant Throne, and ACASIS and MONTEZUMA are brought in before her.

Zemp. Shame of my blood, and traitor to thy own,
Born to dishonour, not command, a throne;
Hast thou with envious eyes my triumph seen?
Or couldst not see thy mother in the Queen?
Couldst thou a stranger above me prefer?

Aca. It was my honour made my duty err;
I could not see his prisoners, forc'd away
To whom I ow'd my life, and you the day.

Zemp. Is that young man the warrior so renown'd?

Mont. Yes, he that made thy men thrice quit their ground.
Do, smile at Montezuma's chains; but know,
His valour gave thee power to use him so.

Trax. Grant that it did, what can his merits be,
That sought his vengeance, not our victory?
What has thy brutish fury gain'd us more,
Than only heal'd the wounds it gave before?
Die then, for whilst thou liv'st wars cannot cease;
Thou may'st bring victory, but never peace.
Like a black storm thou roll'st about us all,
E'en to thyself unquiet till thy fall. [*Draws to kill him.*]

Aca. Unthankful villain, hold.

Trax. You must not give
Him succour, sir.

Aca. Why then I must not live.
Posterity shall ne'er report they had
Such thankless fathers, or a prince so bad.

Zemp. You're both too bold to will or to deny,
On me alone depends his destiny.
Tell me, audacious stranger, whence could rise
The confidence of this rash enterprise?

Mont. First tell me how you dar'd to force from me
The fairest spoils of my own victory?

Zemp. Kill him—hold, must he die?—why let him die;
Whence should proceed this strange diversity
In my resolves?—

Does he command in chains? what would he do,
Proud slave, if he were free, and I were so?
But is he bound, ye gods, or am I free?
'Tis love, 'tis love, that thus disorders me:
How pride and love tear my divided soul!
For each too narrow, yet both claim it whole:
Love as the younger must be forced away;
Hence with the captives (General) and convey
To several prisons that—young man, and this—
Peruvian woman—

Trax. How concern'd she is!
I must know more.

Mont. Fair princess, why should I
Involve that sweetness in my destiny?
I could out-brave my death, were I alone
To suffer, but my fate must pull yours on.
My breast is armed against all sense of fear,
But where your image lies, 'tis tender there.

Inca. Forbear thy saucy love, she cannot be
So low, but still she is too high for thee.

Zemp. Begone, and do as I command, away.

Mont. I ne'er was truly wretched 'till this day.

Orazia. Think half your sorrows on Orazia fall,
And be not so unkind to suffer all :
Patience in cowards is tame hopeless fear,
But in brave minds a scorn of what they bear.

[*Exit INCA, MONTEZUMA, ORAZIA, TRAXALLA.*]

Mother and son remain together. Acasis pleads for honour. Zempoalla loves her son, but is also suddenly in love with Montezuma, and her jealousy dooms Orazia to die with her father. Acasis departs with a vow that he will not survive Orazia. Traxalla, suddenly in love with Orazia, enters, and finds in the next dialogue confirmation of his fear that a sudden love of Zempoalla for Montezuma stands between him and the throne. He also pleads in vain for Orazia. Then follows the musical scene which, with or without ballet, was usually introduced into the "heroic plays" of the Restoration. Ismeron, a conjuror, is asleep; Zempoalla comes to him for the interpretation of a dream. He raises by musical incantation the God of Dreams, who answers mystically. Zempoalla "sits down sad," and then a—

SONG is supposed sung by Aerial Spirits.

Poor mortals that are clogged with earth below
Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in air
Such heavy passions never know.
Why then should mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From blood, that sullen cloud,
Which shining souls does shroud ?
Then they'll show bright,
And like us light,
When leaving Bodies with their care
They slide to us and Air.

In the Fourth Act the scene opens and discovers Montezuma sleeping in prison.

Enter TRAXALLA leading in ORAZIA.

Trax. Now take your choice, and bid him live or die;
To both show pity or show cruelty:
'Tis you that must condemn, I'll only act;
Your sentence is more cruel than my fact.

Oraz. You are most cruel to disturb a mind
Which to approaching fate was so resign'd.

Trax. Reward my passions, and you'll quickly prove
There's none dare sacrifice what I dare love.
Next to thee, stranger :—Wake, and now resign
The bold pretences of thy love to mine,
Or in this fatal minute thou shalt find—

Mont. Death, fool; in that thou mayst be just and kind:
'Twas I that lov'd Orazia, yet did raise
The storm in which she sinks: why dost thou gaze,
Or stay thy hand from giving that just stroke,
Which rather than prevent, I would provoke?
When I am dead Orazia may forgive;
She never must, if I dare wish to live.

Oraz. Hold, hold—O Montezuma, can you be
So careless of yourself, but more of me?
Though you have brought me to this misery,
I blush to say I cannot see you die.

Mont. Can my approaching fate such pity move?
The gods and you at once forgive and love.

Trax. Fond fool, thus to misspend that little breath
I lent thee to prevent, not hasten death:
Let her thank you she was unfortunate,
And you thank her for pulling on your fate;
Prove to each other your own destinies.

[*Draws.*]

Enter ZEMPOALLA hastily, and sets a dagger to ORAZIA'S breast.

Zemp. Hold, hold, Traxalla, or Orazia dies.
O, is't Orazia's name that makes you stay?
'Tis her great power, not mine, that you obey.
Inhumane wretch, dar'st thou the murderess be
Of him that is not yet condemn'd by me?

Trax. The wretch that gave you all the pow'r you have,
May venture sure to execute a slave;
And quench a flame your fondness would have burn,
Which may this city into ashes turn.
The nation in your guilty passion lost,
To me ungrateful, to your country most:
But this shall be their offering, I their priest.

Zemp. The wounds thou giv'st I'll copy on her breast.
Strike, and I'll open here a spring of blood,
Shall add new rivers to the crimson flood.
How his pale looks are fix'd on her!—'tis so.
Oh, does amazement on your spirit grow?
What, is your public love Orazia's grown?
Couldst thou see mine, and yet not hide thy own?
Suppose I should strike first, would it not breed
Grief in your public heart to see her bleed?

Trax. She mocks my passions, in her sparkling eyes
Death and a close dissembled fury lies:
I dare not trust her thus.—If she must die,
The way to her lov'd life through mine shall lie.

[*He puts her by and steps before ORAZIA, and she runs before MONTEZUMA.*]

Under this new combination Orazia and Montezuma show more clearly their love for one another. They shall die. Zempoalla, in a passion of thwarted feeling, sends Montezuma to a darker dungeon, and says—

Come, my Traxalla, let us both forgive
And in these wretches' fates begin to live.
The altars shall be crowned with funeral boughs,
Peace offerings paid,—but with unquiet vows.

Orazia being left also with her conflicts of feeling, sees the generous Acasis pass with the gaoler to release Montezuma and restore to him his sword. But one of the Indians says, "This shall to the Empress," and "*Exit Indian.*" Then Orazia is at his bidding taken from the prison and set free, Acasis saying of himself and Montezuma—

Permit we two a little while remain
Behind, while you go softly o'er the plain.

Orazia being gone, Acasis says that he has obeyed honour in freeing her, and now he must obey love, and fight for her. Montezuma, unwilling to fight with his friend, says—

Let fair Orazia then the sentence give,
Else he may die whom she desires to live.

But Acasis replies—

Your greater merits bribe her to your side;
My weaker title must by arms be tried.

And so they fight, and while they fight, Orazia,
who hears the clash of swords, returns. She finds
Acasis wounded and at the mercy of Montezuma,
both ardently her lovers; then says—

Whoever falls, 'tis my protector still,
And then the crime's as great to die as kill.
Acasis, do not hopeless love pursue,
But live, and this soft malady subdue.

Aca. You bid me live, and yet command me die.
I am not worth your care; fly, madam, fly,
While I fall here unpitied, o'er this plain
Free from pursuit, the faithless mountains gain;
And these I charge as they would have me think their
friendship true,

Leave me alone to serve and follow you:
Make haste, fair princess, to avoid that fate
Which does for your unhappy father wait.

Oraz. Is he then left to die, and shall he see
Himself forsaken, ere his death, by me?

Mont. What would you do—

Oraz. To prison I'll return,
And there in fetters with my father mourn.

Mont. That saves not his, but throws your life away.

Oraz. Duty shall give what nature once must pay.

Aca. Life is the gift which Heaven and parents give,
And duty best preserves it, if you live.

Oraz. I should but further from my fountain fly,
And like an unfed stream run on and die:
Urge me no more, and do not grieve to see
Your honour rival'd by my piety.

[*Exit.* She goes softly off, and often looks back.

Mont. If honour would not, shame would lead the way.
I'll back with her.

Aca. Stay, Montezuma, stay—
Thy rival cannot let thee go alone,
My love will bear me, though my blood is gone.

[*As they are going off,*

*Enter ZEMPOALLA, TRAXALLA, the Indian that went to tell
her, and the rest, and seizes them.*

Zemp. Seize them—

Aca. Oh, Montezuma, thou art lost.

Mont. No more, proud heart, thy useless courage boast.
Courage, thou curse of the unfortunate,
That canst encounter, not resist, ill fate.

Zemp. Acasis bleeds,—

What barbarous hand has wounded thus my son?

Mont. 'Twas I, by my unhappy sword 'twas done.
Thou bleed'st, poor prince, and I am left to grieve
My rival's fall.

Trax. He bleeds, but yet may live.

Aca. Friendship and love my failing strength renew,
I dare not die when I should live for you;
My death were now my crime, as it would be
My guilt to live when I have set you free:
Thus I must still remain unfortunate,
Your life and death are equally my fate.

ORAZIA comes back.

Orazia. A noise again—alas, what do I see!
Love, thou didst once give place to piety:
Now, piety, let love triumph a while;
Here, bind my hands: come, Montezuma, smile

At fortune, since thou sufferest for my sake,
Orazia will her captives' chains partake.

Mont. Now, Fate, thy worst.

Zemp. Lead to the temple straight,
A priest and altar for these lovers wait:
They shall be join'd, they shall.

Trax. And I will prove
Those joys in vengeance, which I want in love.

Aca. I'll quench your thirst with blood, and will destroy
Myself, and with myself, your cruel joy.
Now, Montezuma, since Orazia dies,
I'll fall before thee, the first sacrifice;
My title in her death shall exceed thine,
As much as in her life, thy hopes did mine:
And when with our mixt blood the altar's dy'd,
Then our new title let the gods decide.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*The scene opens, and discovers the Temple of the Sun, all of Gold,
and four Priests in habits of white and red Feathers, attend-
ing by a bloody Altar, as ready for sacrifice.*

*Then enter the Guards, and ZEMPOALLA, and TRAXALLA; INCA,
ORAZIA, and MONTEZUMA bound; as soon as they are placed
the Priest sings.*

Song.

You to whom victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By sacrifice,
And from our fates below;
Never did yet your altars shine
Feasted with blood so near divine;
Princes to whom we bow,
As they to you,
These you can ravish from a throne,
And by their loss of power declare your own.

Then is shown the mixture of feelings among the
victims; also in Zempoalla, who would kill Orazia
and save Montezuma; in Traxalla, who would kill
Montezuma and save Orazia; in Acasis, who "enters
weakly," and tormented with vain love for Orazia,
stabs himself, and dies calling on Orazia with love,
on his rival with friendship. He says, at last, as
Orazia weeps over him—

—Kind death,

To end with pleasure all my miseries,
Shuts up your image in my closing eyes.

[*Dies.*

Then enter in hurried succession three messengers
calling to arms. The banished Queen is in the streets
with old Garrucca, and declares that the heroic
stranger, Montezuma, is her son. The people call
him King. The city rings with his name, and all
are running to his rescue. Zempoalla rises.

I give the end of the play, retaining all peculiarities
of the old spelling and printing.

Zemp. Can this be true? O Love! O Fate! have I
Thus doated on my mortal enemy.

Trax. To my new Prince I thus my homage pay:
Your Reign is short young King.

Zemp. *Traxalla stay—*
'Tis to my hand that he must owe his fate,
I will revenge at once my love and hate.

[*She sets a Dagger to MONTEZUMA's breast.*

Trax. Strike, strike, the conquering enemy is near,
My guards are press'd while you detain me here.

Zemp. Dye then ungrateful, dye; *Amexia's* Son
Shall never triumph on *Acacis* Throne;
Thy death must my unhappy flames remove;
Now where is thy defence—against my love?

[*She cuts the Cords, and gives him the Dagger.*

Trax. Am I betrayed?

[*He draws and thrusts at MONTEZUMA, he puts it by and kills him.*

Mont. So may all Rebels dye:

This end has Treason joyn'd with Cruelty.

Zemp. Live thou whom I must love, and yet must hate;
She gave thee Life, who knows it brings her fate.

Mont. Life is a trifle which I wou'd not take,
But for *Orazias* and her Fathers sake:
Now *Inca* hate me, if thou canst; for he
Whom thou hast scorn'd will dye or rescue thee.

[*As he goes to attack the Guards with TRAXALLA's sword,*

*Enter AMEXIA, GARRUCCA, Indians, driving some of the other
Party before them.*

Gar. He lives, ye Gods, he lives great Queen, see here
Your coming joys, and your departing fear.

Amex. Wonder and joy so fast together flow,
Their haste to pass has made their passage slow;
Like struggling waters in a Vessel pent,
Whose crowding drops choak up the narrow Vent.

My Son.— [She imbraces him.

Mont. I am amaz'd, it cannot be
That fate has such a joy in store for me.

Amex. Can I not gain belief, that this is true?

Mont. It is my fortune I suspect, not you.

Gar. First ask him if he old *Garrucca* know.

Mont. My honoured Father, let me fall thus low.

Gar. Forbear great Prince, 'tis I must pay to you
That adoration, as my Sovereign's due:

For from my humble Race you did not spring,

You are the Issue of our Murdered King,

Sent by that Traytor to his blest abode,

Whom to be made a King, he made a God:

The story is too full of fate to tell,

Or what strange fortune our lost Queen befel.

Amex. That sad relation longer time will crave;

I liv'd obscure, he bred you in a Cave,

But kept the mighty secret from your Ear,

Lest heat of blood to some strange course shou'd steer

Your youth—

Mont. I owe him all that now I am,
He taught me first the noble thirst of fame,
Shewed me the baseness of unmanly fear,
Till th' unlick'd Whelp I pluck'd from the rough Bear,
And made the Ounce and Tyger give me way,
While from their hungry Jaws I snatch'd the Prey:
'Twas he that charg'd my young arms first with toils,
And drest me glorious in my Salvage spoils.—

Gar. You spent in shady Forest all the day,

And joy'd returning to shew me the Prey.

To tell the story, to describe the place,

With all the pleasures of the boasted chase;

Till fit for arms, I reav'd you from your sport,

To train your Youth in the *Peruvian* Court:

I left you there, and ever since have been,

The sad attendant of my exil'd Queen.

Zemp. My fatal Dream comes to my memory;
That Lion whom I held in bonds was he,

Amexia was the Dove that broke his chains;
What now but *Zempoalla's* death remains?

Mont. Pardon, fair Princess, if I must delay
My love a while, my gratitude to pay.

Live *Zempoalla*—free from dangers live,
For present merits I past crimes forgive:

Oh might she hope *Orazia's* Pardon too.—

Orazia. I wou'd have none condemn'd for loving you;
In me her merit much her fault o'er powers,
She sought my Life, but she preserv'd me yours.

Amex. Taught by my own I pity her estate,
And wish her penitence, but not her fate.

Inca. I wou'd not be the last to bid her live;
Kings best revenge their wrongs when they forgive.

Zemp. I cannot yet forget what I have been,
Wou'd you give life to her that was a Queen:
Must you then give, and must I take; there's yet
One way, that's by refusing to be great:

You bid me live—bid me be wretched too,
Think, think, what Pride unthron'd must undergo:

Look on this youth *Amexia*, look, and then

Suppose him yours, and bid me live again;

A greater sweetness on these lips there grows,

Then breath shut out from a new folded Rose:

What lovely charms on these cold Cheeks appear,

Could any one hate death and see it here?

But thou art gone—

Mont. O that you wou'd believe

Acacis lives in me, and cease to grieve.

Zemp. Yes, I will cease to grieve, and cease to be,

His soul stays watching in his wound for me;

All that cou'd render Life desir'd is gone,

Orazia has my Love, and you my Throne:

And Death *Acacis*—yet I need not dye,

You leave me Mistress of my destiny;

In spite of Dreams how am I pleas'd to see,

Heavens truth or falsehood shou'd depend on me;

But I will help the Gods;

The greatest proof of Courage we can give,

Is then to dye when we have power to live. [Kills her self.

Mont. How fatally that instrument of death
Was hid—

Amex. She has expir'd her latest breath.

Mont. But there lies one to whom all griefs is due.

Orazia. None e'er was so unhappy and so true.

Mont. Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

Inca. You have my Love. [Gives him ORAZ.

Amex. The Gods, my Son, your happy choice approve.

Mont. Come my *Orazia* then, and pay with me,

[Leads her to ACACIS.

Some tears to poor *Acacis* memory;

So strange a fate for Men the Gods ordain

Our clearest Sun shine shou'd be mixt with rain;

How equally our joys and sorrows move!

Death's fatal triumphs join'd with those of Love.

Love Crowns the dead, and death Crowns him that lives,

Each gains the Conquest which the other gives.

[Exeunt omnes.

Another writer of these rhymed heroic plays was Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, who may rank, indeed, with Sir William Davenant as one of the introducers of them in the first days of the Restoration. Dryden flattered the Earl of Orrery by describing his verse as "all majesty and ease." His best play was "Mustapha," published with three more, "Henry V.," the "Black Prince," and "Tryphon," in 1669. Roger

Boyle's rhyming is anything but majestic in modern ears.

THE TRAGEDY OF MUSTAPHA, THE SON OF
SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT,

founded upon a novel by Georges de Scuderi, begins by showing how the mighty Solyman—whose part was acted by Thomas Betterton—pauses when Buda is about to fall, because the ruin of Hungary is no more worthy of his sword, the war seeming too low a thing

Against a mourning queen and infant king.

He will advance to Rome. His Bassas say that this is well, but war is part of their religion, and he must not leave an enemy behind. He assents, saying—

Bear then my standard before Buda's walls,
I should not stop my ears when glory calls;
Since there the foe all his reserves does make,
In taking Buda, I the kingdom take.

We then see Isabella, Queen of Hungary, in mourning, with her maid Cleora, two Hungarian Lords, and attendants. The Hungarian Council, struck with fear, proposes to surrender, and deliver up to Solyman the infant king. The Cardinal of Veradium persuades Isabella to "turn what they make necessity to trust."

Send the crown jewels and the infant king
To Roxolana as an offering;
Subdue that beauty which the victor sways,
With what the great are soonest conquered, praise:
Extol her virtue, and her mercy move
By all the charms of pity and of love;
In gaining her, you make the Sultan sure,
A desperate ill can have no common cure.
Whilst with applause high minds you higher raise,
You make them virtuous to make good your praise.

The infant king is sent secretly through the guards to Roxolana, with Cleora for nurse, the mother parting from her child with a second kiss:

Let me but seal't again ere it does go:
Two seals th' importance of despatches show.

Then we are shown Mustapha and Zanger, the two sons of Solyman, vowing eternal friendship to each other. Mustapha declares that Zanger shall not die when he becomes sovereign; he will break the custom of destroying younger brothers. They are told that Solyman has remitted to the judgment of the Divan a summons to the assault of Buda if the infant king and the crown of Hungary be not surrendered.

The scene then changes to Roxolana—whose part was acted by Mrs. Betterton—to whom Cleora has come with the young king and a casket of jewels. Roxolana is offended by the bribe of jewels. Thuricus, the Hungarian Lord who has come with Cleora, excuses his mistress.

She makes for her offence no ill amends
When she dares trust that virtue she offends.

Roxalana keeps the child and returns the jewels. The Hungarian departs, and one of Roxolana's ladies carries away the infant. Then comes the Vizier Bassa Rustan, of whom Roxolana says—

He's now the Sultan's, but I raised him first,
And poisoned him with power to make him burst.

The Divan, says Rustan, has decreed the death of the infant. It is known to have been sent to the Queen's tent for protection. Mutes wait without for its execution. When the Vizier Rustan argues, against the Queen's protection of the child, that it is a gain to innocence to die, she bids the Mutes be called to strangle the Vizier—"Dispatch! he's such a saint as needs not pray"—but gives him life at the intercession of the eunuch Bassas Achmet and Haly, who fly at the entrance of Solyman, to whom the Vizier has complained. Roxolana faces all terrors that Solyman wears to try her constancy, holds by the infant, and by tears conquers the conqueror. The act ends with the infant king of Hungary become the common care of Solyman and Roxolana.

In the Second Act the fair Queen of Hungary comes with two of her ladies to Roxolana, full of gratitude for the protection of her infant, that causes her to make present also to Roxolana of the besieged town of Buda. Roxolana, treating her generously as a guest, commits her to the care of her son Zanger, who falls in love with the Christian. Meanwhile Rustan is plotting against Roxolana through Mustapha, Solyman's eldest son by another wife.

I must engage her by some bold design,
In which her int'rest with great crimes may join:
The great can never love, because too high
For that which love allows, equality;
But they to those they fear will favour show,
And they fear those who their great mischiefs know.
Knowing her guilt, I may her favour find:
Guilt, next to love, above all ties does bind:
Her heightened mind and nature much disdain
That Mustapha should over Zanger reign;
I can assault her only on that side,
Making her virtue vassal to her pride.

Rustan poisons the mind of Solyman by praise of his son and successor, Mustapha, and draws Roxolana to his net. After Solyman has left she says—

Rox. Rustan, you must by fresh intelligence
Charge Mustapha, and with some new offence.

Rust. Madam, I am engaged past all retreat.

Rox. Go, and attend me when the watch is set.

[*Exit* RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.]

These little arts great Nature will forgive:
Die Mustapha, else Zanger cannot live!
Pardon, O Solyman, thy troubled wife
Who must her duty lose to save a life;
A husband venture to preserve a son,
Oh! that's the fatal rock that I would shun:
For Solyman must Mustapha deprive
Of that loved life by which himself does live:
And Mustapha to his untimely grave
Must hasten that his death may Zanger save.

Oh cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
Of royal race the youngest to be slain
That so the eldest may securely reign;
Making th' imperial mother ever mourn
For all her infants in succession born:
Excuse, O Nature, what by me is done,
If it be cruel to preserve a son.

Zanger then tells in confidence of friendship to his half-brother Mustapha his love for the Christian Queen of Hungary:

When she her royal infant did embrace
Her eyes such floods of tears showered on her face,
That then, oh Mustapha, I did admire
How so much water sprang from so much fire:
And to increase the miracle I found
At the same time my heart both burned and drowned.

Mustapha counsels his brother, and will see the Queen of Hungary in hope to do something in his concern; that is, to save him from misfortune by dissuading her from him. The Cardinal and the Hungarians plot for profit to Hungary from Zanger's love to their Queen. But when Mustapha visits the Queen of Hungary he ends the second act by also falling in love with her, while the Queen herself is moved towards him, and exclaims—

Oh Heaven! in what wild ocean am I lost?
The tempest rises and I see no coast.

At the beginning of the Third Act, Mustapha is told by Rustan and Pyrrhus that his father orders his immediate departure to a command in Syria. He knows that he is banished because praise of his deeds and talk of his popularity have made Solyman jealous, and he says—

Fortune did never in one day design
For any heart four torments great as mine:
I to my friend and brother rival am;
She who did kindle would put out my flame;
I from my father's anger must remove;
And that does banish me from her I love.
If, of these four, the least a burthen be,
Oh, how shall I support the other three?

Zanger enters, and the friends and brothers learn that they are rivals. You, says the younger brother to Mustapha—

You as the eldest may the sceptre bear,
You first the world did see, I first saw her.

But they are rivals in generosity, and Zanger will intercede with his mother to get leave for Mustapha to stay. Then Solyman has had jealous distrust of Mustapha whetted by the reports of Rustan and Pyrrhus. Roxolana, with seeming love for Mustapha, plays into their hands, and they at last advise that Mustapha be suffered to remain, in order that if he be plotting his plots may be discovered. If guilty he should die. His exile is too little or too much. Zanger declares his love to the Queen of Hungary. Mustapha finds him doing so, and there is a scene of

generous distress among the three. The Queen makes a handsome offer and proceeds to act upon it.

This which you beauty call so much offends
When it does rivals make of two such friends,
That I by drowning it will give relief
To your unequalled friendship and my grief. *[She weeps.]*

When left alone, Zanger learns from a eunuch Bassa that the Empress has prevailed, and Mustapha shall stay. He repeats his former vow of friendship:

Since I have this procured, you may allow
Yourself to think that I will keep my vow.
I have in friendship vowed not to survive
The fatal day on which you cease to live.
And 'tis a work more difficult and high
To help a rival than it is to die.

Must. I know you'll keep your vow; and I some sign
Have given that I shall faithful prove to mine.
I vowed, if by succession I should gain
Th' imperial sceptre, you should with me reign.
And since in love's nice interest I comply
(Whose empire is secured by jealousy,
And where each lover strives to rule alone),
I can admit a rival in my throne.

We learn next from Cleora and Hungarian Lords that their Queen had again offered to Roxolana the keys of Buda, which she refused to take until she could return for it a greater present. The Queen of Hungary had resolved upon sudden return, but we see her next with the Cardinal, who ends the Third Act by leaving her perplexed, after much reasoning that she should not let faithfulness to the dead prevent her from serving her throne and country by alliance with one of the conqueror's sons. As to the difference of religion, says the Cardinal, "By trusting Mustapha you'll teach him faith." The Queen's thoughts are in a labyrinth without a clue, "and where even hope is of her eyes bereft."

Zeal against policy maintains debate;
Heaven gets the better now, and now the state.
The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,
Yet all depart unaltered by dispute.
The priestly office cannot be denied;
It wears Heaven's livery, and is made our guide.
But why should we be punished if we stray,
When all our guides dispute which is the way?

The Fourth Act opens with the Queen of Hungary and Cleora preparing for sudden flight; but Roxolana enters with the words, "You were my guest, but are my prisoner now," bids her dismiss Cleora, recalls all kindness shown to her, and then taxes her with the ruin of Zanger.

A son who never yet my will controll'd,
Till he your fatal beauty did behold:
But now, with that enchanted, is no more
By his own reason ruled nor by my power.
What my designs have built, you have o'erthrown:
And I in Zanger's ruin feel my own.

The Queen of Hungary can clear herself by telling

how she was about to fly from Zanger's love, to hide herself in a cloister, and by producing a letter asking Roxolana's pardon, which she had meant to leave behind. Then Roxolana kisses her, and trusts her with her greatest secret. To save her son Zanger, who must, by custom of the country, die when Mustapha succeeds Solyman, she must destroy Mustapha. Zanger's love for him stands in her way. If the Queen of Hungary will feign to encourage Mustapha's love towards her, it may turn Zanger's friendship for his brother into hate.

If that which I request may not be done,
You ruin me, and Zanger, and your son.
But ere I go, assure me of your stay.

Queen. In this, because I can, I will obey. [*Exit Rox.*]
No Fortune aims at more than she can do;
She takes my crown that tempts my virtue too.
I am for Mustapha's true love in debt,
Which I will never pay with counterfeit.

The Cardinal, who had desired the Queen of Hungary's stay with the son of Solyman, now urges her flight. Sounds of mutiny indicate danger in staying, but she holds by her promise to Roxolana. Zarma, one of Roxolana's women, has undertaken to send the Queen's child into Buda. The Cardinal advises against its removal. Shouts of the soldiers are explained to Solyman by Rustan and Pyrrhus as signs of delight at Mustapha's remaining, and the father's mistrust of the son is fed. Zanger and Mustapha, next in discourse, are still friends, though Mustapha tells Zanger the cause of a secret grief:

Your mother with the Vizier is agreed:
And she hath secretly my death decreed.

Mustapha knows all from one to whom Roxolana's woman, Zarma, betrays secrets through love. Of the practising against him on his father, he says—

These false suggestions I might soon remove
Were I admitted to implore his love;
But, oh, that rigid form which us bereaves
Of all approach without our fathers' leaves!

Zanger will tell his mother of the mutual vow that joins to the death of Mustapha his own. After a friendly scene, "*Exeunt embracing.*"

Rustan and Pyrrhus next appear, perplexed by mutiny of the European and Asian horse, who refuse their orders, and say that they conspired to banish Mustapha. Haly and Achmet, the eunuch Bassas, show contempt of the Vizier in distress; but Zarma enters, whispers to Rustan, and brings him with Pyrrhus to the presence of Roxolana. Rustan has sought a government in Egypt, Pyrrhus one in Babylon, that they may be out of danger. Roxolana requires that they stay to confront their danger from the fury of the soldiers, which in a day they can turn to the death of Mustapha and the making of her son Zanger the empire's heir. That done, she will care for their preferences. Zarma then enters to say that Zanger seeks admission to his mother, and the Fourth Act ends with Roxolana's refusal to admit him.

In the beginning of the Fifth Act, Roxolana, feigning unwillingness, assists at the resolve of Solyman to kill his son. Achmet is sent to invite Mustapha with kind words to his father's tent, that he may be taken without chance of a rescue. Mustapha has sought to see his father, and is told:

The mighty Sultan yields to your request;
Believes your love is in your message sent,
He trusts that love, and thinks you innocent.

Zanger mistrusts, and warns his brother. Mustapha, before going to Solyman, seeks to release Zanger from the rigour of his vow not to survive him. The Queen of Hungary is told by Zarma that Solyman smiles upon his son. The Cardinal mistrusts, and urges the return of the Queen with her infant to Buda, which is now assaulted also from the west by King Ferdinand. She declares herself tied by her promise, but commands the Cardinal to leave her and defend the town. Mustapha then enters his father's tent. "The guards and others, passing by him, shake their heads with sorrowful looks." He sees his danger before it appears in the form of "six Mutes, one of whom advances before the rest and kneels down, delivers Mustapha a black box with a parchment, the Sultan's great seal hanging at it in a black ribband." The Mute holds up a bowstring, and makes signs that Mustapha should kneel, and submit to the Sultan's sentence. Mustapha says his last words, and kills two of the Mutes who, by shaking their heads, deny that he shall speak to his father before execution. Solyman enters, refuses to hear his son, and sends him within for execution. Then Haly describes to Roxolana the heroic manner of Mustapha's death. Zanger enters to Solyman—Zanger, who is now heir to the throne. The truth becomes known; Zanger kills himself beside the dead body of Mustapha. Roxolana finds that her plots end in misery. The Queen of Hungary goes with her son to Buda, where she will remain for the rest of her days in a cloister. The Viziers confess under torture, before they are slain, and accuse Roxolana. She confesses, and at the close of the play is divorced and banished, Solyman saying to her—

Farewell for ever, and to Love farewell!
I'll lock my bosom up where Love did dwell;
I will to Beauty ever shut my eyes
And be no more a captive by surprise:
But, oh, how little I esteem a throne
When Love, the ornament of power, is gone!

The change from blank verse to rhymed couplets in our English "heroic" plays was begun by Davenant and Roger Boyle, and derived chiefly from Pierre Corneille, who, having begun with comedies, turned to tragedy, with his "*Medea*," in 1635. It was followed by the "*Cid*," in 1636, of which the subject was suggested by study of Spanish; Lope de Vega (b. 1562–d. 1635) and Calderon (1601–1687) having great influence on the formation of French drama. "*Horace*" was produced in 1639, and a few months later "*Cinna*;" then "*Polyeucte*." Corneille aimed at producing impressions of the heroic, and in

his later pieces he sought more intricacy of plot. His plays became less simple in form, more declamatory and inflated. He turned from the theatre in 1653 (said that his poetry was decaying with his teeth), and between that date and 1659 wrote his three essays on Dramatic Poetry, including one on the Three Unities. He then returned to the stage with "Œdipe," and wrote seven or eight other weak plays between 1660 and 1675. In 1667, the year of the publication of "Paradise Lost," he had lately produced "Agesilas," and then added "Attila," of which Boileau wrote:—

J'ai vu l'Agesilas.
Hélas!
Mais après l'Attila.
Hola!

The year of Corneille's "Attila" was that of Racine's "Andromaque." Thirty-three years younger than Pierre Corneille, Jean Racine was born in 1639, the year of the production of Corneille's "Horace." His career as a poet only began in 1660, at the date of the Restoration. Racine, in disgust at the low taste of the public, ceased to write plays in 1677, at the age of thirty-eight. Corneille died in 1684, Racine in 1699. Molière, born in 1622, sixteen years younger than Pierre Corneille, and seventeen years older than Racine, produced his first comedy at Paris in 1658. His career, therefore, may almost be said to have begun, like Racine's, at the time of the Restoration, and it ended in 1673, when he died a few hours after acting in his own play of "Le Malade Imaginaire." The French drama having reached its point of greatest strength at a time when many things contributed to extend and strengthen the French influence on English Literature, our plays by friends of the king who had been to Paris followed the French fashion, and perhaps were not benefited by the playgoing taste of a day when even in Paris the "Phèdre" of Pradon was far more in request than the "Phèdre" of Racine.

In 1664 Dryden produced his second piece, the "Rival Ladies," in blank verse with some passages of heroic couplet, and in the dedication to Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, discussed his reason for having done so. It was not, he said, a new way, so much as an old way new revived, "for many years before Shakespeare's plays was the tragedy of Queen Gorboduc in English verse" (Gorboduc was a king, not a queen, and the verse was *not* rhyme, but no matter). But supposing it new, "shall we oppose ourselves to the most polished and civilised nations of Europe?" All the Spanish and Italian tragedies he had seen were in rhyme; for the French, he would not name them, because we admitted little from them but "the basest of their men, the extravagance of their fashions, and the frippery of their merchandise." Dryden appears to have known as little of Italian and Spanish tragedies as of Elizabethan literature. Shakespeare, he says, in this dedication, "to shun the pains of continual rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank verse, but the French more properly *Prose mesurée*, into which the English tongue so naturally glides, that in writing blank verse 'tis

hardly to be avoided." Rhyme, he said, leads to inversions, but not in a skilful writer; and if they be avoided, it has all the advantages of prose besides its own. "But the excellence and dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it" (O souls of Chaucer and of Spenser!). "He first made writing easily an Art: first shew'd us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which in the verse of those before him runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." (Waller, then living, aged fifty-nine, died in 1687, aged eighty-two, much flattered by the ingenious in the days of Charles the Second). "The sweetness of Mr. Waller's Lyric Poesie was afterwards followed in the Epic by Sir John Denham in his "Cooper's Hill" ("Cooper's Hill," an Epic! Sir John Denham, also then living, died in 1668); "a poem which your lordship knows for the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing. But if we owe the invention of it to Mr. Waller, we are acknowledging for the noblest use of it to Sir William Davenant, who at once brought it upon the stage, and made it perfect in the "Siege of Rhodes." Dryden then specified three advantages of rhyme over blank verse:—1. It aids memory; 2. Sweetness of rhyme adds grace to the smartness of a repartee; 3. It bounds and circumscribes the fancy, which, without it, tends to outrun judgment. Instead, therefore, of being, as some say, an embroidery of sense to make ordinary thought look excellent, it is likely to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts, as giving the judgment its busiest employment. But argument and characters must be alike great and noble.

In 1666 Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, in his Preface to "Four New Plays," vindicated the English manner of writing and dramatic genius, but objected to our mixture of the sad and mirthful in one plot. "Another way," he said, "of the ancients, which the French follow and our stage has lately practis'd, is to write in rhyme; and this is the dispute betwixt many ingenious persons, whether verse in rhyme or verse without the sound, which may be called Blank Verse (though a hard expression) is to be preferred?" He held both to be proper; one for a play, the other for a poem or copy of verses; "a Blank Verse being as much too low for one, as Rhyme is unnatural for the other. A poem being a premeditated form of thought upon designed occasions, ought not to be unfurnished of any harmony in words or sound: the other is presented as the present effect of accidents not thought of." Then, again, the rhyme in a repartee, which should have its charm in sudden thought, makes it look "rather like a design of two than the answer of one." It may be said that rhyme checks a luxuriant fancy, but that is no argument to the question, "for the dispute is not which way a man may write best in, but which is most proper for the subject he writes upon;" and again, "he that wants judgment in the liberty of his fancy may as well show the defect of it in its confinement." If it be said, one cannot write blank verse now like Beaumont and Fletcher's, that is true; true, also, that we cannot speak as good verses in rhyme as the best poets have writ; and therefore that

which seems nearest to what it intends is ever to be preferred. Nor are great thoughts more adorned by verse than verse unadorned by mean ones; so that verse seems not only unfit in the best use of it, but much more in the worse; as when a servant is called, or a door bid to be shut, in rhyme. It is true Lord Orrery's plays are all majesty and ease, meeting every conceivable objection—"this does not convince my reason, but employ my wonder."

In 1667 appeared Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," a dialogue between Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset), Lisideus (Sir Charles Sedley), Crites (Sir Robert Howard), and Neander (Dryden himself). These friends, it is said in the opening, went down the river towards Greenwich to hear the noise of cannon in the sea-fight with the Dutch, June, 1666. As the sound seemed to recede, conversation turned on the plague of bad verse that would follow victory, in celebration of it, and so passed into an argument upon ancient and modern poets, soon limited to Dramatic Poesie. It dealt with the subject of a play, "the famous rules which the French call 'Des Trois Unitez'—action, plot, &c. Lisideus spoke of the beauty of French rhyme, and of the just reason he had to prefer that way of writing in tragedies before ours in blank verse. He said he doubted not the adoption of it would exceedingly beautify our plays, and saw only one reason why it should not generally obtain—that is, because our poets write so ill in it. Neander (Dryden) having replied on other points, Crites (Sir Robert Howard) opposed rhyme. The dramatists before Shakespeare may have known no better. Shakespeare did not wholly forsake rhyme. Fletcher and Ben Jonson used it in pastorals and some other plays; but rhyme is unnatural, or not the effect of sudden thought. Aristotle said it is best to write tragedy in that form of verse which is the least such, or which is nearest to prose; and this among the ancients was iambic, with us it is blank verse. These numbers are fittest for a play; the others for a paper of verses or a poem, blank verse being as much below them as rhyme is improper for the drama. Crites repeated also the argument against calling a servant in rhyme to shut the door. As for confinement, Ben Jonson is all judgment in blank verse; Corneille rambles in rhyme. Neander (Dryden) replies, confessing shortcomings in his own plays, and "with all imaginable respect and deference both to that person (Sir R. Howard) from whom you have borrowed your strongest arguments, and to whose judgment, when I have said all, I finally submit." He excludes comedy, and confines his argument to plays where the subject and characters are great, and the plot unmixed with mirth. In these, he says, rhyme is as natural as blank verse, and more effectual. (1) The objection of Crites to bad rhyme is as good against bad blank verse. (2) A skilful writer with variety of cadence, and placing his words naturally, produces what is not less proper than blank verse to the poetical expression of thought. If none speak in rhyme, so also none speak in blank verse. The only difference between the two, well used, is that one has a sweetness which the other wants. (3) Aristotle's saying is no argu-

ment in the case, because blank verse is properly but measured prose. The ancients had quantity; when that was lost, the sweetness of rhyme and observation of accent supplied its place. Quantity abandoned, blank verse is, at most, poetic prose, and rhymed lines with the sense run into another line may be so natural as to become the form of poetry nearest to prose, or "we may use the benefit of the Pindaric way practis'd in 'The Siege of Rhodes,' where the numbers vary, and the rhyme is disposed carelessly and far from often chiming." We may follow the ancients in changing kind of verse with kind of scene. (4) If it be said that we with our rhymes cannot equal the blank verse of Jonson and Fletcher: were they to rise again, they could not equal themselves. They have run through their estate; exhausted treatment of all humours of men. "This way of writing in verse they have only left free to us; our age is arrived to a perfection in it which they never knew, and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in verse, in 'The Faithful Shepherdess and Sad Shepherd') 'tis probable they never could have reached. For the genius of every age is different, and although ours excel in this" [which assuredly it did not], "I deny not but that to imitate Nature to that perfection which they did in prose is a greater commendation than to write in verse exactly." (5) As for the popular taste, the people are ignorant, their judgment a mere lottery; it is hard for them to break an old habit; but the mixed audience of the populace and the noblesse are already favourable to verse. Since the King's return, no plays have been better received by them than the "Siege of Rhodes," the "Mustapha," "The Indian Queen," and "Indian Emperor" (this was a sequel by Dryden to "The Indian Queen"). (6) You say that rhyme is proper for epic poesie. A serious play represents nature, but nature wrought up to a high pitch. For this heroic rhyme is nearest nature, as being the noblest modern kind of verse. (7) Blank verse is acknowledged too low for a poem—nay, more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for a tragedy! (8) The argument is almost as strong against the use of rhyme in poems as in plays, for the epic way is interlaced with dialogue. (9) "Verse, 'tis true, is not the effect of sudden thought, but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in the verse. A play to be like nature is set above it, as statues which are placed on high are made greater than life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportions." (10) As to the confederacy of two and the answer of one, is it not so in blank verse? Was it not so in the Greek tragedians and in Seneca, when the reply was made exactly to fill up the trimeter? So now; rhyme being to us in lieu of quantity to them. But grant your objection. Why is such confederacy more displeasing than in a dance where all is well contrived? When a poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it is to put it into verse. (11) As to the "shut the door" argument. It is a good observation, but no argument. It proves only that such thoughts should be waived, as often as may be, by the address of the poet. When necessary, there is no need to put

them into rhyme. They can be placed at the beginning of a verse, or, if they want more than a line to themselves, they can be put in the least vulgar words. Our language is noble, and enables us to clothe ordinary things as decently as in the Latin. One would think "Unlock the door" was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yet Seneca could make it sound high and lofty in his Latin:—

"Roseate clusos Regii postes Laris."¹

(12) That the argument is not how a man may write best; but what style is fittest. That judgment may be used in blank verse, and be absent in rhyme. "This argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person, so I confess it carries much weight in it. Judgment is indeed the master workman in a play, but he requires many subordinate heads, many tools to his assistance. And verse I affirm to be one of these; 'tis a rule and line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely." As for Ben Jonson, rhyme only aids thus a luxurious fancy, which his was not; "As he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare."

In 1688 Sir Robert Howard finished the argument; in the Preface to his play, then published, of "The Duke of Lerma," he said that the author of the "Essay of Dramatic Poesie" had taken much pains to prove "rhyme as natural in a serious play and more effectual than blank verse," but pursues that which he calls natural in a wrong application. The question, he said, is, "What is nearest the nature of that which it presents?" "Now after all the endeavours of that ingenious person, a play will still be supposed to be a composition of several persons speaking extempore; and 'tis certain that good verses are the hardest things that can be imagined to be so spoken." (2) As to Seneca's opening a door, how would that be put in our noble, full, and significant English? It is only "an attempt to prove that nothing may seem something by the help of a verse; which I easily grant to be the ill fortune of it." Sir Robert Howard argued that the question was mistaken, and that there were equally gross errors in the general rules laid down for plays. This argued, a very slight loss of temper was recovered, and the rest of the Preface was very polite.

While this sort of trifling appeared wise in the eyes of critics trained in the French school, and Sir Robert Howard's defence of blank verse as measure for our dramatists showed as dense an ignorance of its true character as Dryden's arguing upon the other side, the place of blank verse in our literature was settled for ever by the genius of John Milton. "Paradise Lost" appeared in the same year as Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," 1667. Until that year the only long poem in blank verse in our language had been published in 1590 as "The Tale of Two Swans, wherein is comprehended the original and encrease of the River Lea, commonly called Ware River, together with the Antiquities of sundrie places and towns

seated upon the same. By W. Vallens." In 1667, while Dryden and his brother-in-law were bandying small criticism, the greatest epic poem in all literature appeared in English blank verse. Some critics asked of the publisher reasons for this bold innovation. The publisher asked the poet, and Milton then gave him three sentences to print before his poem for the reassurance of the critics. They are these:

"THE VERSE.

"The measure is English Heroic Verse, without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin: Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious cares, triviale and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

This ended the controversy. The manifest difference between blank verse as Shakespeare and Milton wrote it, and the spoilt prose cut into length which had of late years been written as blank verse, and about which alone Dryden and Sir Robert Howard had been arguing, could not pass unobserved by a true poet like Dryden. In the Prefaces and Dedications to his plays he showed himself the manliest and soundest critic of his day, through all the hindrances that came of his dependence upon fashion, in a time of small critical vanities with a very low standard of taste among those who prided themselves on superior discernment. In 1668 Sir William Davenant died. In 1670 Dryden succeeded him as poet laureate. In 1675 he produced "Aurenge-Zebe; or, the Great Mogul," his last play in rhyme (except the opera of "Albion and Albanus"), and said in the Prologue that he condemned his own work in it:

Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit,
And to confess a truth (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like enchanted ground.
What verse can do he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his,
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name.

The weak extravagance of the "heroic" plays of the year next following the Restoration was cleverly

¹ The line is spoken by Theseus at the close of the first scene of the third act of Seneca's "Hippolytus," immediately before the meeting with Phædra.

ridiculed by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in his burlesque called

THE REHEARSAL,

which was produced in 1671, but begun some years before. At first, the hero chiefly in mind was Sir Robert Howard, and he was called Bilboa; then Davenant, and as he was laureate, Bilboa became Bayes. Davenant was partly transformed to Dryden when Dryden succeeded to the bays. Mr. Bayes is, therefore, Dryden chiefly, but the play rehearsed, of which it is a part of the joke that characters come and go without opening or developing any distinct plot, is largely made up of whimsical parodies of passages in plays of Sir Robert Howard, Davenant, Dryden, and others, as Sir William Killigrew, Sir William Barclay, Sir Robert Stapleton, and Colonel Henry Howard. "The Rehearsal" was a plea for good sense. Boileau's pleas for good sense against the tasteless extravagance of French writers had been appearing in his "Satires," and "L'Art Poétique," his summary of his doctrine, was written about this time, and first published in 1673, with a collected edition of his works. "The Rehearsal," in its own way of caricature, was an English argument in the same direction.

In the opening, Johnson of the town meets Smith from the country, and they talk presently of plays.

Smith. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend 'em.

John. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

John. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise! prithee make me understand the meaning of that.

John. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying; and every thing, but thinking and sense.

Mr. BAYES passes over the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir.

John. God-so, this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

John. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is: I have caught him: pray, sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, sir, upon this—sweet sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, sir.

John. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. Ay, sir: what is 't?

John. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, sir, the meaning? do you mean the plot?

John. Ay, ay; anything.

Bayes. Faith, sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you

one thing; 'tis all new wit; and though I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. "In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and show, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I' gad, with any play in Europe." This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend, will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

[*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

John. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common-places*; the mother of many other plays.

John. *Drama Common-places*! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps, that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit?

Bayes. Ay, sir, that's my position. And I do here aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules¹—

John. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *Regula Duplex*; changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternatim* as you please.

Smith. Well; but how is this done by a rule, sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in 't, as there is no book but has some; I transverse it; that is, if it be prose put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.

John. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called transposing.

Bayes. By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion; and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

John. We hear you, sir; go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing: do you mark? but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too my own.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

¹ He who writ this, not without pain and thought, From French and English theatres has brought The exactest rules, by which a play is wrought. The unity of action, place, and time: The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime. Of Johnson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

(Prologue to the "Maiden Queen.")

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have anything to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruples of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Players on the stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in; whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on 't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires them before the end of the first act: now here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And then, for scenes, clothes, and dances, we put quite down all that ever went before us; and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but so it gets us money, 't is no great matter.

Then, after some preparatory talk with the players, and wit in suggestion that Amoryllis, who wears armour that becomes her, is to be called in the play Armourillis, Mr. Bayes begins to explain his plot.

Bayes. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that makes up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place; as, for example,¹ at Brentford, for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make myself well understood.)

John. I did not observe you, sir; pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, sir (nay, I beseech you be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing); the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people, make a certain kind of a—you understand me—upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it. [*Exit to call the Players.*]

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

¹ Two Kings of Brentford, supposed to be the two brothers, the king and the duke. [Notes are from the "Key" published in 1710.]

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue² (do you mark?); nay, they may both serve too, I' gad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? for, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues: the one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors; the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, I' gad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furred cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, that if out of good nature they will not like my play, I' gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping—a—

Smith. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose! sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, sir; I' gad, not one jot, sir. Suppose quoth a! —ha, ha, ha!

After dialogue that satirises the devices for obtaining applause from an audience, we come back to the prologue or epilogue.

Bayes. But pray, sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. By how do you like it, sir (for I see you can judge)? would you have it for a prologue, or the epilogue?

John. Faith, sir, 't is so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

John. What other, sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

John. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareille*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, in *terrorem*, I choose for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

John. Phoo! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hanged before they'll dare affront an author that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty similes in the whole world, I' gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'T is an allusion to love.

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons sow to trot in chestnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinished loves:

² See the two Prologues to the "Maiden Queen."

Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.¹

How do you like it now, ha?

John. Faith, 't is extraordinary fine; and very applicable to Thunder and Lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I' gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto*. Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, prithees speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder: pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.²

Light. The brisk Lightning, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble. The brisk Lightning, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen, that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces.

Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,

And dry up their petre to soot.

Thun. Let the critics look to 't.

Light. Let the ladies look to 't.

Thun. For Thunder will do 't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants, I'll singe your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to 't, look to 't; we'll do 't, we'll do 't:

Look to 't, we'll do 't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*]

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a prologue: a droll.

Smith. Yes, 't is short indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in, it will do to a miracle, I' gad. Come, come, begin the play.

Enter first Player.

I Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but he'll be here presently; he's but two doors off.³

Bayes. Come then, gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of tobacco. [*Exeunt.*]

So ends the First Act; and thus begins the Second—

¹ In ridicule of this—

So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gathering in the sky;
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves:
Perched on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

("Conquest of Granada," Part ii., p. 48.)

² I am the evening dark as night.

("Slighted Maid," p. 49.)

³ Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts; but afterwards stupefied himself so far, with drinking strong waters, that, before the first acting of this farce, he was fit for nothing but to go of errands; for which, and mere charity, the company allowed him a weekly salary.

Bayes. Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.⁴

Smith. Umph! very new indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phy. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of physician.

Phy. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phy. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phy. Come.

John. Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, sir, the Gentleman-Usher and Physician of the two Kings of Brentford.

John. But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

John. Very well.

Phy. Sir, to conclude.

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? in the tiring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, sir. He's so dull! come, speak again.

Phy. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threat'ning storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasped but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray mark that allegory. Is not that good?

John. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phy. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false (which none but the great gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phy. No; attended with the noble—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in grey?

Phy. Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, sir, most certain 't will in time appear, These are the reasons that have mov'd him to 't;

First he—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they—— [*Whispers.*]

Bayes. At it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they—— [*Whispers.*]

[*Exeunt whispering.*]

Bayes. Now they both whisper. Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

John. In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

⁴ *Drake Sen.* Draw up our men;

And in low whispers give our orders out.

("Play-house to be Let," p. 100.)

See the "Amorous Prince," pp. 20, 22, 39, 69, where you will find all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

Bayes. Why, because it's new, and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature : I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, sir, but pray why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, sir (besides that it is new, as I told you before), because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith. But then, sir, why—

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. *[Goes to the door.]*

With omission of the amusing dialogue that intervenes between Bayes, Smith, and Johnson, here is the next scene.

SCENE II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their style, 't was never yet upon the stage: but if you like it, I could make a shift perhaps to show you a whole play, writ all just so.

1 *King.* Did you observe their whispers, brother king?

2 *King.* I did, and heard, besides, a grave blind king, That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith. S'death, this would make a man spew.

1 *King.* If that design appears, I'll lug them by the ears, Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King.* And so will I, i' fack.

1 *King.* You must begin, *ma foy.*

2 *King.* Sweet sir, *pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that; I make 'em both speak French, to show their breeding.

John. O, 't is extraordinary fine!

2 *King.* Then spite of fate, we'll thus combinèd stand, And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[Exeunt Reges.]

John. This is a majestic scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 't is a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, I' gad; I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I' gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you.

And again omitting some intervening dialogue, here are the next scenes—

SCENE III.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN.

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?¹

Enter CHLORIS.

But here she comes.

Sure 't is some blazing comet! is it not? *[Lies down.]*

Bayes. Blazing comet! mark that, I' gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am so surprised with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. *[Sleeps.]*

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? his spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swoop he falls asleep, as you see. Now here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surprised. That's a general rule; you must ever make a simile when you are surprised; 't is the new way of writing.

Chloris. As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find

T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,

Feeling without that flames within do play,

Which would consume his root and sap away;

He spreads his woosterd arms unto the skies,

Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:

So shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.

Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.² *[Exit.]*

John. Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith. No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhaled too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince PRETTYMAN starts up, and says—

Pret. It is resolved.

[Exit.]

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O lord, sir, you may ask me anything, what you please; I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour; you do not know me if you say that, sir.

Smith. Then pray, sir, what is it that this prince here has resolved in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, sir, that to outdo all my fellow-writers, whereas they keep their *intrigo* secret, till the very last scene before the dance, I now, sir (do you mark me?)—a—

Smith. Begin the play, and end it, without ever opening the plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on 't; ha, ha, ha! I do, I' gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a scene of business: pray observe it; for I daresay you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argued. To tell you true, 't is a discourse I overheard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, sir; let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phy. Right; lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i' faith.

² In imitation of this passage—

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,

Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;

And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,

Hears from within the wind sing round its head:

So shrouded up your beauty disappears:

Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears:

The storm that caused your fright is past and gone.

(“Conquest of Granada,” Part III. p. 55.)

¹ Compare this with Prince Leomidas in “Marriage à-la-Mode.”

Bayes. I do just so, I' gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus.

Phy. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smith. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

John. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the when; you say, just now: so that is answered. Then, as for what: why, that answers itself; for what could they hear but what we talked of? so that naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smith. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phy. No, you'll answer better; pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phy. Come then, what is 't I must ask?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know that t' other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ush. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phy. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smith. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

John. This is mighty methodical.

Bayes. Ay, sir; that's the way; 't is the way of art; there is no other way, I' gad, in business.

Phy. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word whisper: to whisper in Latin is *fufurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper; but then comes in the *quomodo*, the *how*; how did they hear us whisper? why, as to that, there are two ways: the one by chance or accident, the other on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phy. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give them physic more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this, for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter end of the play.

Smith. I suppose that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, sir; but I confess I was not unwilling, besides, to show the world a pattern here how men should talk of business.

John. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phy. Well, if they heard us whisper, they will turn us out, and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phy. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan: We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'T is right:

And, since occasion now seems debonair,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their swords, and sit in the two great chairs upon the stage.*]

Bayes. There's now an odd surprise; the whole state's

turned quite topsy-turvy, without any pother or stir in the whole world, I' gad.¹

John. A very silent change of government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out, flourishing their swords.*]

Enter SHIRLY.

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here? hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.² [*Exit.*]

John. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part on purpose to set off the rest.

John. Cry you mercy, sir.

Smith. But pray, sir, how came they to depose the kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smith. O very well, now I'm fully satisfied.

Bayes. And then to show you, sir, it was not done so very easily neither, in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. Oh, oh! so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done!

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. O I conceive you: that, I swear, is very natural.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter four Men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Sold.* Stand. Who goes there?

2 *Sold.* A friend.

1 *Sold.* What friend?

2 *Sold.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sold.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Music strikes.*]

Bayes. Hold, hold.—[*To the music. It ceases.*—] Now here's an odd surprise: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made, in *effant flat*,

¹ Such easy turns of state are frequent, says the "Key;" where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions: particularly in "Marriage à-la-Mode," a play writ since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dullness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometimes a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's; and not to question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favourite, being but a lord) it is worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary princess:—

Amalth. Oh, gentlemen! if you have loyalty
Or courage, show it now. Leonidas,
Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
Bravely defends himself, and owns aloud
He is our long lost king, found for this moment;
But, if your valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his guards, moved by the sense of virtue,
Are turned for him, and there they stand at bay,
Against a host of foes. ("Marriage à-la-Mode," p. 61.)

This shows Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method; agreeable to what he says in the next act—"As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say?"

² I know not what to say, or what to think!

I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!

("Love and Friendship," p. 46.)

My doubts and fears my reason to dismay:

I know not what to do, or what to say. ("Pandora," p. 46.)

and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your note in *effant flat*. Play on. [*To the music.*—Now, now, now!—[*The music plays his note, and the dead men rise; but cannot get in order.*—O lord! O lord! Out, out, out! did ever men spoil a good thing so! no figure, no ear, no time, nothing? udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in "Harry the Eighth," or the fat spirits in the "Tempest," I' gad.

1 *Sold.* Why, sir, 't is impossible to do anything in time, to this tune.

Bayes. O lord! O lord! impossible! why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do it. Look you now: here I am dead.—[*Lies down flat on his face.*—Now mark my note *effant flat*. Strike up, music. Now!—[*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*—Ah, gadzookers! I have broke my nose.

John. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *effant*.

Bayes. A plague of this stage, with your nails and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, sir, I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sold.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like horsemen. [*Exit BAYES.*

Smith. Like horsemen! What a plague can that be?

[*They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.*

1 *Sold.* A devil! let's try this no longer: play my dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with so. [*Dance, and Exeunt.*

Smith. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

John. Prithee let's go see. [*Exeunt.*

Mr. Bayes reappears at the beginning of the Third Act with a paper on his nose, this accident being designed as a suggestion of the damaged nose of Davenant. The first scene of the act is a caricature of Dryden's comic writing in the "Wild Gallant."

SCENE II.

Enter the two Usurpers,¹ hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of Volscius the great? His presence has not graced our court of late.

Phy. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung, Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Bayes. Is not that majestical?

Smith. Yes, but who a devil is that Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that's a prince I make in love with Parthenope.

Smith. I thank you, sir.

Enter CORDELIO.

Cor. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.²

Smith. How, sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, sir, have a little patience: gadzookers,

you 'll spoil all my play. Why, sir, 't is impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, sir.

Cor. His highness, sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life; but, by the care Of standers by, prevented was.

Smith. S'heart, what stuff's here?

Cor. At last,

Volscius the great this dire resolve embraced:
His servants he into the country sent,
And he himself to Piccadilly went;
Where he's informed by letters that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! is that possible? dead!

Phy. O ye gods!

[*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion: O ye gods! that's one of my bold strokes, I' gad.

Smith. Yes; but who's the fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, 't is well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the man brought in that is supposed to have killed her. [*A great shout within.*

SCENE III.

Enter AMARILLIS, with a book in her hand, and attendants.

Ama. What shout triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Shy maid, upon the river brink, near Twickenham town, the false assassinate is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above for this deliverance. I hope,

Its slow beginning will portend

A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all future end! no, no: to all future *END*; you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Ay, sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers, dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind
T' attack the noblest soul of human kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Prettyman.

Ama. What! did Prince Prettyman hire you to kill Prince Prettyman?

Fish. No, Prince Volscius.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince Volscius.

Ama. What! did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius?

Fish. No, Prince Prettyman.

Ama. So drag him hence,

Till torture of the rack produce his sense. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects: for he's out at one and t' other: and that's the design of this scene.

¹ See the two kings in the "Conquest of Granada."

² Albert, Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ear.

Cor. Anything from Alberto is welcome.

(*"Amorous Prince,"* p. 39.)

Smith. I see, sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of writing: and so, sir, I can dispatch you a whole play before another man, I gad, can make an end of his plot.

Prince Prettyman finds he is a fisherman's son. But he is told by Thimble—

Thim. Brave Prettyman, it is at length revealed,
That he is not thy sire who thee concealed.

Bayes. Lo' you now; there he's off again.

John. Admirably done, I' faith!

Bayes. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darkness can evince!

Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.

It is a secret great as is the world;

In which I, like the soul, am tossed and hurled.

The blackest ink of fate sure was my lot,

And when she writ my name she made a blot. [Exit.

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smith. Yes, sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a fisherman's son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobody's son at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

SCENE V.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, going out of town.

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Piccadilly.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design.

John. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the army that lies concealed for him at Knightsbridge.

John. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break, but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince VOLSCIUS, CLORIS, AMARILLIS, and HARRY, with a Riding-cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town,
And to retire to country solitude.

Clo. We hoped this summer that we should at least
Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company; prettily expressed: held the honour of your company! gadzookers, these fellows will never take notice of anything.

John. I assure you, sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 't is no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain!
That you will here, with poor us, still remain!

Before your hors's come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear 't will be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Vol. Harry, my boots; for I'll go range among
My blades encamped, and quit this urban throng.¹

¹ Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll go out of town this evening.

Into the country I'll with speed,
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed.

Now I'll away, a country life
Shall be my mistress, and my wife.

(Both from the "English Monsieur," pp. 36, 38, 39.)

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus concealed in Knightsbridge?

Bayes. In Knightsbridge? Stay.

John. No, not if the innkeepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! ay, sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy, I' gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of town; but you shall see how prettily I have contrived to stop him presently.

Smith. By my troth, sir, you have so amazed me, that I know not what to think.

Enter PARTHENOPE.

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose changed!

Too soon I thought myself secure from love.

Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name,²

Who does so gently rob me of my fame:

For I should meet the army out of town,

And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, sir, sells ale by the town-walls;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

John. Ay, ay, I' gad, you are very right.

Vols. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?
Thou bring'st the morning pictured in a cloud.³

Bayes. The morning pictured in a cloud! ah, gadzookers, what a conceit is there!

Par. Give you good even, sir.

[Exit.

Vols. O inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. } How! Prince Volscius in love? ha, ha, ha!⁴

Clo. } [Exeunt laughing.]

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? he first resolves to go out of town, and then as he's pulling on his boots, falls in love with her; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha? [Turns to JOHNSON.]

John. Why, in the boots: where should the jest lie?

Bayes. I' gad, you are in the right: it does lie in the boots.—(Turns to SMITH.)—Your friend and I know where a good jest lies, though you don't, sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, sir!

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. An ancient author has made a whole play on't;⁵ but I have dispatched it all in this scene.

VOLSCIUS sits down to pull on his boots: BAYES stands by and over-acts the part as he speaks it.

Vols. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!
This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies, with amorous design,
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Prithee mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

John. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

² And what 's this maid's name? ("English Monsieur," p. 40.)

³ I bring the morning pictured in a cloud.

⁴ ("Siege of Rhodes," Part i., p. 10.)

⁵ Mr. Comely in love! ("English Monsieur," p. 49.)

⁶ Sir William Davenant's play of "Love and Honour."

Vol. My legs the emblem of my various thought
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolved to do 't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Disarm'd, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour or to love give way?
Go on, cries honour; ¹ tender love says, Nay;
Honour aloud commands, Pluck both boots on;
But softer love does whisper, Put on none.
What shall I do! what conduct shall I find,
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day, with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my honour and my love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping, with one boot on and t' other off.*]

John. By my troth, sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever
I saw, and as equal; for 't is determined on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is 't not now, I' gad, ha? for to go off hip-hop,
hip-hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than
any conclusion in the world, I' gad.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip-hop, in this place, as
you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. Oh, all in all, sir! they are these little things that
mar or set you off a play.

The Fourth Act, after due critical introduction by
Mr. Bayes for the benefit of Smith and Johnson,
begins with a funeral.

Enter a funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Bayes. Lay it down there; no, no, here, sir. So now
speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief
Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was 't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? is not that elevate?
'T is my *non ultra*, I' gad; you must know they were both in
love with her.

Smith. With her! with whom?

Bayes. Why this is Lardella's funeral.

Smith. Lardella! ay, who is she?

Bayes. Why, sir, the sister of Drawcansir: a lady that was
drowned at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.²

K. Ush. Lardella, O Lardella, from above
Behold the tragic issues of our love:
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I' gad, but you will not have patience; honest
Mr.—a— you will not have patience.

John. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

Bayes. Why, sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress,
snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without
regard to numbers, good manners, or justice.³

John. A very pretty character!

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever
been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer
that one quality, of singly beating of whole armies, above all
your moral virtues put together, I' gad. You shall see him
come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[*To the Players.*]

K. Phys. Oh, cry you mercy.

[*Goes to take the paper.*]

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read
it myself.—[*Takes a paper from off the coffin.*—] Stay, it's an
ill hand, I must use my spectacles. This now is a copy of
verses, which I make Lardella compose just as she is dying,
with design to have it pinned upon her coffin, and so read
by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr.
Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think now, I fancy her to make
love like, here, in this paper?

Smith. Like a woman: what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word you are out, though, sir; I' gad you are.

Smith. What then, like a man?

Bayes. No, sir; like a humble-bee.

Smith. I confess, that I should not have fancied.

Bayes. It may be so, sir; but it is, though, in order to the
opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the
transmigration of the soul.

Smith. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title. To my dear couz, King Phys.

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a king, though, sir
by your favour, for a humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant your knowledge
may be above me; but as for poetry, give me leave to say, I
understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it
has indeed, sir.

Smith. Your servant, sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

[*Reads.*]

Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humble-bee to your chaste love:
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear couz;
Or else, before you, in the sun-beams, buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum:
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.⁴

Smith. (*After a pause.*) Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye.

John. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smith. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

⁴ In ridicule of a dramatic way of reading that Dryden had, and thus—
My earthly part.

Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you in the sun-beams play.
I'll lead you hence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves:
At night, I will within your curtains peep,
With empty arms embrace you, while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future love.
And when at last in pity you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle like, I'll to my mate repair,
And teach you your first flight in open air.
(Dryden's "Tyranne Love," p. 25.)

¹ But honour says not so. ("Siege of Rhodes," Part i, p. 19.)

² On seas I bore thee, on seas I died,
I died: and for a winding-sheet, a wave
I had; and all the ocean for my grave.
(*"Conquest of Granada,"* Part ii, p. 113.)

³ Almanzor in Dryden's "Conquest of Granada."

Bayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will free ;
But most from love of any future bee.
And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I' gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ? is it not *tuant* ? here's the end.—

Then at your birth of immortality,
Like any wingéd archer hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first fluttering in the sky.

John. Oh rare ! this is the most natural, refined fancy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good way enough of making love : for being divested of her terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself within this breast,

Which only in Lardella's tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from Lardella's love depart.

Enter PALLAS.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At Pallas's commands :

For the supposed dead, O kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives ; I did but try
If princes for their loves could die.
Such celestial constancy
Shall, by the gods, rewarded be :
And from these funeral obsequies,
A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[*The coffin opens, and a banquet is discovered.*]

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now 'tis out.
This is the very funeral of the fair person which Volscius sent word was dead ; and Pallas, you see, has turned it into a banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, sir, we must first have a dance, for joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray, sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot ; I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, sir ? I am glad you will confess yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith.

DANCE.

K. Ush. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind :
And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
Let in full bowls her health go round.

[*The two Usurpers take each of them a bowl in their hands.*]

K. Ush. But where's the wine ?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering lance

[*Fills the bowls out of her lance.*]

Does flow the purest wine of France :
And to appease your hunger, I
Have in my helmet brought a pie :
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a buckler made of cheese.¹

[*Vanish PALLAS.*]

¹ See the scene in the "Villain," p. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53. Where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his clothes : a capon from his helmet, a tansie out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

Bayes. That's the banquet. Are you satisfied now, sir ?

John. By my troth now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you : for the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter DRAWCANSIR.

K. Phys. What man is this that dares disturb our feast ?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die :
And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.²

John. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right ; that's the conceit on 't.

John. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now, there are some critics that have advised me to put out the second dare, and print must in the place on 't ;³ but, I' gad, I think 't is better thus a great deal.

John. Whoo ! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on, then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go ?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred person, I' gad ? so modest, so gent !

Smith. Oh very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay ;
But you shall know I'll take your bowls away.⁴

[*Snatches the bowls out of the Kings' hands, and drinks them off.*]

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent ?

Bayes. No, I' gad, sir, but 't is great.

K. Ush. Though, brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very power to drink.⁵

[*The two Kings sneak off the stage with their Attendants*
I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare ;
And all this I can do, because I dare.⁶ *[Exit.*

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of ?

Bayes. Yes ; but this is nothing : you shall see him in the last act win above a dozen battles, one after another, I' gad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

John. That will be a fight worth the seeing, indeed.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the kings let him use them so scurvily ?

Bayes. Phoo ! that's to raise the character of Drawcansir.

John. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, sirs, I'll show you a scene indeed ; or rather indeed the scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smith. And pray, what's your design in this scene ?

² In ridicule of this—

Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private walk ?

Alman. He who dares love, and for that love must die ;
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

(*"Granada," Part ii., p. 114, 115.*)

³ It was at first, dares die. (*Ibid.*)

⁴ *Alman.* I would not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay ;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.

(*"Conquest of Granada," p. 32.*)

⁵ In ridicule of this—

Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in sight ;
With a bent brow, thy priest, and thee I'll fright :

And, in that scene, which all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent. (*Ibid., p. 5.*)

⁶ Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair ;
And all this I can do, because I dare.

(*"Tyranic Love," Part ii., p. 89.*)

Bayes. Why, sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, smooth verse and a rant; in fine, if this scene don't take, I'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—— a——nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. Oh, sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince PRETTYMAN and Prince VOLSCIUS.

Nay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary; for I make 'em both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir; I say *not* in love; there's a new conceit for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since Fate, prince Volscius, now has found the way For our so longed-for meeting here this day, Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story from thee learn; But thou to love dost, Prettyman, incline; Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be Differing in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! I'gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Vols. Love takes, chameleon like, a various dye From every plant on which itself does lie.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright: Nature does most in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a deity would nature prove, Contending with the pow'rful god of love!

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Vols. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine.

Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale; And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

Bayes. I'gad that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice; But mine must be adored with sacrifice. All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes control: The body they consume, as well as soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more divine; Victims her altars burn not, but refine; Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost, But, with her looks, revive still as they roast. In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive; Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, I'gad, as I can do.

Vols. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I'gad.

Pret. I'll sooner hope a passion for a whale; In whose vast bulk, tho' store of oil doth lie, We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, I'gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far-fetched a fancy, though, I'gad, as e'er you saw.

Vols. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence Of perfect love defame love's excellence: Parthenope is, sure, as far above All other loves, as above all is love.

Bayes. Ah! I'gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my Cloris, gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all gods joined, they could not hope to mend My better choice: for fair Parthenope Gods would themselves un-god themselves to see.¹

Bayes. Now the rant's a coming.

Pret. Durst any of the gods be so uncivil, I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.²

Bayes. Ay, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.

Vols. Couldst thou that god from heaven to earth translate,

He could not fear to want a heav'nly state; Parthenope, on earth, can heav'n create.

Pret. Cloris does heav'n itself so far excel, She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'sdeath, I have lost my peruke. Well, gentlemen, this is what I never yet saw any one could write, but myself. Here's true spirit and flame all through, I'gad. So, so, pray clear the stage.

[He puts 'em off the stage.

John. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of brain for this: 't is but scanning the labours on the finger; but where's the sense of it?

John. O! for that he desires to be excused: he is too proud a man, to creep servilely after sense, I assure you.³ But pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. Oh, sir, the subject is too great for prose.

Smith. Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 't is well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil;

That single line, I'gad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ.

Let down the curtain.

[Exeunt.

Thus the Fifth Act begins, with a caricature of the interpolated singing and dancing in heroic plays.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll show you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, show, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I'gad, as that great scene in Harry the Eighth, and grander too, I'gad: for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

[The curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince PRETTYMAN, Prince VOLSCIUS, AMARYLLIS, CLORIS, PARTHENOPE, &c., before them, Heralds and Sergeants at arms, with maces.

¹ In ridicule of this—

Mrs. Thou heest. There's not a god in all its there, But, for this Christian, would all heaven forswear: Even Jove would try new-shapes her love to win, And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin. At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.

(“Tyrannic Love,” p. 17.)

² Some god now, if he dare, relate what passed: Say, but he's dead, that god shall mortal be.

[*Pret.*, p. 7.]

Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be Revenged once upon the gods, and thee. [p. 8.]

What had the gods to do with me, or mine. [p. 8.]

³ Poets, like lovers, should be bold, and dare; They spoil their business with an over-care: And he who servilely creeps after sense, Is safe; but ne'er can reach to excellence.

(Dryden's Prologue to “Tyrannic Love.”)

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason two of the cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, sir, because—By gad, I won't tell you.—Your country friend, sir, grows so troublesome—

K. Ush. Now, sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Vols. Dread sovereign lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son; let me intreat that great prince Prettyman first to speak; whose high pre-eminence in all things that do bear the name of good, my justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his son.

John. Yes, sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg,
That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Vols. That preference is only due to Amaryllis, sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns. [Soft music.

K. Ush. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?¹

K. Phys. Sure 't is the music of the moving spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A god-like cloud, and a triumphant car;

In which our two right kings sit one by one,

With virgins' vests, and laurel garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, brother Phys, 't is time we should be gone.

[The two Usurpers steal out of the throne, and go away.

Bayes. Look you, now, did not I tell you that this would be as easy a change as the other?

Smith. Yes, faith, you did so; though I confess I could not believe you: but you have brought it about, I see.

[The two right Kings of BRENTFORD descend in the clouds, singing, in white garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.

Bayes. Now, because the two right kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the tune and style of our modern spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, brother king, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move;

Move to remove the fate

Of Brentford's long united state.²

¹ What various notes do my ears invade:
And have a concert of confusion made?

("Siege of Rhodes," p. 4.)

² In ridicule of this—

Naker. Hark, my Damilear, we are called below.

Dam. Let us go, let us go:

Go to relieve the care,

Of longing lovers in despair.

Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tipp'd at a rainbow feast.

Dam. In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle loud,

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,

All racking along in a downy white cloud;

And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,

We slide on the back of a new-falling star.

Naker. And drop from above,

In a jelly of love.

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,

The spirits of fire against us make head.

Naker. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air;

Alas! I must leave thee, my fair;

And to my light-horsemen repair.

Dam. O stay! for you need not to fear 'em to-night:

The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:

And o'er the wide ocean we fight,

Like leaves in the autumn, our foes will fall down,

And hiss in the water.

Both. And hiss in the water, and drown.

1 *King.* Tarra, ran, tarra, full east and by south.

2 *King.* We sail with thunder in our mouth,
In scorching noonday, whilst the traveller stays;
Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along,

Mounted upon warm Phoebus's rays,

Through the heavenly throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us at night with a pig's petty toes.

1 *King.* And we'll fall with our plate

In an ollio of hate.

2 *King.* But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pie.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot custards in spoons:

But, alas! I must leave these half-moons,

And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 *King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;

The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,

And on their high ropes we will play

Like maggots in filbirds we'll snug in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

And farewell.

1 *King.* But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green frogs croak out a coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? the fiddlers are all in green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no coranto.

John. No, but they play a tune that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No coranto, quoth-a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King.* Now mortals that hear

How we tilt and career,

With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly resolved is a true Brentford king,

To save the distressed and help to 'em to bring,

That ere a full-pot of good ale you can swallow,

He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[BAYES fills his finger, and sings after 'em.

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

This, sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a conjurer.³

John. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smith. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the throne, sir, what thing would you have?

Smith. Well; but methinks the sense of this song is not very plain!

Bayes. Plain! why, did you ever hear any people in clouds speak plain? they must be all for flight of fancy at its full range, without the least check or control upon it. When

Naker. But their men lie securely intrenched in a cloud,
And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.

Dam. Now mortals that spy

How we tilt in the sky,

With wonder will gaze:

And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.

Naker. Stay you to perform what the man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air,

To pity the lover, and succour the fair,

That silent and swift, that little soft god,

Is here with a wish and is gone with a nod.

("Tyrranic Love," p. 24, 25.)

³ See "Tyrranic Love," act iv. scene 1.

once you tie up spirits and people in clouds, to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smith. Bless me, what a monster's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the clouds, and step into the throw.*

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But first, let's have a dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought and premeditation. But first, let's have a dance: pray remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue, there's no enduring of him.

John. No, prithee make use of thy patience a little longer, let's see the end of him now. [*Dance a grand dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since derived, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The army's at the door, and in disguise, Desires a word with both your majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from Knightsbridge hither marched by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend awhile, and drink our health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes, the army in disguise!

Bayes. Ay, sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them, that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discovered them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 *King.* Here, take five guineas for those warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much, the Lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

Am. Invincible sovereigns, blame not my modesty, if at this grand conjuncture—— [*Drum beats behind the stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great sirs, your royal persons save, For the event of war no mortal knows:¹

The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

First fell to words, and then to handy-blows. [*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a handsome come-off?

2 *King.* O dangerous estate of sovereign power! Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for shelter in our cabinet stay; Perhaps these threatening storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*

John. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us just now, to make Amaryllis speak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hindered her.

Smith. How, sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, sir; the plot lay so, that I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

¹ In ridicule of this—

What new misfortunes do these cries presage?

1 *Mess.* Haste all you can, their fury to assuage:

You are not safe from their rebellious rage

2 *Mess.* This minute, if you grant not their desire,

They'll seize your person, and your palace fire

("Granada," Part ii., p. 71.)

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

John. But pray, who hindered her?

Bayes. Why, the battle, sir, that's just coming in at the door.

The play rehearsed ends not only with battle, but with an eclipse. Here is the eclipse—

Bayes. Ay, sir: but how would you fancy now to represent an eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Supposed! ay, you are ever at your suppose; ha, ha, ha! why, you may as well suppose the whole play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain: but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and I believe to the purpose.

John. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between Phœbus and Aurora, in the "Slighted Maid;" which, by my troth, was very pretty; but I think you'd confess this is a little better.

John. No doubt on't Mr. Bayes—a great deal better.

[*BAYES hugs JOHNSON, then turns to SMITH.*

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! but—a—sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun.

Smith. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hey. Hum! and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between the earth and sun: and there you have both eclipses by demonstration.

John. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes; it has fancy in't. And then, sir, that there may be something in't too of a joke, I bring 'em in all singing; and make the moon sell the earth a bargain. Come, come out, eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

Enter LUNA.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis!
Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

Enter the EARTH

Orb. Who calls terra-firma, pray?²

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to show her tail.

Bayes. There's the bargain.

Enter SOL, to the tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, sister, fie; thou makest me muse,
Derry down, derry down,

To see thee Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 't will not move,
Since I showed it out of love,

Hey down, derry down.

² In ridicule of this—

Phœb. Who calls the world's great light?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the night

Phœb. Why does Aurora, from her cloud

To drowsie Phœbus cry so loud?

("Slighted Maid," p. 8.)

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty moon?

Luna. To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount Vesuvio.¹

Sol. Then I will shine. [*To the tune of Trenchmore, Bis.*

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippara wine.²

Omnes. And we, &c.

[*As they dance the hey, BAYES speaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon; now the moon's
before the sun: there's the eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

John. Ay, 't is so extraordinary, how can he choose!

Bayes. So, now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle,
and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see
fighting enough.

[*A battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses. At last
DRAWCANSIR comes in and kills them all on both sides. All
the while the battle is fighting, BAYES is telling them when
to shout, and shouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.

Let petty kings the names of parties know:

Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.

The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controls,

And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.

If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,

I would pursue and beat 'em through the sky;

And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see

This single arm more dreadful is, than he.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, sirs. You may
talk of your Hectors, and Achilleses, and I know not who;
but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to show
me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir.

Smith and Johnson have had enough. They steal
away while Bayes goes out to speak to Mr. Ivory.
Bayes finding them gone departs in search of them.
When he is gone, the players find a bit of paper, and
one of them reads from it—

The argument of the fifth act.

3 *Play.* "Cloris at length, being sensible of prince Pretty-
man's passion, consents to marry him; but just as they are
going to church, prince Prettyman meeting, by chance, with
old Joan the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she
that first brought him acquainted with Cloris; out of a high
point of honour, breaks off his match with Cloris, and marries
old Joan. Upon which, Cloris, in despair, drowns herself;
and prince Prettyman, discontentedly, walks by the river-
side."—This will never do: 't is just like the rest. Come,
let's be gone.

When Bayes comes back from his search for Smith
and Johnson, and is told that the players have gone
to dinner, he departs in a huff, and carries his play
with him.

In the year of the production of "The Rehearsal,"
1671, Milton published "Samson Agonistes," apply-
ing in the grand form of Greek tragedy the story of
Samson as a parable, from which those might take
heart who saw the degradation of the time, remem-

bered what their hope had been, and were half-tempted
to despair. The questioning he meant to answer is
expressed dramatically in the chorus of the captive
Israelites.

God of our fathers, what is man!

That thou toward him with hand so various—
Or might I say contrarious—

Temperest thy providence through his short course;
Not evenly, as thou rulest

The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of men the common rout,

That, wandering loose about,

Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,

Heads without name, no more remembered;

But such as thou has solemnly elected,

With gifts and graces eminently adorned,

To some great work, thy glory,

And people's safety, which in part they effect.

Yet toward these thus dignified thou oft,

Amidst their height of noon,

Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard

Of highest favours past

From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscured, which were a fair dismission;

But throwest them lower than thou didst exalt them high,

Unseemly falls in human eye,

Too grievous for the trespass or omission;

Oft leavest them to the hostile sword

Of heathen and profane, their carcasses

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.

If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty

With sickness and disease thou bowest them down,

Painful diseases and deformed,

In crude old age;

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering

The punishment of dissolute days. In fine

Just or unjust alike seem miserable,

For oft alike both come to evil end.

And the story of the play leads to this answer to
all doubting, with which Milton closed both "Samson
Agonistes" and his own life as a poet.

All is best, though we oft doubt,

What the unsearchable dispose

Of Highest Wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.

Oft He seems to hide His face,

But unexpectedly returns;

And to His faithful champion hath in place

Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,

And all that band them to resist

His uncontrollable intent.

His servants He, with new acquit

Of true experience from this great event,

With peace and consolation hath dismissed,

And calm of mind, all passion spent.

Let us now illustrate stage decoration of the Res-
toration time by the sculptures which adorned the
edition published in 1673 of Elkanah Settle's

¹ The burning Mount Vesuvio. (*Ibid.*, p. 81.)

² Drink, drink wine, Lippara wine. (*"Ibid."*, p. 81.)

EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.

Act I., Scene 1 is a prison, already represented on page 327. Muly Labas, son to the Emperor of Morocco, appears bound in chains, "condemned to fetters and to sceptres born." His father has imprisoned him. There enters to him, bound, Morena, with whom he had run away from Taffaletta's court, to be pursued by the arms of her father Taffaletta, and imprisoned by his father in Morocco. They are to die when angry Taffaletta has "his standard fixt before Morocco's walls." They are to die together within three days, a fact of which Morena has been taking a heroic view, when Laula, Empress of Morocco, the Queen-Mother—whose part was played by Mrs. Betterton—enters weeping. His father, she tells her son,

Is dead just as he sate
Pronouncing yours and your Morena's fate.

Dying, he bequeathed his throne to the condemned son, and peaceable possession of Morena. Presently enter Crimalhaz a courtier, and Hametalhaz his confidant and creature, who hail Muly Labas as Emperor "advancing from a prison to a throne." But when the lovers have departed from their prison, we hear from the Queen-Mother that she had poisoned her husband, and would have kept her son in prison to give herself and the throne to Crimalhaz, if it had not been necessary to undermine Muly Hamet, a Prince of the Blood Royal and brave general of the Empire, before venturing to put her son out of the way, and raise her creature, Crimalhaz, to royalty. Arrangements are made at the close of the First Act for poisoning the mind of the new sovereign against his general, Muly Hamet.

For the Second Act, "The scene opened is represented the prospect of a large river, with a glorious fleet of ships, supposed to be the navy of Muly Hamet." This was the scene :



A FLEET OF SHIPS. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

Muly Hamet's fleet is sailing homeward. The general enters to the young king and queen with his friend Abdelcador, amidst much flourishing of

trumpets. He has been victorious on sea and land. The young queen tells him that he has now to be employed in a more cruel victory ; he must meet the invasion by her father, "and spare his blood for his Morena's sake." Mariamne, sister to the new sovereign, daughter to the wicked Empress, and beloved of Muly Hamet, enters next to grace the general's victory, and her imperial brother bids her love him. Next comes Crimalhaz to invite the new king to the celebration of his coronation. All proceed to it, Crimalhaz waiting for some private expression of his villainous designs. Then is

"THE SCENE OPENED.

A State is presented, the King, Queen, and Mariamne seated, Muly Hamet, Abdelcador, and Attendants. A Moorish dance is presented by Moors in several habits, who bring in an artificial palm-tree, about which they dance to several antick instruments of musick ; in the intervals of the dance [a song of loyal homage] is sung by a Moorish priest and two Moorish women ; the chorus of it being performed by all the Moors."

This was the picture that reproduced the scene :



A MOORISH DANCE. (From Settle's "Empress of Morocco.")

That the victorious general may receive also the congratulations of the Queen-Mother, who is withdrawn as mourner for her late husband, the young king gives him a ring which will obtain for him access to her apartments.

At the opening of the Third Act, Muly Hamet entering the Queen-Mother's apartments in the palace, finds her asleep with Crimalhaz, whose plume of feathers and drawn sword are on a table. He will conceal the queen's shame, and punish Crimalhaz when he is awake and can defend himself. Meanwhile, as token of his knowledge, he takes away the sword of Crimalhaz, and is met by the young king while doing so. That he should be bringing the sword of Crimalhaz from the Empress's chamber implies only one fact that cannot be concealed. It becomes known to the young king. The Queen-Mother and Crimalhaz find the sword gone and learn that Muly Hamet

Elkanah Settle, born at Dunstable in 1648, had studied for a time at Oxford without taking a degree, and was twenty-five years old when he produced "The Empress of Morocco." He brought on himself sharp criticism from John Crowne and others for that piece, and he did not sustain his success. John Crowne, son of an Independent minister in Nova Scotia, was also then at the outset of his career as dramatist, having begun in 1671 with the tragic-comedy of "Juliana." In 1674, when Milton died, Dryden was forty-three years old, and active as a dramatist. He showed his genuine respect for Milton's genius by an odd way of bringing it into fashionable notice; for he turned in that year "Paradise Lost" into an opera—"The State of Innocence and Fall of Man." It was not acted, but was written with an eye to spectacle. Eve's innocence, in Dryden's rhyme, is of the obtrusive kind that might have its point of view in the life of Charles II.'s court. In the same year, 1674, Sir Robert Howard had ceased to write plays, Sir William Davenant and Sir John Denham had been six years dead, and Thomas Killigrew had yet ten years to live. Besides Settle and Crowne, the new dramatists were Thomas Shadwell, then thirty-four years old, who had begun his career as dramatist five years before with the tragic-comedy of the "Royal Shepherdess," and had produced in 1671 an English version of Molière's "L'Avare," and William Wycherley, a dramatist of higher mark, who profited more than Shadwell by an admiration of the genius of Molière. Wycherley was of the same age as Shadwell; both were born in 1640. Wycherley's first play, "Love in a Wood," said to have been written at the age of nineteen, was first produced when he was thirty-two years old, in 1672, two years before the death of Milton. Aphra Behn, who was two years younger than Wycherley and Shadwell, produced her first play in the year before Wycherley's "Love in a Wood." In 1674, when Milton died, Thomas d'Urfey, Lee, Otway, and Southerne had not yet appeared as dramatists. D'Urfey may be named and dismissed; he was a wit of about Killigrew's level of genius, and of about Dryden's age. He did not begin to write till he was forty-six, two years after the death of Milton. Nathaniel Lee and Thomas Otway, nearly of the same age—one born in 1650, the other in 1651—were about twenty years younger than Dryden and ten years younger than Wycherley and Shadwell. Both began writing plays in the same year, 1675, the year after the death of Milton. Nahum Tate, who wrote plays of no great mark, was nearly of the same age as Lee and Otway—he was born in 1652. About ten years younger than Lee and Otway, born in 1660, was Thomas Southerne, whose first tragedy, "The Loyal Brother," was acted in 1682. Sir Charles Sedley, the Lisideius of Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," had represented court wit on the stage by a tragedy on "Antony and Cleopatra," just written when Dryden produced that essay, though not printed until 1677; by his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden" in 1668; and by his best comedy, "Bellamira, or the Mistress," in 1687. He lived to be an old man, and died about 1728. But perhaps the best reflection of the low wit and bad manners

of the court of Charles II. is in the three comedies of Sir George Etherege, "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub," published in 1664; "She Would if She Could" in 1668; and "Sir Fopling Flutter, or the Man of Mode," in 1676. It is hardly worth while to add that John Lacy, a Yorkshireman, who began life as a dancing-master, then wore uniform as a soldier, then went upon the stage, was a handsome man, reputed a good comic actor, and wrote four comedies. The first, "The Dumb Lady," published in 1672, was a spoiling of two comedies by Molière; the last, "Sawney the Scot," defiled Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." His other two plays, "The Old Troop, or Monsieur Raggou" (a sketch of camp life during the Civil Wars), and "Sir Hercules Buffoon, or the Poetical Squire," are, so to speak, original.

When the wit in fashion bound itself to sensuality the soul of poetry went out of English comedy, and even in tragedy mock passion replaced the fire of the old plays which, in their utmost irregularity, had glowed with a real emotion, and thrown light on the diviner life of man. I shall not dwell long upon records of the degradation of the English stage. Divorced from poetry the drama ceases to belong to literature. The completeness of the divorce may be indicated by a description of the last play of Sir George Etherege—

THE MAN OF MODE: OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

The Man of Mode is Dorimant, type of the fascinating man of parts and fashion at the court of Charles II. Sir Fopling Flutter is the fool to him—an aper of fashions, who brings second-hand airs and graces out of France. Dorimant is a selfish scoundrel and Sir Fopling is a fool. But the dramatists of the Restoration painted Dorimants as honoured leaders of society—found something distinguished in their baseness; and though they did not pronounce evil to be good, accepted it as their good most unblushingly. The court was the chief patron of the stage, and sins under royal patronage must be set forth as gentlemanly at the very least. Dorimant quotes lines of plays to show his education, walks and bows gracefully, has irresistible ways; he is first in reputation as a lady-killer, and is jealous of any stain upon that; he leads the fashion and is a brute, coarsely abusive to his inferiors, meanly treacherous to his friends, an unmanly mocker of his victims: yet he is hero of the piece, and at its close triumphant master of the situation, marrying a fortune and still keeping at his call the women whom he has insulted. It may be said that such comedies as this did hold the mirror up to life, and might therefore have meant to make its baseness felt. But the breath of poetry had not given to their mirror its magic power. Playgoers saw and liked on the stage what they were used to see and like in the world, to whose pattern they were anxious to conform themselves. How intensely unpoetical these plays were is amusingly suggested by the printing of the dialogue of Etherege's plays as if they were written in verse. A cutting into lengths of its unmitigated prose will no more make verse of

its language than any human reasoning upon its substance can turn one of its thoughts to poetry. Thus it begins—

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Scene, a Dressing Room, a Table covered with a Toilet,
Cloaths laid ready.*

Lor. DORIMANT in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in his Hand made up, repeating Verses.

Dor. Now for some Ages had the Pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain.

[Then looking on the Note.

For Mrs. LOVEIT.

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet-doux written in cold Blood, after the Heat of the Business is over? It is a Tax upon good Nature which I have here been labouring To pay, and have done it, but with as much Regret, As ever Fanatic paid the Royal Aid, or Church Duties; 'Twill have the same Fate, I know, that all my Notes to her Have had of late, 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith, Women are i' the right when they jealously examine our Letters, for in them we always first discover our Decay Of Passion.

Then he calls his man Handy, coarsely abuses his servants, admits an immoral orange-woman, who tells him of a handsome gentlewoman lately come to town with her mother, and they in their ignorance have taken lodgings at the orange-woman's house. They are recognised by his friend Medley, who enters, embracing him as "Dorimant, my life, my joy, my darling sin." They must be Lady Woodvil, who is greatly afraid of the wickedness of London, and especially of Dorimant, and her daughter Harriet, who is wild and beautiful and vastly rich. Lady Woodvil has come out of Hampshire to marry Harriet to young Bellair. But young Bellair, who enters after a coarse dialogue between Dorimant and his shoemaker, has planted his love elsewhere, and means marriage with Emilia, who is under his Aunt Townley's care. He is asked by Medley how he will answer his visit to his honourable mistress, because

'Tis not her interest you

Should keep Company with Men of Sense, who will be Talking Reason.

Medley uses his "reason" against marriage, and when Bellair is called away for a few minutes, this bit of dialogue indicates the way in which comedy of the Restoration usually took for granted the severance of "wit," or "sense," or "parts"—words often in use—from morality—

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's Handsom, well Bred, and by much the most Tolerable of all the young Men that do not abound in Wit.

Med. Ever well Dress'd, always Complaisant, and Seldom Impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see.

Dor. It is our mutual Interest to be so; it makes the Women think better of his Understanding, and judge More favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass

Upon some for a man of very good Sense, and I upon Others for a very civil person.

Young Bellair's Emilia is a discreet maid with the best reputation in town. Dorimant has found her unassailable, but hopes to attack her with success when she is married. For he believes "nothing can corrupt her but a husband." The dialogue of this act shows further that Sir Fopling has come to town; that Dorimant is pledged to a lady whom he has met masked at the play (Belinda, bosom friend of his mistress, Mrs. Loveit), to win her on condition that he will prove his love to her by insulting Mrs. Loveit in her presence. For that reason he had written the *billet-doux*, to excuse himself for two days' absence on the plea of business, and say that he is coming to her in the afternoon. Before his coming, Belinda is to raise Mrs. Loveit's jealousy against Dorimant, that her anger may be an excuse for his insults, and he will then profess also to be jealous of her attention to Sir Fopling Flutter, whom he knows she hates. The act ends, as it began, with the Man of Mode's coarse bullying of his servants.

In the Second Act it appears that old Bellair, who has come to marry his son to Harriet Woodvil, has taken lodgings in the same house with Emilia, whom his son designs to marry; and is himself falling in love with her. Old Bellair is Lady Townley's brother, and Lady Townley aids Emilia's designs. Old Bellair is five-and-fifty, mixes "a-dod" with all his dialogue, uses a few countrified expressions, and flirts with Emilia by calling her a rogue and affectionately traducing her, a-dod. Medley calls on Lady Townley and Emilia. They delight themselves with scandal. Belinda calls on her dear friend Mrs. Loveit, and works her up to a rage of jealousy against Dorimant before Dorimant enters, and, according to compact, wins Belinda by being insolent in her presence to Mrs. Loveit.

The Third Act opens at Lady Woodvil's lodgings with Harriet, and Busy, her woman. Harriet shakes her curls out of order, and scorns to be as precise as ugly Lady Dapper. She has come to London to see London, only for that reason affecting willingness to be brought to town and married to young Bellair. She has seen Mr. Dorimant, and has been charmed by him. When young Bellair enters, they agree not to marry each other, but for the present to deceive their parents. Then there is a fashionable crush at Lady Townley's in which Sir Fopling Flutter airs himself, and has his follies played upon by Dorimant and Medley for the entertainment of the company. Then there is the Mall, with all the company abroad, where Dorimant falls "in love" with Harriet, and has set Sir Fopling upon Mrs. Loveit, in order that she may insult him because Dorimant stands by, but Mrs. Loveit, meaning to give Dorimant a twinge of jealousy, to his chagrin, encourages the fop. They adjourn to a dance at Lady Townley's. Lady Woodvil and Harriet are to be there; and as Lady Woodvil has heard of Dorimant, and is in great dread of his company, he is invited to meet her in the character of a Mr. Courtage, known as an admirer of quality, "who flatters the very meat at honourable tables,

and never offers love to a woman below a lady grandmother." "This," says Dorimant, "is Harriet's contrivance—wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful, and young—come along, Medley." But before another sun sets Dorimant must have his revenge for Mrs. Loveit's slight of him.

The Fourth Act opens with the fiddler playing a country dance at Lady Townley's. Old Bellair dances up to Emilia, and Dorimant, as Mr. Courtage, fascinates Lady Woodvil. Sir Fopling coming by, and hearing fiddles, enters with masquers. It is daylight when they part. Old Bellair gets wine to finish the night, and Dorimant has slipped away to keep his appointment with Belinda, who had promised to come to his lodgings at five in the morning. The scene changes to the lodgings as Belinda is leaving, Dorimant promising to forsake Mrs. Loveit. Sir Fopling and other revellers come upon them suddenly. Belinda hurriedly escapes by a back-stair into a sedan-chair, and, omitting to give directions, is set down in the Mall near Mrs. Loveit's door, Dorimant's chairmen having been accustomed to that route. Belinda is seen by her friend's maid, and obliged to profess she has come to pay a call. She invents a lie; says she was out so early because cousins from Wales pressed her to go with them to buy flowers and fruit early at Covent Garden. She had instructed the chairmen to say that they took her up in the Strand, near Covent Garden.

In the Fifth Act Mrs. Loveit's suspicions are set at rest by this tale of her friend's, when Dorimant is announced; Belinda becomes agitated, and withdraws into another room. He has come to win back his power over Mrs. Loveit, that she may make public amends for the slight in the Mall by taking the next opportunity of insulting Sir Fopling before his friends. Belinda comes out upon them, with reproaches that Mrs. Loveit faintly understands. The scene changes to Lady Townley's house, where Mr. Smirk, a domestic chaplain, with Lady Townley's connivance, has privately married young Bellair to Emilia, and is shut up in a cupboard when old Bellair and others enter. Old Bellair has the writings ready for his own marriage to Emilia, Dorimant has offered to bend himself to marriage with Harriet. As he had explained to young Bellair, who had told him he would be obliged to marry Harriet, "I may fall into the snare too, But

The wise will find a difference in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

When Mr. Smirk, the chaplain, is taken out of the cupboard to marry old Bellair to Emilia, he reports that he has married the lady once already that morning. The father is laughed at; the young couple are pardoned. Dorimant is to marry an estate, and will prove his sincerity by even going down to Hampshire to pay court to it, while he contrives at the same time by a lie or two to keep both Belinda and Mrs. Loveit at his call. Dryden's Epilogue to the play dwells entirely on Sir Fopling as a picture of the shallow airs and graces of fools of the day. There is nothing in the tone or structure of the play,

and not a word in the Epilogue, to fix a deeper condemnation upon Dorimant. Dorimant and Sir Fopling might be taken, by any court scoundrel like Dorimant who might be present at the play, for the dramatist's companion pictures of the true and the false leaders of polite society. The author of this play was knighted, to enable him to marry a rich elderly widow; and he lost his life in 1688 by tumbling down-stairs when he was drunk.

The sort of life painted by Etherege reappears in the comedies of Thomas Shadwell, who wrote seventeen plays before his death in 1692, when he was fifty-two years old. But Shadwell, coarse and abusive as a Whig partisan, hasty and slipshod as a writer, was really the ablest man to be found on the Whig side, when, after the Revolution, Dryden refused to take the oaths, and a new poet laureate had to be chosen. Without first-rate powers, he had some fertility of invention as a dramatist, and sense enough to take Ben Jonson for his master. He tried to paint humours of life in Ben Jonson's way; but Ben Jonson was a poet—a great poet, with the poet's loftiness of aim, and Shadwell was no poet at all. He painted, like Etherege, the body of life, with conventional opinion of his day to stand for its spiritual truths. For like reason I leave Mrs. Aphra Behn unrepresented.

With all the faults in his work separable or inseparable from writing for the stage as it then was, the chief poet after Milton's death was the chief dramatist. Dryden's plays were as much above the work of his contemporary dramatists as they were below the work of many of his predecessors. In two plays—"The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved"—he was approached in power and excelled in genuineness of feeling by Thomas Otway. In two plays he was fellow-writer with Nathaniel Lee—"Œdipus," in 1679, and "The Duke of Guise," in 1683. From 1684 to 1688 Lee was a madman in Bedlam. After he came out he wrote two more plays before his death at the age of forty. The deep feeling of Otway and his touches of tenderness are not in Lee; but Lee had instincts of a poet, and excelled in a sonorous tragic style that helped the transition from the heroic play of the type ridiculed in "The Rehearsal" to the variety of the same thing burlesqued by Henry Carey in "Chrononhotontologos," and by Henry Fielding in "Tom Thumb." Here, for example, from Lee's play of "Lucius Junius Brutus," is a bit of dialogue between father and son, Lucius Junius Brutus and Titus—

Brut. Titus, as I remember,
You told me you were married.

Tit. My lord, I did.

Brut. To Teraminta, Tarquin's natural daughter.

Tit. Most true, my lord, to that poor virtuous maid,
Your Titus, sir, your most unhappy son,
Is joined for ever.

Brut. No, Titus, not for ever;
Not but I know the virgin's beautiful,

For I did oft converse her when I seem'd
 Not to converse at all. Yet more, my son,
 I think her chastely good, most sweetly fram'd,
 Without the smallest tincture of her father :
 Yet, Titus—Ha ! what, man ? What, all in tears !
 Art thou so soft that only saying Yet
 Has dashed thee thus ? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
 Down to the bottom of this foolish stream
 Whose brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my son,
 If thou art mine, thou art not Teraminta's ;
 Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be—
 Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Tit. O me Gods !

Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects
 Due to a Father's name—not Teraminta's !

Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not Teraminta's !
 No, Titus, by th' eternal Fates that hang
 I hope auspicious o'er the head of Rome,
 I'll grapple with thee on this spot of earth
 About this theme till one of us fall dead ;
 I'll struggle with thee for this point of honour,
 And tug with Teraminta for thy heart,
 As I have done for Rome.

And in like strain a considerable amount of
 tugging follows.

Lee's play of

THE RIVAL QUEENS; OR, ALEXANDER THE GREAT

was produced in 1677, and remained popular for many years. It is the piece with which his fame is most associated, and yields, from the notion of a tug, one of the familiar quotations current in English speech, with a little modification of its words into "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Lee wrote "when Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war." The Rival Queens are Statira, daughter of Darius, married to Alexander, and Roxana, daughter of Chortanus. Passion storms through every act. The scene is at Babylon, and the First Act opens with Hephestion, Alexander's friend, and Lysimachus his kinsman, separated by Clytus as they are fighting for Parisatis, sister to Statira. Alexander has given her to Hephestion ; she prefers Lysimachus. Alexander is coming to peaceful triumph in Babylon, but the old soldier Clytus, Alexander's sturdy friend, who saved his life at the Granicus, would not have the young men forget themselves for a woman, as Alexander has forgotten himself for two women.

Two wives he takes, two rival queens disturb
 The court ; and while each hand does Beauty hold,
 Where is there room for Glory ?

Hephest. In his heart.

Clytus. Well said.

You are his favourite, and I had forgot
 Who I was talking to

Sysigambis, mother of Statira and Parisatis, is appealed to by the young lovers, but the question between them is left for Alexander to decide. Then the conspirators against the life of Alexander have possession of the scene. Cassander, son of Antipater, heads the conspiracy. Thunder is in the air and

portents are abroad. Thessalus the Median, and Philip, brother to Cassander, bring letters from Antipater rebuking the slowness of Cassander.

Let him not live a day—He dies to-night ;
 And thus my father but forestals my purpose :
 Why am I slow then ? If I rode on thunder,
 I must a moment have to fall from heaven,
 Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.

Polyperchon, commander of the Phalanx, joins the conspirators. They dwell upon Alexander's cruelty, and tyranny, and pride, in moments of passion. As Cassander begins to disclose his plot, the ghost of Philip, shaking a truncheon at them, walks over the stage. Recovered from the shock caused by the prodigy, they return to the business.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana*, whom,
 To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
 Meeting him as he came triumphant from
 The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Susa* ;
 But as I found, a deep Repentance since
 Turns his Affections to the Queen *Statira*,
 To whom he swore (before he could espouse her)
 That he would never bed *Roxana* more.

Pol. How did the *Persian* Queen receive the News
 Of his Revolt ?

Thess. With Grief incredible !
 Great *Sysigambis* wept, but the young Queen
 Fell dead among her Maids ;
 Nor could their Care
 With richest Cordials, for an Hour or more,
 Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
 I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea* ;
 For when the first Gust of her Grief was past,
 I enter'd, and with Breath prepar'd did blow
 The dying Sparks into a towering Flame,
 Describing the new Love he bears *Roxana*,
 Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
 Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
 Is any Panther's, Lioness's Rage
 So furious, any Torrent's falls so swift
 As a wrong'd Woman's Hate ? Thus far it helps
 To give him Troubles ; which perhaps may end him,
 And set the Court in universal Uproar.

The conspirators depart as they see Sysigambis entering with both her daughters, and Statira in desperate rage crying out,

Give me a Knife, a Draught of Poison, Flames ;
 Swell Heart, break, break thou stubborn thing ;

and she ends the Act by vowing solemnly that she will shut herself up for ever from Alexander and the world within the Bowers of Semiramis.

The Second Act opens with "Noise of Trumpets sounding far off. The Scene draws, and discovers a Battle of Crows or Ravens in the Air ; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight ; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, shaking their heads. The Conspirators come forward." They tell of more portents and of the ghosts abroad. They rejoice at

the suffering in store for Alexander, plagued between Roxana's rage and Statira's vowed divorce. When Alexander enters, Aristander, a soothsayer, seeks to warn him, and all pay him on their knees divine honour, except Clytus. He greets his friends. Again portents are reported. Lysimachus pleads for Parisatis, given by Alexander to Hephestion, incurs the king's anger by his urgency, but is pardoned at the intercession of old Clytus. Then Alexander is told by the queen-mother and Parisatis of Statira's vow. Lysimachus thinks that like suffering may raise a fellow feeling, and again fiercely urging his suit for Parisatis, is sent off to be eaten by a lion :

Perdiccas, give this Lion to a Lion;
Nor speak for him, fly, stop his mouth, away.

Alexander closes the act in a fit of love sickness.

The Third Act opens upon Lysimachus being led to the lion, and taking his leave of Parisatis, with a bold hope yet :

Live, Princess, live, howe'er the King disdain me,
Perhaps, unarmed and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my arms.

Then enters Roxana, with Cassander and Polyperchon, who are working her into a rage of jealousy—

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust; avaunt:
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.
Roxana and Statira, they are Names
That must for ever jar: eternal Discord,
Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation
Tear my swoll'n Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest.

My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions like the Winds,
Rise up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What saving Hand, or what almighty Arm
Can raise me sinking?

Cass. Let your own Arm save you,
'Tis in your Power, your Beauty is almighty:
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em.
Wake then bright Planet that should rule the World,
Wake, like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,
And we with all the Instruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a Violence
That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd Woman:
Let not *Medea's* dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.

Cass. Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely
bold,
Till you have form'd a Face of so much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frightened back;
That Envy may devour herself for Madness,
And sad *Medusa's* Head be turn'd to Stone.

Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Instruments;
For there is nothing you have said of me,

But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
When in my Nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
Amongst my she Companions I wou'd reign;
Drew 'em from Idleness, and little Arts
Of coining Looks, and laying Snares for Lovers,
Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore,
Taught 'em, like *Amazons*, to ride and chase
Wild Beasts in Desarts, and to master Men.

Cass. Her Looks, her Words, her every Motion fires
me.

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquest;
How with a handful he had Millions slain,
Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
Yet with what Chastity, and godlike Temper
He saw their Beauties, and with Pity bow'd;
Methought I hung upon my Father's Lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous Tale again:
Left all my Sports, the Woman now return'd,
And Sighs uncall'd wou'd from my Bosom fly;
And all the Night, as my *Adraste* told me,
In slumbers groan'd and murmur'd *Alexander*.

Cass. Curse on the Name, but I will soon remove
That bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At last to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o'er with Laurels forc'd our City:
At Night I by my Father's Order stood,
With fifty Virgins waiting at a Banquet.
But Oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the Pressure of his glowing Hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting Lips!

Cass. Wormwood and Henlock henceforth grow
about 'em.

When Roxana has been further raised to anger, Statira enters with her mother. She is on her way to her vowed seclusion in the Bower of Semiramis, and now the Rival Queens are face to face. Roxana first pities Statira and admires her fortitude, then triumphs over her, then stirs the spirit of the gentler queen to dare her to duel for the empire over Alexander :

I'll see the King in spite of all I swore,
Tho' curst, that thou may'st never see him more.

The King entering with Perdiccas, Sysigambis, and others, humbles himself in pleading to Statira. Statira shows her power, causes her rival to be openly set aside, and when Alexander thinks she is returning to him, offers only a last kiss before she proceeds to the fulfilment of her vow. But this so nearly kills Alexander, that Statira's love prevails, and she returns to him with all former affection. Wherefore all shall revel out the day.

Act the Fourth shows Clytus resolved to go to the revel in his Macedonian habit, refusing the Persian robes, loving the king, determined not to flatter him, and a little afraid of the plainness there may be in his speech when the wine works. Then Parisatis pleads to Alexander for Lysimachus, and at a word from Statira the swift order is sent to save him from the lion. Happy Statira will withdraw to the Bower of Semiramis, adorn it as a chamber of love, and there await her lord. As Alexander is leaving, Roxana meets him with passionate words, and is slighted. In her wrath she is again practised

upon by Cassander. The last slight has swelled her soul beyond all bounds. "Oh," she cries,

Oh that it had a Space might answer to
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand
And hurl the Spheres about like sportive Balls.

She cannot be tempted to aid in the death of Alexander, she meets with immeasurable scorn Cassander's offer of a shelter in his love. But she is tempted easily to hasten to the Bower of Semiramis to stab her rival before Alexander comes to her:

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes'* charge.

Rox. *Eumenes* dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your Aid, you'll love again;
I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry Death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common fate ne'er rushes from my Hand,
'Tis more than Life to die by my Command:
And when she sees
That to my Arm her Ruin she must owe,
Her thankful Head will straight be bended low,
Her Heart shall leap half-way to meet the Blow.

[Exit ROXANA.]

Then the conspirators arrange their plan. Philip holds the king's cup at the banquet. He shall drop into it a poison that begins to work five hours after it is taken, and then causes death, with extreme torture—

O we shall have him tear

(Ere yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atoms; for it scatters Pains
All Sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns;
Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Which runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Pol. By *Pluto's* self, the Work is wondrous brave.

Indeed it is, for it allows Nathaniel Lee a fine range of rhetorical agonies. The killing of Clytus at the feast, and a description of Lysimachus's fight with the lion are thrown in to heap the scale, and the five hours' interval before the working of the poison allows Alexander his full run of agonies over the murder of Statira, before the pain in his bowels causes him to "tear the world to atoms," and so end the piece. "Paradise Lost" had been ten years published, and Lee makes Cassander, content with his scheme, say in seven lines what Milton had made another conspirator say in one,—"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven":

Now by the Project lab'ring in my Brain,
'Tis nobler far to be a King in Hell,
To head infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em loose for Earth, to call 'em in.
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,
Than be a Subject-God in Heav'n unblest,
And without Mischief have eternal rest.

The scene draws, and shows Alexander at the feast with all his commanders about him. Lysi-

machus is brought in bloody. The king's order for his deliverance had been too late, but Clytus describes how the young hero, unarmed, except a pair of gauntlets on his hands, had slain the lion. The king embraces him. The feast goes on. The poison is quietly given. The wine works. Clytus angers Alexander by refusing to flatter, and, in his cups, tells dangerous truths. It is here that the much-quoted line occurs:

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne'er saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me!

Cly. They do indeed, and yet ye love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus* for his hardy Virtue.
Come, shall I speak a Man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, Sir.

Cly. Your Father *Philip*—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at the Table would ha' trembled:
Nay, frown not, Sir; you cannot look me dead.
When *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War.
The labour'd Battel sweat, and Conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a Truth more noble
Than e'er your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you?
Philip fought Men, but *Alexander* Women.

Then follows Alexander's killing of Clytus in a storm of wrath; then his storm of repentance; upon which bursts, at the close of the Act, a cry "To arms," with news of Roxana's attack on the guards at the Bower of Semiramis, and Statira's peril. Alexander leaps up to lead the rescue, and the act ends with another often quoted line—

'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way.

The Fifth Act begins with a song of the ghosts of Darius, her father, and her mother Sysigambis, who hold ominous daggers over Statira while she is sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis. Statira, when awake, passes out of her dream to happy expectation of Alexander. Then enters "Roxana with Slaves and a Dagger." There is another dialogue between the Rival Queens, closed by the announcement of slaves that the king, with all his captains and his guards, is forcing his way in. Then Roxana stabs her rival twice, and Alexander comes only to find her dying. With him are Cassander and Polyperchon. Statira before dying takes her share in a love parting, and asks Alexander to spare Roxana's life. "'Twas love of you that caused her give me death." Roxana then pleads passionately for Alexander's love, first humbly, and then, as she is quitting him in wrath, with these tall words to give her a sonorous exit:

If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the swiftest ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead;

Kill the Triumpher and avenge my wrong,
 In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young ;
 Bolted with Thunder let him rush along,
 And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
 Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes :
 Nay, after Death
 Pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies.

[Exit.]



THE RIVAL QUEENS.

From a Frontispiece in Lee's "Dramatic Works" (1734.)

The last pangs of Alexander are at hand, but first Perdicas comes to say that great Sysigambis is dead, and in dying gave the Princess to Lysimachus; that also Hephestion

Having drank too largely
 At your last Feast, is of a Surfeit dead.

Alexander orders Hephestion's doctor to be crucified immediately. It remains now only for the poison to work and for the hero to die raving.

Lee's "Rival Queens" and the last of William Wycherley's four comedies—"The Plain Dealer"—were produced in the same year—1677. Wycherley, the son of a gentleman of Shropshire, was born in 1640, at Clive near Shrewsbury, and sent, when a boy of fifteen, to France. He there became a Roman Catholic, entered French society, and knew

the Duc de Montausier, said to be the original of Molière's "Misanthrope," which was again the original of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer." Wycherley came to England again at the Restoration, aged twenty, and brought with him his first play, "Love in a Wood," then just written. He was for a short time at Oxford, was re-converted to Protestantism, wrote his second play, "The Gentleman Dancing-Master," entered himself at the Middle Temple, and used what knowledge he got of law in his "Plain Dealer," written at the age of twenty-five. At thirty-two, in 1672, his last play—"The Country Wife"—was written, and his first—"Love in a Wood"—produced upon the stage. Then followed the acting of the other three—"The Gentleman Dancing Master" in 1673, "The Country Wife" in 1675, and "The Plain Dealer" in 1677. He was then only midway in life, but he wrote no more plays, although he lived to the year 1715, and as an old man who had been a wit in Charles II.'s days, was one of young Pope's friends under Queen Anne.



WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. (From the Portrait by Sir Peter Lely.)

THE PLAIN DEALER,

suggested by "The Misanthrope" of Molière, has for its hero Captain Manly, described in the list of characters as "of an honest, surly, nice Humour, supposed first, in the Time of the Dutch War, to have procured the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Interest; and choosing a Sea-life only to avoid the World." There is a glance at the name of this character in Dryden's recognition of "the satire, wit, and strength of Manly Wycherley." Manly is a roughly outspoken, fighting sea captain, who scorns "knaves of business" and "the spaniels of the world;" he believes only in one woman, Olivia, his mistress, and in one man, Vernish, his bosom friend, who both prove to be utterly base. When he last went to sea he had left half his fortune with Olivia, and taken the other half, five or six thousand pounds, with him, intending to settle somewhere in the Indies, and leave his lieutenant,

Freeman, "a well-educated gentleman of a broken fortune, but a complier with the age," to bring the ship back. Olivia had won him by affecting to share his misanthropy, and was to follow him out to the Indies, where they would live with a wide sea between them and the corruptions of society. But on his way out, Manly had been attacked by the Dutch, had fought desperately, and sunk his ship, with all his money in it, rather than suffer it to be taken. He had then been rowed to land in the old leaky long-boat, and when one of the sailors who had helped to save him welcomed him ashore, he boxed his ears and called him fawning water-dog. The play opens with Manly, attended by two sailors, in London lodgings again, impatiently getting rid of a smooth Lord Plausible, bidding his sailors hold his doors against all comers, and impatient of their friendly jests. He upholds his humour for plain dealing with his lieutenant, Freeman, who is ready to serve him, and he is impatient of professions of affection from a young volunteer who had made part of his crew, and had shown cowardice in the fight, the volunteer being a young lady. She is Fidelia Grey, an only child, whose father had left her two thousand a year, and who for love of Captain Manly has gone to sea with him as a boy, and still follows him about as a young man devoted to his service. He was too much enamoured of worthless Olivia to have eyes for her as Fidelia Grey, so she had chosen that way of being near him, and awaits the time when his eyes may be opened to Olivia's character, and she may show her truer love by faithful service. Mr. Novel, "a pert railing coxcomb, and an admirer of novelties," and Major Oldfox, "an old impertinent Fop, given to scribbling," the sailors do succeed in keeping outside Manly's door; but they cannot keep out Mrs. Blackacre, "a petulant, litigious Widow, always in law, and Mother to Squire Jerry." Squire Jerry was the first of a race of Tonies that multiplied in English comedy, Congreve's Ben Legend, Steele's Humphry Gubbin, and Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin being the most famous of the later members of the family. Widow Blackacre and her son Jerry, "a true raw Squire, under age and his mother's government, bred to the law," are original additions to the play that enrich it greatly. They are skilfully joined to the story, although Wycherley's ingenuity stopped short of making them contribute to the development of its plot, so that there does arise a technical objection that the best scenes of the play are those which lie entirely outside the main action. The objection is, however, only technical; for in comedy of the Restoration the line of the main action is usually of such sort that it is a comfort to the modern reader to escape from it. Widow Blackacre, the daughter of a great attorney, is made part of the story by being called a kinswoman of Olivia's. Lieutenant Freeman describes her as "that litigious she-pettifogger, who is at law and difference with all the world; but," he says, "I wish I could make her agree with me in the church. They say she has fifteen hundred pounds a year jointure, and the care of her son, that is, the destruction of his estate." "Her lawyers, attorneys, and solicitors," says Manly, "have fifteen hundred pounds a year, whilst she is

contented to be poor, to make other people so." This is the manner of her first appearance on the scene.

Enter Widow BLACKACRE with a mantle, and a green bag, and several papers in the other hand: JERRY BLACKACRE, in a gown, laden with green bags, following her.

Wid. I never had so much to do with a judge's doorkeeper, as with yours: but——

Man. But the incomparable Olivia, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my suit——

Man. Olivia, I say, is she well?

Wid. My suit, if you had not returned——

Man. Damn your suit! how does your cousin Olivia?

Wid. My suit, I say, had been quite lost: but now——

Man. But now, where is Olivia? in town? for——

Wid. For to-morrow we are to have a hearing.

Man. Would you would let me have a hearing to-day!

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no judge, and you talk of nothing but suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see Olivia?

Wid. I am no visiter, but a woman of business: or if I ever visit, 'tis only the Chancery-lane ladies, ladies towards the law: and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing flirts, who cannot read law-French, though a gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my suit——

Man. Damn these impertinent vexatious people of business, of all sexes! they are still troubling the world with the tedious recitals of their lawsuits: and one can no more stop their mouths than a wit's when he talks of himself, or an intelligencer's when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a [plague] of all vexatious, impertinent lovers! they are still perplexing the world with the tedious narrations of their love-suits, and discourses of their mistresses! You are as troublesome to a poor widow of business, as a young coxcomby rhyming lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesome to me, as a rook to a losing gamester, or a young putter of cases to his mistress or sempstress, who has love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our Jerry a little; let him put our case to you, for the trial's to-morrow: and since you are my chief witness, I would have your memory refreshed and your judgment informed, that you may not give your evidence improperly.—Speak out, child.

Jer. Yes, forsooth. Hem! hem! John-a-Stiles——

Man. You may talk, young lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry judge does a cause after the clock has struck one.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. Jerry, go on.—Do you observe it then, sir; for I think I have seen you in a gown once. Lord, I could hear our Jerry put cases all day long.—Mark him, sir.

Jer. John-a-Stiles—no—there are first, Fitz, Pere, and Ayle,—no, no, Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; John-a-Stiles disseises Ayle; Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies; then the Ayle—no, the Fitz——

Wid. No, the Pere, sirrah.

Jer. Oh, the Pere! ay, the Pere, sir, and the Fitz—no, the Ayle,—no, the Pere and the Fitz, sir, and——

Man. Damn Pere, Mere, and Fitz, sir!

Wid. No, you are out, child.—Hear me, captain, then. There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; and, being so seised, John-a-Stiles disseises the Ayle, Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dies; and then the Pere re-enters, the Pere, sirrah, the Pere—[to JERRY] and the Fitz enters upon the Pere, and the Ayle brings his writ

of disseisin in the post: and the Pere brings his writ of disseisin in the Pere, and——

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, Freeman? I could as soon suffer a whole noise of flatterers at a great man's levee in a morning; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a quibbling statesman in disgrace, nay, and be before-hand with him, in laughing at his dull no-jest; but I——

(Offering to go out.)

Wid. Nay, sir, hold! Where's the subpoena, Jerry? I must serve you, sir. You are required by this, to give your testimony——

Man. I'll be forsworn to be revenged on thee.

(Exit, throwing away the subpoena.)

Wid. Get you gone, for a lawless companion!—Come, Jerry, I had almost forgot, we were to meet at the master's at three: let us mind our business still, child.

The First Act was in Manly's Lodging, the Second Act is in Olivia's, and is a very clever but very unpleasant picture of fashionable frivolity, insincerity, and corruption. Olivia, with her maid Lettice in attendance, begins by affecting to her cousin Eliza hatred of the world, and aversion for all its ways.

Eliza. But is it possible the world, which has such variety of charms for other women, can have none for you? Let's see—first, what d'ye think of dressing and fine clothes?

Oliv. Dressing! Fy, fy, 'tis my aversion.—*(To Lettice.)* But come hither, you dowdy; methinks you might have opened this tourse better; O hideous! I cannot suffer it! D'ye see how 't sits?

Eliza. Well enough, cousin, if dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich clothes, they are more my aversion.

Let. Ay, 'tis because your ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a gown, like a gallant, grows one's aversion by having too much of it.

Oliv. Insatiable creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three days, cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliza. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my woman only I wear 'em, cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliza. But what d'ye think of visits—balls?

Oliv. O, I detest 'em!

Eliza. Of plays?

Oliv. I abominate 'em; filthy, obscene, hideous things.

Eliza. What say you to masquerading in the winter, and Hyde-park in the summer?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliza. Nay, if you are for more solid pleasures, what think you of a rich young husband?

Oliv. O horrid! marriage! what a pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your ladyship think then of a liberal handsome young lover?

Oliv. A handsome young fellow, you impudent! begone out of my sight. Name a handsome young fellow to me! foh, a hideous handsome young fellow I abominate! *(Spits.)*

Eliza. Indeed! But let's see—will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the court?

Oliv. How, the court! the court, cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions!

Eliza. How, the court! where——

Oliv. Where sincerity is a quality as much out of fashion and as unprosperous as bashfulness: I could not laugh at a

quibble, though it were a fat privy-counsellor's; nor praise a lord's ill verses, though I were myself the subject; nor an old lady's young looks, though I were her woman; nor sit to a vain young smile-maker, though he flattered me. In short, I could not glout upon a man when he comes into a room, and laugh at him when he goes out: I cannot rail at the absent to flatter the standers-by; I——

Eliza. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more malice, but the fashion; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being railed at, than the present think they're the better for being flattered. And for the court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the court; for you'll make me rail at it like a trusting citizen's widow.

Eliza. Or like a Holborn lady, who could not get in to the last ball, or was out of countenance in the drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there. For none rail at the court but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laughed at when you were last there, or would be a maid of honour.

Oliv. I a maid of honour! To be a maid of honour, were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliza. In what sense am I to understand you? But in fine, by the word aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew woman yet used it who did not. Come, our tongues belie our hearts more than our pocket-glasses do our faces. But methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now-a-days, as they do dreams, almanacs, and Dutch gazettes, by the contrary: and a man no more believes a woman, when she says she has an aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy! hideous! Peace, cousin, or your discourse will be my aversion: and you may believe me.

Eliza. Yes; for if anything be a woman's aversion, 'tis plain dealing from another woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the world; for that will talk, as your woman says.

Oliv. Talk? not of me sure; for what men do I converse with? what visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the gentleman to wait upon you, madam.

Oliv. On me! you little unthinking fop; d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, madam, 'tis the gentleman that comes every day to you, who——

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little animal, and get you gone.—*(Exit Boy.)* This country boy, cousin, takes my dancing-master, tailor, or the spruce milliners for visitors.

Let. No, madam; 'tis Mr. Novel, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you baffle-headed stupid creature you: you would make my cousin believe I receive visits. But if it be Mr.—what did you call him?

Let. Mr. Novel, madam; he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace; I'll hear no more of him. But if it be your Mr.—(I cannot think of his name again) I suppose he has followed my cousin hither.

Eliza. No, cousin, I will not rob you of the honour of the visit: 'tis to you, cousin; for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my honour, cousin, besides, han't I told you, that visits, and the business of visits, flattery and detraction, are my aversion? D'ye think then I would admit such a coxcomb as he is? who rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; rather than not flatter, will flatter the poets of the age, whom none will flatter; who affects novelty as much as

the fashion, and is as fantastical as changeable, and as well known as the fashion; who likes nothing but what is new, nay, would choose to have his friend or his title a new one. In fine, he is my aversion.

Eliza. I find you do know him, cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliza. Well; but since he is such a coxcomb, for heaven's sake, let him not come up. Tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your lady is not within.

Oliv. No, Lettice, tell him my cousin is here, and that he may come up. For notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and though I would use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you in my own lodging: since he has followed you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliza. Very fine! pray let him go to the devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. Lettice.

Oliv. Upon my word, she shan't: I must disobey your commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, Lettice.

Eliza. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that errand.

[Holds LETTICE.

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him myself for you, since you will have it so.—[Calls out at the door.] Mr. Novel, sir, sir!

Enter NOVEL.

Nov. Madam, I beg your pardon; perhaps you were busy: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliza. Yet he comes to me, cousin! [Aside to OLIVIA.

Oliv. Chairs there. [They sit.

Nov. Well; but, madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholy place, I warrant, sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliza. So!

Nov. From a place where they have treated me at dinner with so much civility and kindness, a plague on them! that I could hardly get away to you, dear madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new and obliging, sir!

Eliza. You hate flattery, cousin! [Apart to OLIVIA.

Nov. Nay, faith, madam, d'ye think my way new? Then you are obliging, madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do anything like other people. All that know me do me the honour to say, I am an original, faith. But, as I was saying, madam, I have been treated to-day with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable at my lady Autumn's. But, the nauseous old woman at the upper end of her table—

Oliv. Revives the old Grecian custom, of serving in a death's head with their banquets.

Nov. Ha! ha! fine, just, i' faith, nay, and new. 'Tis like eating with the ghost in the *Libertine*: she would frighten a man from her dinner with her hollow invitation, and spoil one's stomach—

Oliv. To meat or women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks: she looks like an old coach new painted; affecting an unseemly smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliza. You hate detraction, I see, cousin. [Apart to OLIVIA.

Nov. But the silly old fury, whilst she affects to look like a woman of this age, talks—

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old courtier who has outlived his office.

Nov. Yes, madam; but pray let me give you her character. Then she never counts her age by the years, but—

Oliv. By the masques she has lived to see.

Nov. Nay then, madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but yourself; and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you would hear me, madam.

Oliv. Most patiently; speak, sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter—

Oliv. Ay, her daughter; the very disgrace to good clothes, which she always wears but to heighten her deformity, not mend it: for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, sir.

Nov. Then, she is like—

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a city bride; the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dress.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, madam? Then she—

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her face all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But as the fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favoured of our sex are never more nauseous than when they would be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation.

Eliza. So, cousin, I find one may have a collection of all one's acquaintance's pictures as well at your house as at Mr. Lely's. Only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do nobody wrong, cousin.

Eliza. No, you hate flattery and detraction.

Oliv. But, Mr. Novel, who had you besides at dinner?

Lord Plausible joins Mr. Novel at Olivia's lodging. Manly, Freeman, and Fidelia enter behind; and Manly hears himself ridiculed by the one woman in whom he had believed, and in whose hands he has placed all the fortune that remains to him. He makes his presence known, and is scoffed by her openly in presence of her "spaniels of the world." But meanwhile she looks with an eye of favour on the girl in male dress, Fidelia, and tells Manly, "If you should ever have anything to say to me hereafter, let that young gentleman there be your messenger." When Manly and Fidelia have departed, "Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green bags." The invalid major pays obsequious suit to the widow, and Freeman, who has remained, attacks her boldly, hoping to carry her by storm; but the widow's heart is with the papers in her green bag, and she first gives a piece of her mind to Major Oldfox in rejecting him, with terms of contempt that delight Freeman, until she turns upon him and gives him as roundly her opinion of his character also.

The Third Act is in Westminster Hall, whither Manly, still accompanied by Freeman and the two sailors, has been brought by force of Widow Blackacre's subpoena. Traders expose their wares in the Hall, lawyers are moving to and fro between the courts, and the world is alive there in various forms. When Freeman has left Manly, and is looking among the lawyers for the widow, Fidelia joins him, and is required to aid him in a plot against Olivia, or never see him again. She is to pay suit for Olivia's favour as the lad who had caught her fancy, and what conquest

she makes Manly is to use by a trick. He will thus get satisfaction and revenge. The rest of the Act shows in Manly's case, under various forms, a world quick at profession, but quicker in avoidance of all service that involves the least self-sacrifice; and follows the underplot of Freeman's attack on the Widow Blackacre's money, which he is to get by forcing her to marry him. His way is to inspire Jerry with the spirit of rebellion, give him money, that he spends in Westminster Hall on toys, take possession of the widow's bag of papers left in faithless Jerry's charge, and cause Jerry to nominate himself, Lieutenant Freeman, as his guardian.

The Fourth Act has its scene partly in Manly's lodging, partly in Olivia's. Fidelia tells Manly that Olivia had called him ten thousand ruffians, brutes, sea-monsters, and even surly coward, and had urged an assignation on herself, the supposed youth, an assignation in the dark to hide the young man's blushes. Manly requires Fidelia to keep it, and will also be there unseen. "I'll go with you," he says, "and act love while you shall talk it only." Major Oldfox enters with Widow Blackacre, while the room is empty, and tries to read to her some of the fruits of his leisure, the overflowings of his fancy and pen. Freeman brings Jerry Blackacre, whom he has spirited to revolt, and wonderfully arrayed in an old gaudy suit with red military breeches. The widow, finding that Jerry has made Freeman his guardian, and that Freeman holds her papers, endeavours to carry the estate on to her next son, Bob, by declaring that Jerry was not born in wedlock. In Olivia's lodging Lord Plausible and Novel meet to discover that Olivia has written, with only change of names, identical letters to them both, flattering each of them and abusing the other. Vernish, the false friend who has defrauded Manly and married the false mistress Olivia, returns to find his room dark, and Olivia mistaking him for another. She recovers herself by a falsehood, and sends him out immediately to take Manly's cabinet of jewels from the goldsmith with whom they were lodged in Olivia's name, in order to secure the plunder. Then Manly enters with Fidelia, carries out his plan of revenge, and leaves; but before Fidelia has left, Vernish returns, has his wrath, at finding a man in his wife's rooms, changed to another passion upon discovering the man to be a woman. Disturbed by the arrival of an alderman with money, he thrusts Fidelia into a side room and locks the door.

In the Fifth Act Olivia, believing her infamy to have been discovered by her husband, has fled from him and taken refuge in Eliza's lodging. When Vernish, her husband, comes with friendly face and tells her that he has found the man in her rooms to be a woman, she supposes him to have been tricked, and assumes airs of injured innocence. Then the scene changes to "The Cock" in Bow Street, where Manly is with Fidelia in a private dining-room, and requires that another assignation be made for that evening by deputy, at which he intends to bring upon her public shame. Vernish, whom he still believes to be a true friend, and whom he does not know as Olivia's husband (though Olivia had told him, in casting him off, that she was married secretly to some one whose

name she still reserved), Vernish now comes to play upon Manly, and, while obliged to keep his own counsel, hears of the shame his wife has brought him to. We may take all the rest for granted. Everybody in the play is base. Widow Blackacre comes to "The Cock" with two knights of the post to forge more signatures, and her bag of papers is found to include many forgeries. Lieutenant Freeman, as guardian to Jerry, turns these forgeries to his private advantage, arrests the Widow, and lets her off upon consideration of the payment of his debts and four hundred a year out of her estate. The profligacy of Olivia does not excuse Manly's low revenge upon a woman he had loved. Fidelia's participation in it stains her, though she wins by it her place as Manly's wife. Vernish is, of course, utterly base; and Lord Plausible, Novel, and Major Oldfox make a background of fashionable folly to a picture of fashionable vice. There is vigorous wit in Wycherley, and satire upon folly. But the corruption of what called itself polite society is not shown from a point of view outside itself. The low animal stir of the court of the Restoration has nowhere its true nature shown, even by a chance flash of light out of the higher life of man.

John Dryden produced, on the 17th of November, 1681, his famous satire "Absalom and Achitophel." In December, after Shaftesbury's escape from the king's stroke at his life, there was a second edition with some added lines. In March, 1682, Dryden published his satire of "The Medal," upon the medal struck to commemorate Shaftesbury's escape; and in October, 1682, he punished Shadwell for a gross personal attack upon his character, with the masterly satire called "MacFlecknoe." Dryden contributed two hundred lines to Nahum Tate's second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," published in November, 1682; and in that month appeared also his poem, suggested by the religious controversy of the day, "Religio Laici." It was just before this period of greatest intellectual energy that Dryden produced—in the spring or summer of 1681—

THE SPANISH FRIAR, OR THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

a play in which a comic underplot is associated with a "heroic" story. Sir Walter Scott has echoed Dr. Johnson's praise of the skill with which the two plots of this play are interwoven, and it is usually reckoned among Dryden's best. But although Dryden has kept Aristotle in mind, and taxed his ingenuity to bring each of his two plots to a revolution caused by a discovery, and one to a double discovery, he has not even attempted to make one plot necessary to the other. The Spanish friar who gives to the play its title is no more concerned with its main action than the Widow Blackacre is concerned with the main action of "The Plain Dealer." He is richly painted—in fact, Dryden's masterpiece in comedy—but he and all the incidents with which he is concerned might be left out of the play without causing the slightest loss to its main story. Points of contact are cleverly

found for him, as they are found for the Widow Blackacre, but that is all. The want of unity is well disguised; but the two plots are certainly not interwoven.

The scene of the play is in Saragossa, where Sancho, the old and amiable King of Arragon, has been confined in a dungeon and his children have been murdered by the father of the heroine of the play, Leonora. Leonora is now Queen; her father on his death-bed had bidden her marry young Bertran, son of one who had helped to make him great. The Moor Abdalla had suit also for Leonora, and is now outside Saragossa bringing fierce war against Bertran, whom he has three times beaten in the field. The play opens with a dialogue between two noble Spaniards, Alphonso and Pedro, through whom this is told, and it is added that the hope of the soldiers is in young Torrismond, supposed to be the son of Raymond, Alphonso's brother. While Bertran talks largely within Saragossa to the sound of drums and cries to arms, news comes that Torrismond is in hot battle with the Moors. The Queen passes to the Cathedral to invoke saints, and presently Alphonso's son Lorenzo enters from the battle with news of a crowning victory.

Alphonso. Thou reviv'st me.

Pedro. By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Procession was made for it; and yet it will go hard but the Priests will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo. Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Guests: And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome: Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body sleeping: And as they lay confus'd, we stumbl'd o'er 'em; And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Leggs; Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light They make but bungling work.

Bertran. I'll to the Queen, And bear the News.

Pedro. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bertran. I'll spare his trouble.—

This *Torrismond* begins to grow too fast; He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lorenzo. *Pedro*, a word:—[*Whisper.*] [*Exit* *BERTRAN.*

Alphonso. How swift he shot away! I find it stung him, In spite of his dissembling.

[*To Lorenzo.*] How many of the enemy are slain?

Lorenzo. Troth, sir, we were in haste; and cou'd not stay To score the men we kill'd: But there they lie.

Lorenzo, home from war, is in search of women. Hence the underplot. Elvira, the young wife of a jealous old banker, Gomez, puts herself in his way. He is attracted by her, and makes use of her confessor, Father Dominic, in getting access to her. Father Dominic is the Spanish Friar. He is fat, greedy, venal, capable of all ill, even lightly suggesting murder; and with a cloak of hypocrisy, and the power of the Church at his back, winning trust and authority in the families he is quite ready to corrupt and betray. The incidents of the intrigue are various and full of humour, but they show only the complicity of a corrupt friar in an animal intrigue that is in good time brought to an end by the discovery that Elvira is Lorenzo's sister, who had been married

from the nunnery to which she had been sent as a young girl. This discovery is unexpected, but entirely beside the main action of the play, and therefore unimportant. The two secrets, of which the successive disclosures, and the revolutions caused by them, give the play its second title of "The Double Discovery," belong to the main action, but here the chief secret might, perhaps, have been more strictly kept. *Torrismond* dares to love the Queen. He comes into conflict with Bertran her designated husband, and is summoned to her presence for affronting him within the precincts of the court.

The Scene draws; and shews the QUEEN sitting in state, BERTRAN standing next her: then TERESA, &c.

She rises and comes to the front.

Qu. Leonora. [*To Bert.*] I blame not you, my Lord, my Father's Will,

Your own Deserts, and all my People's Voice, Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r. But I wou'd learn the cause, why *Torrismond*, Within my Palace Walls, within my hearing, Almost within my sight, affronts a Prince Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay, And looks as he were Lord of Humane kind.

Enter *TORRISMOND*, *ALPHONSO*, *PEDRO.* *TORRISMOND bows low: then looks earnestly on the QUEEN, and keeps at distance.*

Teresa. Madam, the General.

Qu. Let me view him well.

My Father sent him early to the Frontiers; I have not often seen him; if I did, He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes. But where's the fierceness, the disdainful Pride; The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance? By all these Marks, this is not sure the Man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult, Whose fierce Demeanour, and whose Insolence The Patience of a God cou'd not support.

Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he shall have Immediate Punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, shou'd I speak it, That my Presumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torrismond*, By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a Crime Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon. Or if you needs will know it, think, oh think, That he, who thus commanded dares to speak, Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence. But you adjured me, Madam, by my hopes! Hopes I have none; for I am all Despair: Friends I have none; for Friendship follows Favour. Desert I've none; for what I did, was Duty: O that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice, Who sees before his Eyes the Death below, Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub To break his dreadful Fall—so I;— But whither am I going? if to Death,

He looks so lovely sweet in Beauties Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart.—I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkness, Dungeons, for this Insolence.—

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.—

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond*, withdraw:
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.

For you, My Lord,—

The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;

I'll try if I can live a Day without you.

So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.

Alphonso. Who knows which way she points!

Doubling and turning like a hunted Hare.

Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward,
The whole Sex in every word. . . .

[*Exit all but the QUEEN and TERESA.*]

Qu. Haste, my *Teresa*, haste; and call him back.

Tere. Whom, Madam?

Qu. Him.

Tere. Prince *Bertran*?

Qu. *Torrismond*.

There is no other he.

So *Torrismond* is raised to Hope in the Second Act. In the Third Act, *Bertran* shows to the Queen his jealousy, and she speaks to him rashly, but alters her tone thus:—

Qu. *Bertran*, stay,

[*Aside.*] This may produce some dismal Consequence
To him whom dearer than my Life, I love.

[*To him.*] Have I not manag'd my Contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?

Bert. Then was it but a trial?

Methinks I start as from some dreadful Dream;
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

[*Aside.*] This turn's too quick to be without Design:
I'll sound the bottom of 't'ere I believe.

Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears solicit my weak Breast;
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings;
But harder by Usurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all these Cares oppress'd,
If I can think of Love.

Bert. Believe me, Madam,
These Jealousies, how ever large they spread,
Have but one Root, the old, imprison'd King;
Whose Lenity first pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long tried, and found supinely good,
Like *Æsop's* Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em strongly and he spurr'd them hard;
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but sent him hence,
To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound, and Jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bert. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then—

Qu. My Vertue shrinks from such an horrid Act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of season.

Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue;
But Kings mistake its timing; and are mild,
When manly Courage bids 'em be severe!
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever:
Remove this threat'ning danger from your Crown;
And then securely take the Man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that: the Man
I love?

'Tis true, this Murther is the only means
That can secure my throne to *Torrismond*.
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the People's Hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks 'twill work the stronger
in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is Mischief to persuade!

Few are so wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and humane Laws,
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain so bad a Cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you, think what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torrismond*,
Whom she has thrice in private seen this Day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own snare.
I'll think again.—Madam, it shall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit BERT.*]

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Priesthood grosly cheat us with Free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Causes they proceed:
Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,
Tost by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

Enter TORRISMOND.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, Madam? If I am—

Qu. No more; lest I should chide you for your stay:
Where have you been? and, How cou'd you suppose
That I could live these two long Hours without you?

Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his orb!
Welcome, as kindly showers to long parch'd Earth!
But I have been in such a dismal place
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers:
Bound in with Darkness, over-spread with Damps:
Where I have seen (if I cou'd say, I saw)
The good old King, majestick in his Bonds,
And 'midst his Griefs most venerably Great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon the unwholesome Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward:
And ever and anon a silent Tear
Stole down, and trickl'd¹ from his hoary Beard.

¹ *Trickl'd.* In quotations from "The Spanish Friar" I reproduce all peculiarities of spelling, punctuation, &c. This word "trickl'd" is a good example of the absolutely unintelligent manner in which the letter *e* is continually, and even to this day, replaced by an apostrophe in printing verse which scans perfectly when the word so mangled is spoken in the usual way.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy sad Discourse, and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearful melancholy Thoughts.

Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early Blossoms are with Eastern blasts:
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my neck:
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.

Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to disclose:
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;
He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Success:
He was so true a Father of his Country,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Because they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen?

Tor. You are so beautiful,

So wondrous fair, you justify Rebellion:
As if that faultless Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The King must die, he must, my *Torrismond*;
Though Pity softly plead within my Soul.
Yet he must die, that I may make you Great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.

Tor. Perish that Crown—on any Head but yours:—
O recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hourglass, when his hasty Sand
Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.

Qu. Let me but do this one Injustice more:
His Doom is past; and, for your sake, he dies.

Tor. Would you, for me, have done so ill an Act,
And will not do a good one?
Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O spare this Great, this Good, this Aged King;
And spare your Soul the Crime.

Qu. The Crime's not mine;
'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with false hopes to gain my Crown and Me:
I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no leave;
But barely bad him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day;
How will you tremble there to stand expos'd,
And foremost in the rank of guilty Ghosts
That must be doomed for Murder; think on Murder:
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future state:
And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belie their boasting Tongues.

Enter TERESA.

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther pleasure.

Tor. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis performed. [*Exit.*]

Tor. Ten thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him; Blasted be the Arm that strook,
The Tongue that order'd;—Only She be spar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the sacred Lives of Kings?
Why slept the Lightning and the Thunderbolts,
Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall:
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages
Shall with a fearful Curse remember ours:
And Blood shall never leave the Nation more!

Qu. His Body shall be Royally interr'd,
And the last Funeral Poms adorn his Hearse:
I will myself (as I have cause too just)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies:
And Yearly fix on the revolving Day
The solemn marks of Mourning, to atone
And expiate my Offences.

Tor. Nothing can,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:
Love calls, my *Torrismond*; though Hate has rag'd
And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.
The spiteful Stars have shed their Venom down,
And now the peaceful Planets take their turn.
This Deed of *Bertran's* has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me just occasion to refuse him.
What hinders now but that the holy Priest
In secret join our mutual Vows? and then
This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be still my Sorrows; and be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmost Circles of the Sea,
Thou furious Tempest that has toss'd my Mind,
And leave no Thought, but Leonora, there.—
What's this I feel a-boding in my Soul?
As if this Day were fatal; be it so;
Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great;
The Lion, though he see the Toils are set,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,
Hunts in the face of Danger all the Day;
At Night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. }

The hero having made his simile, this triplet
closes the Third Act, and we are now ready for the
double discovery. The first discovery is the matter
of the Fourth Act, when Raymond, the supposed
father of *Torrismond*, arrives at Saragossa to find
the murder of King Sancho common talk. Says the
Queen to *Bertran*,

Bury'd in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my design, which was t' allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:
Objects of pity, when the Cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:
Had *Cæsar's* Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gained his Cause.

Raymond sees with satisfaction the repudiation of

Bertran by the usurping Queen, and urges his seizure.

Yet one way

There is to ruin *Bertran*.

Qu. O, there's none;

Except an Host from Heaven can make such haste
To save my Crown as he will do to seize it :
You saw he came surrounded with his Friends,
And knew besides our Army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym. Yet you may give Commission
To some Bold Man, whose Loyalty you trust,
And let him raise the Train-bands of the City.

Qu. Gross-feeders, Lion-talkers, Lamb-like fighters.

Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What pushing force they have ; some popular Chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries Halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out ;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All* 's the Word ; true Cocks of th' game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight ;
But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cause of Quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger in that boist'rous Rout :
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But some new Blast of Wind may turn those Flames
Against my Palace Walls ?

Raym. But still their Chief
Must be some one whose Loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine ?
Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the Rabble,
He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym. [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro.*] First seize *Bertran*,
And then insinuate to them that I bring
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.

Alph. Our lawful Prince.

Raym. Fear not, I can produce him.

The lawful Prince is, of course, *Torrismond*. When
Raymond finds Queen *Leonora*'s love for *Torrismond*,
who has been brought up as his son, he seeks first to
stir in *Torrismond* a zeal against usurpation ; but
Torrismond holds by the Queen. He then tells him
that

there yet survives the lawful Heir
Of *Sancho*'s Blood, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assured to see you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.

Tor. He must be more than Man who makes me tremble :
I dare him to the Field with all the odds
Of Justice on his side, against my Tyrant ;
Produce your lawful Prince, and you shall see
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that : 'Tis with the Royal Signet sign'd,
And given me by the King when time shou'd serve
To be perus'd by you.

Torrismond reads.

I the King.

My youngest and alone surviving Son
Reported dead to 'scape rebellious rage
Till happier Times shall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond educate us his,
And call him Torrismond——

If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismond*,
The world contains not so forlorn a wretch !

Raymond urges upon him his duty to see his
Father's death revenged.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my Life ;
My Order's issued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death's resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's ; O she's the chief Offender !
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand ?
No, if she 'scape, you are yourself the Tyrant,
And Murderer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates :
To what have you reserved me !

Raym. Why that Sigh ?

Tor. Since you must know, but break, O break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th' Usurper of my Throne, my House's Ruin,
The Murderer of my Father, is my Wife !

Upon the tragic distress of this revolution in the
story, caused by the first discovery, the Fourth Act
closes.

The Fifth Act begins by developing the distress.
Torrismond has withdrawn himself from the endear-
ments of the wife he had so lately married. The
sudden unexplained change throws her into deep
distress. A passionate scene between them ends with
his giving her the paper that reveals the secret of his
birth.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd ;
All clust'ring in a heap like swarming Hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish *Bertran* and revenge the King,
'Twas ordered so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd my Lord.
'Tis time they block the Castle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Torrismond defends the Palace against his foster-
father, *Raymond*, against his friends and the people,
with *Lorenzo* whom he persuades to fight on his side
—though on the other side there is *Lorenzo*'s father.
Says *Torrismond*,

By Heaven I'll face
This Tempest, and deserve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before !
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me ;
Then all the blest will beg that thou may'st live,
And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive.

Torrismond, *Lorenzo*, and their followers make
prisoners of *Raymond*, *Alphonso*, and *Pedro*, but
after all there remains the difficulty that it is to be
got rid of by the revolution following the second part
of the Double Discovery. Says *Torrismond*,

O Leonora! what can love do more?
 I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmost;
 Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
 And yet at last that Tyrant Justice! Oh——

Full dramatic use is made of this complication; even the inexorable Raymond being moved to tears by the wrench it causes. But the expert spectator or reader of the play is less interested, because, at least from the time when it appeared that Sancho's body was not forthcoming, probably earlier, he has been taking for granted the other part of the Discovery, though Dryden evidently meant it to remain a secret to the close. This is the close:

Enter TORRISMOND, LEONORA, BERTRAN, RAYMOND, TERESA, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
 Let every one partake the general Joy.
 Some Angel with a golden trumpet sound,
 King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing Skies
 From Pole to Pole resound, King *Sancho* lives.
O Bertran, O! no more my Foe, but Brother:
 One act like this blots out a thousand Crimes.

Bert. Bad Men, when 'tis their Interest, may do good:
 I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* Murder;
 And urg'd the Queen by specious Arguments:
 But still suspecting that her Love was chang'd,
 I spread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
 To sound the very Soul of her Designs;
 Th' Event, you know was answering to my Fears:
 She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
 And publicly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to save the Innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare Forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life,
 Whether by Vertue or Design preserv'd,
 Claims all within my power.

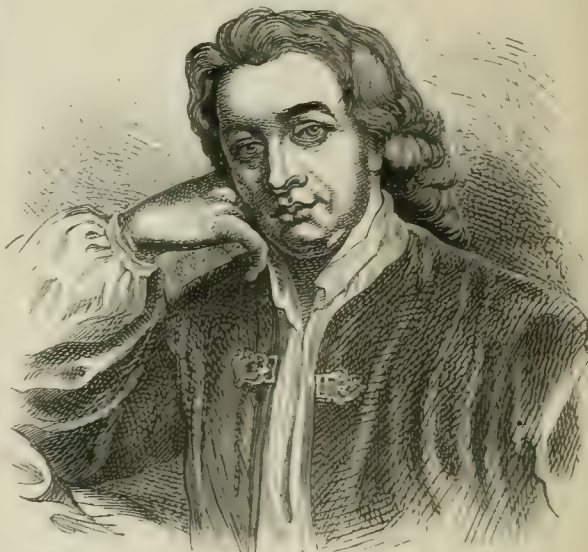
Qu. My Prayers are heard;
 And I have nothing farther to desire,
 But *Sancho's* leave to authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
 So merciful a King did never live;
 Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive,
 But let the bold Conspirator beware,
 For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

Thomas Otway, son of a rector of Woolbeding, near Midhurst, in Sussex, was born in 1651. After education at Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxford, he left the University without a degree, failed as an actor, got a commission as cornet of horse in levies for Flanders, came back and began his career as a dramatist with "*Alcibiades*" in 1675. He transformed "*Romeo and Juliet*," according to the bad taste of the day, into a play called "*Caius Marius*," that he might put Marius and Sylla for Montague and Capulet, and array Romeo in a toga as Marius Junior. He formed a play "*Titus and Berenice*" from Racine's *Bérénice*, and adapted from Moliere *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Upon two clever books by a contemporary French writer, the Abbé de St. Réal, Otway based two of his plays, one "*Don Carlos*" in 1675 from a book published by St. Réal

in 1672; the other "*Venice Preserved*," founded upon a book published by St. Réal in 1674. "*Venice Preserved*" in 1682 had been preceded by "*The Orphan*" in 1680, and these are the two best of Otway's plays. In April, 1685, Otway died in extreme poverty, neglected by the king to whom he had been loyal in his verse, though in his "*Orphan*" he had expressed indirectly bitter consciousness of the corruption of the time.



THOMAS OTWAY. (From the Portrait engraved for the Edition of his Works published in 1812).

"*The Orphan*" and "*Venice Preserved*" are two of the very best plays of their time. They are admirably constructed, and the incidents are so honestly felt, that we escape in them from the conventional passion and emotion of what in their day was called heroic drama. If Dryden had clearly realised to himself the character of Queen Leonora in his "*Spanish Friar*," had felt his subject deeply enough to know what sort of love there could be in a woman who had been keeping old King Sancho in a dungeon, and was prompt to suggest his murder when it seemed to smoothe the way to gratification of her "tender" passion towards Torrismund, he would scarcely have written the play as we have it. His mind was far more in the art he exercised than in the matter it was shaping with a master's ingenuity. But in "*The Orphan*" and "*Venice Preserved*" Otway felt what he wrote, and expressed the grace and tenderness of his own nature. "*The Orphan*" was the first tragedy of mark in which the dignity of royal birth was dispensed with, as a means of giving elevation to the subject; and sometimes, by right of it, Otway has been called founder of the domestic drama. Its story has a defect of the time, that the love of the two brothers, by which Monimia is plunged into uttermost distress, is mainly animal. But, only the more for that, the sorrows of Monimia are deep and real, and Otway wins real sympathy for innocence and beauty in distress.

VENICE PRESERVED

owes much of its charm to the same generosity and gentleness of feeling, and as the hero and heroine have been for three years husband and wife when the play opens, their love has a breadth and depth not usually to be found in the dramatic passions of the reign of Charles II.

The husband is Jaffeir, a Venetian gentleman of broken fortune; the wife is Belvidera, daughter to Priuli, a Venetian Senator. The marriage has been frowned upon by Belvidera's father, and when the play opens, Jaffeir, become bankrupt, in vain seeks assistance from Priuli.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFEIR.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more; be gone and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me; by my suffering but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me: patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me!

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father!
Wronged you?

Pri. Yes! wronged me; in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you have done me wrong.
You may remember, (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness:) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courtied, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me.
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom:
Oh, Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct, no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantin you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by a duke,
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; entered first yourself:
The affrighted Belvidera following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,

Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false like mine;
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain:
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries: whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by heaven.
Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life was not so precious:
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she too with thee;
For, living here, you're but my curst remembrances
I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera: you perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me!
Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety;
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder!

Pri. You dare not do 't.—

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not,
My heart that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice;
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli—

Pri. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossoms scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly,
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;

Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve—
Home, home, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to mine eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring;
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
Oh, Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

When Jaffair is in this mood of despair there comes upon him his friend Pierre, who has deep discontent against society. Pierre is angered by the yielding of his mistress, the Greek courtesan Aquilina, to the suit of a rich and foolish senator, Antonio; and he is one of a number of rash discontented men who have become tools in the hands of Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador. They are deep in a conspiracy for killing the senators, burning Venice, and placing themselves at the head of a reconstituted city that will rise out of its ashes. Pierre, who has seen Jaffair's goods seized, describes to him the ruin of his home, and the distress of Belvidera.

Pier. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying:
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
There was another making villanous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments,
Rich hangings, intermixed and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaff. Now thank Heaven—

Pier. Thank Heaven! for what?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false;
Where there's no trust, no truth; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression; and vice lords it:
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she leaned,
Kindly looked up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they caught the sorrows that fell from her:
E'en the lewd rabble that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity:
I could have hugged the greasy rogues: they pleased me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story, from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:

Ah, Pierre! I have a heart, that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me:
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness,
If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows!

Pier. Burn!

First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
What, starve like beggars' brats in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou, or thy cause shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee;
Command my heart: thou'rt every way its master.

Jaff. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow.
Revenge! the attribute of gods; they stamp it
With their great image on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause that calls upon thee:
And if thou'rt base enough, die then: remember
Thy Belvidera suffers: Belvidera!
Die—damn first—what, be decently interred
In a churchyard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil!

Jaff. Oh!

Pier. Well said, out with 't, swear a little—

Jaff. Swear! by sea and air! by earth, by heaven, and
hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!

Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator!

Pier. A dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more: where shall we meet at night?

Wrought upon thus, and by pictures of the wretchedness of Venice and the indolent injustice of the senators, Jaffair is drawn by his friend Pierre to the point of joining the conspiracy; and the First Act ends with a scene between Jaffair and Belvidera, showing her firm in love to him through all his distresses.

Belv. Oh, I will love thee, even in madness love thee.

Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
And as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made
her!

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, th' obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you:

I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant driven on unknown land,
That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that,
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
Resolved to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Second Act opens between Pierre and Aquilina, with his strong jealousy of the Senator Antonio, whom she detests, although she likes his money. The conspirators will meet at night in Aquilina's house. Then Jaffeir is met by Pierre on the Rialto, helped with a purse from his friend, and fully drawn into the plot.

Pier. Nay, it's a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffeir. For it is founded on the noblest basis, Our liberties, our natural inheritance; There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't; We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for't: Openly act a deed the world shall gaze With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff. For liberty!

Pier. For liberty, my friend! Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny, And thy sequestered fortunes healed again. I shall be freed from those opprobrious wrongs That press me now, and bend my spirit downward. All Venice free, and every growing merit Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pulled From Wisdom's seat; those baleful unclean birds, Those lazy owls, who (perched near Fortune's top) Sit only watchful with their heavy wings To cuff down new-fledged virtues, that would rise To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pier. Can'st thou not kill a senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him For herding with that nest of fools and knaves. By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge Were to be had, and the brave story warms me.

Pier. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering stars And yon great ruling planet of the night! By all good powers above, and ill below! By love and friendship, dearer than my life! No power or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart. A council's held hard by, where the destruction Of this great empire's hatching: there I'll lead thee! But be a man, for thou'rt to mix with men Fit to disturb the peace of all the world, And rule it when it's wildest—

Jaff. I give thee thanks For this kind warning: yes, I'll be a man, And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my fears Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine Out of my breast, and show it for a coward's. Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase All little thoughts, all tender human follies Out of my bosom: vengeance shall have room: Revenge!

Pier. And liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! revenge!

[*Exeunt.*]

The scene then changes to the meeting of the conspirators in Aquilina's house. Bedamar, the Spanish Ambassador, is there to prompt. There is Renault, an old Frenchman with a leading voice, with Eliot, an Englishman, and many Italians. The hour of revenge, long delayed, is at hand.

Bed. Now if any

Amongst us that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he'd wish to save,
Let it be told; the general doom is sealed;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pier. I must confess, you there have touched my weakness I have a friend; hear it, such a friend! My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you. He knows the very business of this hour; But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it: W'ave chang'd a vow to live and die together, And he's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betrayed?

Pier. No—I've dealt nobly with you: I've brought my all into the public stock; I'd but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you? Receive and cherish him: or if, when seen And searched, you find him worthless; as my tongue Has lodged this secret in his faithful breast, To ease your fears I wear a dagger here, Shall rip it out again, and give you rest. Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFEIR with a Dagger.

Bed. His presence bears the show of manly virtue!

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncalled, I dare approach this place of fatal councils; But I'm amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me, To see so many virtues thus united, To restore justice and dethrone oppression. Command this sword, if you would have it quiet, Into this breast; but if you think it worthy To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes, Send me into the cursed assembled Senate; It shrinks not, though I meet a father there. Would you behold this city flaming? here's A hand shall bear a lighted torch at noon To th' Arsenal, and set its gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaff. Nay—by Heaven I'll do this. Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces, You fear me a villain: and indeed it's odd To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting, Of matters that have been so well debated; But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with councils; I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice: A friend to none, but men resolv'd like me, To push on mischief. Oh, did you but know me, I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre! I must embrace him, My heart beats to this man as if it knew him.

Ren. I never loved these huggers.

Jaff. Still I see The cause delights me not. Your friends survey me As I were dangerous—but I come armed Against all doubts, and to your trust will give A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for. My Belvidera! ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What wonder's next?

Jaff. Let me intreat you,

As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of counsels, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exeunt all but BED., REN., JAFF., PIER.*]

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?

Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Who,

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love:
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?

The Second Act then closes with a scene in which Jaffier commits Belvidera to the care of Renault, and a dagger with her as a pledge of his fidelity.

The Third Act opens with a scene between Aquilina and the very foolish Senator Antonio, who visits her. Then Belvidera enters in distress, because Renault had proved false guardian, and sought her with evil desire. Jaffier meets her in her sorrow; the scene of distress between them leads to her desire to know his secret.

Belv. Why was I last night delivered to a villain?

Jaff. Hah, a villain!

Belv. Yes! to a villain! why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn 'em into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies?
"To you, sirs, and to your honour I bequeath her,
And with her this: whene'er I prove unworthy,
You know the rest, then strike it to her heart?"
Oh, why's that *rest* concealed from me? must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?
For such I know I am; that's all my value!
But by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Straight to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaff. Is this the Roman virtue! this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter!
Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

Belv. No,

For Brutus trusted her: wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am woman,
But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Studied the virtues of thy gallant nature;
Thy constancy, thy courage, and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learned 'em,
And bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee; and with thee share 'em.

Jaff. Oh, you divinest powers! look down and hear
My prayers! instruct me to reward this virtue!

Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further,
Think I've a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then if thou should'st betray me!

Belv. Shall I swear?

Jaff. No, do not swear: I would not violate

Thy tender nature with so rude a bond:

But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast;
I've bound myself by all the strictest sacraments
Divine and human——

Belv. Speak!

Jaff. To kill thy father——

Belv. My father!

Jaff. Nay the throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera: he amongst us
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood;
I, and the glorious partners of my fortune
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou far off in safety
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring;
And when night comes, with praise and love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought,
For if thou dost——

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing;
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroyed?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hired slaves, bravoës, and common stabbers,
Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains, join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engaged
With men of souls fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them,
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashions.

Belv. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou
gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaffier's resolve is shaken by what he hears. He cannot be away from Belvidera, will return to her at midnight. When Belvidera has left him, Jaffier is met by his friend Pierre, to whom he tells what he has heard of Renault. Pierre shares his anger. Renault next enters, and in a short dialogue with him Jaffier points darkly to the cause of his passion. The other conspirators follow close upon those who had first arrived, quarrel is checked, and the whole cruelty of the plot is then revealed in the arrangements made for the sack and burning of Venice before morning. Jaffier, shocked by all that he hears, and not the less because he hears these details from the lips of Renault, leaves the room hurriedly to keep his promise to Belvidera. When he is gone, Renault accuses him of treason; his life is in uttermost danger, and he is saved by the brave devotion of his friend Pierre, who has absolute faith in him.

So ends the Third Act. The Fourth opens with Jaffier, under the spell of his love for Belvidera, yielding himself to her influence, by which Venice is Preserved. The nature of Jaffier, weakly yielding to the influence of passion, had enabled his friend to draw him into the plot; but there is new cause of passion in Renault's insult to Belvidera, and the whole power of her love over him is used by his wife for the saving of her father and her country. Jaffier's mind is shaken by conflicting emotions, but he yields to Belvidera.

Jaff. By all Heaven's powers, prophetic truth dwells in thee,
For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart
Like a new light, and shows it how 't has wandered.
Just what th' hast made me, take me, Belvidera,
And lead me to the place where I 'm to say
This bitter lesson; where I must betray
My truth, my virtue, constancy and friends :—
Must I betray my friend! ah, take me quickly,
Secure me well before that thought's renewed;
If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Belv. No; thou art a friend more dear than Belvidera?

Jaff. No; thou art my soul itself, wealth, friendship,
honour;

All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summed in thee: methinks when in thy arms
Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
Why was such happiness not given me pure?
Why dashed with cruel wrongs, and bitter warnings?
Come, lead me forward now like a tame lamb
To sacrifice. Thus in his fatal garlands
Decked fine, and pleased, the wanton skips and plays,
Trots by th' enticing flattering priestess' side,
And much transported with its little pride,
Forgets his dear companions of the plain;
'Till by her bound he's on the altar lain;
Yet, then too, hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

Enter Officer and six Guards.

Off. Stand, who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, Belvidera! hide me from my friends.
By Heaven, I'd rather see the face of hell,
Than meet the man I love.

Off. But what friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate and the state of Venice.

Off. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obeyed.

Hold, brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me.
Now the lot's cast, and, Fate, do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt guarded.*]

SCENE II.

*The Senate House. Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice,
PRIULI, ANTONIO, and eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?

Pri. Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eye; but there is cause

We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more.

All Sen. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand

Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.

Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;

The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands

I had this warning: but if we are men

Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something

That may inform the world in after-ages,

Our virtue was not ruined, though we were. [*A noise without.*
Room, room, make room for some prisoners—

Sen. Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Pri. Speak, there, what disturbance?

Off. Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance.—Well, who are you?

Jaff. A villain.

Ant. Short and pithy,
The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. 'Tis rumoured, that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you have a share in 't too.
If you are a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaff. Think not that I to save my life come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn, and covenanted foe of Venice.
But use me as my dealings may deserve;
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates,
Give him the tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not do,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of.
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scared with threatenings: boys are whipt
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips for ever;
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away—that you may guess at.

Ant. A bloody-minded fellow I'll warrant;
A damned bloody-minded fellow.

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaff. For myself full pardon.
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends, [*Delivers a list.*
Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend Council,
That in a full assembly of the Senate

The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All. We'll swear.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes

Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To grant me what I've asked,
Ye swear.

All. We swear.

Jaff. And as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blest,
Or curst for ever!

All. Else be curst for ever!

Jaff. Then here's the list, and with 't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another paper.*]
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.

Upon Jaffier's information the conspirators are arrested. They disdain pardon, and ask for death. The Council breaks up, leaving Jaffier free, and the rest waiting for judgment. Then Jaffier seeks to justify himself to his friend Pierre, but is struck aside and scorned as traitor, villain, coward.

Pier. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false—

Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and truth so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee;
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live, then.

Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre!

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from
me;

And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee. [*Exit.*]
Jaff. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the portion he has left me. [*Holds the dagger up.*]
This dagger, well remembered, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this and Belvidera together.
Have a care, memory, drive that thought no farther;
No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other.

So; now for thinking: a blow, called traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward, fough!
Oh, for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy devil—

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
Nor daring now to look to that dear face
Which used to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injured.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth: now if thou'st virtue, help me,
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion;
By Heaven, I'm tottering to the very brink
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;
I know th' hast cause to mourn, to mourn, my Jaffier,
With endless cries and never-ceasing wailing.
Thou'st lost—

Jaff. Oh I've lost what can't be counted:
My friend too, Belvidera; that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave; shamefully used me;
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory how I've wronged him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on 't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh, he has used me!—yet, by Heaven, I bear it;
He has used me, Belvidera—but first swear
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction;—
Not scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'er been false, that now I'm doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I'm grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complaining?

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my failings, for they're many.
Oh, my dear angel! in that friend I've lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deadens it in my brains;
Would'st thou believe it?—

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my nature;
As at his feet I kneeled, and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness

In which we've lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow :
He struck me, Belvidera : by Heaven, he struck me,
Buffeted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward ? am I a villain ? tell me :
Th' art the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation ! coward !

Belv. Oh, forgive him, Jaffair.
And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow ?

Jaff. Hah !

Belv. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death ;
His bleeding bowels and his broken limbs
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain ;
What will thy heart do then ? Oh sure 'twill stream
Like my eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful story ?
Death, and to-morrow ? broken limbs and bowels ?
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain ?
By all my fears I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth 's hid longer.

Belv. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it :
They say, according to our friend's request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage :
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited :
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession ;
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.

Jaff. Death ! doomed to die ! Condemned unheard ! un-
pleaded !

Belv. Nay, cruell'st racks and torments are preparing,
To force confessions from their dying pangs.
Oh, do not look so terribly upon me ;
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd !
What means my love ?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me—strong tempta-
tions

Wake in my heart.

Belv. For what ?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why ?

Jaff. Oh ! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,
Near these curst hands : are they not cold upon thee ?

[*Pulls the dagger out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*]

Belv. No : everlasting comfort 's in thy arms.
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows decked with leaves of roses.

Jaff. Alas ! thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis filled with :
Fly, ere they gall thee : there's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to thy heart :
Art thou not terrified ?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Belv. Hah !

Jaff. Where's my friend ? my friend, thou smiling mis-
chief ?

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou should'st have fled
When thy guilt first had cause ; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans !
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already ; see, they've fixed him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—Murder ! perjured Senate !
Murder—Oh !—hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this ;
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.

How her eyes speak ! oh, thou bewitching creature !

[*Fumbling for his dagger.*]

Madness can't hurt thee : come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe ;
'Tis thy own citadel—hah—yet stand off,
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy ;
I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Belv. What means the lord
Of me, my life and love ? what's in thy bosom,
Thou graspest at so ? nay, why am I thus treated ?

[*Draws the dagger, offers to stab her.*]

What wilt thou do ? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffair :
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That used to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul :
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition was my truth believed :
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*]

Belv. Oh, mercy !

[*Kneeling.*]

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Belv. Now then, kill me,

[*Leaps upon his neck, and kisses him.*]

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a coward ; witness, Heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being, witness ;
'Tis but one blow ! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[*He throws away the dagger and embraces her*]

The seal of providence is sure upon thee ;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders :
Oh, thou wert either born to save or damn me !
By all the power that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee ;
Fly to thy cruel father ; save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever :
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees ;
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Crush him in th' arms, torture him with thy softness.
Nor, 'till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquered me. [*Exeunt.*]

The Fifth Act opens with Belvidera pleading to
her father, the Senator Priuli, who is softened by
tender recollections of her mother and the sight of
her distress.

Pri. How my soul's caught !

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me

By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.

Pri. By Heaven, my aching heart forebodes much mischief.
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Belv. No, I'm contented.

Pri. Speak.

Belv. No matter.

Pri. Tell me.

By yon blessed heaven, my heart runs o'er with fondness.

Belv. Oh !

Pri. Utter 't.

Belv. Oh, my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.

Pri. Kill thee!

Belv. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your State and Senate;
He gave me up as hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he failed, to plunge it through this bosom.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevailed, and blessed me with success;
He came, confessed, betrayed his dearest friends,
For promised mercy. Now they're doomed to suffer.
Galled with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t' appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood th' atonement.

Pri. Heavens!

Belv. Think you saw what passed at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
Fixed on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasped a keen, threatening dagger; oh! 'twas thus
We last embraced; when trembling with revenge,
He dragged me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death; cried out, my friends,
Where are my friends? swore, wept, raged, threatened,
loved;

For yet he loved, and that dear love preserved me
To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That dear hand should do th' unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promised lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Belv. Will you not, my father?
Weep not, but answer me.

Pri. By Heaven, I will.
Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
Can'st thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewell.

Belv. Go, and remember

'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.

[*Exeunt.*]

The next scene shows the passion of Aquilina, who threatens the life of the old Senator Antonio, if he do not swear to save her lover Pierre. Death with torture is prepared for Pierre and the conspirators whom Jaffair had delivered up. The senators break promise, and Jaffair will not survive his friend. There is a last parting from Belvidera.

Jaff. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Belv. I will, when I've done weeping.—

Jaff. Fie, no more on 't—
How long is 't since that miserable day

We wedded first?

Belv. Oh! h—h!

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.

Belv. Heaven knows, I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
These streams will follow—

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Belv. But was 't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curst one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise; and you've oft sworn
In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you blessed it.

Jaff. 'Twas a rash oath.

Belv. Then why am I not curst too?

Jaff. No, Belvidera, by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Belv. Still so kind!

Still then do you love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to creation,
Than I do now towards thee: man ne'er was blessed,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Belv. Then sure you will not curse me.

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years we've lived together.

Belv. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
'Till reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace 'till an eternal morning.

Jaff. When will that be?

[*Sighing.*]

Belv. I hope long ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) used thee with tender'st love?
Did e'er my soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did I e'er frown when Belvidera smiled,
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
Abating passion? have I ever wronged thee?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'er wandered
To any other woman?

Belv. Never, never—

I were the worst of false ones, should I accuse thee.
I own I've been too happy, blessed above
My sex's charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?

Belv. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven;
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning:
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue
To bear the loss of one that too much loved,
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Belv. How, parting, parting?

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting;

I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose, to leave thee.
We part this hour for ever.

Belv. Oh, call back

Your cruel blessing; stay with me and curse me!

Jaff. No, 'tis resolved.

Belv. Then hear me too, just Heaven:
 Pour down your curses on this wretched head
 With never-ceasing vengeance; let despair,
 Danger, or infamy, nay all surround me;
 Starve me with wantings; let my eyes ne'er see
 A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace;
 But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors,
 Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
 To make me mad enough for what I lose,
 If I must lose him. If I must!—I will not.
 Oh turn and hear me.

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender days we've lived together,
 By all our charming nights, and joys that crowned 'em,
 Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh, h—h!

Belv. By these arms that now cling round thy neck,
 By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
 By these poor streaming eyes—

Jaff. Murder! un—hold me:

By the immortal destiny that doomed me [*Draws his dagger.*]
 To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer;
 Resolve to let me go, or see me fall—

Belv. Hold, sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal bell [*Passing-bell tolls.*]
 Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
 For my poor friend, my dying Pierre expects me;
 He sent a message to require I'd see him
 Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
 Farewell for ever.

Belv. Leave thy dagger with me.

Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at parting?
 Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?

[*Going out, looks back at her.*]

Jaff. Yet stay.

We have a child, as yet a tender infant,
 Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
 Breed him in virtue and the paths of honour,
 But let him never know his father's story;
 I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my fate
 May do his future fortune, or his name.

Now—nearer yet— [*Approaching each other.*]

Oh that my arms were riveted
 Thus round thee ever! but my friends! my oath!
 This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*]

Belv. Another, sure another,
 For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of.
 I'll give't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewell.

Belv. For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows, for ever. All good angels guard thee.
 [*Exit.*]

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.
 Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
 Which I must now mourn out in widow'd tears;
 Blasted be every herb, and fruit, and tree;
 Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
 And may the general curse reach man and beast!
 Oh give me daggers, fire or water!
 How I could bleed, how burn, how drown; the waves
 Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
 'Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
 Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury;
 The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain:
 I long for thick substantial sleep: hell! hell!
 Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
 If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am!—

Enter PRIULI and Servants.

Who's there? [*They seize her.*]

Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home,
 Guard her as you would life: alas, poor creature!

Belv. What! to my husband? then conduct me quickly:
 Are all things ready? shall we die most gloriously?
 Say not a word of this to my old father:
 Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,
 Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene opening, discovers a Scaffold and a wheel prepared for the
 Executing of PIERRE; then enter OFFICERS, PIERRE and
 Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great rabble.*

Offi. Room, room there—stand all by, make room for
 the prisoner.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Fath. Why are you so obstinate?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch
 Can't die in peace,

But you, like ravens, will be croaking round him?

Fath. Yet Heaven—

Pier. I tell thee, Heaven and I are friends:
 I ne'er broke peace with't yet by cruel murders,
 Rapine or perjury, or vile deceiving:
 But lived in moral justice towards all men;
 Nor am a foe to the most strong believers,
 Howe'er my own short-sighted faith confine me.

Fath. But an all-seeing Judge—

Pier. You say my conscience
 Must be my accuser: I have searched that conscience.
 And find no records there of crimes that scare me.

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want Faith.

Pier. You want to lead

My reason blindfold, like a hampered lion,
 Checked of its nobler vigour; then when baited
 Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
 And show strange tricks, which you call signs of Faith.
 So silly souls are gulled, and you get money.
 Away, no more: captain, I'd have hereafter
 This fellow write no lies of my conversion,
 Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter JAFFEIR.

Jaff. Hold: eyes be dry;
 Heart, strengthen me to bear
 This hideous sight, and humble me to take
 The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
 Betrayed by my vile falsehood to his ruin.
 Oh, Pierre!

Pier. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
 And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:
 How shall I look up to thy injured face,
 That always used to smile with friendship on me?
 It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
 That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
 And stripes are fitter for me, than embraces.

Pier. Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame.
 I can't forget to love thee: pry'thee Jaffair,
 Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
 I am now preparing for the land of peace,
 And fain would have the charitable wishes
 Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er
 Suffered the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste of.
 Why was I sent for to be used thus kindly?
 Call, call me villain, as I am; describe

The foul complexion of my hateful deeds ;
Lead me to th' rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
I've crimes enough to give it its full load,
And do it credit : thou wilt but spoil the use on 't,
And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About 'em as a charm from treacherous friendship.

Off. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead !

Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffeur ; they 've all died like men too,
Worthy their character.

Jaff. And what must I do ?

Pier. Oh, Jaffeur !

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthened soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortured friend.

Pier. Friend ! could'st thou yet be a friend, a generous
friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows I want a friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pier. No : live, I charge thee, Jaffeur.

Jaff. Yes, I will live.

But it shall be to see thy fall revenged
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.

Pier. Wilt thou ?

Jaff. I will, by Heaven.

Pier. Then still thou 'rt noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh—yet—shall I trust thee ?

Jaff. No, I've been false already.

Pier. Dost thou love me ?

Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.

Pier. Curse on this weakness. [*He weeps.*]

Jaff. Tears ! amazement ! tears !

I never saw thee melted thus before ;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom
That must have vent : though I am a villain, tell me.

Pier. See'st thou that engine ? [*Pointing to the wheel.*]

Jaff. Why ?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcass on a wheel ?

Jaff. Hah !

Pier. Speak ! is't fitting ?

Jaff. Fitting ?

Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour ;
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcass on a wheel ?

Jaff. Hah !

Pier. Speak ! is't fitting ?

Jaff. Fitting ?

Pier. Yes, is't fitting ?

Jaff. What's to be done ?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Off. The day grows late, sir.

Pier. I'll make haste !—Oh Jaffeur !

Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice.

Jaff. No more of that : thy wishes shall be satisfied ;
I have a wife, and she shall bleed ; my child too
Yield up his little throat, and all

To appease thee— [*Going away, PIERRE holds him.*]

Pier. No—this—no more ! [*He whispers JAFFEUR.*]

Jaff. Hah ! is't then so ?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do 't.

Pier. Remember.

Off. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

[*He and JAFFEUR ascend the scaffold.*]

Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour,

Keep off the rabble, that I may have room

To entertain my fate, and die with decency.

Come ! [*Takes off his gown, Executioner prepares to bind him.*]

Fath. Son !

Pier. Hence, tempter !

Off. Stand off, priest.

Pier. I thank you, sir.

You'll think on 't. [*To JAFFEUR.*]

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before to-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffeur ! now I am going. Now ;—

[*Executioners having bound him.*]

Jaff. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart ! Then—here— [*Stabs him.*]

And this is well too. [*Then stabs himself.*]

Fath. Damnable deed !

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done nobly—we have deceived the Senate.

Baff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha, ha, ha !—oh, oh !— [*Dies.*]

Jaff. Now, ye curs'd rulers,
Thus of the blood y've shed I make libation,
And sprinkle 't mingling : may it rest upon you,
And all your race ! Be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls ; let plagues and famine waste
Your generation !—Oh, poor Belvidera !
Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her.
A token, that with my dying breath I blessed her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.

I am sick—I am quiet— [*JAFFEUR dies.*]

Off. Bear this news to the Senate,
And guard their bodies till there's farther order :

Heaven grant I die so well— [*Scene shuts upon them.*]

Soft music. Enter BELVIDERA distracted, led by two of her
Women, PRIULI and Servants.

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heaven !

Belv. Come, come, come, come, come, nay come to bed,
Pr'ythee my love. 'The winds ; hark how they whistle ?
And the rain beats : oh, how the weather shrinks me !
You are angry now, who cares ? pish, no indeed.
Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not.
Whip your ill-nature ; get you gone then ; oh !

[*JAFFEUR's ghost rises.*]

Are you returned ? See, father, here he's come again.

Am I to blame to love him ? oh thou dear one. [*Ghost sinks.*]

Why do you fly me ? Are you angry still then ?

Jaffeur, where art thou ? Father, why do you do thus ?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.

Stand off I say : what, gone ? remember 't tyrant !

I may revenge myself for this trick one day.

I'll do 't—I'll do 't. Renault's a nasty fellow ;

Hang him, hang him, hang him !

Enter Officer and others.

Pri. News, what news ? [*Officer whispers PRIULI.*]

Off. Most sad, sir.

Jaffeur, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next, himself ;
Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter.

Belv. Ha, look there !

[*The ghosts of JAFFEUR and PIERRE rise together both bloody.*]

My husband bloody, and his friend too! murder!
Who has done this? speak to me, thou sad vision;

[*Ghosts sink.*]

On these poor trembling knees I beg it: vanish'd—
Here they went down; oh! I'll dig, dig the den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Ho, Jaffier, Jaffier.
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, father: oh! how I'll smuggle him!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom!
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell—

[*She dies.*]

Maid. She's dead,
Breathless and dead.

Pri. Then guard me from the sight on't:
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning;
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun
May never enter: hang it round with black;
Set up one taper that may last a day,
As long as I've to live: and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.

[*Curtain falls.*]

Our last illustration of the Later Stuart Drama shall be a comedy written by John Crowne in accordance with a suggestion of Charles the Second. John Crowne, was who the son of an independent minister in Nova Scotia, began his career as dramatist in London in 1671, with the tragi-comedy of "Juliana," and closed it with the tragedy of "Caligula," in 1698, having produced eighteen plays. His comedy of "City Politics," printed in 1675, attacked the Whigs, and made him enemies. When he sought of the king some office that would ensure him maintenance without constant exertion as a dramatist, the king promised to help him when he had written one play more, as a farewell to the stage. It was to be a comedy, and written, by his Majesty's command, on the plot of a Spanish play by Moreto, *No Puede Ser* (It Cannot Be), founded on the *Mayor Imposible* of Lope de Vega. An English play had already been formed on the same theme, called "Tarugo's Wiles," which had failed; but Crowne took pains to satisfy the king with wit that would ensure his worldly comfort for the future, and his twelfth play, the comedy "Sir Courtly Nice," was the result. But the king had an apoplectic stroke on the last day of its rehearsal, and died three days afterwards, on the 6th of February, 1685. The play, therefore, was produced at the beginning of the reign of James the Second

SIR COURTLY NICE, OR IT CANNOT BE,

takes its second title straight from Moreto. What cannot be is the shutting up of a woman from a suitor whom she favours and who is determined to have access to her. Lord Belguard is resolved to keep all men away from his sister Leonora, except Sir Courtly Nice, whom he intends that she shall marry. He sets as guards over her, an aunt aged fifty, and Hothead and Testimony, one "a choleric Zealot against Fanatics," the other "a canting hypocritical Fanatic," who, being fierce opponents, cannot unite to deceive him, and will serve, he believes, as checks on each other in the watching of the lady. Leonora has for

ally a damsel, Violante, whom her brother, Lord Belguard, desires to marry and who is ready, for her own sake as well as her friend's, to confound his plans for the safe custody of women; because, she says, "whilst he has this disease upon him so mortal to liberty, I dare venture on him no more than if he had the plague, or any other distemper dangerous to life. For what is life without liberty? To be his wife is worse than to be a ghost, for that walks and enjoys a little chat sometimes, but I must be laid by a conjuror called a husband for my whole life." Leonora can have liberty only on terms.

Violante. What terms?

Leonora. Marriage with such a coxcomb, you know him—Sir Courtly Nice.

Vio. A tempting man, he has a vast estate.

Leo. But incumbered.

Vio. With what?

Leo. A fop. 'Tis mortgaged to a thousand expensive follies. If it were not, I would not drink water for the sake of a fine bowl chained to the well.

Leonora loves a youth with a fair and free estate, Mr. Farewel, but he is forbidden. There has been family feud since the Conquest between her family and that of the Farewels. Because she showed none of the proper bitterness, Leonora's father had left her fortune tied by condition of her brother's assent to her marriage. The First Act, after opening the story in dialogue between Violante and Leonora, shows next the two guardians Hothead and Testimony, one a fanatical Church and State man, the other a fanatical Puritan, in feud together. Hothead, who is my lord's cousin, is offended at the bringing of Testimony into the household. Another part of Lord Belguard's method is to allow no handsome servants in the house. "I believe," says Leonora to her friend when the two fanatics have left her for a time, "I believe they are now all together in the pantry, and my aunt among 'em, distributing their breakfasts—the monsters will be worth seeing—open the door."

"The scene is drawn, and a company of crooked, withered, ill-looking fellows are at breakfast, and Aunt with them." The humours of Aunt are then set forth before Lord Belguard enters, and closes the Act in dialogue with his sister and Violante, wherein he maintains his doctrine that "woman like china should be kept with care."

The Second Act opens in Violante's lodging, with encouragement to Farewel to be bold, and with his declaration that Leonora's brother could not keep him out, "though guards were set on guards, till their confounded coxcombs reached the skies," for he has leagued with a witch; "at least a young fellow that has more tricks than a witch." This is Crack, once a poor student of Oxford, but expelled for his wild ways, though no offence could ever be fixed upon him. He enters presently; and comes ready to put out his wits on hire.

Farewel. Mr. Crack, your servant.

Crack. Your servant, sir, your humble servant, madam.

Violante. Your servant, sir; I am told you have been an Oxford scholar.

Crack. A scholar, madam? A scholar's egg—emptied by old suck-eggs of all that nature gave me, and crumbled full of essences, hypostases, and other stuff o' their baking.

For what he has undertaken he answers shortly, "I'll do't. The lady's yours. Give me some money." Next it is agreed between Violante and Farewel that Mr. Surly shall be played off against Sir Courtly Nice. "Fire and water are not so contrary. Sir Courtly is so civil a creature, and so respectful to everything belonging to a gentleman, he stands bare to his own periwig. Surly uncovers to nothing but his own nightcap, nor to that if he be drunk, for he sleeps in his hat. Sir Courtly is so gentle a creature, he writes a challenge in the style of a *billet doux*. Surly talks to his mistress as he would to a Hector that wins his money. Sir Courtly is so pleased with his own person, his daily contemplation, nay, his salvation is a looking-glass, for there he finds eternal happiness. Surly's heaven, at least his priest, is his claret glass, for to that he confesses all his sins, and from it receives absolution and comfort. But his damnation is his looking-glass, for there he finds an eternal fire in his nose." Surly, after his own fashion, pays suit to Violante, often visits her, and can be turned by her to aid in breaking the match desired by Lord Belguard between his sister and Sir Courtly. Surly enters and shows his peculiar humour. Then Violante tells him that Lord Belguard's low opinions of love and women have caused her to be angry that she ever had a good thought of him.

Surly. Good.

Violante. I look upon his address to me as an affront, and will avenge it.

Surly. Better and better.

Vio. And you shall do it.

Surly. Best of all.

Vio. Do not you know Sir Courtly Nice?

Surly. That you should join knowledge with such a fop! 'Tis a question to be put to a boy. I may know philosophy; but to ask a man if he knows a hornbook—for such a thing is this fop—gilded on the outside, on the inside the criss-cross-row, and always hanging at the girdle of a girl.

Vio. You have described him right. This fop has my Lord Belguard enticed to accept his sister with no fortune but her birth and beauty. Now, if you'll break the match, you'll be to me the most amiable creature in the world.

The next scene is in Lord Belguard's house, and opens with hot controversy between the two fanatics; the ground of dispute being whether a tailor who is at the street door shall be allowed to enter, the substance of the dispute being abuse of each other. Aunt is brought in by the sound of strife, and claims the supreme right of deciding that the tailor be admitted. The tailor is Crack, who professes to have been sent to the aunt by her own tailor, Mr. Stitch.

Aunt. How chance he came not himself?

Crack. He's sick, madam.

Aunt. And can you work well, for we are very hard to please. There's scarcely a tailor in town can make me endure to see myself.

Leonora (aside). The fault lies in—fifty—fifty—

Crack. Indeed, madam, I must needs say my countrymen are not the best tailors in the world. Heaven makes the women angels, and tailors make 'em hedgehogs; 'tis a sad sight to see 'em. Now, I'll make an angel of a crooked pin.

Aunt. Ay! where did you learn your skill?

Crack. In France, madam.

Testimony. In France? Then, friend, I believe you are a Papist.

Hothead. Sirrah, I believe you are a Presbyterian.

Test. Friend, if you be a Papist, I'll ha' you before a justice.

Hoth. Sirrah, if you be a Presbyterian, I'll kick you down stairs.

Test. What are you, friend?

Hoth. Ay! what are you, sirrah?

Crack. What am I? why I'm a tailor. I think the men are mad.

Testimony and Hothead are got rid of, the Aunt's eyes are fixed upon stuffs brought for her inspection, and to Leonora Mr. Farewel's picture is presented. Before there has been time to give a letter also, Lord Belguard enters, but Crack is too clever for him, though he watches suspiciously, and the letter is delivered without his knowledge, under his own eyes.

The Third Act opens in Covent Garden Square—the characters of the play all living in Covent Garden—with Farewel made happy by Crack's report of his case, and the appearance of Surly, drunk, who knocks at the door of Sir Courtly Nice. "Is Nice within?" he asks. "Nice, Sir?" "Ay, Nice, Sir; is not your master's name Nice?" "'Tis Sir Courtly Nice." "Well, Sir, if I have a mind to clip his name, 'tis not treason, is it, sirrah?" "I believe not, Sir." "Then get you in, and tell your master I'd speak with him." We are next shown Sir Courtly at his toilet, bowing out with compliments musicians who have bored him, and asking that they will do him the favour to accept of a small collation, "because," as he explains to his wondering servant, "don't you know what belongs to a gentleman? Complaisance is the very thing of a Gentleman; the thing that shows a Gentleman. Wherever I go, all the world cries, 'That's a Gentleman, my life on't, a Gentleman!' and when y'ave said a Gentleman, you have said all." "Is there nothing else, sir, that belongs to a Gentleman?" the servant asks. "Yes, *bonne mine*, fine hands, a mouth well furnished—" "With fine language?" "Fine teeth, you sot. Fine language belongs to pedants and poor fellows that live by their wits. Men of Quality are above wit. 'Tis true, for our diversion sometimes we write, but we ne'er regard wit. I write, but I never writ any wit." "How then, sir?" "I write like a Gentleman, soft and easy." Presently Surly enters with drunken familiarity, after walking for a quarter of an hour in Sir Courtly's rooms and fouling them all with his dirty shoes. He embraces Sir Courtly, belching as he does so; asks where they shall dine. "Really, sir," Sir Courtly answers, "I don't know. I can't put my head into one o' your beastly eating houses, nor swallow the filthy meat you eat there, if you'd give me a hundred pound." "Filthy meat!" cries Surly;

"Sir, I eat as good meat as you do." "Oh, dear Mr. Surly, no doubt the meat in its own nature may be very innocent; but when once it has committed familiarity with the beastly fists of cooks and butchers, 'tis to me an unpardonable sinner. My butcher cuts up all his meat with a fork." "Does he cut up an ox with a fork?" "Ay, and he cuts up an ox as neatly as a lady does a partridge." "Well, then, I'll accept o' thy dinner." Sir Courtly makes polite excuse that he fears all things are not ready. His salt certainly was forgotten, and the butler has ridden post forty miles to Sir Courtly's country house to fetch it, because the salt in London has been all touched by the unclean hands of butlers and waiters. When a glass of wine is suggested, says Sir Courtly Nice, "Oh, dear, Mr. Surly, if you name wine, you make me throw up my soul. I have abhorred wine ever since I was in France, and saw what barbarous education they gave that generous creature. Deuce take me, sir, if the clowns don't press all the grapes with their filthy naked feet. Oh, beastly, nasty dogs! no wonder we are poisoned with their wine." "Prithee, what of that? The wine purges before it comes over." "Oh, Lord, Mr. Surly, what a phrase is there? You'll pardon my freedom, sir." Ale is sent for. Surly then worries Sir Courtly by professing to be in love with Leonora, and when the ale comes he throws away one of the glasses, professing that friends share the same glass. "What misery is this beast imposing on me?" says poor Sir Courtly to himself. "He coughs in the glass, too." A horrible kiss is the climax of Sir Courtly's misery before Surly departs with a "Well, honest Nice, farewell to thee," and the gentleman whose complaisance has suffered so extreme a trial is left crying, "Who's there? I'm sick to death—to death—lead me in—get my bed ready—and a bath—and some perfumes—I'm sick to death—I'm dead." The scene then changes to Lord Belguard's house, where the watchful brother is in fury because he has found Farewel's picture in his sister's room. Leonora is supported by her maid in assertion that it was picked up by the maid in Westminster Abbey. Aunt, Hothead, and Testimony are all in commotion again. Then comes a man to the door who says he is from the East Indies, and brings a letter from Lord Belguard's uncle Rich. "He comes in a storm," says Belguard; he will find worse weather here than any he met at sea. But I'll endeavour to compose myself. Admit him."

There enters a man dressed like a merchant, professing to be Mr. Waytevell, an old retainer of his lordship's father, who had been sent some years ago to the East Indies in the service of his lordship's noble uncle, Mr. Rich. He has returned with a small competency of his own, and says also—

I have brought your lordship some letters from your noble uncle, and a small present of some threescore thousand pounds.

Bel. How?

Man. Only the trouble of it, my lord. Your uncle contracted in the Indies an intimate friendship with Sir Nicholas Calico, President for the East India Company. Sir Nicholas died, and left most part of his estate (which was

near a hundred thousand pound), to his only son, Sir Thomas. But poor Sir Thomas happened in his father's lifetime to fall into a distemper, which gave him a scurvy flaw in his brain, that Sir Nicholas left him and all his estate to your uncle's guardianship. Now your noble uncle, perceiving that his affairs are like to detain him many years in th' Indies, and fearing, if he should die, poor Sir Thomas might be cheated of all; he has, like a worthy and honest gentleman, sent Sir Thomas and all his estate to your lordship's care, as these letters will testify. I suppose your lordship is well acquainted with your uncle's hand and seal?

By forged letters and such a story, Crack is introduced into the house as a lunatic Sir Thomas from India, who has the oddest phrases and ways with him, and "will needs be attended like a great Indian Mandarin or Lord. And has brought with him several Siamites and Bantammers, that serve him as slaves, in the ridiculous dresses and modes of their own country." Crack, also in ridiculous dress, talks extravagantly, professes that he has been bewitched, so that he abhors women and falls into agonies when he sees women. Leonora peeps, and knows Crack in his disguise. A hint of the state of affairs in the household is enough for him. He soon convinces Belguard that his sister's story was true, and gets her out of difficulty by supporting one lie with another.

Crack. I've in the Indies a delicate piece of my father's rib,

I beg your lordship to advise me in the disposal.

Bel. Oh, dispose it how you please, sir.

Crack. 'Tis a sister I mean.

Bel. Oh, that's something.

Crack. She's sweet and slender as a dove, and is worth two millions o' coxcombs. Three hundred of 'em comes to three farthings; 'tis a Chinese money. This money makes her much sought in marriage. The great Hobbommocoos o' the Indies come galloping upon elephants, camels, rhinoceroses, and oxen to see her. Now, my father was under the circumstances of great obligation to a gentleman in England; and out o' gratitude to him, ordered me on his deathbed to bestow my sister on his son and heir, if his actions have any sort o' smile in 'em to his incompatible father, which is the query. Pray resolve it.

Bel. First let me know the gentleman.

Crack. You shall. I'll give you a map of his face, or picture contained in my pocket—ha!—I ha' lost it,—I ha' lost it.

Bel. Tell me his name, sir.

Crack. I ha' dropt it out o' my pocket.

Bel. Ay, but his name!

Crack. I ha' dropt it out o' my pocket.

Bel. Ha' you dropt his name out o' your pocket? His name, sir!

Crack. Oh, his name! I'll tell you both his name and cognome. His name is Andrew, his cognome, Farewel.

Bel. Farewel? What comes into my head? Sir, can you guess where you might lose this picture?

Crack. A guess may be obtained—by the prayer of mariners.

Bel. No other way? Those I seldom hear of.

Crack. I was drawn down—stay, let me see—remembrance begins to be idle—has London no place in the west?

Bel. Ay, no doubt.

Crack. Ay, but something very west? Something called West?

Bel. Yes; there's West Smithfield.

Crack. That's not th' appellative. Is there no monster in the west, called West Monster?

Bel. Westminster, I believe you mean.

Crack. You've nicked it. To Westminster I rode, to behold the glorious circumstances of the dead; and diving into my pocket, to present the representer with a gratification, I am fully confirmed I then lost it; for my eyes and the picture had never rencounter since.

Thus the Third Act ends with the brother deduced, and the Fourth opens with Leonora and Violante laughing together, and presently worrying Lord Belguard, who still sticks to his principle: "No wife or sister of mine shall dabble in conversation with any man." Lord Belguard apologises to Hothead and Testimony for having accused them of carelessness, and the humours of Aunt and the two fanatics precede the arrival of another man at the house-door. This time it is Sir Courtly in his bravest attire, who comes a-courting, and has been kept waiting at the door while Hothead and Testimony quarrelled with each other over the announcement of him, and were too busy in attack upon each other to say what they came to say. Sir Courtly enters, bowing to the page who introduces him. Aunt is profuse in politeness to him, can hardly leave him, but when he is left at last with Leonora, playfully resolved to plague him for his plaguing of her, the courtship begins. "Now, madam, is the glorious opportunity come, which my soul has long wished, to express how much I admire, adore—" "Oh, Sir Courtly!" "Extravagantly adore—" "Oh, Sir Courtly, I cannot receive all this—" "Oh! madam, is there anything on the earth so charming? I never saw anything so fine as your ladyship since I was born." "Fie, Sir Courtly." "Never since I was born." "You'll kill me with blushing." "I speak my soul! Heavens! what divine teeth there are!" "Fie, fie! I shall never open my mouth more." "Then you'll undo all the world. Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable teeth. If a lady fastens upon my heart it must be with her teeth." Presently Leonora plays upon Sir Courtly by affecting to be as fastidiously nice as he. Sir Courtly allows no hands but those of his own gentleman to make his bed. "He has a delicate hand at making a bed; he was my page, I bred him up to it." "To making beds?" "Ay, madam, and I believe he'll make a bed with any gentleman in England." "And my woman," says Leonora, "has a great talent—" "Is it possible? Ladies commonly employ ordinary chambermaids, with filthy aprons on, made by sluttish women that spit as they—spin—foh!" Leonora echoes "Foh!" Sir Courtly goes on, "Your ladyship will pardon me, my linen is all made in Holland, by neat women that dip their fingers in rosewater at my charge." "Delicate." "And all washed there." "And so is mine; at Haarlem." "At Haarlem? I hold a constant correspondence with all the eminent washers there." "That's delicate, and agrees wonderfully with my humour." "Oh! happy!" cries Sir Courtly, "we shall be fond to an infinite degree." Then, to the great horror of

the complaisant gentleman, there enters Mr. Surly, this time in bad humour, professing himself Sir Courtly's rival in suit for the hand of Leonora.

Surly. Sure, madam, a woman o' your sense will not choose him before me. He has more land; not more improved land. His acres run up to one great weed—I mean himself; and there it blossoms in periwigs and ribbons. Oh, but he has a finer person. That's a cheat; a false creed imposed on you by a general council of tailors, milliners, and seamstresses. Let my hat expound his face, and you'll see what a piece o' simple stuff it is.

Sir C. N. Horrid! He has put his beastly hat upon my head! Pray, sir (*to a servant*), do me the favour to remove it, or I shall grow very sick—

Surly's insults, met with extreme politeness, at last force Sir Courtly to challenge him, and the challenge is delivered in these terms: "Mr. Surly, I have received some favours from you, sir, and I desire the honour of your company, sir, to-morrow morning, at Barn Elms, sir. Please to name your weapon, sir." "A squirt." "A squirt!" "Ay, for that will go to thy heart, I'm sure." The Act ends in the garden of Lord Belguard's house with another of Crack's devices. There is a noise outside of four men setting upon one. Crack, as the lunatic Sir Thomas, blows tantivy on a horn, opens the garden door for a rescue, and while Lord Belguard and the rest rush out, lets Farewel in.

The Fifth Act opens with Farewel and Leonora happy, so far, in the success of Mr. Crack's devices, but Lord Belguard coming suddenly upon them, Farewel is hidden in another room, and Crack rolls on the floor as the bewitched Sir Thomas Calico, in agonies because the curiosity of Leonora has caused a woman to look in upon him. But the Aunt knows more, Crack has to account for Farewel's presence in the house, and again succeeds in making Lord Belguard think himself in the wrong and make apologies to Leonora. He begs her pardon, will at once begone upon her business, to fetch Sir Courtly Nice. "Your servant, sister."

Leo. Oh, your servant, sir—ha! ha!—he runs—I may chance, sir, to run as nimbly from you, if Crack's wit do not fail him—here he comes. [*Enter CRACK.*] Thou admirable fellow, what hast thou done with Mr. Farewel?

Crack. He's in the street, staying for you.

Leo. Staying for me? and canst thou convey me to him?

Crack. D'y'e question it? Put on a vizard and something over your clothes.

Leo. Sweet rogue!

Crack. Nay, nay, be gone.

Leo. Delicate rogue!

Crack. Nay, nay, he stays for you.

Leo. Incomparable rogue!

Crack. Pshaw! Put on your vizard.

Leo. Most excellent rogue!

Crack. Oones! Put on your vizard.

Leo. I will, I will—ha! ha! Toll-loll-deroll—

CRACK goes out; and as LEONORA is going out, singing and dancing, she is met by BELGUARD and SIR COURTLY.

Bel. Oh! Sister, your tune's altered.

Sir Co. Oh! madam! I'm happy to find your ladyship in so gay a humour.

Lco. (aside) You will not find it so—

Bel. Sir Courtly, I'll betray her to you. I left her in tears upon an unhappy occasion, and at parting told her I would bring you. Now you are come, I find her in joy. Nothing else could cause the change.

Then follows another scene of Sir Courtly's courtship, during which he becomes absorbed in the contemplation of himself in the glass. This gives Leonora her opportunity of slipping away, and before Sir Courtly has finished his studies in the mirror, Aunt has entered, and the neat, pretty things he says are received by her as intended for herself. When he turns round and sees who is in the room, he resolves to improve the opportunity. The Aunt governs the niece. Her consent to his suit for Leonora will be of considerable value. She may help to make him happy. "Well, madam," he asks, "shall I have your consent to my happiness, my glory?" "Oh, dear, sir! is it possible to answer you so soon?" "So soon, madam, you know my passion has been long." The dialogue is ambiguous enough to end in the belief of Sir Courtly that Aunt is going to put Leonora masked in a coach to be married to him at the nearest church, and in the Aunt's belief that it is she who is to be, in such wise, immediately married. Then Crack contrives that Leonora, in her vizard, shall be hustled out of the household by Hothead and Testimony as a strange woman, who had slipped in for an evil purpose. Once out of the house, Farewel is married to Leonora, and Sir Courtly finds that Aunt has become Lady Courtly Nice. Belguard is laughed at by Violante, and yields up his faith in the art of conserving women. Violante requires that he shall consent to see her kissed by Mr. Surly, in witness to his abandonment of all false jealousy. But when Surly is about to take the kiss, his ears are boxed and Lord Belguard is made as happy as his sister. But Sir Courtly's complaisance has found a limit. He will not take his old woman home.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—A.D. 1689 to A.D. 1789.

THE comedies of William Wycherley were all produced in the reign of Charles II.; those of William Congreve in the reign of William III., Congreve being thirty-two years younger than Wycherley. He was the second son of a Staffordshire gentleman, Richard Congreve, of Congreve and Stretton; was educated at Kilkenny and at Trinity College, Dublin, having at each place among his companions Jonathan Swift, who was about two years his senior. From Dublin Congreve came to London, entered himself of the Middle Temple, went into society, and published when twenty-one a novel written at the age of seventeen. At the same age of twenty-one, in 1693, Congreve saw his first play acted at Drury Lane. It was "The Old Bachelor," which he said he had written "several years before to amuse himself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness." Dryden said he had never seen such a first play. Betterton and four chief actresses of the day appeared in it. Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, rewarded the young wit with the office of a commissioner for licensing hackney-coaches. Some twenty years later he obtained also a place in the Pipe Office, and then another place, which was in the Customs and worth six hundred a year. Congreve lived on his private means and the income derived from such patronage, with addition for some years from the theatre, although he professed to write plays only for his amusement. "The Double Dealer" was produced in 1694, with less success than "The Old Bachelor." In 1695 Betterton and other good actors seceded from Drury Lane, and opened a new theatre within a tennis-court in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They made their start with a new comedy by Congreve, "Love for Love," which had a brilliant success. The actors of the new company gave Congreve a share in the profits of the house, besides his author's profits, on condition of his writing for them only, and furnishing a play a year if his health was good enough. His next play was a tragedy, "The Mourning Bride," produced in 1697—which opens with the often quoted line, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast"—and this was even more successful than the comedy. His last comedy was "The Way of the World," in 1700, a comedy excellent of its kind, that fell short of the usual success. A short masque of "The Judgment of Paris," and an opera, "Semele," were written a few years later. He died in January, 1729, aged fifty-seven, and although he published nothing during the last eighteen years of his life, partly, perhaps, because the act of writing was made difficult to him by great weakness of sight, he maintained the foremost reputation among wits and critics. He was kindly. Gay speaks of him as "friendly Congreve, unreprouched man;" and if fashionable life of the day had been a little wiser than it was, there might have been some gentler feeling joined to the hard, worldly wit of comedy from the man who, in writing a paper for Steele's "Tatler" on the



THEATRE CHECKS OF THE BEGINNING OF THE REIGN OF JAMES II.
(1684, OLD STYLE.)

character of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, said that "to love her is a liberal education." The sort of love from which men should be saved by a liberal education, had so completely become the material of comedy, that many women of true refinement who had intellectual pleasure in the drama, felt themselves shut out of the theatre when comedies were acted, and went to the tragedies, which at least sought to represent the nobler side of life. There is a clear indication of this when, in Crowne's comedy, Sir Courtly Nice talks of his play-going. Comedies, he says to Leonora, are "always crammed with our odious sex—that have not always the most inviting smell—Madam, you'll pardon me. Now at tragedies the house is all lined with beauty, and then a gentleman may endure it."

THE MOURNING BRIDE,

in Congreve's tragedy, is the Princess Almeria, daughter of Manuel, King of Granada. The first scene opens the story fully, and explains the title of the play.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers ALMERIA in mourning, LEONORA waiting in mourning. After the music, ALMERIA rises from her chair and comes forward.

Alm. Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
Within its cold but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your griefs; there is no cause—
Alm. No cause! peace, peace; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune:
Have often wept to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft at night when all have been retired,
Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his jailor slept, I through the grate
Have softly whispered, and inquired his health;
Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance;
For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
That thou couldst melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had blessed Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; that then, in spite of hate,

Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentia prince, and you,
To end the long dissension, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm. Alphonso! O Alphonso!
Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace—
Both, both—father and son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus?—Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heaven
That I should be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand so, as of sure consequence,
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair!

Leon. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply!

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I used so tenderly?
Why not ill-treated like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
O Alphonso! Alphonso!
Devouring seas have washed thee from my sight,
No time shall rase thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument;
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interred; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fixed;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost.

Leon. Husband! O heavens!
Alm. Alas! what have I said?

My grief has hurried me beyond all thought:
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And, glutton-like, alone devour.

Leon. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my sorrows.—If thou didst—
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me; I know thou wouldst, thou art compassionate.

Leon. Witness these tears!

Alm. I thank thee, Leonora,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress;
For 'tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied.
But I did promise I would tell thee—what?
My miseries? thou dost already know 'em;
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.

Leon. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—
And I have heard imperfectly his loss!
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story,

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
 I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
 Even on the day when Manuel my father
 Led on his conquering troops, high as the gates
 Of king Anselmo's palace: which in rage,
 And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
 The good king flying to avoid the flames,
 Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
 His fatal refuge.—Would that I had fallen
 Amid those flames!—but 'twas not so decreed.
 Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
 Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
 Ready to sail; and when this news was brought,
 We put to sea; but being betrayed by some
 Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued,
 And almost taken; when a sudden storm
 Drove us, and those that followed, on the coast
 Of Afric; there our vessel struck the shore,
 And bulging 'gainst a rock was dashed in pieces!
 But Heaven spared me for yet much more affliction!
 Conducting them who followed us to shun
 The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
 While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were joined.
 For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
 And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
 He came to me, and begged me by my love,
 I would consent the priest should make us one;
 That whether death or victory ensued,
 I might be his beyond the power of fate:
 The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
 And in one day, was wedded and a widow.

Leon. Indeed, 'twas mournful.

Alm. 'Twas as I have told thee;
 For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn:
 Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
 Or ever dry these swollen and watery eyes;
 Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
 While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.

Leon. Look down, good Heaven, with pity on her sorrows,
 And grant that time may bring her some relief.

Alm. Oh, no, time gives increase to my afflictions.
 The circling hours, that gather all the woes
 Which are diffused through the revolving year,
 Come, heavy-laden with the oppressing weight,
 To me; with me, successively, they leave
 The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
 And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight:
 They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
 The dire collected dews on my poor head;
 Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.

Leon. Hark!
 The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.

[*Shouts at a distance.*]

Oh, cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
 This torrent of your grief; for much I fear
 'Twill urge his wrath to see you drowned in tears
 When joy appears in every other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to every other heart,
 But double, double weight of woe to mine;
 For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
 I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
 I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
 No, it shall never be; for I will die
 First, die ten thousand deaths!—Look down, look down,

[*Kneels.*]

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make;
 One moment cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
 And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;
 And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived,
 Through all impediments of purging fire,
 To that bright heaven where my Alphonso reigns,
 Behold thou also, and attend my vow.

If ever I do yield, or give consent,
 By any action, word, or thought, to wed
 Another lord, may then just Heaven shower down
 Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
 (If such there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)
 Than any I have yet endured.—And now
 My heart has some relief; having so well
 Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
 Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
 Are wrapped and busied in the general joy,
 Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
 Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No: on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
 Nor violence. I feel myself more light,
 And more at large, since I have made this vow.
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
 'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,
 Upon my word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, and ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonzalez comes to tell your highness
 The king is just arrived.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit ALONZO.*]
 That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
 To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds,
 And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
 But I am armed with ice around my heart,
 Not to be warmed with words, or idle eloquence.

Gonzalez describes the coming pomp of Manuel's
 return in triumph, and adds a word on his own son
 Garcia's courage in the war. Then enters Manuel
 after a symphony of martial music, with guards, and
 files of prisoners in chains. Among those who attend
 on him is Garcia. Manuel, when his daughter kneels
 to him, condemns her mourning on his day of joy.
 It is, she says, still part of

The year which I have vowed to pay to Heaven
 In mourning and strict life for my deliverance
 From wreck and death.

Manuel is angry, accuses her of mourning for the
 hated Anselmo and the cursed Alphonso.

My daughter should have revelled at his death,
 She should have made these palace-walls to shake,
 And all this high and ample roof to ring
 With her rejoicings. What! to mourn and weep;
 Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By Heaven,
 There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
 But should have smiled that hour, through all his care,
 And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony!

Gon. What she has done was in excess of goodness;
 Betrayed by too much piety to seem
 As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

Man. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo' not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow: for you,
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

Man. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?

Man. Draw near, and give your hand; and, Garcia,
yours:

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—oh, not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress!

Gon. Oh, let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

Man. No more; my promise long since passed, thy
services,

And Garcia's well-tried valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials.

Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*]

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gon. She recovers.

Man. A fit of bridal fear; how is 't, Almeria?

Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.

Your leave, sir, to retire.

Man. Garcia, conduct her.

[*GARCIA leads ALMERIA to the door and returns.*]

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken.—Now, what would Alonzo?

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arrived,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Abucacim, and the Moor had conquered.

Man. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*]

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

Man. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness,
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers: if he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

Man. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

Man. That, joined with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watched; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Zara and Osmyn enter bound, with a train that pays
homage to Zara. Manuel himself removes her
bonds, saying,

Thus I release you;
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

She returns proud thanks. When Osmyn also is

unbound he looks downward gloomily, and Manuel
asks—

Man. Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?

Osm. Because captivity
Has robbed me of a dear and just revenge.

Man. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he loved; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss
Has caused this melancholy and despair.

Man. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.

[*To GONSALEZ.*]

Gon. That friend may be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.

Man. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zara. Heli.

Man. Garcia, that search shall be your care:

It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise Love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more:
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
For, lingering there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands:
Unused to wait, I broke through her delay,
Fixed her by force, and snatched the doubtful day.
Now late I find that war is but her sport;
In love the goddess keeps her awful court:
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.

[*Exeunt.*]

The scene of the Second Act is the aisle of a
temple. Heli is brought by Garcia and Perez to
find there Osmyn, who is said there to be mourning
his friend's supposed death. They leave him in the
temple, and await another opportunity of watching
Osmyn, that the king's jealousy of Zara may be con-
firmed and cleared. Almeria has come with Leonora
to the temple to repeat her vows at the tomb of
Alphonso. Sound as of a distant voice has startled
her.

No, all is hushed, and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend in the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

But Almeria holds by her purpose, and requires
Leonora to leave her when she has led her to
Anselmo's tomb. The scene opening, then discovers
a place of tombs, with one monument, fronting the
view, greater than the rest. Heli seeking Osmyn
enters, and, at sound of a distant voice of complaint,

follows it. Almeria is brought to the great tomb by Leonora.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest;
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms!
What do I see? O Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed: the iron gates that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast; my father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs and milky ways
Of that refulgent world where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso: take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso:
O Alphonso!

ALMERIA, LEONORA. OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the
grave,

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! oh, speak!
Speak it quickly, quickly! speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers,

[*Coming forward.*]

That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor dead nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, and HELI.

Leon. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes!
He too is fainting.—Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with Almeria!
O miracle of happiness! O joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; show me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine.—'Tis she, I'm not deceived;

I taste her breath, I warmed her and am warmed.

Look up, Almeria, bless me with thine eyes;

Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia; why d'y'e force me?
Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?

Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?
Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,
That seeing my disguise thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice! I know him now, I know him all.
Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
Oh, how hast thou returned? how hast thou charmed
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance
Or means by which I have thee.
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while—
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why? what dost thou mean? why dost thou
gaze so?

Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see him thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

How is all this? All-powerful Heaven, what are we!

Oh, my strained heart!—let me again behold thee,

For I weep to see thee.—Art thou not paler?

Much, much; how thou art changed!

Osm. Not in my love.

Alm. No, no; thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and I fear,
Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.
No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms;
My arms which ache to fold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have married me; but I had sworn
To Heaven and thee, and sooner would have died.

Osm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!

Alm. Indeed I would.—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I could speak; how I have mourned and prayed;
For I have prayed to thee as to a saint:
And thou hast heard my prayer, for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which Heaven
Could only by restoring thee have cured.

Osm. Grant me but life, good Heaven, but length of days,

To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence :
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarned ;
Then, then 'twill be enough !—I shall be old,
I shall have lived beyond all eras then
Of yet unmeasured time ; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompense of love and matchless truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than recompense to see thy face ;
If heaven is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne.—What shall I say ?
I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
And speak.—That thou art here, beyond all hope,
All thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
In such surprise, such mystery, such ecstasy ;
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise.

Osm. I did ; and thou, my love, didst call me ; thou.

Alm. True ; but how camest thou there ? Wert thou alone ?

Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturbed the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listened,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso ;
I thought I saw thee too ; but oh, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee !

Alm. But still, how camest thou hither ? how thus ?
—Ha !

What's he, who like thyself is started here
Ere seen ?

Osm. Where ? ha ! what do I see ? Antonio ?
I'm fortunate indeed !—my friend too, safe !

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More miracles ! Antonio too escaped !

Osm. And twice escaped, both from the rage of seas
And war : for in the fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free ; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you, to lament Anselmo.

Osm. There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the ground, and raised you up ;
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.

Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I ; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heaven,
That persevering still with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy !

Where will this end ? but Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow

When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leon. Or I'm deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle ;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish, at least, our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with Selim, sir ; I saw and know 'em ;
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.

Alm. What love ? who is she ? why are you alarm'd ?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee ; she's my unhappiness.

Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace ;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more. My friend will tell thee all ;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus ;
How I'm not called Alphonso now, but Osmyn ;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet.

Alm. Sure, we shall meet again——

Osm. We shall : we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

Then upon Osmyn's happiness comes Zara, with
the eunuch Selim ; Zara, who had saved him when
he was cast dying on her shore. The reproaches of
her love are at first unheard, because his mind is
still upon Almeria.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one ;
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endured ;
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drenched in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee ;
Compassion ! scarce will 't own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love ; for thou wert godlike
Even then. Kneeling on earth, I loosed my hair,
And with it dried thy watery cheeks ; then chafed
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And like the morn vermilioned o'er thy face.
O Heaven ! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips !

Osm. Oh, call not to my mind what you have done ;
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shows me poor, and bankrupt even in hopes.

Zara. The faithful Selim and my women know
The dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abused the credulous king,
What arts I used to make you pass on him,
When he received you as the Prince of Fez ;
And as my kinsman, honoured and advanced you.
Oh, why do I relate what I have done ?
What did I not ? Was't not for you this war
Commenced ? not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urged my husband
To this invasion ; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fallen to slavery ;
Think on my sufferings first, then look on me ;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself :
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fallen, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandoned—say, what then is Osmyn ?

Zara still offers love :

We may be free ; the conqueror is mine ;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Her offer is in vain. Her passion becomes anger.
In the moment of her anger the king enters, and she

seeks revenge and accuses Osmyn of daring to be rival to the king. Thus she commits him to a prison and departs with Manuel.

The scene of the Third Act is the prison in which Osmyn lies.

Osmyn. But now, and I was closed within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was prisoner, I am too imprisoned.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper: what it is this light will show.

If my Alphonso—ha!— [Reading.

*If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heaven;
Give me more weight, crush my declining years
With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;
But bless my son, visit not him for me.*

It is his hand; this was his prayer—yet more:

Let every hair, which sorrow by the roots [Reading.

*Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:*

Not for myself, but him, hear me, all gracious—

'Tis wanting what should follow—Heaven should follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why should that word alone
Be torn from his petition?

Osmyn is visited by Heli, for whom, through Almeria's influence, admission has been obtained. He tells that Almeria herself will visit him at midnight; that Manuel's troops are in mutiny because the king's avarice defrauds them of their share of plunder; and that the news of this has caused Alphonso's subjects in Valentia to rise against the tyrant for recovery of liberty. Osmyn's (Alphonso's) spirit rises:—

What not Almeria could

Revive, or raise, my people's voice has wakened.
O my Antonio, I am all on fire,
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe, with conquering troops.

But how shall he free himself from his bonds, and lead his people on to liberty? Heli advises him that Zara, the cause of his restraint, may be the means of freedom. When she comes, let him abate of his aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would show thee, friend, but that the sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a prayer for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows;
Such sanctity, such tenderness so mixed
With grief as would draw tears from inhumanity.

Heli. The care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain: Heaven has in store
For you those blessings it withheld from him.
In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.

Osm. Farewell,
My friend; the good thou dost deserve attend thee.

Presently Zara comes, veiled, to the prison, and for a moment is mistaken for Almeria. The generosity within her passionate nature, and a perception that Osmyn's imprisonment withholds him from some work that he aspires to do, make her resolve to free him. She returns after a time with the king's signet, which she will use as warrant for setting Osmyn free; but comes, when Almeria is with him. Then her anger rises to its highest; she warns the guards that the public safety requires his strictest imprisonment; that none, no, not the princess, shall be suffered to see or speak with him; and leaves him at the close of the Act with the warning that

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

The scene of the Fourth Act is a room of state in the palace. This is the first dialogue:—

ZARA and SELIM.

Zara. Thou hast already racked me with thy stay,
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice;
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incensed
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news
Is since arrived of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king, in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is signed,
And order given for public execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly! prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown to impart ere Osmyn die.

Sel. 't needs not, for the king will straight be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise,
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover still.
Oh, 'tis more grief but to suppose his death
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.

From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's despair—it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust, both short-lived pains.
But in despair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne.—Devise the means to shun it,
Quick, or by Heaven this dagger drinks thy blood!

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent, or stop the approaching danger?

Sel. You must still seem more resolute and fixed
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy

Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own request's enough.

However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape.
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes, and get an order
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Manuel hears from Gonsalez that papers have been found leading to the belief that Alphonso is alive and arming in Valentia. He adds rumour of his having been saved upon the coast of Africa. Zara, hearing this, at once suspects that Osmyn is Alphonso.

O Heaven! a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known!—if not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up.—No, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Zara then acts upon Selim's counsel, adding that one who called himself Alphonso was cast on her coast, but had secretly departed to Spain, and that Heli and Osmyn were in league with him. Therefore Osmyn must die; but certain guards have conspired to rescue him. Let him be given up to her, to be strangled by her mutes. Order is given that none have admittance to the prison except Zara's mutes, or such as bring her warrant.

Zara. They and no other, not the princess' self.

Perez. Your majesty shall be obeyed.

Man. Retire.

Gon. [*Aside.*] That interdiction so particular,
Pronounced with vehemence against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefaced:
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not.—[*To ZARA.*] Your majesty sure might have spared
That last restraint; you hardly can suspect
The princess is confederate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gon. Ha!

Man. How? she visit Osmyn! What, my daughter?

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruined all.

[*Aside to ZARA.*]

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf.

Man. Never. You have been misinformed.

Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wished it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instructions for my ministers of death.

conjured up a doubt of his own, that if Almeria visited Osmyn in his prison she must be in the plot against him. Almeria is seen coming, and Gonsalez suggests—

If what I fear be true, she'll be concerned
For Osmyn's death, as she's Alphonso's friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

In the next scene the distress of Almeria, and the misapprehending of her father's words—

I'm not to learn that cursed Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is,

cause her to become herself unconsciously the betrayer of her husband's secret. The king believes her to be raving; but after he has left her, the truth is in other words more clearly repeated by her, and becomes known to Gonsalez, who for his son's sake, that Garcia may yet wed Almeria, resolves not to tell the king.

If I should tell the king—

Things come to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past,
And urged by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And though I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assured, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; oh, well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king
If I delay.—'Twill do—or better so.—
One to my wish.—Alonzo, thou art welcome.

GONSALEZ and ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gon. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not in the way at present, good Alonzo.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gon. Do, my best Alonzo.

Yet stay, I would—but go; anon will serve—

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gon. Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can, your lordship shall command.

Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word; thou'st seen
Among the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs?

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldst thou procure with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, though purchased by his death, I'd give
Thee such reward as should exceed thy wish.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your lordship?

Gon. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good Alonzo.

[*Exit ALONZO.*]

Gonsalez suggests to King Manuel doubts arising from the fitful actions of Zara, and the king has

So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then removed.

Almeria widowed, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [Exit.]

The scene of the Fifth Act is at first still in the palace. Thus it opens:—

MANUEL, PEREZ, and ALONZO.

Man. Not to be found? in an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what, not the favourite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet required admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

Man. Is Osmyn so disposed as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length,
He lies supine on earth; with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

Man. 'Tis well.

[A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.

Ha! stop, and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.

Entering he met my eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal the importance of his errand.

[ALONZO follows him, and returns with a paper.

Alon. Oh, bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

Man. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seized the man,
He snatched from out his bosom this, and strove,
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrenched his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew his poniard from his side,
And on the instant plunged it in his breast.

Man. Remove the body thence ere Zara see it.

Alon. [Aside.] I'll be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonsalez.

MANUEL and PEREZ.

Per. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.

Man. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof? [Aside.]

[Having read the letter.

O give me patience, all ye powers! no, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury.—Ha! who's there?

Per. My lord!

Man. Hence, slave! how darest thou 'bide, to watch and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends,
How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life! for thou wert fixed
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook.—By Heaven, you're all
Rank traitors! thou art with the rest combined;
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso, knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferred;
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amazed—

Man. Thou liest!

Thou art accomplice too with Zara: here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[Reading.]

That somewhere is repeated—I have power
O'er them that are thy guards.—Mark that, thou traitor!

Per. It was your majesty's command, I should
Obey her order—

Man. [Reading.] *And still will I set*

Thee free, Alphonso.—Hell! cursed, cursed Alphonso!
False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond love!
All nature, softness, pity and compassion!
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
By Heaven, I'll meet and counterwork this treachery!
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

Man. Darest thou reply? take that—thy service? thine? [Strikes him.]

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart:
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

Per. Sir, I will.

Man. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin and mock at her remorse.

[PEREZ going.]

Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darkened so as to amuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his turban and his robe arrayed,
And laid along as he now lies supine,
I shall convict her to her face of falsehood.
When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see she comes; I'll shun the encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.

Zara then sees the king pass her with averted eye.
The mute is seen through. She fears that Selim's
plotting is not through.

O fate of fools! officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and lost.

Selim pledges his life for his fidelity. She resolves
then for herself, and says to Selim—

Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm resolved.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mixed, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou darest be free:
Such liberty as I embrace myself
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my word.

The scene then changes to the prison; and this is
the close of the play:—

GONSALEZ alone, disguised like a Mute, with a dagger.

Nor sentinel, nor guard! the doors unbarred!
And all as still as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.

There lies my way, that door too is unlocked. [*Looks in.*
 Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
 A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
 By fits reveals.—His face seems turned, to favour
 The attempt. I'll steal, and do it unperceived.
 What noise! Somebody coming? 'st Alonzo?
 Nobody? Sure he'll wait without—I would
 'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart:
 Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[*Goes in.*]

GARCIA and ALONZO.

Gar. Where? where, Alonzo? where's my father?
 where

The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
 All's lost, all ruin'd by surprise and treachery.
 Where, where is he? why dost thou thus mislead me?

Alon. My lord, he entered but a moment since,
 And could not pass me unperceived—What, ho!
 My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord Gonsalez!

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody*.

Gon. Perdition choke your clamours!—whence this
 rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, slavery and death,
 Are entering now our doors. Where is the king?
 What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

Gon. No matter—give me first to know the cause
 Of these your rash and ill-timed exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betrayed,
 Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passage,
 Had entered long ere now, and borne down all
 Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
 The king in person animate our men,
 Granada's lost: and to confirm this fear,
 The traitor Perez and the captive Moor
 Are through a postern fled, and join the foe.

Gon. Would all were false as that; for whom you call
 The Moor, is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
 In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible, for Osmyn was, while flying,
 Pronounced aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gon. Enter that chamber and convince your eyes
 How much report has wronged your easy fate.

[GARCIA goes in.]

Alon. My lord, for certain truth, Perez is fled;
 And has declared the cause of his revolt
 Was to revenge a blow the king had given him.

Re-enter GARCIA.

Gar. Ruin and horror! O heart-wounding sight!

Gon. What says my son? what ruin? ha, what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue!
 Rather than to see or to relate

This deed.—O dire mistake! O fatal blow!
 The king—

Gon. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, weltering, drowned in blood.
 See, see, attired like Osmyn, where he lies! [*They look in.*
 Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
 But what imports the manner, or the cause?
 Nothing remains to do, or to require,
 But that we all should turn our swords against
 Ourselves, and expiate with our own his blood.

Gon. O wretch! O cursed, and rash, deluded fool!
 On me, on me, turn your avenging sword!
 I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,

Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
 And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater?
 The horror of that thought has damped my rage.
 The earth already groans to bear this deed;
 Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
 With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
 Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
 And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
 Self-murder.

Gon. Oh, my son; from the blind dotage
 Of a father's fondness these ills arose:
 For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
 For thee I've plunged into this sea of sin;
 Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
 While t' other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow),
 Whose weight has sunk me ere I reached the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe has entered.

[*Shout.*]

The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand.

We have no time to search into the cause

Of this surprising and most fatal error.

What's to be done? the king's death known, will strike
 The few remaining soldiers with despair,
 And make 'em yield to mercy of the conqueror.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body:
 Require me not to tell the means till done,
 Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout*]

Gon. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
 'Twere fit the soldiers were amused with hopes;
 And in the meantime fed with expectation
 To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late;
 But I'll omit no care, nor haste, to try
 Or to repel their force or bravely die.

GONSALEZ and ALONZO.

Gon. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed

As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
 Though for the crown of universal empire.
 But what are kings, reduced to common clay?
 Or who can wound the dead? I've from the body
 Severed the head, and in an obscure corner
 Disposed it, muffled in the mute's attire,
 Leaving to view of them that enter next,
 Alone the undistinguished trunk
 Which may be still mistaken by the guards
 For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king
 They chance to find it.

Gon. 'Twas an act of horror;

And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
 But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
 Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
 To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
 Reserve to re-enforce his arms: at least,
 I shall make good, and shelter his retreat.

ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two Mutes bearing the bows.

Zara. Silence and solitude are everywhere!
 Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
 That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
 Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
 To grate the sense, when entered here; from groans
 And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of chains,
 And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:

And ever and anon the sight was dashed
 With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
 Of grim and ghastly executioners.
 Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
 Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
 It may be that the cause of this my errand
 And purpose, being changed from life to death,
 Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
 Or does my heart bode more? what can it more
 Than death?
 Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
 That I am here—so. You return and find

[*Mutes go in.*]

The king; tell him, what he required I've done,
 And wait his coming to approve the deed.

ZARA and Mutes.

Zara. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you
 thus [The Mutes return and look affrighted.
 With haggard eyes? why are your arms a-cross?
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
 Why is't, you more than speak in these sad signs?
 Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[*They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives the body.*]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! Oh—I'm lost!
 O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel fate!
 Cruel, cruel, oh, more than killing object!
 I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
 Nay, came prepared myself to give thee death—
 But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
 Oh, this accursed, this base, this treacherous king!

ZARA, SELIM, and Mutes.

Sel. I've sought in vain, but nowhere can the king
 Be found.

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there!
 [Stabs him.]

His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
 But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded:
 The mute you sent by some mischance was seen,
 And forced to yield your letter with his life:
 I found the dead and bloody body stripped—
 My tongue falters, and my voice fails—I sink—
 Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—

[*Dies.*]

Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
 'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
 We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
 I have a certain remedy for that.
 But oh, he died unknowing in my heart!
 He knew I loved, but knew not to what height:
 Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
 A martyr and a victim to my vows:
 Insensible of this last proof, he's gone.
 Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
 Of sense; his soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
 And fixed event of my persisting faith.
 Then, wherefore do I pause? give me the bowl.

[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.*]

Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
 Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight!
 This to our mutual bliss when joined above.
 Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart!
 Cold, cold! my veins are icicles and frost.
 I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;

[*Drinks.*]

Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
 And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides
 Still further from me! look, he hides his face!
 I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach—
 Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark—

[*Dies*]

[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*]

ALMERIA, LEONORA, and Mutes.

Alm. Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell;
 For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
 Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene
 Of death is this? The eunuch Selim slain!

Alm. Show me, for I am come in search of death;
 But want a guide; for tears have dimmed my sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
 Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
 Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by,
 Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.
 But oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
 But haste away, fly from this fatal place
 Where miseries are multiplied; return,
 Return! and look not on: for there's a dagger
 Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
 Rain blood—

Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.
 Is it at last then so? is he then dead?
 What, dead at last! quite, quite, for ever dead!
 There, there I see him! there he lies, the blood
 Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more than savage!
 Had they or hearts or eyes, that did this deed?
 Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?
 Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
 That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?
 I do not weep! The springs of tears are dried
 And of a sudden I am calm, as if
 All things were well: and yet my husband's murdered!
 Yes, yes, I know to mourn; I'll sluice this heart,
 The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
 Those men have left to weep: they look on me!
 I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well; your bloody hands have erred,
 And wrongfully have slain those innocents;
 I am the sacrifice designed to bleed;
 And come prepared to yield my throat—they shake
 Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence,

[*The Mutes point at the bowl on the ground.*]

And point—what mean they? Ha! a cup. Oh, well
 I understand what medicine has been here.
 Oh, noble thirst! yet greedy to drink all—
 Oh, for another draught of death.—What mean they?

[*The Mutes point at the other cup.*]

Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
 Thanks to the liberal hand that filled thee thus:
 I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—

Leon. Oh, hold,
 For mercy's sake! upon my knee I beg—

Alm. With thee the kneeling World should beg in vain.
 Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lies,
 And pleads against thee? who shall then prevail?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
 From his pale lips; I'll kiss him, ere I drink.
 Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth
 And stain the colour of my last adieu.
 Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,
 [Coming nearer the body, starts and lets fall the cup
 But spouting veins, and mangled flesh! Oh, oh!

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA
prisoner, Guards and Attendants.

Alph. Away, stand off! where is she? let me fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
Oh, let me talk to thy reviving sense,
The words of joy and peace! warm thy cold beauties,
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek!
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs! and re-inspire thy bosom
With the breath of love! Shine, awake, Almeria!
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light!

Alm. Where am I? Heaven! what does this dream
intend?

Alph. Oh, mayst thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!

Alm. Given me again from death! O all ye powers,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight, against my sight? and shall I trust
That sense, which in one instant shows him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abused
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband:
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion—

Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort 'tis not given to this
Frail life, to be entirely blessed. Even now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet am I dashed to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confessed
The just decrees of Heaven, which on themselves
Has turned their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus—

[ALMERIA weeps.]

Let 'em remove the body from her sight.

Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup? Alas!

Thy error then is plain; but I were flint

Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.

O Garcia,

Whose virtue has renounced thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of Heaven has been?

Let us, who through our innocence survive,

Still in the paths of honour persevere,

And not from past or present ills despair;

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;

And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Though in clear sharp wit Congreve excels all other writers of what has been called the later Prose Comedy of Manners, he had a nature better than the manners that he painted, and I have preferred to show his wit in the ingenious construction of the plot of his one tragedy, which was the most successful of his plays. Full as it is of the conventional heroics of the playhouse that had now superseded the fresh utterances of poetic thought, it shows clear evidence of taste and culture, and of a style not uninfluenced by Shakespeare and Milton. Recollections of Shakespeare are frequent in the play, and one can

hardly doubt that the poet had read Milton with enjoyment, who gave such lines as these to his Zara:—

Distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust, both short-lived pains.
But in despair and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
Oh, torment but to think! what then to bear!
Not to be borne.

The decay of comedy by corruption of the material in which it worked, is well shown in Thomas Southerne's "Oroonoko," which was produced in 1696, the year before "The Mourning Bride." It is founded on the best of the short tales, or "novels," of Aphra Behn, which set forth the noble spirit of a negro slave in Surinam, a king in his own country, and a royal man when subjected to the worst wrongs of slavery. Southerne dramatised the novel with alteration of details, and suicide in place of the original incidents of death by cunning torture, inflicted by the white masters and borne by Oroonoko with unmoved fortitude. He put a generous spirit into the tragic incidents, but relieved them with an underplot of comedy that has not the least relation to the main plot, except that in one scene its characters show a friendly interest in Oroonoko. The comedy thus entwined with Southerne's best tragedy turns on intrigues of two sisters, Charlotte and Lucy Welldon, who have come to Surinam, one of them in man's clothes, to find husbands, with the catching of a rich widow by the sister in man's clothes for a certain Jack Stanmore; all the material being as unfit for true comedy as Thames mud for the sculptor's chisel.

Thomas Southerne was a very reputable dramatist, and praised by Dryden for his purity. He was born in the year of the Restoration, and began to write plays at the age of twenty-two, Dryden furnishing for his first work both Prologue and Epilogue. He entered the army early in James II.'s reign, and being a good man of business, he set an example to other dramatists, which raised considerably the trade value of a play. It was he who established the claim of an author to the profits of three nights out of the first nine, instead of one. He discovered that more could be made by sale of the right of publication to a bookseller than had been formerly obtained. For one of his plays he got £150 from the bookseller. Dryden, who had often been satisfied with £100 as the whole profit of a piece, once asked his friend Southerne how much his last play had brought him. Southerne replied that he was really ashamed to say. Dryden pressed him, and he confessed that he had made £700 by it. But a considerable part of Southerne's profit was made by such industrious traffic among friends and patrons in the sale of tickets for each of his three author's nights, as Dryden and many another man could not have attempted. Southerne retired upon his earnings, and lived to the year 1746. Nine years before his death the poet Gray wrote to Horace Walpole from Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, in September, 1737:—"We have old Mr. Southerne at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-

seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory, but is as agreeable an old man as can be—at least, I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko." Isabella was the heroine of Southerne's "Fatal Marriage," a play with good pathetic interest, which also was adulterated, for the sake of popularity, with incidents supposed in those days to be comic.

Congreve's "Mourning Bride" was produced in the same year as the first of the comedies written by Sir John Vanbrugh, "The Relapse." John Vanbrugh, born about the year 1666, was the son of a Giles Vanbrugh, who is said to have made money as a sugar-baker at Chester, before establishing himself as a gentleman in London. John was the second of his eight sons. He was liberally educated, went to France at the age of nineteen, was there for a few years, then entered the English army as an ensign. In 1695, when he was about twenty-nine years old, he was made secretary to the Commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital. Vanbrugh was about six years older than Congreve, began to write about four years later, and continued to write for six years longer. He wrote comedies, therefore, under William III. and Queen Anne. His first play, "The Relapse," was produced at Drury Lane in 1697; his second, "The Provoked Wife," in 1698 at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had been opened by Betterton with Congreve's "Love for Love," in 1695. Vanbrugh's third play, "Æsop," partly from the French of Boursault, was acted in the same year, 1698, at Drury Lane. It was in March of this year, 1698, that Jeremy Collier, a divine who had suffered after the Revolution as non-juror, published "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage: Together with the Sense of Antiquity upon this Argument." Though not temperate enough to be altogether fair, Jeremy Collier was an able man with a real ground of complaint; more than a match, therefore, for abler men who replied to him, but had a bad cause to defend. Congreve replied with "Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations, &c., from the 'Old Batchelour,' 'Double Dealer,' 'Love for Love,' 'Mourning Bride,' By the Author of those Plays." Other men wrote on each side of the question, and Dryden, who died in 1700, stood alone, as became his intellectual rank, in generous submission to so much of the accusation as was just. In the preface to his "Fables," published about two months before his death, Dryden wrote, of Collier's citations from plays of his own, "I shall say the less, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

In 1702 John Vanbrugh produced a comedy on a Spanish plot, "The False Friend," and also began his distinguished career as an architect, with the design for Castle Howard, in Yorkshire. Its owner, being

then Deputy Earl Marshal, rewarded him with the office of Clarenceux King-at-Arms. Vanbrugh next undertook to build a theatre for Betterton's company, and to join Congreve in supplying it with plays. Its site was that of the present Opera House in the Haymarket. It proved too large for its purpose, and unsuitable for spoken dialogue. The theatre was opened with opera, then Vanbrugh produced his comedy of "The Confederacy," followed by versions of three of the plays of Molière. But in 1706 Vanbrugh gave up the battle, and as he was at that time employed as architect of Blenheim—the palace voted by the nation to the Duke of Marlborough for his great victory of 1704—he quitted the stage, and thenceforth thrived as an architect. As dramatist he was John Vanbrugh—he was not knighted until the accession of George I., in 1714, and he died in 1726. A Dr. Evans suggested for his epitaph:—

Under this stone, reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay:
Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee!

George Farquhar's career as a dramatist was as long as Vanbrugh's, and almost exactly contemporary with it, though he was by twelve years a younger man, and died nineteen years earlier. Vanbrugh died in 1726, aged sixty; Farquhar in 1707, aged twenty-nine; but Vanbrugh's career as a dramatist extended from 1697 to 1706, and Farquhar's from 1698 to 1707. George Farquhar was a clergyman's son, who left Trinity College, Dublin, to appear as an actor on the Dublin stage. He then obtained a commission in the Earl of Orrery's regiment in Ireland, became Captain Farquhar, and brought out at Drury Lane, in 1698, his first comedy, "Love and a Bottle." This was followed in 1700 by his "Constant Couple; or, a Trip to the Jubilee," to which, in 1701, his "Sir Harry Wildair" was a sequel. In May, 1700, Farquhar was at Dryden's funeral. Farquhar's four other comedies, which belong to the Literature of Queen Anne's reign, were "The Inconstant; or, the Way to Win Him" (1703); "The Twin Rivals" (1705); "The Recruiting Officer" (1706); and "The Beaux Stratagem" (1707). This last play was written in six weeks, under disappointment, sickness, and poverty. Farquhar died when it was in the height of its success. He had been tempted, by an empty promise of something better, to sell his commission, and was tricked into marriage by a penniless woman, who loved him and falsely professed to be an heiress. It is said that he never uttered a word of reproach for the trick she had played on him. He left his wife in extreme poverty and two daughters, one of whom married a small tradesman, and the other became a maid-servant.

Vanbrugh's play of

THE CONFEDERACY,

produced in 1705, at the theatre built by himself in the Haymarket, is a good example of his skill in the construction of a plot that develops easily through a series of lively scenes, and is not wholly without a

touch of earnest in its satire on the vices of society. The confederacy is of two citizens' wives against their husbands. The wives, Clarissa and Araminta, are frivolous imitators of the more worthless airs of "quality." The husbands, Gripe and Moneytrap, are rich money scriveners.

The First Act opens with a dialogue in Covent Garden, between Mrs. Amlet and her neighbour, Mrs. Cloggit. Mrs. Amlet is a widow. The late Mr. Amlet was hanged for robbing a church; his widow trades on the vanity of the fine ladies in town, who never make two words upon the price of her goods; all they haggle about is the day of payment. "Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattens with following my old Lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint. Mrs. C. Look you there, now! Mrs. A. If they would but once let me get enough by 'em to keep a coach to carry me a-dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it." But, says Mrs. Cloggit presently, "Now we talk of quality, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t' other day in a laced coat, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom. Mrs. A. Is it possible? Ah, the rogue! Well; neighbour, all's well that ends well; but Dick will be hanged." Dick Amlet is a handsome scamp, whose mother is proud of his figure; "he's a hopeful young man to look on," but in fact he has already been sentenced to the gallows. Nevertheless he is flourishing in fine clothes, making money at the gaming-table, calling himself Colonel Shapely, and laying siege to a young heiress of sixteen, Corinna, daughter to Gripe by a former wife, and step-daughter to Clarissa. This venture of his is developed in the second scene, which is between Dick Amlet and his old schoolfellow, shopfellow, and comrade, Brass, who now aids him by playing the part of his valet before the world. But he must be quick, Brass tells him. He has but this throw left, for his morals begin to be pretty well known about the town. Brass will aid him by sending a letter to the young lady through Flippanta, Clarissa's maid. From dialogue between Brass and Flippanta we learn that Dick Amlet, as Colonel Shapely, has advised Gripe's wife, Clarissa, to set up a basset-table in her own house, instead of going abroad for play. By help of a purse to Flippanta the letter is on its way to delivery. The next scene shows the citizen wife Clarissa, who has been in bed till two in the afternoon, about to begin her day.

Clar. No messages this morning from anybody, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there's Brass!—I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

Brass. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it me.—Open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day.

[*Sitting down.*]

Brass. [*Aside to FLIPPANTA.*] Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

Clar. [*To BRASS.*] 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brass. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brass.—[*Exit BRASS.*] Flippanta!

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love!

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible.

Clar. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

Clar. No; thou knowest I'm not much tortured with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam, for jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fie! a woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould who is either troubled or pleased with anything her husband can do to her. Prithee mention him no more; 'tis the dullest theme.

Flip. 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, Flippanta! I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

Flip. How so?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou knowest, is enough to make one weary of anything.

Flip. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Then, although she does as she pleases, so far as her husband is concerned, she is only a citizen's wife, and dares not affront people as if she were a real woman of quality. "In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, though they come to ask me for what I owe 'em. *Flip.* All this is very hard indeed. *Clar.* Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value." Then comes the practical question: How shall she get ready money to set her basset-table agoing. She has tried her husband with a story of the loss of her diamond necklace, which has put him in a passion; and now there is no money to be raised by selling it, because he has left its description with all the goldsmiths in the town. Then Mrs. Amlet is announced, who is known to come for money, and Clarissa boldly proposes to her maid to raise money from her. "Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else?" Mrs. Amlet is graciously received with a prompt question of, "How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?" Mrs. A. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me. There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over. *Clar.* Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt—(*Aside.*) where I'm obliged to pay. —(*Reads.*) Imprimis. For bolstering out the Countess of Cramp's left hip—oh, fy! this does not belong to me. Mrs. A. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mistook, indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her two years ago with three pairs of hips, and am not paid for 'em yet." Clarissa's bill is fifty-

six pounds. She borrows a hundred pounds from Mrs. Amlet by pawning to her the diamond necklace supposed to be lost; deducts the fifty-six pounds, and receives the rest. Dick, during the negotiations, finds his mother in the house, and urges her to be quiet concerning him. If their relationship remain undiscovered, he will bring her home a daughter-in-law in a coach and six.

The Second Act shows Clarissa getting the purse from her friend's husband through Flippanta, who says, "I don't know what you'll do with him. *Clar.* I'll e'en do nothing with him at all [*Yawning*], Flippanta. *Flip.* Madam. *Clar.* My hood and scarf, and a coach to the door. *Flip.* Why, whither are you going? *Clar.* I can't tell yet, but I would go spend some money, since I have it. *Flip.* Why, you want nothing that I know of. *Clar.* How awkward an objection now is that! as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted 'em. Quality always distinguishes itself, and therefore as the mechanic people buy things because they have occasion for 'em, you see women of rank always buy things because they have not occasion for them. Now there, Flippanta, you see the difference between a woman that has breeding and one that has none. Oh, ho! here's Araminta come at last." From Araminta she has learnt that her own husband is as attentive to Araminta as Araminta's husband is to her. Each can be made to open his purse-strings to his neighbour's wife, but not to his own. The two wives accordingly form a Confederacy, which gives its name to the play. Each will draw money from the other's husband, and they will go halves in the spoil. Flippanta prepares Clarissa's step-daughter, Corinna, for the addresses of Dick Amlet as the Colonel. The young lady appears fresh from a scolding by her father. "*Flip.* Why, what is't he finds fault with? *Cor.* Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache." She is weary of "perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? Fine entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at sixteen!" She is ready enough for other teaching. "Come," says Flippanta, "examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband? *Cor.* A husband! why, a—if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend, now. I'll give you advice when I have got a little more experience. Do you, in your very conscience and soul, think I am old enough to be married? *Flip.* Old enough! why, you are sixteen, are you not? *Cor.* Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account. *Flip.* The deuce you are! *Cor.* Why, do you then, truly and sincerely, think I am old enough? *Flip.* I do, upon my faith, child. *Cor.* Why, then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years." Corinna readily receives Dick Amlet's letter and suit to her for her money. The rest of the Act shows the old fools, Moneytrap and Gripe, each plagued by the

extravagance and indifference of his own wife, and played upon by Flippanta. To Gripe, Flippanta says:—

Flip. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so?

Gripe. Prithee change me that word fancy, and it is so.

Flip. Why, there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town; and that all the disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, in your own head. [*Thumping his forehead.*]

Gripe. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

Flip. By my faith, I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad!—Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then: does not she put the whole house in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. 'Tis very well: does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does she not spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire than would maintain six children?

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

Flip. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes truly, night into day, and day into night, that's her trade! But these are trifles: has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah!—the plague take her! but enough. 'Tis resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, or I will put a stop to the course of her blood, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her.—[*Aside.*] Which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit.*]

Flip. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on 't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to everything about them. Their wives do by them as children do by dogs, tease and provoke 'em, till they make 'em so curst, they snarl and bite at everything that comes in their reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to that degree, he's for his wife's keeping home, and making hell of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her misery, at the expense of his own peace. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit.*]

In the opening of the Third Act, the scene opens in Mrs. Amlet's house, where the necklace, skilfully recalled to mind at the close of the Second, is stolen

from the strong box of his admiring mother by Dick Amlet, who persuades her still to keep secret the relationship between them, because he is on the point of marrying a city fortune, who "cares not a fig for your vartue, she 'll hear of nothing but quality." The scene changes to Gripe's house, where Dick Amlet is active in his endeavour to win Corinna, and Mrs. Amlet appears again in great excitement.

Mrs. A. Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright!

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Mrs. A. Ah, mercy on us all!—Madam's diamond necklace—

Flip. What of that?

Mrs. A. Are you sure you left it at my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question truly!

Mrs. A. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you. It will be found again, if it be Heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his birdlime fingers on't.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these, then?

Mrs. A. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts, too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Mrs. A. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true, but—mum!—

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Mrs. A. Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Mrs. A. By way of conversation only; it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember I tell you so—I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! you!

Mrs. A. Yes, I, I; but don't trouble madam about her necklace; perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit.]

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? Mad! What a capitolade¹ of a story's here? The necklace lost; and her son Dick; and a fortune to marry; and she shall dance at the wedding; and—she does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam!

Dick Amlet is not yet suspected. Money is extracted from Moneytrap by Flippanta, on the plea that payment of gambling debts will put her mistress in good humour with him.

Mon. Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life?

Flip. Twenty pounds, man!—why, you shall see her set that upon a card. Oh, she has a great soul!—Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her aversion to him, and by consequence, her inclination to you. No, no, it must never come that way.

Mon. What shall we do then?

Flip. Hold still—I have it. I'll tell you what you shall do.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha!—a restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world; madam often plays, you know, and folks who do so meet now and then with sharpeners. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper, and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me.

Mon. Yes, I—I comprehend, but a—won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no, the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pound!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pound—or let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay—let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how; guineas, I fancy, were better—ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um—a guinea, you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler; you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Ho—well, if it must be guineas, let's see, two hundred guineas.

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: if you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go put 'em in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send 'em to me with a penitential letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore 'em to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas!

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Phu! leave that to me; I'll manage the stock for you, I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty, if the man's in his senses!

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty.

[Exit.]

So the confederacy between the wives proves lucrative. The smaller confederacy between Dick Amlet and Brass, who acts as his valet, is tried by the prospect of Dick Amlet's success in his heiress-hunting. "Good words," says Brass, "or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house."

Brass. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true; your footman sometimes, which I'm enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess. When we were schoolfellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-prentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. . . . Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to

¹ Capitolade, hash. A French word.

be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine: however, I cannot consent that you should at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee, Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ah, the [plague] take thee!

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith! Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust because we don't know 'em; others we mistrust because we do know 'em: and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand. If not—[*Raising his voice.*]—look ye, Dick Amlet—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion.—[*Aside.*] The dog will ruin me!—[*Aloud.*] Say, what is 't will content thee?

Brass. Oh, ho!

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learned it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied, all's fixed.

Brass. It is not, indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah, you Jew!

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. Dick Amlet—[*Raising his voice.*] I insist.

Dick. Ah, the cormorant!—Well, 'tis thine; but thou 'lt never thrive with 't.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding suit.

Dick. Well.

Brass. Some good lace.

Dick. Thou shalt.

Brass. A stock of linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brass. Not yet; a silver sword.

Dick. Well, thou shalt have that too. Now thou hast everything.

Brass. God forgive me! I forgot a ring of remembrance: I would not forget all these favours for the world. A sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of 'em.

Dick. [*Aside.*] This unconscionable rogue! — [*Aloud.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brass. Brilliant?

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all?—

Brass. I'm a man of honour, and restore: and so the treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [*Taking off his hat.*]

In the Fourth Act, Dick Amlet still seems to be prospering. Gripe prepares for an out-pouring of wrath upon his wife, watches his opportunity, and storms at her. She receives all his rage with the blandest equanimity, has met it for a purpose of her own. She has planned to keep a basset-table in the house, so stipulates that if he will be always in good humour, she will be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, sir, what would you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my dear. What I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison? don't that word melt you, sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. Oh, sir, soon or late wives come into good humour. Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. Oh, I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands; though if you have a mind now for such a companion as a—let me see—Araminta, for example, why, I shan't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Flip. Ah, the old satyr!

[*Aside.*]

Gripe. Then we'll have, besides her, maybe sometimes—her husband; and we shall see my niece that writes verses, and my sister Fidget; with her husband's brother that's always merry; and his little cousin, that's to marry the fat curate; and my uncle the apothecary, with his wife and all his children. Oh, we shall divert ourselves rarely!

Flip. Good!

[*Aside.*]

Clar. Oh, for that, my dear child, I must be plain with you, I'll see none of 'em but Araminta, who has the manners of the court; for I'll converse with none but women of quality.

Gripe. Ay, ay, they shall all have one quality or other.

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music—

Clar. Ay, but, sir, I must have music—

Flip. Not every day, madam don't mean.

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week; three days more we'll play after dinner, at ombre, picquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Clar. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation; we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalise our friends, be pert upon religion; and, in short, employ every moment of it in some pretty witty exercise or other.

Flip. What order you see 'tis she proposes to live in! a most wonderful regularity!

Gripe. Regularity with a [plague]!

[*Aside.*]

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter!—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renowned in story for having the first, my life.

Brass is then shown ingeniously getting money out of *Gripe* for *Araminta*. Then *Dick Amlet* is in perplexity. His suit for the young gentlewoman, being in the character of a rich Colonel *Shapely*, has been made known by *Flippanta* to her mistress, and is to be now regularly proposed to the father as an eligible offer. There will be question of settlements and a discovery of all. The lady must be run away with before any such question arises: but *Dick* has no money. Brass has taken in advance all that he had, as a confederate's share of the prize-money. Brass, when appealed to, quarrels with *Dick's* luck, his hempen fortune, but to give him one more chance, will raise money for the elopement by pawning the diamond necklace.

In the Fifth Act, *Corinna* is easily persuaded that she must elope. *Mrs. Gripe* is at home, with her husband and her friend *Araminta*, and her friend's husband, *Moneytrap*; each scrivener believing that he has hoodwinked the other, and the two wives laughing at them both. Suddenly enters *Mr. Clip*, the goldsmith. A description of the missing necklace had been given to all the goldsmiths in the town. It has been offered in pawn to *Mr. Clip* by Brass. *Mr. Clip* has impounded it and brought it. Brass enters and is accused of theft. A constable is fetched. *Clarissa* point-blank disowns the necklace. But *Mrs. Amlet* happens to be the next person who enters the house, and the whole truth then comes out. She compels her son *Dick* to acknowledge her.

Mrs. A. Do but look at him, my dames: he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, *Mrs. Amlet*?

Mrs. A. The meaning, good lady! Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal here is my son, an't please you.—Ha, Graceless! Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin!

Clar. What, the colonel your son?

Mrs. A. 'Tis *Dick*, madam, that rogue *Dick* I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Mrs. A. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? say then.

Dick. What will you have me say? you had a mind to ruin me, and you have done't; would you do any more?

Clar. Then, sir, you are son to good *Mrs. Amlet*?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while!

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying *Corinna*?

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself?

Clar. Indeed I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed I think he deserves to be cudgelled.

Flip. Indeed I think he might be pumped.

Brass. Indeed I think he will be hanged.

Mrs. A. Good lack a-day! Good lack a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he is not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow.—Come hither, *Dick*, they shan't run thee down neither; cock up thy hat, *Dick*, and

tell 'em, though *Mrs. Amlet* is thy mother, she can make thee amends with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

All. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, *Mrs. Amlet*!

Mrs. A. Yes, forsooth, though I should lose the hundred you pawned your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, *Dick*.

Cor. Look you, *Flippanta*, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abused. And so, sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

Dick. Sayest thou so, my little queen? Why, then, if dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grandchildren, and a merry house we'll make her. [*They kneel to Mrs. AMLET.*]

Mrs. A. Ah—ha! ha! ha! ha! the pretty pair, the pretty pair! Rise, my chickens, rise, rise and face the proudest of 'em. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her, *Dick*!—Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, *Mrs. Amlet*, don't be in a passion; the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for anything belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

Aram. And I suppose for us, *Clarissa*, we are to go on with our dears, as we used to do.

Clar. Just in the same tract, for this late treaty of agreement with 'em was so unnatural, you see, it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks! But while you live, everything gets well out of a broil but a husband. [*Ezunt omnes.*]

George Farquhar in

THE BEAUX-STRATAGEM

makes the chief action turn upon fortune-hunting in the marriage market. *Aimwell* and *Archer* are two Beaux of broken fortunes, who have but two hundred pounds left, with their horses, clothes, rings, &c., when they disappear from London, leaving it to be supposed that they have gone to Brussels. But they have gone heiress-hunting among English country towns, with the understanding that as they go from town to town they shall take turns in playing the parts of master and man. At *Lichfield*, where they arrive at *Boniface's* inn when the play opens, *Aimwell* is master. If no heiress be caught there, they will try *Nottingham*, and there *Archer* will be in command. If that fail, they go to *Norwich*, where *Aimwell* again will have a chance; and if all these fail, *Norwich* will be their last stage. "We'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*." Thus the play opens:—

SCENE I.—A Room in *Boniface's* Inn.

Enter BONIFACE running.

Bon. Chamberlain! maid! *Cherry*! daughter *Cherry*! all asleep? all dead?

Enter CHERRY running.

Cher. Here, here! why d'y'e bawl so, father? d'y'e think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx! The company of the *Warrington* coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them to their chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow.—Coming! coming! Here's the London coach arrived.

Enter Coach-passengers with trunks, bandboxes, and other luggage, and cross the stage.

Bon. Welcome, ladies!

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen!—Chamberlain, show the Lion and the Rose.

[Exit with the company.]

Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER, the latter carrying a portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen!

Aim. *[To ARCHER.]* Set down the things; go to the stable and see my horses well rubbed.

Arch. I shall, sir.

[Exit.]

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O Mr. Boniface, your servant!

Bon. O sir!—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen year old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children. I'll show you such ale!—Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*.—I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a bottle and glass, and exit.

Now, sir, you shall see!—*[Pours out a glass.]* Your worship's health.—Ha! delicious, delicious! fancy it burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. *[Drinks.]* 'Tis confounded strong!

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir—but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after: but, howe'er, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off. But she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health.—*[Drinks.]* My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last

husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pound a year; and, I b'leve, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours. She cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins, in men; green-sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother, in women; the king's evil, chincough, and chilblains, in children: in short, she has cured more people in and about Lichfield within ten years than the doctors have killed in twenty; and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir; she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith. But he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at wisk and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. And married, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir. But he's a—he wants it—here, sir.

[Pointing to his forehead.]

Aim. He has it there, you mean?

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—But—ecod, he's no better than—Sir, my humble service to you.—*[Drinks.]* Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little. One of 'em lodges in my house.

Re-enter ARCHER.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em.—*[Aside to ARCHER.]* Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is?

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to London, mayhap?

Arch. No.

Bon. *[Aside.]* An odd fellow this.—*[To AIMWELL.]* I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute.

[Exit.]

When Boniface returns, after a dialogue between Archer and Aimwell that sets forth their scheme, it is with the question—

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper-meat, I must confess. I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, sirrah! do you know who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have everything in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal! sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish or wildfowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; and then for wildfowl—we have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smothered with onions.

Arch. Psha! damn your onions

Aim. Again, sirrah!—Well, landlord, what you please. But hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk he minds nothing.—Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir.—[*Aside.*] This will give us a reputation.

[*Gives AIMWELL a box.*]

Aim. Here, landlord; the locks are sealed down both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses always saddled. But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it; for he's the most insufferable sot.—Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

[*Exit, lighted by ARCHER.*]

Bon. Cherry! daughter Cherry!

Re-enter CHERRY.

Cher. D'y'e call, father?

Bon. Ay, child; you must lay by this box for the gentleman; 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! why, sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliamentman. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay? Ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highwayman! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new-purchased booty. Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the Man upon the Black Mare; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own.

Boniface bids Cherry get the traveller's secret of the footman, whom she is ill-disposed to come near; but Archer, as footman, makes bold love to her with

so much forgetting of the footman's ways, and natural following of what were called the manners of a gentleman, that her heart is more than half won.

In the Second Act, Dorinda the unmarried daughter of Lady Bountiful, and her sister-in-law Mrs. Sullen, show their views of life in discourse together, the scene being in Lady Bountiful's house. Mrs. Sullen paints the misery of marriage to Lady Bountiful's son, a sottish country squire, who presently appears and gives example of his boorishness. The continued dialogue between the sisters shows that Mrs. Sullen, wretched at home, has found attractions in a French count, one of the prisoners of war in Lichfield. Then Aimwell proposes to go to church in search of his heiress. Archer says—

Arch. You are so well dressed, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage. The appearance of a stranger in a country church draws as many gazers as a blazing-star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers run buzzing round the congregation in a moment: *Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?* Then I, sir, tips me the verger with half-a-crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a-bleeding by the strength of imagination, and show the whole church my concern by my endeavouring to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and by persuading the lady that I am a-dying for her, the tables are turned, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Aim. Psha! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune. Let me alone, for I am a marksman.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um! I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife. [*Exit.*]

Then comes to Boniface's inn his confederate Gibbet the highwayman. He brings plunder, which is given in charge of Cherry. Archer, who calls himself Martin, is sounded by Boniface and Gibbet, who still hold to the belief that he and his friend must be brother highwaymen. Cherry, at the end of the act, is fairly won by Archer's fascinations, and as she cannot believe him to be a footman, he tells her that he was born a gentleman, had a liberal education, and took service because he was ruined. Thereupon she offers herself and two thousand pounds (money of the highwaymen left in her charge) if he will marry her before he sleeps. She hints that she has discoveries to make. "In the meanwhile be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my father!" (*Exit.*) "So," says Archer,

"we're like to have as many adventures in our inn as Don Quixote had in his. Let me see—two thousand pounds—if the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long. Then an inn-keeper's daughter!"

The Third Act opens with Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, who have seen Aimwell at church, where Dorinda found his eyes to be "sprightly but not wandering; they seemed to view, but never gazed on anything but me." The country servant, Scrub, who is butler every Sunday, is set to make himself acquainted with the distinguished stranger's splendid footman, and discover who his master is. In the inn we find that Aimwell has set his mind on Dorinda. Archer, as Mr. Martin, is duly invited by Scrub to see Lady Bountiful's cellar; Aimwell is engaged in dialogue by Gibbet the highwayman, and another visitor appears, an Irish rascal, who affects to be a Frenchman, calls himself Foigard, and is chaplain to the French prisoners of war in Lichfield. They go to dinner in the inn. Archer and Scrub, meanwhile, make merry in Lady Bountiful's cellars. Scrub is enamoured of Gipsy, the lady's maid, but has a formidable rival in M. Foigard, while the French count is laying siege to Mrs. Sullen. Scrub would know more, he says, "but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business that I'm a perfect slave. What d'ye think is my place in this family?" "Butler, I suppose." "Ah, Lord help you! I'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer." The ladies come in, as if accidentally, and are told by Scrub, "This is the strange gentleman's servant that you see at church to day; I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives." Dorinda has already been told by Gipsy, who listened to part of the talk between Scrub and Archer, that Mr. Martin described his master as the Lord Viscount Aimwell, who, after wounding a man in a duel, had withdrawn from London till he heard whether the wounds were mortal. "I have heard my brother talk of my Lord Aimwell," says Mrs. Sullen to her sister; "but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman." "That," says Dorinda, "that is impossible, sister." "He's vastly rich, but very close, they say," adds Mrs. Sullen. "No matter for that," Dorinda says. "If I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him." Then the two sisters talk with the servant, and the beau in footman's livery flies so high in polite compliment to Mrs. Sullen—sings her a song too, and refuses money—that when Dorinda takes for granted he must be a friend of Lord Aimwell's whom his lordship has pitched upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who ten to one was his second too, Mrs. Sullen replies, "It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so!—for I like him."

The Third Act closes with a device of Mrs. Sullen's to awaken feeling in the sottish squire. She causes his sister Dorinda to persuade him to conceal himself

where he may hear how his wife is addressed by the French count. But although the Count Bellair receives his lesson on the honesty of Englishwomen and quits the field politely humming a song, Squire Sullen's native brutality only becomes more conspicuous.

The Fourth Act introduces Lady Bountiful herself, whose name has become English for the character she represents, almost as completely as Boniface has become a common synonym for landlord. The Beaux' Stratagem for getting admission to the house consists in taking advantage of the lady's readiness to apply remedies to all ills of the flesh. Mrs. Sullen is unhappy. There enters a country-woman.

Wom. I come, an't please your ladyship—you're my Lady Bountiful, an't ye?

Mrs. Sul. Well, good woman, go on.

Wom. I come seventeen long mail to have a cure for my husband's sore leg.

Mrs. Sul. Your husband! what, woman, cure your husband!

Wom. Ay, poor man, for his sore leg won't let him stir from home.

Mrs. Sul. There, I confess, you have given me a reason. Well, good woman, I'll tell you what you must do. You must lay your husband's leg upon a table, and with a chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the bone, and beat the flesh soundly with a rolling-pin, then take salt, pepper, cloves, mace, and ginger, some sweet-herbs, and season it very well, then roll it up like brawn, and put it into the oven for two hours.

Wom. Heavens reward your ladyship!—I have two little babies too that are piteous bad with the graips, an't please ye.

Mrs. Sul. Put a little pepper and salt in their bellies, good woman.

Enter Lady BOUNTIFUL.

I beg your ladyship's pardon for taking your business out of your hands; I have been a-tampering here a little with one of your patients.

Lady Boun. Come, good woman, don't mind this mad creature; I am the person that you want, I suppose. What would you have, woman?

Mrs. Sul. She wants something for her husband's sore leg.

Lady Boun. What's the matter with his leg, goody?

Wom. It come first, as one might say, with a sort of dizziness in his foot, then he had a kind of laziness in his joints, and then his leg broke out, and then it swelled, and then it closed again, and then it broke out again, and then it festered, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Presently Archer, as Mr. Martin, enters in excitement. His master is subject to fits; has had a fit just at the gate of the house, and they have ventured to bring him in. Lady Bountiful is happy.

Lady Boun. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops.—Gipsy, a glass of fair water! His fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his hands are clinched!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—[*To DORINDA.*] Pray, madam, take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head.

[*DORINDA takes his hand.*]

Dor. Poor gentleman!—Oh!—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—

Lady Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. Oh, madam, he's perfectly possessed in these cases—he'll bite if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

Lady Boun. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, friend, you're very learned in these sorts of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself: I find myself extremely ill at this minute.

[Looking hard at Mrs. SULLEN.]

Mrs. Sul. I fancy I could find a way to cure you. [Aside.]

Lady Boun. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.—Pray, young lady, open his breast, and give him air.

Lady Boun. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at church, madam.

Lady Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

Lady Boun. Wind, nothing but wind!

As the Fourth Act closes, the plot thickens. Both ladies are in love with the beaux. Scrub, always jealously watching the relations between Gipsy and Foigard, overhears an agreement between them, by which Gipsy, for a consideration, shall conceal the French count in a closet beside Mrs. Sullen's chamber. When his heart happens to have been opened by a guinea sent from "Lord Aimwell," he tells this to Archer. Archer, who more than suspects Foigard to be an Irishman, affects a brogue, claims to be his cousin, causes him to convict himself, then tells him that he can bring him to the gallows as a British subject taking service with the enemy, because he is acting as chaplain to the French. He is to be spared only on condition that he substitutes Archer for the French count in the closet by Mrs. Sullen's chamber. Lastly Boniface, Gibbet, and the highwaymen find the night favourable for the burglary at Lady Bountiful's house, which was the business that had brought Gibbet to Lichfield.

With all this work afoot, the Fifth Act of the Beaux-Stratagem opens in Boniface's inn, with the arrival after dark of Sir Charles Freeman in a coach and six. Sir Charles is Mrs. Sullen's brother, come to see about a separation between his sister and the squire. The squire, who spends his nights at the tavern, enters drunk, and unconsciously makes his character and the position of his wife most manifest to his wife's brother. Then Cherry, who has been hunting for Archer and cannot find him, knocks at Aimwell's door to tell him that "this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house." "How?" "I dogged 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in." "Have you alarmed anybody else with the news?" "No, no, sir; I wanted to have discovered the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin; but I have searched the whole house, and can't find him: where is he?" "No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?" "With all my heart, sir; my Lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Mrs. Dorinda

so well"—"Dorinda! the name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own.—Come, my life! let me but get my sword."

Archer, meanwhile, is inside the house. When he leaves his hiding-place, and is on the point of carrying off Mrs. Sullen, he is met by Scrub, in desperate fear, with an alarm of thieves, and is himself mistaken for one of them. He hurries to the rescue, and soon has Gibbet upon the floor with a pistol at his breast. Gibbet is bound in the cellar. Hounslow and Bagshot are haling in Lady Bountiful and Dorinda, when Aimwell arrives to complete the rescue. The highwaymen are taken. Sir Charles Freeman then arrives. As a gentleman in society he will recognise the two beaux immediately, and make it known that Aimwell is no lord, but a younger brother. By the help of Foigard as chaplain, Dorinda must be married before Sir Charles appears. She is ready, but accepts the hasty marriage with such innocent words, that Aimwell at the last moment refuses to play the villain, sends Foigard away, and tells Dorinda that he is all counterfeited except his passion. But then comes, as a crown to the artificial life of the play, what is regarded as for Aimwell the happy discovery that his brother is dead. There is not a word of regret for the dead brother; everybody looks only to the happy transference of his title and lands. Archer now claims the fulfilment of the bargain with Aimwell, that whichever won the heiress should give half to his confederate. Dorinda's fortune is ten thousand pounds. Aimwell offers his friend the money or the lady, knowing of course that Archer will take the ten thousand. That is the exact amount of the fortune received by Squire Sullen with the wife from whom he is now to be divorced, and which he will not give up. But says Archer, "This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—for Captain Gibbet in his walk had made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritoire, and had taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver 'em to Sir Charles." As for Boniface's daughter Cherry, who was ready to be her dear Martin's "faithful friend till death," Archer's friendship for her is summed up in the request to Aimwell, "Pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her service instead of Gipsy."

Since the time of Farquhar no writer of high mark has based his reputation upon writing for the stage. The number of men who have devoted themselves to play-writing has been considerable, but they have seldom aimed at anything higher than a safe ephemeral success. Successive waves of thought that stir the whole surface of literature, pass through the plays of successive generations so distinctly that the history of opinion might be illustrated very fully from dramatic entertainments of the eighteenth century, and of the nineteenth as far as it has gone. Like other works with little independent thought to give them weight, they serve as straws to show which way the wind is blowing. But the traditions and conventionalities of the theatre itself have become so limited that men of genius have been unable to submit to them. Plays have been written since

Farquhar's time that form a part of English literature, but the writers have been men who put much of their best strength into other forms of work. Richard Steele, after publishing "*The Christian Hero*," began his literary career as a dramatist, in the days when Vanbrugh and Farquhar were writing. His first comedy, "*The Funeral* ; or, *Grief à la Mode*," was acted in 1702, and was followed in the next two years by "*The Tender Husband*" (1703), and "*The Lying Lover*" (1704). These comedies abounded in wit and genial humour, while they are distinguished from all others of their time by generosity of feeling, and a thorough purity of tone ; but Steele found on the stage of his day no room for the main labour of an earnest life. He created a new form of literature, for aid in healing the sickness of his time, associated his name for ever with the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and risked his fortune in a fearless battle against dangers to English liberty that were not the less real because they were happily averted. Steele cared about the players, as all men must care about them who love literature—it is the noblest form of human literature that lies dormant with them now—and he made it one part of his life's work to endeavour to restore health to the stage. If Steele had given his whole genius to play-writing he would have humanised the Prose Comedy of Manners, and become its foremost representative ; but the acceptance in the play-house of the idler about town as the arbiter of taste, had already in his day deprived the stage of its old grandeur and power. The noble aims of a true intellectual life could be better attained without help of the players, and Steele, after 1702, 1703, and 1704, wrote no more plays until, in 1722, he produced his fourth and last, "*The Conscious Lovers*."

Colley Cibber, whom Pope made the hero of his "*Dunciad*" in its last form, was actor and dramatist, and nothing more. For, although he died Poet Laureate, he was no poet. He was born in 1671. His father, Gabriel, a native of Holstein, came to England as a sculptor, and produced among other works the bas-relief on the pedestal of the Monument raised to commemorate the Fire of London. His mother was granddaughter of Sir Anthony Colley, of Glaiston in Rutlandshire, who, as a faithful Royalist during the civil wars, had reduced his estate to a tenth of its original value. After education at the Grantham Grammar-school, Colley Cibber joined the force raised for William of Orange by the Earl of Devonshire, upon whose estate at Chatsworth, Gabriel Cibber was then employed in decorative work. After the Revolution he attached himself to the theatre, paid at first only by liberty of the free list, and rising to a salary of ten shillings a week, after about nine months of such service. He married in 1693 upon an income of twenty pounds a year spared by his father, and twenty shillings a week from the theatre during the acting season. In 1696, Cibber produced his first comedy, "*Love's Last Shift* ; or, *the Fool in Fashion*." Vanbrugh honoured him by writing a sequel to it, "*The Relapse*," and asking him to continue the acting of his fool, Sir Novelty Fashion, who appeared in the sequel as newly created Lord Foppington. From that time Cibber's rise was rapid. From 1711 to

1733, Cibber had a share in the patent of Drury Lane. He died in 1757, eighty-six years old, and in his latter days as an actor is said to have been paid as much as fifty guineas a night, not very long after James Quin had been tempted from Covent Garden to Drury Lane by an offer of five hundred pounds a year, when John Rich, the Covent Garden manager, declared that three hundred a year was the utmost value of an actor. Cibber's activity as a dramatist extended from 1696 to 1729. His "*Nonjuror*," an adaptation of Molière's "*Tartuffe*" to an attack on the opponents of the Revolution, was suggested by the Rebellion of 1715, and first printed in 1718. The crowning infamy of his *Tartuffe*, Doctor Wolf, is that he is not only an agent of the Pretender, but proves to be a Roman Catholic in disguise. The insult to Roman Catholics in the play was a chief cause of Pope's dislike of Cibber.

John Dennis, the critic, had produced a play on "*Appius and Virginia*" in 1709, when he found in young Pope's "*Essay on Criticism*," published in the spring of 1711, a glance at his own critical temper:—

But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Appius lost no time in declaring the "*Essay on Criticism*" to be a bad poem.

A much better dramatist than John Dennis was Nicholas Rowe, who was born in Bedfordshire in 1673, and was, therefore, about two years younger than Colley Cibber. Rowe was the son of a lawyer, who educated him at Westminster School, and, designing him for the bar, entered him a student of the Middle Temple. But his father's death having left him free to follow his own inclinations, Rowe produced in 1700 his first play, a tragedy—"The Ambitious Stepmother." He wrote eight plays between 1700 and 1715, the most successful being "*Jane Shore*," in 1713. We are indebted to Nicholas Rowe for a collection of all he could learn about Shakespeare in a "*Life*" prefixed to an edition of his plays published by Rowe in seven octavo volumes in 1709 and 1710. This was the first edition of the plays of Shakespeare after the four folios of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685.

Susanna Centlivre wrote nineteen plays—seventeen of them comedies—between the years 1700 and 1701. She was born Susanna Freeman, of a family that had sided strongly with the Parliament during the Civil Wars, and she was a good Whig in her writing. She had been twice a widow when she married Mr. Joseph Centlivre, the queen's cook, who was fascinated by her acting in a play at court, and she died in 1723.

Another contribution to the minor literature of the drama was a version of Racine's "*Andromaque*," under the name of "*The Distress Mother*," produced in 1711 by Addison's friend, Ambrose Philips, and recommended by the friendly over-praise of Addison in the "*Spectator*."

The great success of its time was Addison's own tragedy of "*Cato*," produced at Drury Lane in 1713

The theatre in Drury Lane, which had been opened by the King's company on the 8th of April, 1662, was burnt in January, 1672; fifty or sixty neighbouring houses being burnt with it, or blown up to prevent the spread of the fire. The Duke of York's company at that time had just entered the house sumptuously adorned in Dorset Gardens,¹ which had been planned for Sir William Davenant, but was not opened until November, 1671, three years after Sir William's death. This house maintained the reputation Davenant had first established for magnificence of scenery and stage effect, while Drury Lane was being rebuilt from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It was the "King's Theatre," and the king had desired that in the rebuilding there should be no lavish expense on ornament. Dryden's prologue, written for the opening of the new house on the 26th of March, 1674, drew a lesson from the contrast between the magnificence at the Dorset Gardens Theatre and the plain walls of Drury Lane.

A plain-built house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away,

he began; then pleaded poverty, and said of the Dorset Gardens company,

They who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade;
We, broken bankers, half destroyed by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire:
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.

He urged also the king's will in justification of the plainness of the house, and ended with a lesson on the danger that has unhappily grown with succeeding years, and become one cause of the leanness of the modern drama—the spending of money upon that which is not bread:—

'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain.

I would not prophesy our house's fate:
But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be feared
That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

The Drury Lane management was, however, so far from relying on the worth of its productions for success, that it procured the aid of Thomas Duffet, a burlesque-writing milliner of the New Exchange, to ridicule the pomp of "The Tempest" at the Duke's Theatre, with a piece called "The Mock Tempest," and the "Psyche of Shadwell" (1675), which was written for the express purpose of giving employment to the best scene-painters, dancers, and musicians, with the mock opera of "Psyche Debauched." The appeals to the eye at the Dorset Gardens (or Duke's) Theatre still carried all before

them, but were so costly that while they ruined the other house they yielded little gain to their promoters. The chief actors at Drury Lane, Charles Hart and Edward Kynaston, on the 14th of October, 1681, entered into an agreement with Charles Davenant, Sir William's eldest son (a Doctor of Civil Law, who inherited his father's interest in the Duke's Theatre), also with William Smith and with Thomas Betterton, the chief actor at Dorset Gardens, of which the purpose was to bring about a union of the two companies. Charles Hart, who excelled in two characters so unlike as Hotspur and Sir Fopling Flutter, and of whose Alexander in "The Rival Queens" a nobleman is said to have declared "that his action in that character was so excellent that no prince in Europe need be ashamed to learn deportment from him," joined Kynaston in transfer of his services from Drury Lane to the Duke's Theatre, stipulating that he should have two pounds a week as consideration for the share in Drury Lane that he gave up. His salary as an actor is said to have been three pounds a week, with a certain share in the profits of the season. With the same addition of a share of profits, Betterton, the greatest actor of his time, never received more than four pounds a week as salary. The result of the secession of Hart and Kynaston was the breaking up of the management under which the new house at Drury Lane had opened, the closing of the Dorset Gardens Theatre (though it was used for occasional performances by the united company until about the end of the century), and the removal of the strengthened Dorset Gardens company to Drury Lane in 1682. The old Duke's company took in other actors who were thrown out of employment by the suppression of the other house, and itself adopted the name of the King's Company. Charles Davenant then assigned his interest in the theatre, in 1687, to Alexander Davenant, who sold it in 1690 to Christopher Rich. Betterton, finding him an insufferable master, revolted, obtained a new separate licence from the king, and on the 30th of April, 1695, opened a new theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, as we have seen, with Congreve's "Love for Love."² The monopoly at Drury Lane obtained by the union of the two companies—the King's and Duke's, originally headed by Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant—having lasted thirteen years, there were again two rival houses, in Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn. The lawyers objected to the disturbance caused by thronging of coaches into Lincoln's Inn Fields; they began a lawsuit, which was one cause of the abandonment of the small house in Lincoln's Inn. Another cause was the desire for a more magnificent theatre, and the desire was satisfied when Betterton's company moved to the theatre built in the Haymarket by Sir John Vanbrugh, on the site of that which is now known as "Her Majesty's." Vanbrugh's theatre was opened on the 9th of April, 1705. Its failure as a home for the drama has been already described.³ In 1706, it was let to Owen McSwiney, who had been an under-manager to Christopher Rich

¹ See pages 326, 327, 351, 352.

² See page 393.

³ See page 393.

at Drury Lane, at a rent of £5 for every acting day, provided that the whole rent did not exceed £700 a year. In 1708 the actors were again gathered into one house as Drury Lane,¹ and the theatre in the Haymarket under Owen McSwiney was formally devoted to Italian operas. Of the applause with which the opera of "Pyrrhus and Demetrius," translated from the Italian of Scarlatti by McSwiney, was produced at his theatre on a Saturday, in April, 1709, Richard Steele wrote in his "Tatler" on the Tuesday following: "This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the stage being an entertainment of the reason and all our faculties, this way of being pleased with the suspense of them for three hours together, and being given up to the shallow satisfaction of the eyes and ears only, seems to arise rather from the degeneracy of our understanding, than an improvement of our diversions." The success of this opera was due to the first appearance in it of the Neapolitan soprano singer, Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi, known as Nicolini, before an English audience. Within a year Christopher Rich had again driven his chief actors into rebellion, and in the year of Nicolini's success, 1709, Colley Cibber, Robert Wilks, and Thomas Doggett proposed to join Owen McSwiney in the Haymarket, and there alternate plays with operas. In June, 1709, an order of the Lord Chamberlain closed Drury Lane, and the seceders proceeded to make such alterations in Vanbrugh's building as were necessary to secure a distinct hearing of the words of actors. Before Christmas, plays were acted in the Haymarket with fair success, and as the Lord Chamberlain held, at the beginning of next season, by his interdict upon performances at Drury Lane, there was again only one theatre open, until William Collier, a lawyer and Member of Parliament who had a share in Drury Lane, used his influence to obtain for himself the licence that was refused to Christopher Rich, took a lease of the house, and entered into forcible possession of it. Rich then set about the rebuilding of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but did not live to raise any question about opening it himself. After his death it was opened by his son in 1714.

Meanwhile Mr. Collier's first season was not prosperous, but the actors and singers in the Haymarket were doing well. Mr. Collier therefore used his influence at court to contrive an exchange of theatres, upon the ground that opera and drama should be in separate houses. He went over to the Haymarket,

¹ "In the year 1706 or 1707, the concerns of the play-house were thought of so little worth, that Sir Thomas Skipwith, who had an equal right with Rich in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, in a frolic, made a present of his share to Colonel Brett, a gentleman of fortune, who soon afterwards forced himself into the management much against the inclination of his partner. In 1708, he effected a reunion of the two companies, and brought about an agreement that the theatre in the Haymarket should be appropriated to operas, and that in Drury Lane to plays. The one was given to Swiney by the Lord Chamberlain, and the other was continued with Rich and Brett. The colonel, by conducting the business of the theatre in a different manner from what it had heretofore been, brought it to so good a state, that Sir Thomas Skipwith repented of his generosity, and applied to Chancery to have the property he had given away restored to him again. Colonel Brett, offended at this treatment, relinquished his claim; and Mr. Rich again possessed himself of all the powers of the patent." (Introduction to the "Biographia Dramatica," by David Erskine Baker, 1764.)

as director of opera, while McSwiney and the actors were transferred to Drury Lane. For a short time Collier under-let the opera to Aaron Hill, at the time when Handel, in 1710, paid his first visit to England. Aaron Hill at once bespoke of the great composer an opera on a subject of his own sketching, from the story of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." "Rinaldo" was brought out on the 24th of February, 1711, had a run of fifteen nights, and is accounted one of the best of thirty-five operas, composed by Handel for the English stage. Mr. Collier then procured a return of McSwiney to the operatic house, and took his place at Drury Lane, where the actors were prospering, and having done that, he retired from dramatic speculation and all active management with an income of six hundred a year from the theatre as patentee.

This was the state of things at Drury Lane when Addison's

CATO

was produced in April, 1713. It was the work of a man of genius, not of a dramatist, and although from accidental causes the most famous play of its time, it has not a spark in it of real dramatic fire. The reputation of Addison was sustained by frequent graces of style. In days when dramatic critics talked of the three unities, the unities were well and duly observed,—the unity of place in its one scene, "a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica;" the unity of time, the limit of a single day, was marked by the direct suggestion of morning in the opening lines:—

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome;

and suggestion of evening in the close; and there was unity of action in the series of incidents all leading to the death of Cato. "Our father's death," says, in the opening, Portius to Marcus—

Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood.

The opening dialogue between the two brothers—Portius, of a steady temper; Marcus, more passionate—shows Cato pent up in Utica withstanding the arms of Cæsar; shows also the brothers both lovers of Lucia, daughter to Lucius, a senator who is among Cato's friends; but Portius conceals from his more impulsive brother the fact that they are rivals, and seeks to dissuade him from the weakening power of love. Behold, he says—

Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her.
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smothered fondness burns within him.

Sempronius, a senator, who hides treason to Cato under show of a fervid enthusiasm for his cause, enters, and Marcus withdraws, that he may not be seen under emotion. Sempronius embraces Portius, who says to him—

My father has this morning called together
To this poor hall his little Roman Senate,
The leavings of Pharsalia, to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

It is in this scene that Portius speaks the often-quoted lines

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

Sempronius urges the son of Cato, with a show of fiery zeal; and, when he has left, says—

Curse on the stripling! How he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurred
And every moment quickened to the course.
Cato has used me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruined cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes—

Syphax reports his Numidians rife for revolt, weary of Cato's discipline. But young Juba, the Numidian prince, has his thoughts full of Cato's virtues, and is uncorrupted. Says Sempronius—

Be sure to press upon him every motive;
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syphax. But is it time, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is called together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're covered thick with guile.

Sempr. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, 'tis the surest way;
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the Senate.

Meanwhile he will inflame mutiny among his Roman soldiers. The old Numidian general Syphax is then shown practising upon young Juba, who looks up to the Roman civilisation, reverences Cato's virtues, and loves Cato's daughter Marcia. She enters while he praises her, and Syphax leaves him. Marcia turns her ear away from words of love in time of peril, and will only nerve Juba for the field.

Juba. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Marcia. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of Virtue,
And men approved of by the Gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Her friend Lucia marvels that Marcia can look so sternly on her lover, and tells of her own bewilderment between Marcia's brothers, who both love her. Her heart is given to Portius, but

Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourned his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Marcia bids her friend leave the end to the gods, and closes the Act, as each of the first three Acts is closed, with a simile in rhyme:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

The Second Act presents Cato surrounded by the little senate of which Pope wrote in the prologue furnished by him to the play,

While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Lines that he afterwards echoed in another sense when, under irritation, touching on the defects of the character of Addison, as one who

Like Cato gives his little Senate laws
And sits attentive to his own applause.

The "like Cato" was meant to apply to the second as well as the first line of the couplet; for the cool self-content with which Cato accepts all the deification he gets is a half-comic feature of the play. It is due to the want of real dramatic force in the painting of character. Throughout the play the "manners" are laid on in cold blood according to rule, with literary skill and more concession to what were in Addison's time the conventional ideas of Roman virtue and the dignity of suicide than accorded well with the didactic purpose of the tragedy.¹ In the

¹ When Addison's cousin, Eustace Budgell, afterwards drowned himself, he left a paper on his table saying that there could be no wrong in a way of escape from misfortune "that Cato practised and Addison approved."

senate Sempronius blusters for war, Lucius counsels peace, and Cato would appear "nor rash nor diffident," not yielding until compelled.

'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Then comes old Decius, once Cato's friend, with a herald from Cæsar's camp. Cæsar would know the price of Cato's friendship.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employed

To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his freedom from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

When Decius has been dismissed, Sempronius loudly flatters Cato, talks in false rapture about liberty, and accuses Lucius of lukewarmness in the cause. The senate resolves to hold Utica till time gives better prospects. Juba, who enters after the breaking up of the assembly, is told by Cato of the decision, and suggesting the fidelity of his Numidians, and asks,

Had we not better leave this Utica
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
The assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him.

Cato will not fly before Cæsar to become "a vagabond in Afric." Juba hints at his love for Cato's daughter, and is sternly left with the warning,

It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest, liberty or death.

Syphax enters to the young prince in his discomfiture, and seeks again to tempt him from the path of honour, but is obliged to fall back upon dissimulation, after he has stirred Juba's generous soul to anger against him. Syphax easily escapes from the suspicion he had raised, and is left wholly Cæsar's, with the small remaining care he had for Juba given to the winds. At the close of the Act he plots with Sempronius, who has sent word to Cæsar of the mutiny prepared in Utica. Within an hour the

Roman soldiers, under influence of Sempronius, will storm the Senate House; meanwhile Syphax will be getting his Numidians ready, and when all is done Sempronius shall have Marcia. Says Syphax, ending the Act with a simile,

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

The Third Act opens with a scene between Cato's sons Marcus and Portius, bound in love to each other, and both loving Lucia. Marcus, not knowing of his brother's passion, urges him to plead for him to Lucia. Lucia enters; and, says Marcus,

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

In the scene with Portius, distracted Lucia tells him that she sees

Thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear—
To Heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind—
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine
While such a cloud of mischief hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Port. What hast thou said? I'm thunder-struck.

Recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

This situation is worked up before Lucia leaves the scene, and Marcus enters to learn how his brother has thriven in suit for him. He finds Portius looking "like one amazed and terrified," is stirred to passion by hearing only that Lucia compassionates his pains and pities him. Both brothers in their excitement pant for battle as an outlet to their feelings. Then the mutineers are led by Sempronius to the scene to beat down and bind Cato. Cato enters with Lucius and his sons to face the mutineers, who flinch and droop before him. Seeing this, Sempronius turns against them, and to save himself, secures their immediate execution. He then arranges with Syphax for an after-game, a flight of the Numidian troops to Cæsar's camp led by Sempronius, who will force Marcia with him.

Semp. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba and his brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

This is arranged, and Sempronius closes the Act with a rhymed simile.

The Fourth Act opens with dialogue between Lucia and Marcia. Marcia does not like Sempronius, but says,

While Cato lives his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Lucia. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

Marcia. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

That much-quoted line closes the scene between the friends. They quit the room as Sempronius enters, dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards. He is hunting for Marcia, but meets Juba himself, and when he strikes at Juba, Juba kills him, and leaves him dead upon the floor, while carrying the rest as prisoners to Cato. Then re-enter Lucia and Marcia, who had heard the clash of swords, and Marcia seeing one lie dead, with muffled face, but wearing Juba's robes, pours out her love within the hearing of Juba himself, who has returned. Juba comes forward, and there is ecstasy between the lovers. Then Cato is master of the scene. He has heard the treason of Sempronius. His son Portius enters to tell him of the flight of Syphax with the Numidian horse through the south gate, on his way to Cæsar. At the south gate Marcus had watch.

Cato. Perfidious men! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit PORTIUS.*]

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:

Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

Lucius. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cæsar's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Lucius. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! They've undone his
country.

Such popular humanity is treason——

But, see, young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

The downcast Juba receives with joy the praise of Cato, but Portius then enters hastily, to tell how his brother Marcus had pierced the heart of the revolted Syphax, but had fallen in brave resistance to the host of traitors. The dead Marcus is born in upon the shields of his surviving soldiers, and laid at his father's feet. Cato moralises over it upon the beauty of death earned by virtue.

Let not a private loss

Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of Empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Juba. [*Aside.*] Behold that upright man! Rome fills
his eyes

With tears that flowed not o'er his own dead son.

Cato looks now to the saving of his friends, bids Portius retire to his paternal seat, the Sabine field, with a comment yielding one more of the often-quoted passages from Cato:—

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Ships are prepared for the escape of Cato's friends, and Cato bids them all farewell.

The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,

[*Pointing to the body of his dead son*]

Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

The Fifth Act opens with "Cato alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him."

It must be so——Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

The rest of the Act is an elaboration of the suicide of Cato, whose last words are these——

Portius, come near me—are my friends embarked?
Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas, poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A Senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman——

—I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!—

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—

The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*]

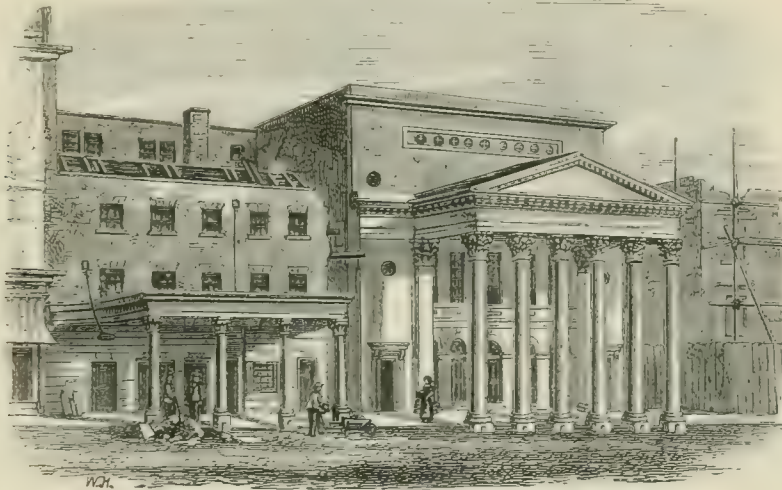
Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast.

The great success of "Cato" was due partly to the genius of Addison, partly to his reputation among Whigs, and the belief that the play about Roman liberty was full of subtle allusions to the English politics of the day. Whigs claimed to love liberty as much as Tories. The Whigs upheld Marlborough by finding him in Cato; the Tories who opposed the influence of Marlborough found him in Cæsar. The factions vied in applause of the play at the theatre. It was recited in homes, read, talked of, written of. The author of "Cato Examined" found it in every part true to the laws of Aristotle; John Dennis undertook to show its faults and absurdities occasioned by not observing many of the rules of Aristotle, and

Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation and Italian Song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; Assert the Stage;
Be justly warmed by your own Native Rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

Barton Booth's success as "Cato" caused him to ask for a share in the management of Drury Lane, and this he obtained by help of Bolingbroke, Doggett retiring.

The death of Queen Anne on the 1st of August, 1714, caused the lapse of the patent at Drury Lane. Under the new sovereign the Whigs were in power, and Mr. Collier, as a Tory Member of Parliament, was not likely to obtain a renewal of his government of the theatre. The players, therefore, with



OLD AND NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.

those occasioned by observing several of the rules without any manner of judgment or discretion. "A Gentleman of Oxford" represented the political stir caused by the play in a pamphlet entitled "Mr. Addison turn'd Tory; or, The Scene Inverted: Wherein it is made to appear that the *Whigs* have misunderstood that Celebrated Author in his applauded Tragedy called 'Cato,' and that the Duke of M——'s Character, in endeavouring to be a *General for Life*, bears a much greater resemblance to that of *Cæsar* and *Syphax*, than the Heroe of his Play. To which are added, Some Cursory Remarks upon the Play itself." Bolingbroke, in the theatre, had taught the Tories that view of the play by sending between the acts for Booth, who represented Cato, and presenting him ostentatiously with fifty guineas, "for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator." The greater part of the play had been written long before, with little reference to English party cries, and this way of taking it did not promise much for the regeneration of the stage by the growth of such wisdom among the audiences as Pope pleaded for in the last lines of his Prologue:—

success, made interest to have Richard Steele named in his place.

The theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which Christopher Rich had been restoring, his son, John Rich, was allowed to open on the 18th of December, 1714. John Rich was a clever mimic, and after a year or two he found it to his advantage to compete with the actors in a fashion of his own. He was the inventor of the modern English form of pantomime, with a serious part that he took from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or any fabulous history, and a comic addition of the courtship of harlequin and columbine, with surprising tricks and transformations. He introduced the old Italian characters of pantomime under changed conditions, and beginning with "Harlequin Sorcerer" in 1717, continued to produce these entertainments until a year before his death in 1761. They have since been retained as Christmas shows upon the English stage.

In 1720 a new theatre was built in the Haymarket by a speculative carpenter named Potter, as a house that might be hired for occasional performances; and in 1729, in spite of local opposition, another theatre was built in Goodman's Fields by a

Mr. Odell, who formed a company and made a successful beginning, but was driven out by continued opposition. But the Goodman's Fields Theatre was revived by a new proprietor in a luxurious form, and opened in October, 1732, with Shakespeare's "King Henry IV."

In the next year (1733) there was a secession of leading actors from the manager who then had chief control of Drury Lane, and they rented the house built by Mr. Potter in the Haymarket, which was then known as the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. A sketch made of the present Haymarket Theatre when it was newly built shows the preceding "Little Theatre" still standing beside it.

The actors in the Haymarket succeeded. The unpopular manager at Drury Lane retired, and his successor, Charles Fleetwood, won the revolvers back

Theatres multiplied and actors, but meanwhile the literature of the drama was declining steadily. The laboured artificial utterance of tragic actors, with gasps and abrupt senseless changes between shout and whisper, found no corrective in the conventional style of the conventional tragedy scenes. Edward Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," did not contribute to a reform by the tone of his "Busiris" (1719), and "The Revenge" (1721). He was a man of genius who would in no case have succeeded as a dramatist. Richard Steele caused the higher comedy to flash out again in November, 1723, when he produced at Drury Lane

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

This comedy was skilfully formed upon the "Andria" of Terence, and was written with the



PART OF OLD CRAVEN HOUSE, SITE OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

to Drury Lane. But in the year of their secession (1733) yet another theatre had been opened. John Rich left the old building in Lincoln's Inn's Fields (which was occupied for the next two years by the manager from Goodman's Fields), and moved into the new house then ready for him in Covent Garden. There were then Fleetwood at Drury Lane and Rich at Covent Garden, with Giffard at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and two other houses—Goodman's Fields and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket—available for acting, besides the Great Theatre in the Haymarket for opera. The centre of dramatic life was Drury Lane. The theatre was named from its locality, and the locality from the great house of the Drury family, built by Sir William Drury, whose son, Sir Robert, gave at one time a home in it to the poet Donne. The house afterwards passed to William, Lord Craven (afterwards Earl Craven), who rebuilt it. Then it became known as Craven House. In course of time it degenerated into a public-house, and passed through other changes before its disappearance. It stood on the site of the present Olympic Theatre.

earnest purpose characteristic of Steele's work, as one more stroke from him against the false code of honour that supported duelling. It is noticeable that the actor Barton Booth, who had achieved fame and fortune as a tragedian in Addison's "Cato," made his last conspicuous success in comedy as Young Bevil in Steele's "Conscious Lovers," and had been turned in his youth from study for the church to study for the stage by the extraordinary applause he earned at Westminster School as Pamphilus—the original of Young Bevil—in the "Andria." In the preface to "The Conscious Lovers," Steele said he made no difficulty to acknowledge "that the whole was writ for the sake of the scene of the Fourth Act, wherein Mr. Bevil evades the quarrel with his friend, and hope that it may have some effect upon the Goths and Vandals that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their absence." It is indeed upon a resolve to draw the best minds to the theatre, and let the worse minds follow instead of lead, that the recovery of life to the stage must depend. Leonard Wellsted's prologue to "The Conscious

Lovers" condemned the usual low appeals to public favour, and said of "The Poet of To-night"—

Fain would he give more just applauses rise
And please by wit that scorns the aid of vice :
The praise he seeks from worthier motives springs,
Such praise, as praise to those who give it brings.

The First Act opens in the house of Sir John Bevil on what should be the day of his son's wedding to Lucinda, the daughter by his second wife of a rich merchant, Mr. Sealand. Sir John Bevil is in kindly dialogue with his man Humphrey, who having served him forty years, is attached equally to father and son. Father and son are warmly attached, each careful to avoid paining the other, and though young Bevil, since he came of age, has had, by inheritance of his mother's estate, an independent fortune, he has never valued himself upon that, but has shown honour and obedience to his father. Young Bevil's character had caused old Sealand, the great India merchant, to offer him his only daughter and sole heiress to his vast estate. But a difficulty has arisen. At the last masquerade the elder Bevil had been among the company in an old-fashioned dress, and was impertinently followed and teased by a fop dressed as a clown. Young Bevil was there also masked, with a lady in an Indian mantle; he knew his father, who was wearing his grandfather's clothes, and interfered to protect him from impertinent pursuit. A quarrel ensued, his mask was torn off, and the lady who was with him swooned. His care for her, the modest familiarity with which she hung upon him when recovering, were noticed by the company. Old Sealand took alarm, and on the day before the wedding called on Sir John Bevil to say that he thought himself disengaged from their bargain, being credibly informed that his son was already married or worse to the lady of the masquerade. Now Sir John wishes his son to marry a fortune, and also wishes his son to do what will make him happy. He proposes therefore to find out how far young Bevil is engaged to the lady of the masquerade, by insisting upon his marriage, without hint of any difficulty in the way. Humphrey may learn something perhaps from young Bevil's man Tom. Tom is old Humphrey's nephew fetched up raw from the country not long since, and now transformed into a footman of fashion, who pays fashionable court to Lucinda's Phillis, a lady's-maid of fashion.

There is pleasant contrast of the faithful service of the antique time with airs of a gentleman's gentleman in the dialogue between Humphrey and Tom. Then Tom plays the fine gentleman to Phillis, for whom he has brought a letter from his master, the bridegroom, which is to be given at fit time to Lucinda, the bride. The scene changes to the lodgings of Bevil junior, from whom we learn that his letter to the lady was to ask her to refuse to marry him. There were two reasons for the request: one, his own love for Indiana, the lady of the masquerade; the other his knowledge that Lucinda prefers, and is loved by his friend Myrtle. Young Bevil is visited by his father, and receives him with quick affection, but, expecting

Lucinda's refusal of his hand, puzzles the old gentleman in a tone of raillery with phlegmatic protests of a readiness to marry; ascribes to his experience the prudential way of marrying by bargain and sale, as something he has learnt to be better than the passionate way of his own youth and the love that has brought him grief for a wife's loss, "for, as you will judge, a woman that is espoused for a fortune is yet a better bargain if she dies; for then a man still enjoys what he did marry, the money; and is disencumbered of what he did not marry, the woman." Sir John Bevil's roundabout way of getting at his son's inclinations fails, and he finds himself obliged to check his son's readiness to go to Lucinda; for young Bevil must not come near Lucinda's father till Sir John has brought him into better temper. Sir John leaves Humphrey with his son, and the old servant's simple fidelity gets from the young man his secret.

Bev. jun. You may remember, Humphrey, that in my last travels, my father grew uneasy at my making so long a stay at Toulon.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were just; for there I first saw this lady. She is of English birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol; who upon repeated misfortunes was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this retreat, Providence again grew favourable to his industry, and, in six years' time, restored him to his former fortunes: on this he sent directions over, that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy, but took the first occasion of a single ship, and with her husband's sister only, and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage. For here, poor creature, she lost her liberty, and life; she, and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though, as such, not ill-treated, yet the fright, the shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such violence upon her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined and died at sea.

Humph. Poor soul! Oh, the helpless infant!

Bev. jun. Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her. The captain, too, proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home, into Toulon, this her little country-woman; presenting her, with all her dead mother's movables of value, to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her frowns more terrible; for in his height of fortune, this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea, and dying intestate, his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found (among his other riches) this blooming virgin, at his mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his power!

Bev. jun. No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her—in short, he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty; demanding her to account for all her maintenance, from her childhood; seized on her little fortune, as his own inheritance, and was dragging

her by violence to prison; when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me by miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed; but pray, sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

Bev. jun. The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts, descended to a composition; which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharged.

Humph. That generous concealment made the obligation double.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtained her liberty, I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England; where we no sooner arrived, but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

Humph. I find, sir, you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my father: walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow—but, Humphrey, you have your lesson.

Humph. Now, sir, I have but one material question—

Bev. jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own passion for this secret lady, or hers for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

Bev. jun. I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantic in my answer, than in all the rest of my story: for tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me; yet in all my acquaintance, and utmost privacies with her, I never once directly told her that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bev. jun. My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that 'till I have his consent to speak, I am determined, on that subject, to be dumb for ever—

Humph. Well, sir, to your praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great Britain.

These, then, are "The Conscious Lovers." Bevil supplies Indiana with all that she has, treats her with tenderest respect, but never has named love to her. Each is conscious of the other's love, but not a word of it is spoken. The First Act ends with Bevil's friend Myrtle about to enter.

The Second Act, still in young Bevil's lodging, shows the friends together. Myrtle is despondent, but assured by Bevil that he has no rival in him, although a dangerous one in the rich fop Cimberton, whom Lucinda's mother, Mrs. Sealand, has resolved to marry to her daughter, unless it be true—and Mrs. Sealand is taking counsel's opinion whether it be true—that Cimberton can make no settlement on a wife without the concurrence of his great uncle, Sir Geoffry, in the west. The counsel consulted are Sergeant Bramble and old Target, neither of them known to the family. What if Myrtle himself and young Bevil's man Tom, a lively rogue and a good mimic, slipped on wigs and gowns, and carried their opinions to the lady? Tom couldn't fail to talk like old Target, who does nothing but stutter. So it is agreed. The next scene shows Indiana in her simple innocence of love, under the care of Isabella, a kind-hearted old maid, who cannot credit young Bevil with simple generosity, and then

in dialogue with young Bevil himself, who visits her, and keeps so clear of direct words of love, that Indiana fears he has done all for her out of the mere pleasure in doing good. Isabella says, "I will own to you that there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover; but it's all a perplexity, till—till—till—" "Till what?" "Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes—and that I will be convinced of before I sleep."

The Third Act opens between Tom and Phillis, with passages of courtship.

Tom. Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what occasion I was first surprised. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite hand-maid of the housekeeper. At that time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean. The person employed on the innerside was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phillis. I think I remember the silly accident: what made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you. You could not guess what surprised me. You took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form, when I again drew near, you spit, and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

Tom is there to receive Lucinda's answer to young Bevil's letter, of which Phillis tells him, "Never was a woman so well pleased with a letter as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it." Tom departs and Lucinda enters. "I thought I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that?" Phillis replies, "Why, madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love; we servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow, or treat for, are forced to deal and bargain by way of sample; and therefore as we have no parchments, or wax necessary in our arguments, we squeeze with our hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify vows and promises." "But can't you trust one another, without such earnest down?" "We don't think it safe, any more than you gentry, to come together without deeds executed." "Thou art a pert merry hussy." "I wish, madam, your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are." Then follows kindly dialogue between mistress and maid, with dread of the fop of the family, Mr. Cimberton, who, says Phillis, "is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly." Presently appear Mrs. Sealand and Mr. Cimberton, between whom, in the argument of marriage, Lucinda counts as nothing; indeed, says this right honourable fop, who talks of Lacædomonians, and has the girl set in a proper light, that he may look her over, as a picture, "as for the young

woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation." Lucinda at last leaves the room in a rage, Mrs. Sealand worships her kinsman, and says for her daughter, who is thrown into the bargain of the marriage settlement, like the mansion-house in the sale of an estate, "I cannot help her, cousin Cimberton; but she is, for aught I see, as well as the daughter of anybody else." Then Myrtle and Tom arrive as Bramble and Target, and there is a lively caricature scene, in which Tom, whose part as Target is only to stutter, makes fine play with the terrible word Grimgribber.

Mrs. Seal. The single question is, whether the intail is such, that my cousin, Sir Geoffry, is necessary in this affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the lordship of Tretreplet, but not as to the message of Grimgribber.

Tar. I say that Gr—gr— that Gr—gr—Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us. That is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—tr—Tretreplet.

Bram. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph, made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder, even of Tretreplet is in him—but we are willing to waive that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son. Then we know Sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family; yet—

Tar. Sir, Gr—gr—ber is—

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its parts; but, sir, I see very plainly what you are going into. I tell you it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument; but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton. I am of opinion, that according to the instructions of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the intail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

Tar. Sir, I have no patience to be told that, when Gr—gr—ber—

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Sergeant; but there must be the word heirs for ever, to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, though you are counsel for my side of the question. Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him. But, gentlemen, I believe you have both considered this matter, and are firm in your different opinions; 'twere better, therefore, you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing. And do you see, sir, pray let me have a copy of what you say, in English.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?—In English! Oh! but I forgot myself; you're a wit. But, however, to please you, sir, you shall have it, in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, sir, without delay.

Bram. That, sir, the law will not admit of; the courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment obliged to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else. Therefore, I must leave what I have said to

Mr. Sergeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, sir.

[*Exit* BRAMBLE.]

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick. He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick, about that Gr—gr—ber.

The Fourth Act contains the earnest scene for which the play was written. Myrtle, hearing that young Bevil has written to Lucinda and received an answer, becomes violently jealous, believes his friend to be false, and sends a challenge. One of many noble aims of Steele's life, by which he held firmly throughout, was to do all that was in his power to turn public opinion away from the false notions of honour associated with the duel. He could say for himself what he makes young Bevil say, "I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human." Stirred by insult, young Bevil loses self-control for a few minutes, recovers it, and by defiance of the worldly code recovers the friend he should have sought to kill. In showing what Lucinda wrote to him he breaks the letter of her wish, to make her and his friend happy. Then in a scene of blended wit and earnestness we have the two fathers in dialogue about their children. The unknown lady is Sealand's only objection to young Bevil. "I am therefore resolved," he says, "this very afternoon to visit her. Now, from her behaviour or appearance, I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for." This points to the crowning scene in the Fifth Act. At the close of the Fourth Act Mr. Myrtle resolves to take the advice of Phillis, and find his way to Lucinda in the character of old Sir Geoffry, who is described to him as half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; though, as to his passions, as warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

The Fifth Act opens with the humours of Myrtle in Sealand's house as old Sir Geoffry, and closes with a scene of tenderness in which Mrs. Oldfield as Indiana drew more tears than some of the critics thought consistent with a comedy. Indiana, visited by Sealand with a harsh construction of her attribute shows the innocent tenderness that is her character throughout the play, and is discovered to be Sealand's daughter by his former wife. He was the Bristol merchant Danvers, who had believed his daughter to be drowned, and had acquired his wealth under another name; and Isabella, his child's friend and companion, is Sealand's sister. The happy revelation caused by this discovery leads to a true comedy close. Young Bevil, in marrying Indiana, marries Sealand's daughter. Lucinda, with half her worldly fortune gone, through discovery of an elder sister, ceases to be a match for Cimberton. So Myrtle, whose care for the lady is not lessened with her fortune, drops suddenly out of his part of old Sir Geoffry, and is made as happy in his way as the two fathers are in the contentment of their children.

In 1725 Allan Ramsay, born a poor child among the workers at Lord Hopetoun's lead mines, pro-

duced, apart from all connection with the theatre, a pastoral play, "The Gentle Shepherd," which is rich in lyric grace and tenderness of humour, and to this day is to be seen acted in barns by the Scottish peasantry. In 1728 John Gay made his great success with the "Beggars' Opera," and in the same year Henry Fielding began his career in literature as a writer for the stage. James Thomson was then leaping to fame with his "Seasons," and was tempted by the profits of the stage to try his fortune as a dramatist. He produced his first play, "Sophonisba," in 1729. Jonathan Swift had suggested to Gay that he should write a Newgate pastoral. Gay thought over the suggestion, and preferred a burlesque on Italian opera, with a Newgate hero and heroine to match. Neither Swift nor Pope, who was a hearty friend of Gay's, and born in the same year, 1688, expected success. Congreve read the piece, and said it would either take greatly or fail utterly. The Drury Lane managers declined it; Rich took it and produced it on the 29th of January, 1728, with a success recorded in one of the notes of the "Dunciad" as the greatest ever known. "Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

is so called because in the Introduction a beggar offers his piece to the players.

"The piece," he says, "I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad singers. I have introduced the similes that are in all your celebrated operas: the Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c. Besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence."

The first of its three Acts opens in the house of Peachum, who fosters a gang of thieves, acts as receiver of their stolen goods, and gets forty pounds out of each of them when he is past work or otherwise objectionable, as the informer's reward for getting him hanged, or her. This good gentleman is shown in his home as a man of business, over his accounts, and as a family man. He learns from Mrs. Peachum

that the agreeable and gallant highwayman, Captain Macheath, is very fond of their daughter Polly, and that Polly thinks him a very pretty man. There is no harm in that, if they don't marry. "My daughter," says Mr. Peachum, "to me should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang." But the boy Filch, who is being trained to life with Mr. and Mrs. Peachum, and already doing well as a pickpocket, is wheedled by Mrs. Peachum into telling what he knows about Captain Macheath and Polly, and the result is that father and mother are horrified by the discovery that the Captain and Polly are already man and wife. Polly is scolded, but her father sees his way out of the difficulty, and bids her take comfort. Captain Macheath has much plunder. She is his wife, and must not remain so. He shall be informed against at once, and hanged. Polly will then take all, as his widow. Polly loves the Captain, and demurs, but is duly admonished. "Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful." Polly has not far to go to find Macheath, and ends the Act by warning him of his danger.

The Second Act opens among the men of Macheath's gang and their ladies, in a tavern near Newgate. Macheath joins them. They "were just breaking up to go upon duty," and depart amidst music of Handel's, the march in "Rinaldo," with drums and trumpets.

Let us take the road.

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!

The hour of attack approaches,

To your arms, brave boys, and load.

See the ball I hold!

Let the chymists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.

The ladies are left, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen; Macheath cannot leave them, and is betrayed by them into the hands of Peachum and the constables, after which they dispute over the blood-money. The scene changes to Newgate, where Macheath is received as an old lodger by Lockit the turnkey, and sought out by Lockit's daughter Lucy, whom he has promised to marry. He persuades her that he is not married to Polly. Peachum and Lockit, the two prudent fathers, are then seen together over their accounts. They have agreed to "go halves in Macheath," but over other matters of information-money quarrel and make friends again, for, says Peachum, "Brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other." Lockit gives some paternal advice to the disconsolate Lucy. Macheath in his prison then has Lucy and Polly both claiming him at the same time, and he has both to pacify. He is obliged to disown each to the other, but especially Polly to Lucy, for Lucy, as the turnkey's daughter, can get him out of Newgate, and she does so at the end of the Second Act. It is in this scene that Macheath sings—

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away!
 But while you thus teaze me together,
 To neither a word will I say,
 But tol de rol, &c.

In the Third Act Lucy confesses to her father that she let Macheath out of prison; but she is wild with jealousy because she believes him to have gone to Polly. Lockit believes that Peachum intends to outwit him, and will go ply him with liquor. Macheath goes to a gambling-house, where he finds two of his gang, and is liberal to them, not a mere court friend; as he sings to the air of "Lillibulero:"

The modes of the Court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis time you find
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

Peachum and Lockit are then seen in friendly business confabulation over wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco. They are visited by Mrs. Diana Trapes, a customer for stolen goods, and learn from her by accident where they will find Macheath. Lucy, in Newgate, is very unhappy, and has prepared rat's-bane for Polly. Polly comes, and is also unhappy, for she has not seen Macheath. Rat's-bane is offered in a friendly drop of cordial, which Polly has much doubt about taking, but drops the glass when suddenly she sees Macheath brought in again, and cries, "Now every glimmering of happiness is lost!" Macheath, who will have no second chance of breaking prison, tells Lucy and Polly that "this affair will soon be at an end without my disobliging either of you." But Mr. Peachum looks at the argument from its business side, and says, "The settling of this point, Captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two widows." Polly and Lucy kneel in vain to their fathers. Macheath is conveyed at once to the Old Bailey, and seen next in the condemned cell, where he comforts himself in solitude to the tune of ten several airs, and takes leave of two comrades as the jailor tells him, "Miss Polly and Miss Lucy intreat a word with you." While they sing their parting in a trio, four more wives are announced. "What," says the Captain, "four wives more! This is too much. Here, tell the Sheriff's officers I am ready." [*Exit Macheath, guarded.*]

Here the "Beggar's Opera" comes to an end; but the Player of the Prologue tells the Beggar that this sort of ending will not do, "this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily."

"Your objection, sir," the Beggar answers, "is very just and easily removed, for you must allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about. So—you rabble there—run and cry a reprieve; let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph."

Player. All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

Beggar. Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral; 'twould have shown that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

So the reprieve is cried, and the play ends with a dance to the tune of "Lumps of Pudding." Macheath takes Polly for his partner, whispering to her, "and for life, you slut; for we were really married."

The success of the "Beggar's Opera" was said to have "made Gay rich, and Rich gay." Gay wrote a sequel called "Polly," the performance of which was forbidden; but he derived large profit from a subscription for the book of it. In "Polly" the satire upon corruptions of society is intensified, and the piece lies in the direct line of the reaction against a corrupt civilisation that was in France already preparing the way for revolution. Bernard Mandeville's social satire of "The Grumbling Hive" in 1714, expanded, with prose commentary, into "The Fable of the Bees" in 1723, did not more distinctly point in the direction of the new revolt of thought than Gay's "Polly" in 1729. Polly's father, Peachum, has been hanged, and Macheath transported. Polly, with a devoted love for the Captain, has heard that he has become a famous pirate chief. She leaves England in search of him, and arrives at the West Indies. There her adventures show her surrounded by the taint of an utterly rotten civilisation, which suffers attack by Macheath's pirates, and also by the savage Indians. Civilised society and the society of thieves are undistinguishable in their baseness, and are contrasted by help of the Indians with the truth and honour of the noble savage. It was the form of thought then growing among ardent young French *philosophes*, was soon to be spread through Europe by the eloquence of Rousseau, and be associated with his speculations on the social contract.

Trivial forms of the false convention of the time had possession of the stage. Comedy reproduced the low life of the men of fashion; tragedy rolled with a pomp of empty sound through scenes of artificial passion. But against the formal tragedy a spirit of rebellion was abroad. When Thomson, in the Second Scene of the Third Act, made Massinissa say—

I have for love a thousand thousand reasons,
 Dear to the heart, and potent o'er the soul.
 My ready thoughts all rising, restless all,
 Are a perpetual spring of tenderness;
 (Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!)

Somebody echoed from the pit, "Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!" to the delight of the audience; and it was echoed by Fielding in his

TOM THUMB,

as "Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!"

Henry Fielding, thrown upon his own resources in London, produced his first comedy, "Love in Several Masques," in 1728. In 1730 he produced, and altered in 1731, "The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great." It was printed "with the annotations of H. Scriblerus Secundus," that in a delightful vein of irony played with the solemn quackery of the dramatic critics of the day, and gravely introduced in notes many of the passages burlesqued. Doodle and Noodle hail a day such as was never seen, this day, indeed, a day we never saw before. When the mighty Thomas Thumb victorious comes, bringing captive millions of giants, King Arthur cries—

Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollalolla—Ha! what wrinkled sorrow
Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a swollen gutter, gushing through the streets?

Queen. Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks say,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
Till my whole court be drown'd with their tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.

Doodle. My liege, I a petition have here got.

King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Tom Thumb does not enter with the millions of giants—

Without the castle gates they stand,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.

One giantess, Glumdalca, he does bring, for as she was a foot shorter than the rest they made a shift to hale her through the town. The king observes her with admiration. I feel, he says—

I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from love
Or only the wind-cholic. Time must show.
Oh, Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe!
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

He asks for the king's daughter, Huncamunca. The queen, smitten with love for Tom Thumb, would refuse. The king assents. The hero is enraptured:

Whisper ye winds that Huncamunca's mine!
Echoes repeat that Huncamunca's mine!

Lord Grizzle loves Huncamunca. The Queen plots with Lord Grizzle to stay Huncamunca's marriage with Tom Thumb. Huncamunca yields to Grizzle's flattery, but while he goes to fetch a licence, marries Tom Thumb. There is rebellion and heroic war. The ghost of Tom Thumb's father appears to his old friend, King Arthur.

King. But say, thou dearest air, oh say, what dread
Important business sends thee back to earth?

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear—which but to hear
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.

Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-fingered morn shall ope
The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread.
So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghosts on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,
So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. Damn all thou hast seen!—Dost thou beneath the
shape

Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
With similes, to keep me on the rack?

Hence—or by all the torments of thy hell,
I'll run thee through the body, though thou'st none.

Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur, beware, beware, beware, beware.
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For if thou'rt killed to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

Fielding does not forget in his jest at artificial similes the practice, followed by Addison, of ending an act of tragedy with an elaborated simile in rhyme. Burlesque similes of the accepted pattern occur whimsically at critical points, and this is the last. Noodle, as messenger, has brought to court the terrible news:

Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible; oh! oh!
Deaf be my ears! for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!
Howl, wolves! grunt, bears! hiss, snakes! shriek, all ye
ghosts!

Tom Thumb has been swallowed by "a cow of larger than the usual size."

Noodle. Her Majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill-news.

[Kills NOODLE.]

Cleora. My lover's killed, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the Queen.]

Huncamunca. My mamma killed! vile murderess, beware.

[Kills CLEORA.]

Doodle. This for an old grudge to thine heart!

[Kills HUNCAMUNCA.]

Mustacha. And this

I drive to thine, O Doodle! for a new one. [Kills DOODLE.]

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that! [Kills MUSTACHA.]

And take thou this.

[Kills himself, and falls.]

So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scattered and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is—that I fall the last.

[Dies.]

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

There was another clever caricature of the strut and empty sound of tragedy in its decline by Henry Carey the musician, of whom it was said, "He led a life free from reproach, and hanged himself October 4th, 1743." His "Dramatick Works" were published in that year by subscription. They were operas, burlesque and ballad operas, and "Chrononhotonthologos, the Most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragediz'd by any Company of Tragedians."

Thus it begins in an ante-chamber of the Palace. Enter Rigdum Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscephornio:

Rig. Fun. Aldiborontiphoscephornio!

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers.
Lulled by the cheerful trumpet's gladsome clangour,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war;
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep.

His majesty, when he appears, is in high passion with Somnus, the God of Sleep, who is warned not to sport with him.

For if thou dost, by all the waking powers,
I'll tear thine eyeballs from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity.

When next he appears, it is with

His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.

He will banish Somnus out of his dominions.
There shall be incessant pageantry and pantomime
to keep mankind awake. A pantomime begins,
and in the midst of it a guard cries—

To arms! to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!
Th' Antipodean powers from realms below
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth
The world is too incopious to contain 'em.

Triumphant Chrononhotonthologos makes prisoner
the King of the Antipodes, who walks with his
head where his legs should be. Invited to take
wine in the tent of his general, Bombardinion, he
desires also to eat a little bit. Says Bombardinion,
therefore, to the cook—

See that the table constantly be spread
With all that Art and Nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe,
Bring every eatable than can be eat:
The king shall eat, though all mankind be starved.

Passion rises. The king kills the cook and strikes
his general.

Bomb. A blow! Shall Bombardinion take a blow?
Blush! blush, thou sun! Start back thou rapid ocean!
Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! All commixing crumble,
And into Chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinion has received a blow,

And Chrononhotonthologos shall die.

[*Draws.*

King. What means the traitor?

Bomb. Traitor in thy teeth!

Thus I defy thee!

[*They fight—he kills the King.*

Ha! what have I done?

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called;

And let the man that calls it be the caller;

And in his calling, let him nothing call

But coach! coach! coach! Oh! for a coach, ye gods!

[*Exit raving. Returns with a Doctor.*

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct.

My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! Dead! Impossible! It cannot be!

I'd not believe it though himself should swear it.

Go, join his body to his soul again,

Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic;

His soul has left his body and this world.

Bomb. Then go to t'other world and fetch it back.

[*Kills him.*

And if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ha!—Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinion comes!

He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,

And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

[*Kills himself.*

Enter Queen and Others.

Aldi. O horrid! horrible and horrid'st horror!

Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!

All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!

O——h!

[*All groan—a tragedy groan.*

In 1730 George Lillo, who was born near Moor-gate in 1693, and began life as a jeweller, produced his first piece at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, a ballad opera called "Silvia." It was not very successful, but in the following year came his tragedy, called "The London Merchant; or, the History of George Barnwell," founded upon an old English ballad. It was written in prose, and ridiculed by critics as a Newgate Tragedy, but it represented a reaction against the conventional rodomontade of kings and heroes, and was acted for twenty nights in the hottest part of the year to crowded houses.

Henry Fielding, while his power as the greatest English novelist remained to be discovered, and he looked to the stage for maintenance, attempted to win new ground for the drama. He took, in 1736, the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, gathered actors about him, whom he called "The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians," and opened with "Pasquin: a Dramatic Satire on the Times," in the form of a mock rehearsal of two plays, a comedy called "The Election" and a tragedy called "The Life and Death of Common Sense." It had a run of fifty nights, and in his first season Fielding also introduced to the public a new play of Lillo's, again on a domestic subject, "The Fatal Curiosity." Fielding always waged war with critics of the school that thought a subject like that of George Barnwell "low," because

its interest centered in the crime of a man who was only a London apprentice. "The Fatal Curiosity" had for its subject the crime of an old man and his wife at Penrhyn, in Cornwall, who, being desperate through poverty, kill a sailor returned from the Indies, who is their guest, for the sake of wealth in a casket, and find that they have murdered their own son. It is Lillo's best play. Fielding took pains with its production, and wrote a Prologue, in which he pleaded for the piece—

No fustian hero rages here to night;
No armies fall to fix a tyrant's right;
From lower life we draw our scene's distress,
Let not your equals move your pity less.

As the run of the play was short in 1736, Fielding reproduced it in his next season, and acted it after

On whose horizon smiles a dawning Prince
Of Edward's worth and virtues.

It was in the following year, 1740, that Thomson and his friend David Mallet produced before Frederick Prince of Wales their joint work, "Alfred the Great: a Drama for Music." It was acted in the gardens at Clifden on the 1st of August, the birthday of the Princess Augusta, with "Rule, Britannia"—written, probably, by Mallet—for one of its songs.¹

In 1741 David Garrick made his first appearance as an actor, under the assumed name of Lyddal, in the theatre at Ipswich, and to secure disguise in case of failure, took a part in which his face was blacked, that of the negro Aboan in Southerne's "Oroonoko."

Garrick's success was great, and his genius broke through the formalism upon which Fielding and others had thrown ridicule. Instead of the tragic



THE THEATRE IN TANKARD STREET, IPSWICH, IN WHICH GARRICK FIRST ACTED.

the dramatic satire then produced by him, called "The Historical Register for 1736." The satire against political corruption offended the Ministry of the day. A Bill was introduced requiring that every dramatic piece before representation should obtain the licence of the Lord Chamberlain; and what had been occasional interference to stay the performance of obnoxious pieces received legislative definition and extension. Since 1737 the interference of the Lord Chamberlain, first invoked to shelter political corruption from the wit of Fielding, has imposed upon our modern stage the weight of a stupidity beyond its own. In 1739 the Lord Chamberlain forbade the performance of James Thomson's "Edward and Eleonore," because its hero was a Prince of Wales, and George the Second and his son Frederick being in opposition to each other, political significance would be given—and were, no doubt, meant to be given—to such lines as these:

Whatever woes, of late, have clouded England,
Yet must I, Gloster, call that nation happy

gasps, the laboured speech, and abrupt changes of voice, that had come to be thought tragic, those who heard Garrick heard a man's true voice, with all the play of natural emotion in it. The charm of this upon the stage was real as well as new. Before the end of 1741 he made his first appearance in London at the Goodman's Fields Theatre, taking Richard III. for his first character. As his fame rapidly grew, Quin, who had been the leading tragedian, said, "Garrick was a new religion: Whitefield was followed for a time, but they would all come to church again;" and of his acting, "that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong."

Risen to supreme fame as an actor, Garrick became joint patentee of Drury Lane in the spring of 1747, and began his management by speaking a prologue, which he had asked his old friend and tutor, Samuel Johnson, to write for him. Part of it was quoted on page 321. It recognised the decline

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," page 383

of the stage since the Restoration, and looked with hope to Garrick's endeavour towards its revival. Garrick, before he came to London, had been for a short time Johnson's pupil, while he was endeavouring to form a school at Edial, near Lichfield. There was small promise in the school, and Johnson, knowing that he must look to literature for his bread, had in the intervals of his school-teaching begun a tragedy, "Irene," which, if accepted, might give him a first



DAVID GARRICK. (From the Portrait by Thomas Hudson.)

hold upon his future profession. It had not been accepted, but now that Garrick had a first voice in the counsels of Drury Lane, he was resolved to serve a friend whom he loved and honoured, and whose intellectual powers he well knew. Johnson's one play, "Irene," was therefore performed at Drury Lane in 1749, and Garrick, who played in it the part of Demetrius, casting the parts of the two heroines, Aspasia and Irene, to Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard, forced the piece to a run of nine nights, that Johnson might receive all author's profit it would yield. Johnson's genius was true, but not dramatic, and the play did not greatly succeed, but it produced to Johnson £195 17s. for the three author's nights, besides £100 for the right of publishing the play book, though in the same year the same publisher gave only £15 for Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," a didactic poem in which he put forth his native strength. The scene of

IRENE

is in Constantinople, immediately after its capture and sack by the Turks in 1453. There remain two patriotic Greeks in the town, disguised in Turkish dress, Demetrius (played by Garrick) and Leontius. Aspasia, beloved of Demetrius, has been lost by him in the throng, but found in the church of St. Sophia by soldiers of the Turkish Sultan Mahomet, whom the prisoner has made her captive, and who

bids her renounce her faith and be the Queen of Turkey. The young Greeks learn this from the first Vizier, Cali Bassa, who is plotting the death of the Sultan, and has a ship ready moored in a creek. After the Sultan has been killed, he may escape to Asia, which lately blessed his gentle government, there rear a throne for himself upon the ruin of Mahomet's, and then, withdrawing all the Turkish force from Europe, leave Greece at peace. With such hopes before them, he looks to the Greeks to man his ship and secure his escape. Aspasia, true to her love and to her country, had refused the offered throne; but another Greek maiden, Irene, had afterwards been taken. Her charm was yet greater in the Sultan's eyes: to her he had transferred his offers, and she, less firm to resist the temptations of wealth and power, hesitated. Mahomet is in her rooms; and there he shall be slain. The Sultan's mind is possessed with love for Irene, but also with a passion of war, and when the treacherous vizier asks leave to depart and make pilgrimage to Mecca, he is told that there is yet no time for sloth.

When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When every wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease—
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

This is the matter of the First Act, and the rest of the play abounds in dramatic material, chosen with a sound critical perception of the conditions of a tale of passion, but developed without real dramatic power.

In the Second Act, Aspasia, loyal to her country and to love, seeks to dissuade Irene from the perils of a false ambition. A conspirator, accidentally discovered, seized, and tortured, reveals the treachery of Cali, and gives certain proof of it. Mahomet suspends sentence upon him, and still tempts Irene. When she cries, still irresolute, "Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!" he replies

To state and power I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.

In the Third Act, Abdalla, one of Cali's fellow conspirators, declares himself enthralled by a hopeless passion for Aspasia. To Demetrius and Leontius Cali pronounces his plot to be ripe, and all ready for to-morrow. The answer of Demetrius may serve to illustrate the didactic spirit of the play:

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary widow
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow,
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange, that this general fraud, from day to day,
Should fill the world with wretches undetected!
The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph:
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.

But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

The same night is fixed. At dusk Leontius shall

steer

The appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
Formed by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers armed, and sails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepared
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence.

Cali allows to Demetrius access to Aspasia before the hour of danger. Abdalla thereby is stirred to anger against Cali. Mahomet is in the meantime tempting the irresolute Irene through

each traitor inclination

That raises tumult in the female breast,
The love of power, of pleasure, and of show.

Cali joins in the temptation, for he wishes to hold Mahomet firmly in his snare. Again, in a scene between Irene and Aspasia, the nobler maiden seeks to cherish the true fire in her friend's breast. Irene urges that as Queen of Turkey she could save her fellow Greeks, but is answered by Aspasia:

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed.

Irene dwells still upon power to which high ambition reaches. Demetrius has his love-scene with Aspasia, but Abdalla comes to shorten it, and, on the pleas of danger and of duty forces them to part.

The Fourth Act opens between Demetrius and Aspasia. She has now been told the plot afoot, and assents to it if the blow against Mahomet be struck for Greece, and for the rights of nature without thought of interest, love, or vengeance. But Aspasia sees a new danger from Abdalla.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forced me from your arms
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

And as she thinks on, she thinks who are her lover's associates, and that God frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder. The patriot may thus share the traitor's danger. Demetrius will seek to save Greece, and if he fail, Aspasia will be content to live with him,

obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love.

Cali parts them. The decisive hour is at hand. Leontius reports the boat ready in the appointed bay, and armed Greeks, elate with hope, upon the beach. Leontius and Demetrius retire to the ship, Demetrius to return after moonrise and strike the delivering blow, when there is moonlight to guide their flight into Asia. Cali feels himself already supreme. But there is still Abdalla's jealousy, and when they next meet, and "the bowl shall circle to confirm their league," Abdalla has a poison for Demetrius. Meanwhile, Mahomet defers his stroke, though every turn in the treachery of Cali is known to him. Two faithful

captains, Hassan and Caraza, "pursue him through the labyrinths of treason." The treason of Abdalla is discovered. Mahomet orders his seizure. Demetrius he will not touch, for in the assault on Constantinople Mahomet had for a time been in the hands of Greeks who would have killed him, had not Demetrius "scorned the mean revenge." Then, says Hassan, let the gift be repaid:

Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heaven bestows the privilege to bless,
Let no weak doubt the generous hand restrain;
For when was power beneficent in vain?

The Fifth Act opens with the last struggle of Aspasia to save her friend Irene, who has sunk under the temptation of a crown. Demetrius enters hastily. All is lost. Irene leaves them to speak together. The manner of dialogue recalls that of a Greek play:

Aspasia. Yet tell.

Demetrius. To tell or hear were waste of life.

Aspasia. The life, which only this design supported,
Were now well lost in hearing how you failed.

Demetrius. Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-timed mirth, proposed the bowl of love.
Just as it reached my lips, a sudden cry
Urged me to dash it to the ground untouched,
And seize my sword with disencumbered hand.

Aspasia. What cry? The stratagem? Did then
Abdalla—

Demetrius. At once a thousand passions fired his
check!

"Then all is past!" he cried, and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deigned to turn.

Aspasia. Why did you stay, deserted and betrayed?
What more could force attempt or art contrive?

Abdalla returned with soldiers. Cali was seized as a traitor, and carried away to death. Demetrius escaped. Then enters Abdalla to take Aspasia. The situation is dramatic. Abdalla turns from combat with Demetrius to bring janissaries for his arrest. Irene comes forward with purpose of treachery towards her friends. By holding them in dialogue, she may delay their flight, secure the arrest of Demetrius, and by so doing prove herself a faithful queen, and win new favour from the Sultan. She has sent a messenger to ask for troops to check the escape of Demetrius. They urge her to fly with them, and abandon her false choice of wealth and power with a stain on conscience. Demetrius, seizing her hand, would draw her with him to the galley that awaits the fugitives. She proudly assumes the Queen, and is left. Demetrius and Aspasia make good their escape. Irene remains: and in place of the pomp to which she had sacrificed all, has sudden death for her portion. Dying Cali had named Irene's chamber as the place appointed for the murder of the Sultan. Mahomet's love turns to a fury of wrath, and he commands Irene's death. Abdalla, knowing Irene to have discovered all his treason, secures prompt execution of the sentence. Murza, the tardy messenger from Irene, finds Mahomet standing over her dead body. He had been seized by the armed Greeks, and

detained until the safe arrival of Demetrius and Aspasia. The Sultan learns Irene's fidelity to him. In his new passion he bids the guards hew down Hassan and Caraza the over-hasty ministers of vengeance. They plead that they had heard, pitied, and wished to save; but Abdalla had brought her final doom, and hurried her destruction while she called in vain on Mahomet. Mahomet then, in a last burst of wrath condemns Abdalla to uttermost torture. The play closes with the lines,

So sure the fall of greatness raised on crimes,
So fixed the justice of all-conscious Heaven;
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart.

One of the most popular tragedies of the year next following after the production of Johnson's "Irene" was the "Douglas" of the Rev. John Home, who had been ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, six years before his "Douglas" was produced in Edinburgh. By writing a play he offended the Presbytery. To avoid Church censure, he resigned his living, and wrote other tragedies—"Alfred," "Alonzo," "The Fatal Discovery," "The Siege of Aquileia," and "Agis," in which Garrick played the part of Lysander. In Home's play of

DOUGLAS,

Matilda, daughter of Sir Malcolm, had been secretly married to the son of Lord Douglas, hereditary enemy of her house. Her brother had saved the life of young Douglas in battle; the young men had become friends. Douglas had been brought as an unknown friend to Sir Malcolm's house by Sir Malcolm's son. Matilda had loved him, and with only her brother's knowledge and assent had married him. Then the young men departed, and Matilda next heard that both her brother and her husband had been slain in the wars. "In the first days," she says—

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself —
As women wish to be who love their lords.

The priest who married her, who had been her brother's tutor, and who was the only other witness to the marriage, also fell in the battle. After the child was born, eighteen years ago, her nurse, her only confidant, disappeared with it, when on her way to her sister's on a December night, with a flooded river to cross. Sir Malcolm had died, Matilda, his sole heiress, had been compelled by circumstances to a marriage with Lord Randolph, who had rescued her from a villain, Glenalvon, who, though villain, is Randolph's heir. The marriage of Matilda with Lord Randolph, gave him the lands that should have made Douglas a baron; and Glenalvon, with his eye on the succession to the lands, thinks that Lord Randolph has lived too long. That is the story of the First Act. At the beginning of the Second, Lord Randolph returns to his home with a

young man who has saved him from assassination by four armed men in a valley. When Lord Randolph asks who is his deliverer, he says he is

A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Randolph credits him with nature's nobility, and he replies—

My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

The speech thus beginning was recited from stools and tables by tragedians between the ages of six and fifteen through two or three generations, and thus bore testimony to the reputation of Home's tragedy of "Douglas," which attracted the more notice because its author was a Scottish clergyman, whom the Presbytery had driven out into the layman's wilderness because he wrote a play. The presence of young Norval excites, of course, emotion in Lady Randolph; for she is in the Third Act to discover that he is her son, the son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir, received by Lord Randolph into the house and treated by him with honour and affection, as Glenalvon's equal. But when mother and son know the tie that binds them, Glenalvon moves Lord Randolph to jealousy at their meetings, causes Lord Randolph to attack the youth, and himself comes behind to secure the death of both, and win the inheritance. Norval (Douglas) kills Glenalvon, but is himself wounded to death. Lord Randolph, learning the truth too late, reproaches himself as a murderer. Lady Randolph raves, and throws herself from a precipice.

A play by a man of genius like Samuel Johnson, even though he be no dramatist, is of more abiding interest than plays by dramatists who are not men of genius. They are dramatists in a limited sense. Their comedy often amuses with good humour and drollery, the ready aptitude for jest and caricature that is common to thousands of men who beget mirth in their neighbours. They touch none of the deeper springs of life, are wholly wanting in the sympathetic insight that gives worth to the work of men of genius. The great master of caricature upon the stage, in the time of which we now speak, was Samuel Foote, born at Truro, educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and for a time student in the Temple. In 1747 he opened the Little Theatre in the Haymarket as actor and author, with a piece called "The Diversions of the Morning," in which he caricatured with skilful mimicry of voice and manner several well-known people. The Justices of Westminster objected, but their opposition was silenced. Foote changed his form of entertainment to "Giving Tea to his Friends." Next year he had "An Auction of Pictures," and, by rapid changes of dress, he himself played all the characters in which the town liked best to see known men mimicked. Somebody told Samuel Johnson that Foote was preparing to set him up for a butt. "He had better not," said Johnson,

with a significant grasp of his stick ; and Foote did not. Foote acted at one theatre or another every season from 1752 to 1761, usually appearing each year in a new piece of his own. From 1762, until his death in 1777, the Little Theatre in the Haymarket was his dramatic home. In his own way Foote was wonderfully clever ; there are flashes even of genius in his work, though it belonged to a low form of art.

Irishmen were frequent among the minor dramatists of London, in and after the middle of the last century. Charles Macklin, a clever comic actor, began to write plays in 1746, and one of them, "The True-born Scotchman," was very popular in Ireland, Macklin himself acting its chief character. It contained more satire on English political life than the Lord Chamberlain liked, and its performance in London was forbidden. After some time it was recast as "The Man of the World," and produced in London in 1781. The satire on political servility has made the character in it of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant a popular one to this day, and one of our best actors, Samuel Phelps, subsequently excelled in it. Another of these Irishmen was Isaac Bickerstaff, who produced plays between 1756 and 1771, of which the most popular has been his version of Molière's "Tartuffe," or rather his version of Cibber's version, "The Nonjuror," as "The Hypocrite," produced at Drury Lane in 1769. Arthur Murphy, who became a successful barrister, was another of the Irish dramatists of this time. He wrote both tragedies and comedies, between the years 1756 and 1777. His comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," produced at Drury Lane, in three acts, in 1760, was a lesson to wives on their own power of making homes happy and husbands kind and true. He reproduced it in the following year, 1761, expanded to five acts by interweaving two new characters, a husband and wife, in further enforcement of his lesson. The husband, Sir Bashful Constant, was afraid to let the world know that he loved his wife, and, in society, affected tyranny towards her. Paul Hiffernan, another Irish dramatist, began to write plays in 1759. But Ireland, which had given us Farquhar, did not let her genius for comedy die out among minor writers. To her also we owe Goldsmith and Sheridan, with whom the story of an acted English drama living in immediate association with true literature for the present ends. There has been a pause—a long pause—since the time of Sheridan.

Oliver Goldsmith's first comedy, "The Good-natured Man," was produced in 1768, and his other comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," in 1772—two years before his death. "The Good-natured Man" was produced by George Colman, who in 1768 became one of the joint patentees of Covent Garden, and remained so until he sold out in 1775. In 1777 he succeeded Foote at the Haymarket. George Colman was born abroad in 1733, his father being British Envoy at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Christchurch, Oxford, graduated as M.A. in 1758, and was afterwards called to the bar. He inherited money, and was drawn to the stage by choice, not by necessity, making his mark as an

essayist in "The Connoisseur," and beginning to write comedies in 1760, obtaining in 1761 a marked success with "The Jealous Wife," and publishing also in 1765 a translation of the comedies of Terence. George Colman died in 1794, and the reputation attached to his name was continued by his son, George Colman the Younger, born in 1762, educated, like his father, at Westminster and Christchurch, also at King's College, Aberdeen, and entered, like his father, at Lincoln's Inn. George Colman the Younger was one of the liveliest men of his time. He began as dramatist with great success in 1784, was specially successful in 1787 with the opera of "Inle and Yarico," founded upon Steele's pathetic tale in the *Spectator*, succeeded after his father's death to the management of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, and included among his more successful works "The Iron Chest"—a drama in three acts, in which John Kemble played the part of Sir Edward Mortimer—and the comedy of "John Bull."

Goldsmith's first comedy was not as successful with its audience as it deserved to be ; but it was played for ten consecutive nights ; three of them—the third, sixth, and ninth—being the author's nights ; and produced him five hundred pounds—an embarrassing lump of money, which he got rid of promptly by buying and furnishing chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple. The sedate Blackstone, then finishing the fourth volume of his "Commentaries," had chambers under Goldsmith's, and suffered much disturbance from the jovial noises of Goldsmith's companions overhead.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

of Goldsmith's play is young Mr. Honeywood, nephew to Sir William Honeywood, a man of political and social importance, who has been employed in Italy upon the public service. Young Honeywood, desiring to please all, is just to none, and has to learn that "he who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping." At the opening of the play, Sir William has returned. The nephew has, in the name of munificence, become security for a fellow whom he scarcely knew, and who has absconded. The uncle, whose return is yet unknown, has bought the security, means to play creditor, and, by way of lesson, involve the young man in fictitious distress before he has plunged himself in real calamity. Honeywood, with nothing said between them, loves and is loved by Miss Richland, an heiress, who has Mr. Croaker for her guardian. The character of Croaker was suggested to Goldsmith by the Suspirius of Johnson's fifty-ninth *Rambler*. He is one of the screech-owls, whose great business in life is to complain. When, in the last act of the play, something that seems to be real trouble falls upon him, he takes it quietly, and says, "There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand : we never feel them when they come." Mr. Croaker desires to marry his son Leontine to his rich ward Miss Richland, and asks the good-natured Honeywood to use his influence with the lady.

Cro. Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Hon. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Cro. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Hon. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Cro. No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes. But what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Hon. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new inquietudes.

Cro. Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Hon. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

Cro. I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh.—Poor Dick!

[*Going to cry.*]

Hon. His fate affects me.

Cro. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Hon. To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have passed, the prospect is hideous.

Cro. Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Hon. Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Cro. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself.—And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again.

[*Exit.*]

Hon. Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet,

when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress; the wish but not the power to serve them—(*pausing and sighing*).

But Honeywood is now visited by Miss Richland, with Mrs. Croaker, who is as merry as her lord is glum, and with his usual good-natured complaisance he accommodates himself promptly to her mood, and becomes loud in laughter.

Meanwhile, Croaker's son Leontine, having been sent to bring home from Lyons a sister who has been ten years away for her education, has brought home from Paris a young lady with whom he has fallen in love, and until he can contrive a marriage he has established her at home as his sister Olivia.

Miss Richland, in the Second Act, finds the truth of this from her maid. She knows, and Croaker knows, that if she refuse Leontine she will lose to him that large part of her fortune which depends on the admission by the Treasury of a claim on the Government. It is safe, therefore, to bewilder him by an acceptance. Mr. Croaker hears from his sister at Lyons that his daughter Olivia has privately contracted herself to a man of large fortune. "Pleasant news; but Olivia has been sly in having been at home all these days, and said nothing of it." Mr. Lofty then appears upon the scene—a pompous pretender to political and social influence, who professes to be furthering Miss Richland's interests at the Treasury, and who would not mind snapping up the heiress.

Enter French Servant.

Ser. An express from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be wait upon your honours instamant. He be only giving four five instruction, read two three memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs. Cro. You see now, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there anything ever in a higher style of breeding! All messages among the great are now done by express.

Cro. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs. Cro. Never mind the world, my dear: you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect—(*A loud rapping at the door*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Cro. Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the heels of his own express, as an endorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*]

Enter LOFTY, speaking to his Servant.

Loft. "And if the Venetian Ambassador, or that teasing creature the Marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me I'll be pack-horse to none of them." My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—"And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance." Madam. I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. Cro. Sir, this honour—

Loft. "And, Dubardieu! if the person calls about the com-

mission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumberland's stale request, it can keep cold; you understand me." Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. Cro. Sir, this honour—

Lof. "And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say." Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. "And if the Russian—ambassador calls: but he will scarce call to-day, I believe." And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. Cro. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lof. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? This it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs. Cro. Excuse me, sir. "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

Lof. Waller, Waller; is he of the house?

Mrs. Cro. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lof. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Cro. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lof. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs. Cro. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Lof. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam! there I own I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say: "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious, he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

Olivia urges upon Leontine openness of truth, and resolves to tell Croaker all. Croaker believes that he knows all, and from his manner of speaking she believes so too. Leontine joins them, and kneels for his father's blessing in his marriage to Olivia; upon which cries Croaker, "Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!" So the act ends with nothing explained, and Leontine's resolve on a runaway match. They will be off to Scotland the same evening.

The Third Act shows Honeywood making the best of bailiffs, Miss Richland coming to pay his debt, meeting Sir William, and learning what he is about.

Sir William says he has, unasked, been her solicitor at the Treasury. She thanks him, but has already the service of another gentleman—Mr. Lofty. Then Mr Lofty enters, in Sir William's presence professes a familiar acquaintance with him, and has the way prepared for his humiliation. For the journey to Scotland money was needed, and the Good-natured Man has given his name on a bill to help his friend.

In the Fourth Act Mr. Lofty leads Honeywood to suppose that he was the unknown benefactor who paid out the bailiffs. Then he engages him to press the suit of Mr. Lofty on Miss Richland. Olivia and her maid are at the inn waiting for money, without which they cannot start for Scotland. Leontine was to start at the same time by another road to visit an uncle to whose house he hoped to take his bride. Honeywood's bill on the city was not worth a rush, and has only caused delay. The old man Jarvis, who was to be Olivia's escort, suggests that he had seen Leontine receive forty pounds from his father. They must write him a note and ask for twenty. Olivia is too agitated, and she says to her maid, "Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you."—"Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was kute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?"—"Whatever you please."—"Muster Croaker"—twenty guineas, Madam?"—"Ay, twenty will do."—"At the bar of the Talbot—till called for. Expedition—Will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick despatch—Cupid, little god of love"—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry." Mr. Honeywood's butler is sent with the note to young Mr. Croaker. Not being sober, Mr. Honeywood's butler drops it before he has gone ten yards. Old Mr. Croaker picks it up, and then

Enter CROAKER.

Cro. Death and destruction! All the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only at me! Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration! Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. "With speed." Oh, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) "Muster Croaker as sone as yowe see this leve twenty guineas at the bar of the Talboot tell called for or yowe and yower experection will be al blown up." Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up! (*Reads.*) "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us. The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) "Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me

up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds!

Enter Miss RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. Lord, sir, what's the matter?

Cro. Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Rich. I hope not, sir.

Cro. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake; and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss Rich. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already, we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Cro. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. *[Exit.]*

Honeywood, in his good nature, makes suit to Miss Richland on behalf of Lofty, which she encourages until she finds that he is not speaking for himself. He then accommodates himself to the opposite views of Mr. and Mrs. Croaker on the danger signified by the incendiary letter. "A plague of plagues!" cries Croaker, "we can't both be right. I ought to be sorry or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head or my hat must be off."—"Certainly," says Mrs. Croaker, "in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right."—"And why may not both be right, madam?" asks Honeywood; "Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot Inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him."—"My dear friend, it's the very thing, the very thing."

So in the Fifth Act, while Olivia waits for money at the inn, Leontine happily comes, moved by anxiety to see that she is out of danger, and at the critical moment of starting, Leontine's father is brought upon the scene by Honeywood, Leontine's friend. All becomes known to Mr. Croaker, who bears the disclosure with unexpected calm. "There," he says, "There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand,—we never feel them when they come." Miss Richland, who has learned from her maid what is passing, brings Sir William to the inn. Sir William knows all about Olivia, and can give an excellent account of her. The lovers are made happy. Lofty, following Miss Richland to the inn because he has heard of the concession of her claim on the Treasury, professes to

have procured settlement of the matter, and suffers due humiliation. Honeywood still thinks that he owed his release from the bailiffs to Mr. Lofty's generosity, but, says Lofty, "Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking the truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another, as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place; I'm determined to resign." Honeywood then learns that it was Miss Richland who had sought to be his unknown helper, and ends the play by taking her hand and his uncle's counsel.

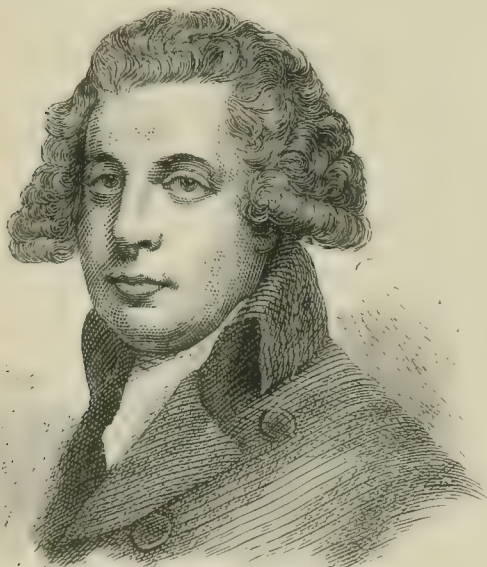
I have preferred to illustrate Goldsmith by the comedy which, having been less frequently acted, is known somewhat less familiarly than "She Stoops to Conquer."

Hannah Parkhouse, born in 1743, daughter of a bookseller at Tiverton, married, at twenty-five, Mr. Cowley, an officer in the East India Company's service. In 1776 she sat at the theatre with him, where he was amused by a poor play. "So delighted with this?" she said—"why, I could write as well myself." Next morning she sketched the first act of "The Runaway." The comedy was finished, and was acted with success. Other plays followed, both comedy and tragedy, among them "The Belle's Stratagem," in 1780. Mrs. Cowley was educating her daughter in Paris in the year before the French Revolution, and gave her views of the young Frenchmen of the day, in the *A La Greque*, of "A Day in Turkey."

There was, in the movement of thought leading to the French Revolution, a large place for the sentiment awakened by thinkers and writers of whom Rousseau may be taken as the representative. Reaction against formalism, and the decrees of a dead authority that confounded good and bad within the limits of its own mean life, employed all energies of man. There was a revolt of intellect, led in France by Voltaire, a revolt of the emotions expressed strongly in the writings of Rousseau. After 1760, when Rousseau published his "Nouvelle Héloïse," and 1762, when he produced "Emile" and the "Contrat Social," a flood of "sentiment" began to pour through European literature. "Let the heart guide you," said Rousseau; and imaginative literature, escaped from the restraints of formalism, expatiated over the emotions and the sympathies of life. What strong men felt strongly the weak felt weakly, and expressed by imitation of the voices then most heard. We should never have had Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" in 1768 if France had not had the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Emile" in 1760 and 1762. Thus "sentiment" found its way into English life and literature, and so strongly touched our plays that when Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man" had but a hardly earned, and at first half doubtful, success, a forgotten play by a forgotten author, Hugh Kelly's "False Delicacy," had just been the rage of the town. Three thousand copies of

it were sold before two o'clock on the morning of its publication, and a public breakfast was given to the author. For acting at Paris it was translated into French by Madame Riccobini, and into French by another hand for acting at the Hague, into Portuguese by command of the Marquis de Pombal for acting at Lisbon; it was translated also into Italian and German. The new utterances of the heart were the strength of a few men and the cant of thousands.

In Sheridan's "School for Scandal," the tone of the time is reproduced. The cant of sentiment, lightly touched in the Lydia Languish of "The Rivals," is associated in the "School for Scandal" with the knave of the piece, with Joseph Surface, while his brother Charles, with follies and extravagances in abundance, is, in a surface way, true-hearted and unaffected. The contrast between the brothers has a certain resemblance to that between Tom Jones and Blifil in the greatest of all English novels. But Fielding's implied ideal of life, untouched by cant, was throughout higher than Sheridan's; his morality was more robust. Sheridan was a true writer of comedy. All that is most worth record in the history of our acted drama for the present ends with him. He had a more natural sense of life than is to be found in the plays of Wycherley or Congreve, but there are no depths in his comedy. A light-hearted, pleasure-loving young man of the world, honest and generous, but in a way that would be dishonest if he were less shallow and more capable of thought; with follies and vices better for not having a cant of virtues to conceal them, and, on occasion, a frank, unaffected disposition to reform, of which something may or may not come; suggests no very high view of life to those who are charmed by the wit of the "School for Scandal."



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
From the Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was grandson to a witty friend of Swift's, who lost promotion in the Church by forgetting what was expected from him in a sermon on the first of August, the day of the

accession of George I., and taking at random an unpolitical sermon, which happened to have as its text "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Thomas, the third son of that Dr. Sheridan, became an actor and a lecturer on elocution, and he was the father of Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, who was born in Dublin in September, 1751. When his father came afterwards to England, Sheridan was sent to school at Harrow, where the limited range of studies gave no room for the expansion of his powers; he was, out of school, one of the cleverest among the boys, in school a hopeless dunce. From school he went to Bath with his parents, and entered society there, where he saw much of the low life of the polite which he has painted in the "School for Scandal." At the age of twenty-one he eloped from Bath with Miss Linley, aged eighteen. She was a public singer who had for the last two years been flattered for her beauty, had got £3,000 for breach of promise from one lover, and taken laudanum over her distresses with another. That other was a married man, with whom the young husband presently fought two duels. He would not suffer his wife to sing in public. Though she was engaged at the price of a thousand pounds for twelve nights to sing at the Worcester festival, he caused the engagement to be cancelled. In 1775, on the 17th of January, Sheridan began to seek fortune as a dramatist; his age being then only a few months over twenty-three. His first play was "The Rivals," produced at Covent Garden. Its immediate success was not great, but it very soon made way with the public, and was followed in November of the same year by the opera of "The Duenna," also at Covent Garden. Garrick appreciated Sheridan. The great actor, then sixty years old, was retiring from stage management. He had a just sense of the genius of the young dramatist, in whom comedy seemed to live again, and upon Garrick's retirement Sheridan obtained, by purchase, a part of Garrick's share in the theatre, with charge of the management. As manager he proved but a bad man of business. He was not always sober, he was always in debt; he left letters by heaps unopened, and then burnt them, for although some might contain money, more asked for it. His treasurer saw on Sheridan's table a letter of his own, enclosing ten pounds, which had been sent immediately upon urgent request. The request had been made and forgotten; the letter in reply to it had not been opened. Actors caught the manner of the manager, and it might happen sometimes that three actors of leading parts had not troubled themselves to come to the theatre, and left the play to be produced with makeshifts in their places.

The new management began in February, 1777, with a new version, by Sheridan, of Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Relapse," under the new name of "A Trip to Scarborough." This failed. An attempt was then made to kill time with Shakespeare's "Tempest," with parts of Dryden's version, and songs by Sheridan's father-in-law, Thomas Linley, the composer, who had joined in buying Garrick's share of the theatre. The new manager did not seem to be succeeding, but he was preparing, by the best use of his

energies, to conquer fortune, and on the 8th of May, 1777, he produced his masterpiece, "The School for Scandal." It had been carefully written and rewritten, and lay by him unfinished when the necessities of the theatre forced him to finish it quickly.

In 1779, Sheridan produced in "The Critic" the last of the witty caricatures of conventional tragedy which have a place in literature. In 1780, through the friendship of Charles James Fox, he became member for Stafford, and began his political career. His career as dramatist was over, although some years later he translated Kotzebue's "Pizarro."

In the "School for Scandal," Charles and Joseph Surface are two brothers left, by the death of their father, to the guardianship of Sir Peter Teazle, but made independent by liberal allowances from their uncle, Sir Oliver, who has become rich in India. Sir Peter has a ward, Maria, whom Joseph Surface desires for her money, and Charles Surface loves for herself. Elderly Sir Peter has lately married a young beauty, the daughter of a country squire. He has brought her to London from the dulness of a country house, and she is indulging herself with all the novelties of fashion. She takes her place in the fashionable world, exercising her wit with it in the way of scandal.

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Pet. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teaz. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Pet. Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teaz. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teaz. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Pet. Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teaz. Nò, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teaz. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teaz. And then you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teaz. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teaz. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is—

Sir Pet. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teaz. Hem! hem!

Sir Pet. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teaz. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Pet. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teaz. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Pet. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teaz. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Pet. Ay—there again—taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teaz. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Lady Sneerwell, with a fancy of her own for Charles Surface, uses the powers of scandal to secure his separation from Sir Peter's ward, Maria, and therein aids Joseph. Sir Peter believes Joseph to be a model for the young men of the age. "He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes." Uncle Oliver, returned from India, makes his presence known only to an old servant, Rowley, and to his old friend, Sir Peter, while it is agreed between them that he puts the metal of the two youths to a test. In the character of a money-lender, Mr. Premium, he is witness to the reckless extravagance of Charles, who is ready to sell all the family portraits, but is restrained by personal affection from allowing Uncle Oliver's to go with the rest.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.

Chas. Surf. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliv. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Chas. Surf. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no *volontière grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliv. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Chas. Surf. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Care. Ay, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Chas. Surf. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. [*Taking pedigree down.*] Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide!

Care. Yes, yes, here's a list of your own generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Chas. Surf. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir Oliv. [*Aside to MOSES.*] Bid him speak.

Mos. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Chas. Surf. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds!—[*Aloud.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Chas. Surf. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—[*Aloud.*] Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Chas. Surf. Knock down my aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. . . . But plague on 't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliv. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Chas. Surf. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 't was done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned dis-inheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on 't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliv. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Chas. Surf. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] The rogue's my nephew after all!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Chas. Surf. I'm sorry for 't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] I forgive him everything!—[*Aloud.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Chas. Surf. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliv. [*Aside.*] How like his father the dog is!

In the character of a poor relation, Mr. Stanley (to whom Charles sends at once a hundred pounds of the money paid for his ancestors), Sir Oliver sees the hardness under the smooth words of Joseph, and hears his own character for liberality traduced to furnish his nephew with an excuse for giving nothing. While Sir Peter believes in Joseph, Joseph is seeking Maria for her money, and urging a treacherous suit also upon Sir Peter's wife. Humorous forms of the fashionable love of scandal are delightfully contrasted and grouped in Sir Benjamin Backbite, Crabtree, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, and others, each of whom is well interwoven with the plot. The unmasking of the knave in the Fourth Act unites the chief characters in one of the most dramatic passages in our prose comedy; and although the chief interest is then over, the Fifth Act brings the several lines of the story to their common end so pleasantly that not a word of it appears to be superfluous. It was, in fact, added very hastily to work of which every preceding detail had been subject to frequent revision. The play was announced for representation before copies of their parts were in the prompter's hands for distribution to the actors. On the last leaf of the one rough draft of the last act, in the original MS., Sheridan wrote, "Finished at last, thank God:" under which, the prompter added, "Amen: W. Hopkins."

CHAPTER X.

SINCE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.

AFTER the French Revolution, the strong tide of sentiment rolled on. Authority was everywhere

questioned. Bonds and ordinances of society were reconsidered. The thoughts of men

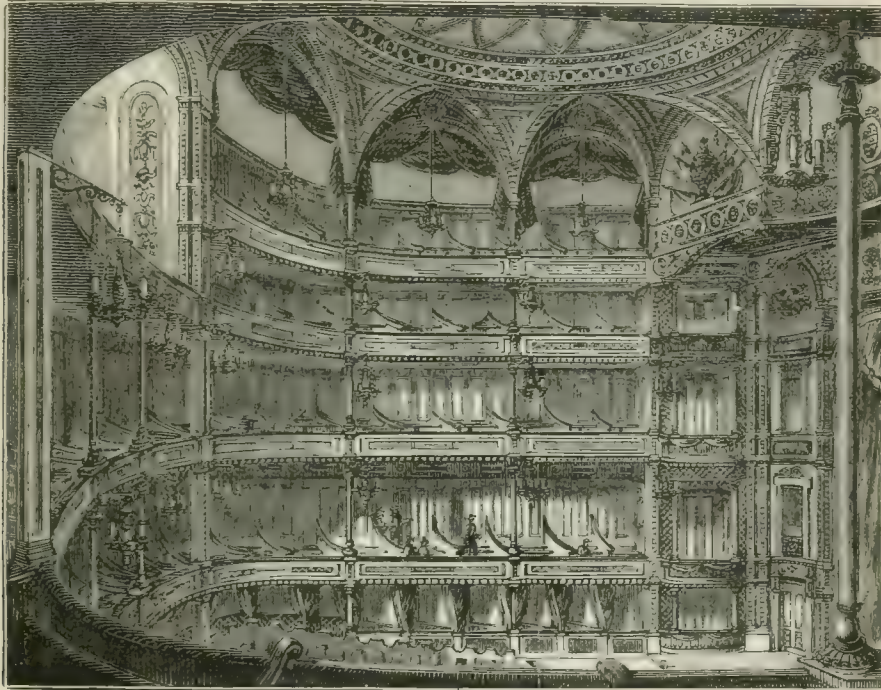
Turned inward, to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and life was put
To inquisition long and profitless.
By pain of heart—now checked—and now impelled—
The intellectual power, through words and things
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way.¹

Such speculations had one of their sickliest forms in the German dramas of the close of the eighteenth century, and translations of these abounded. Goethe's "Stella"—where a problem of the heart is settled

web of unwholesome sentiment into a problem like that of "Stella" or Captain Macheath's "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." In this case, however, the solution is not as in "Stella," but thus:—

Malvina. [Turning to ADELAIDE with reserve and affection.] I have prayed for you and myself—let us be sisters.

Adelaide. Sisters! [Seems for a moment buried in reflection.] Sisters!—Good girl! you awake in me a consoling thought. Yes. Sisters let us be, if this man will be our brother. As we cannot share him, neither of us must possess him. We, as sisters, will dwell in one hut—he, as our brother, in another. He will assist us in educating our children.



INTERIOR OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1794-1811.

by the consent of two wives to share Count Ferdinand between them—was translated in 1798, and ridiculed by Canning and his friends of "The Antijacobin" in "The Rovers; or, The Double Arrangement," Schiller's "Robbers" being included in the satire.² Plays of Kotzebue and Iffland were in request. In Kotzebue's "La Perouse," acted at Drury Lane in 1799, the married hero is wrecked on a lonely paradise in the South Seas. There abandoning all hope of return to civilisation, he gives his heart and hand to Malvina, a lady of the "child of nature" type then popular as a sentimental contrast to the false conventions of what some called over-civilised society. He and she and a little son Charles have the island to themselves. After eight years there comes a ship, and there lands from it Madame La Perouse, with a little son Henry, and Clairville, Madame's brother. The dramatist then weaves his

During the day we will form one happy family, and the evening shall part us. The mothers shall remain with their children—the father in his hut.—Do you consent to this, Malvina—and you, Perouse?

Malvina. Willingly, if I may but see him.

Perouse. With all my heart, if you be thereby satisfied.

Clairville. Brother, I wish you joy. The treaty is concluded. Take each other's hands, and ratify it by a warm embrace.

Adelaide. [Goes towards PEROUSE with outstretched arms.] A sister's embrace.

Clairville. As you please, I don't dispute about expressions.

Malvina. My friend! My brother!

Perouse. [Holding them both in his arms.] My sisters!

Charles. [Creeping to MALVINA.] My mother is happy.

Henry. [Hanging on ADELAIDE.] My mother smiles again.

Clairville. The paradise of innocence! [The curtain falls.]

A very foggy paradise. The Drury Lane in which this play was acted was a handsome theatre. The house, for the opening of which Samuel Johnson

¹ Wordsworth's "Excursion," Book III.

² See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 431, 432.

wrote his prologue, had been rebuilt in 1794, but the new building lasted only seventeen years. It was burnt down in 1811. The present theatre succeeded it, the fourth on the same site, and was opened on the 10th of October, 1812, with a prologue by Lord Byron. Clever burlesques of the style of the chief poets of the day, by James and Horace Smith, were published at the opening of the theatre as "Rejected Addresses," sent in answer to an advertisement published on the 14th of August, 1812, for an opening address, to be supplied by "a fair and free competition." Although, as Byron wrote in his prologue,

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write,

and although we are still waiting for the restoration of the stage to its old union with true literature, we wait with hope. The fall has been great,

But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.

The chief ground of hope is in the fact that literature, since the sixteenth century, has never drawn more closely to the drama than now in these later days, when the stage is closed against it. There remains also, in Henry Irving and others, yet something of the genius of the actor that, when worthily exerted, deserves only the higher present honour because his work does not, like that of kindred artists—poet, painter, sculptor, or musician—survive its fresh utterance, and speak for itself to after time.

Sarah, John, and Charles Kemble were children of Roger Kemble, a country manager. Sarah was born in 1755, John in 1757, and Charles, who was the youngest of the family of twelve children, in 1775, the year in which his sister Sarah first appeared at Drury Lane. Sarah began as a child to act and sing; she played Ariel in the "Tempest" when only thirteen. In her nineteenth year, in 1773, when her parents gave up a somewhat long resistance to the match, she married for love a poor player of the company, named Siddons, who had been a Birmingham apprentice. Soon afterwards, as Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Kemble obtained fame as an actress, within the world of fashion at Cheltenham, especially for her Belvidera in "Venice Preserved." Garrick went to Cheltenham to see her, and engaged her for Drury Lane at five pounds a week. This was at the close of Garrick's theatrical life. Next season Sheridan was manager, and Mrs. Siddons was not re-engaged. She then acted for some time at York and at Bath, where her genius was fully appreciated. In 1782 she came to London again, having a family to earn for—a good woman, with the depth of character that enabled her to get to the heart of a poet's work, and the sensitive temperament that gave her genius power of interpreting its lights and shades. She reappeared on the 10th of October, 1782, as Isabella in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage." An eight-year-old son held her by the hand at the side scenes before she went on the stage. Her success was very great; other successes followed, and her triumph was made complete by her acting of Otway's Belvidera. She became the

fashion, and remained unspoilt by flattery. In 1785 her Lady Macbeth gave her a first place among interpreters of highest poetry. We are indebted to a Scottish Law Professor, George Joseph Bell, brother of Sir Charles Bell, the surgeon, for an actual record of her acting. He followed her through the text of



MRS. SIDDONS. (From a Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

the play with skilful observation of shades of expression and changes of manner in her interpretation of its words. His notes upon her Lady Macbeth have been published,¹ and they furnish precise evidence of an insight into Shakespeare's poetry that places her above all Lady Macbeths of whose powers we have in our day any certain knowledge. Mrs. Siddons retired in 1812, but reappeared in 1816 for the benefit of her brother Charles. Her brother John, who began his London career with immediate success as Hamlet in 1783, retired from the stage in 1817. There is no evidence that he had a genius like his sister's. He was less sensitive, and seems to have acted with a somewhat formal dignity, but the dignity had its root in a fine character. When he was manager he sought to improve and elevate the stage, and he has left a name most honourable in its annals. The youngest of the family, Charles, first acted in London in 1794. When John Kemble bought a share in Covent Garden in 1803, and was manager till the burning of the theatre in 1808, he had his brother Charles as well as his sister Mrs. Siddons in the company. Charles succeeded more slowly; shone at last in such characters as Shakespeare's Mercutio, and maintained the credit of his family as actors with a fine and high sense of their art, until his retirement from the stage in 1836. He reappeared for a few nights in 1840, and died in 1854.

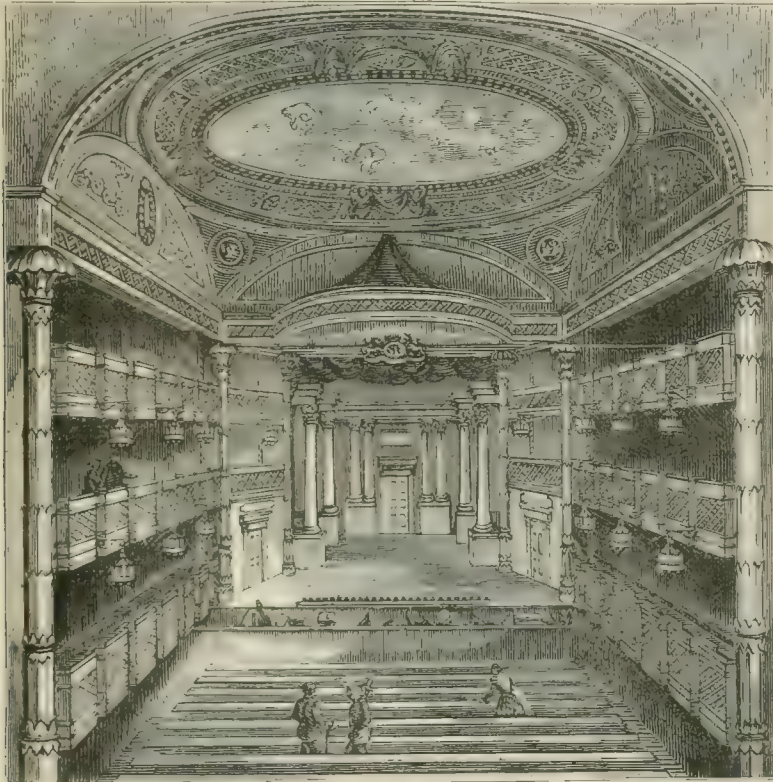
Edmund Kean, thirty years younger than John Kemble, was the son of a scene carpenter, and

¹ By Prof. Fleeming Jenkin in "The Nineteenth Century" for February, 1878.

educated to the stage under John Kemble's influence. He acted in Yorkshire when a boy of thirteen, found a friend who sent him for three years to Eton, then at sixteen acted again, played Hamlet in Edinburgh to crowded houses. He first appeared in London at Drury Lane on the 26th of January, 1814, playing Shylock. Success followed success; Othello and Sir Giles Overreach brought him increase of fame. His bursts of natural passion seem to have contrasted with John Kemble's rhetoric almost as much as Garrick's natural speech with the laboured eloquence of Quin. But Edmund Kean wanted John Kemble's

another raised upon its site has since been burnt down and rebuilt. The Little Theatre in the Haymarket was closed in 1820, and the present theatre, built close to its site, was opened in July, 1821.

The old Lyceum Theatre was formed in 1790, out of a room built in 1765 for the Society of Arts. It was burnt down in 1830. In that year the Princess's Theatre was rebuilt, and the Lyceum was rebuilt in 1834. The Covent Garden Theatre that Rich opened was burnt down in 1808, rebuilt, and again burnt down in 1856, to be succeeded by a third building, which was opened as an Italian Opera House on the



INTERIOR OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, 1821. (See the woodcut on page 411.)

dignity of character. His life was ill governed and his great successes were but fitfully sustained. He was manager of the Richmond Theatre when he died, on the 15th of May, 1833.

The next chief of the poetic drama was William Charles Macready, who, on the night of his own benefit, in May, 1836, produced Thomas Noon Talfourd's "Ion" with success. Talfourd's two other plays, "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," were also successful, but the writing of dramatic poetry was not his work in life. He was a lawyer, and he died a judge. It was Mr. Macready also who, in 1843, put on the stage a play by Robert Browning, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,'" which, although pathetic, appears to be injured by concession to a taste less healthy than the author's own. Macready died in 1873, aged 80.

Actors have multiplied, and theatres, during the present century. Sir John Vanbrugh's theatre in the Haymarket was burnt down in 1789, and

15th of May, 1858. Since that time theatre has risen after theatre. There is all the machinery of a drama; there are houses in plenty, actors in plenty, many of them well skilled, and caring for their art: but there are no plays. Good actors waste themselves in clever fooling, or when serious, cause to be warmed up some half-deodorised French garbage with a piquant flavour of corruption. Meanwhile throughout the century there has been growing steadily a vigorous dramatic literature parted from the stage. Byron produced plays—"Manfred" in 1817, "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," "Cain," in 1821, "Werner," in 1822—without a thought of actors for them. In 1819 Shelley produced "The Cenci." Henry Hart Milman's first play, "Fazio," was acted in 1815. In 1819 appeared his "Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem. Sheridan Knowles, who claimed kindred with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, produced and acted

plays with a good aim at literature in them, and feeble echoes of Elizabethan speech. His first play was "Caius Gracchus," acted at Belfast in 1815. "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," and others followed. "Virginius" and the "Hunchback" are two of the best acted plays of our century. Lord Lytton also obtained good successes in "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." Lord Lytton (Bulwer) was clever in many things, though no great poet, and after brilliant success as a novelist, produced, in 1836, the year after his novel of "Rienzi," a partly successful comedy, "The Duchess of La Vallière;" then, after two more successful novels—"Ernest Maltravers," in 1837, and "Alice," in 1838—came, in the same year, 1838, his chief success upon the stage, "The Lady of Lyons," followed next year, 1839, by another success, "Richelieu," and a half success, "The Sea Captain." There followed, in 1840, the comedy of "Money;" the first of all these plays being written when he was thirty-one years old, the last when he was thirty-five. The plays of Henry, afterwards Sir Henry, Taylor, showed that sound literature was still holding by the drama. "Isaac Comnenus" appeared in 1832, "Philip van Artevelde" in 1834—a fine work that was allowed to grow into an overlong dramatic poem, a bad modern form of drama that could only arise from breach of the alliance between literature and the stage. "Edwin the Fair" followed in 1842, and "The Virgin Widow," in 1850. In that year also, 1850, appeared as a posthumous work, a wild play, musical throughout with grand echoes of Elizabethan thought and passion, the "Death's Jest Book," of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, who died young in 1849.

Robert Browning, essentially a dramatic poet, although he has won a lasting name, would yet have made his genius more deeply felt if there had been a stage to write for. He has been turned, as far as the nature of a man of genius can be turned, from his true calling, and (except "In a Balcony," in 1855) has added nothing to the fine series of dramatic writings produced between 1841 and 1846. That series included two plays, "Luria," and "The Return of the Druses," that will surely live and breathe for the fit audiences who will not be few, whenever our true English drama comes to life again within its proper home. There is an educated public able to support the stage, and ready with the quick appreciation that alone gives due praise to the actor, and can alone help him to win for his art the honour it deserves. Our younger poet, Algernon Swinburne, first won fame in 1864, by putting the music that is in him into the shape of such a play as would have charmed an audience in ancient Athens, "Atalanta in Calydon." Our elder poet, Alfred Tennyson, has in his maturest days turned to the drama. His "Queen Mary," published in 1875, and written with the usual sense of a complete alienation of the modern English stage from all the best thought of its time, paid no regard

to the limits of an acted play. When unexpectedly acted in April, 1876, it was shortened for representation by excision of its more dramatic part, and became almost a monologue for a weak actress. Fine play as it was, it needed to have been either written or rewritten for the stage, with all the harmonies of its original conception in their due relation to each other. Lopping limbs off is called maiming in life, and a poem by a man of genius is a whole of which all parts are as much dependent upon one another as if they were made of flesh and blood. In 1877 appeared Mr. Tennyson's second play, "Harold," fitly proportioned for the stage, and actable whenever the time shall come, as it will come, when Englishmen again are asked to wear their best minds in the theatre.

NOT THIS THE END, though long the pause:
Our giant sleeps. As from the dead
He shall arise, again applause
Of nations echo to his tread:

And yet again his upward call
Shall place us where our fathers stood,
Though still the voice once true to all
That lifts the sense of earthly good;

Again shall flash with poet's mirth,
And wrath that makes rough places plain,
The eye that brought down heaven to earth
And glanced from earth to heaven again.

They have been ours; they shall not die!
Have we not that of which were wrought
The step, the voice, the flash of eye,
The limbs alive with stir of thought?

Be ours again a mirth above
The wit of fools, a happy strife,
The laughter born of human love
At war with all that sullies life.

Be ours again, all innocent,
A force above this world's control,
Pity, God's whitest angel, sent
To guard the heaven within the soul.

Our Drama lives; it shall not die,
Nor languish under witless praise,
Nor with companions from the sty
Serve Circe. What helps English Plays?

Win but the best we win the rest,
With mind to find what all may seek,
When, God possessed, through sigh and jest,
With Shakespeare we shall dare to speak,

With Shakespeare, with the noble strain
Of men who stand for all their land.
Our giant's reign begins again
When ENGLAND takes him by the hand.



PAINTED CEILING OVER THE PIT OF GOODMAN'S FIELDS THEATRE, IN WHICH
GARRICK FIRST ACTED IN LONDON (OCT. 19, 1741).

INDEXES.

I.—INDEX TO PLAYS AND DRAMATISTS.

[Names of Works reproduced in this Volume, or described and quoted from, are printed in *Italics*.]

A.

ACTORS :—Massinger's Roman Actor, 271—287; Parish Clerks and Members of Guilds, 2, 3; Servants of Great Houses, 18; University Men and Public Schoolboys, 21, 22, 315; Lawyers of the Temple, 47—49, 320; Servants of the Earl of Leicester, 64; Children of the Chapel and of Paul's, 64, 105, 128; First Patent to a Dramatic Company, 100; The Lord Chamberlain's Company, 157; Richard Tarlton, 178, 179; James Burbage, 178, 179; Edward Alleyn, 179; Prynne's *Histrio-mastix*, 307, 308, 320; Women's Parts: First Actresses, 322; Mrs. Saunderson, Mrs. Davenport, Edward Kynaston, Charles Hart, Thomas Betterton, 326, 406; Thomas Betterton, 383, 406, 407; Colley Cibber, James Quin, 405, 407; Salary of a Roman Actor, 272, *note* 2,—of Cibber and of Quin, 405; Robert Wilks, Thomas Doggett, 407; Barton Booth, 411; John Rich, 411; David Garrick, 420, 421; Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, 421; Charles Macklin, 424; Samuel Foote, 423, 424; John Kemble, 424; John and Charles Kemble, 432; Sarah Siddons, 432; Edmund Kean, 432, 433; William C. Macready, 433; Samuel Phelps, 424.

Addison, Joseph, 405; his *Cato*, 407—411.

Æschylus, 1.

Æsop, John Vanbrugh's, 395.

Agésilas, Corneille's, 335.

Ages, *The Four*, by Thomas Heywood, 247.

Aglaure, Sir John Suckling's, 315.

Ajax and Ulysses, 100.

Albion and Albanus, Dryden's, 337.

Alchemist, Ben Jonson's, 211.

Alfred the Great, by James Thomson and David Mallet, 420.

All Fools, by George Chapman, 232.

Alphonsus, King of Arragon, by Robert Greene, 142.

Ambitious Stepmother, *The*, by Nicholas Rowe, 405.

Andromaque, Racine's, 335; as the Distress Mother, by Ambrose Philips, 405.

Antigono, by the Conte di Monte Vicentino, 89.

Antonio and Mellida, by John Marston, 178; Antonio's Revenge, 193.

Antony and Cleopatra, Shakespeare's, 211; altered by Dryden, 322.

Appius and Virginia, by John Dennis, 405.

Ariosto, Comedies of, 21, 89; his *Suppositi* translated by George Gascoigne, 89—100.

Aristippus, by Thomas Randolph, 313.

Arraignment of Paris, George Peele's, 104—110.

As You Like It, Shakespeare's, 142, 167—177.

Atheist's Tragedy, Cyril Tourneur's, 247.

Athenian Captive, Thomas Noon Talfourd's, 433.

Attila, Corneille's, 335.

Auction of Pictures, by Samuel Foote, 423.

Aurence-Zebe, John Dryden's, 337.

B.

Beaumont, Francis, and John Fletcher, 216; their *Philaster*, 216—232.

Beaux Stratagem, The, by George Farquhar, 395, 400—404.

Beddoes, Thomas Lovell, 434.

Beggar's Opera, The, by John Gay, 416, 417.

Behn, Aphra, 353, 355.

Bellamira, Sir Charles Sedley's, 353.

Belle's Stratagem, *The*, by Hannah Cowley, 427.

Bickerstaff, Isaac, 424.

Bird in a Cage, James Shirley's, 320.

Black Prince, *The*, by Roger Boyle, 331.

Blind Beggar of Alexandria, *The*, by George Chapman, 178.

Blot in the Scutcheon, *The*, by Robert Browning, 433.

Boiardo, 21.

Boyle, Roger, Earl of Orrery, 331, 332; his *Mustapha*, 332—334.

Brennoralt, Sir John Suckling's, 315.

Broken Heart, The, by John Ford, 294—307.

Brome, Richard, 320.

Browning, Robert, 433, 434.

Busiris, Edward Young's, 412.

Bussu d'Ambois, The Revenge of, by George Chapman, 232—247.

Byron, The Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of, by George Chapman, 232.
—, George Gordon, Lord, 433.

C.

Cain, Lord Byron's, 433.
Caius Gracchus, by Sheridan Knowles, 434.
— Marius, by Thomas Otway, 322.
Calderon de la Barca, Pedro, 334.
Cambusca, by Thomas Preston, 65—74.
Campaspe, John Lyly's, 128.
Captives, Plautus's, 21.
Carey, Henry, 419; his *Chrononhotonthologos*, 419.
Carretto, Galotto del, 21.
Cartwright, William, his *Royal Slave*, 315—320.
Catherine, Miracle Play of Saint, 2.
Catiline, Ben Jonson's, 211.
Catinia, by Secco Polentone, 21.
Cato, Joseph Addison's, 407—411.
Cenci, Shelley's, 433.
Centlivre, Susanna, 405.
Chapman, George, 178, 211, 232; his *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, 232—247.
Chester Mysteries, The, 2, 3.
Christmas Plays at the Temple, 48, 49.
Chrononhotonthologos, by Henry Carey, 419.
Cibber, Colley, 405.
Cid, Corneille's, 334.
Cinna, Corneille's, 334.
City Politics, John Crowne's, 379.
Cloridon and Radiamanta, 100.
Colman, George, the Elder and the Younger, 424.
Comedy of Errors, Shakespeare's, 156, 157.
Comical Revenge, The, or Love in a Tub, by Sir George Etherege, 353.
Comus, Milton's, 309—313.
Confederacy, The, by John Vanbrugh, 395—400.
Congreve, William, 383, 384; his *Mourning Bride*, 384—394.
Conscious Lovers, The, by Richard Steele, 412—415.
Constant Couple, The, by George Farquhar, 395.
Coriolanus, Shakespeare's, 211; altered by Nahum Tate, 322.
Corneille, Pierre, 321, 334, 335.
Country Wife, The, by William Wycherley, 359.
Court Beggar, The, 322.
Coventry Mysteries, The, 4.
Cowley, Hannah, 427.
Critic, The, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 379—382.
Crowne, John, 353, 379; his *Sir Courtly Nice*, 379—382.
Cymbeline, Shakespeare's, 211.
Cynthia's Revels, Ben Jonson's, 179.

D.

Damon and Pythias, by Thomas Edwards, 74—88.
Davenant, Sir William, 321, 322, 337, 353; his *Siege of Rhodes*, 322—326.
Day in Turkey, A, by Hannah Cowley, 427.
Death's Jest Book, by Thomas Lovell Beddoes, 434.
Dekker, Thomas, 178, 197; *Satiromastix*, by Dekker and Marston, 198—210.
Denham, Sir John, 320, 353; his play of *The Sophy*, 320, 321.
Dennis, John, 405.
Dido, by Thomas Preston, 65.
Distrest Mother, The, by Ambrose Philips, 405.
Diversions of the Morning, Samuel Foote's, 423.
Dolce, Lodovico, his *Giocasta*, translated by George Gascoigne, 89, 99, 100.
Double Dealer, William Congreve's, 383.
Dryden, John, 327, 355; his *Indian Queen*, with Sir Robert Howard, 327—331; Argument concerning Rhyme and Blank Verse in Plays, Essay of Dramatic Poesie, 334—337; his *Spanish Friar*, 363—368; Dryden and Jeremy Collier, 395.
Duchess of La Vallière, The, by Bulwer Lytton, 434.
— *Maïst*, by John Webster, 248—270.
Duke of Guise, The, by Nathaniel Lee and John Dryden, 355.
Dumb Lady, The, by John Lacy, 353.
D'Urfey, Thomas, 353.

E.

Eastward Hoe, by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, 211.
Edward and Eleonore, James Thomson's, 420.
Edwards, Richard, 74; his *Damon and Pythias*, 74—88.
Edwin the Fair, by Sir Henry Taylor, 434.
Ennius, 2.
Episcene, Ben Jonson's, 211.

Etherege, Sir George, 353; his *Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, 353—355.
Eton Plays, 21.
Eunuch, Terence's, 21.
Euripides, 1, 89.
Every Man in his Humour, Ben Jonson's, 178, 179, 211.
Ezekias, Nicholas Udall's, 22.

F.

Fair Maid of the Exchange, Thomas Heywood's, 247.
False Delicacy, by Hugh Kelly, 427, 428.
— Friend, The, by John Vanbrugh, 395.
Farquhar, George, 395; *The Beaux-Stratagem*, by, 400—404.
Fatal Curiosity, The, by George Lillo, 420.
— Marriage, The, by Thomas Southerne, 395; Mrs. Siddons in, 432.
Faustus, The Tragical History of Dr., by Christopher Marlowe, 114—128.
Ferrex and Porrex, by Sackville and Norton, 47—64, 327.
Fielding, Henry, 418—420; his *Tragedy of Tragedies, Tom Thumb*, 418, 419.
Fine Companion, The, by Shakerley Marmion, 315.
Fletcher, John, and Francis Beaumont, 216; their *Philaster*, 216—232.
Foote, Samuel, 423, 424.
Ford, John, 294; *The Broken Heart*, by, 294—307.
Four P's, The, an Interlude by John Heywood, 14—21.
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, by Robert Greene, 142.
Funeral, The, by Richard Steele, 405.

G.

Game of Chess, The, by Thomas Middleton, 270.
Garrick, David, 420, 421.
Gascoigne, George, his Version of Ariosto; *The Supposes*, 89—100.
Gay, John, 416; *The Beggar's Opera*, by, 416, 417.
Gentleman Dancing Master, William Wycherley's, 359.
Gentle Shepherd, Allan Ramsay's, 416.
George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield, 142.
— Barnwell, by George Lillo, 419.
Glaphorne, Henry, 320.
Glencoe, by Thomas Noon Talfourd, 433.
Goblins, The, by Sir John Suckling, 315.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 424; *The Good-natured Man*, by, 424.
Gorboduc, Sackville and Norton's, 47—64, 335.
Gosson, Stephen, 101, 102.
Greene, Robert, 141, 142, 156; *A Looking-glass for London and England*, by Robert Greene and Thomas Lodge, 142—155.

H.

Habington, William, 315.
Hamlet, Shakespeare's, 157.
Handel's Operas, 407.
Harlequin Sorcerer, by John Rich, 411.
Harold, by Alfred Tennyson, 434.
Heautontimoroumenos, Terence's, 232.
Heywood, John, *The Four P's*, 18—21.
—, Thomas, 247.
Hiffennan, Paul, 424.
Hilarius, 2.
Historical Register for 1736, Henry Fielding's, 420.
Histrio-mastix, Prynne's, 307.
Holland's Leaguer, by Shakerley Marmion, 315.
Horace, Corneille's, 334.
Howard, Sir Robert, and John Dryden, *The Indian Queen*, by, 327—331; Argument concerning Rhyme and Blank Verse in Plays, 334—346, 353.
Humorous Day's Mirth, A, by George Chapman, 178.
Hunchback, The, by Sheridan Knowles, 434.
Huck-Sonner, a Morality Play, 12—18.
Hypocrite, The, by Isaac Bickerstaff, 424.

I.

Iffland, August, 431.
Imber Aureus, by Antonio Tilesio, 21.
Incle and Yarico, by George Colman the Younger, 424.
Inconstant, The, by George Farquhar, 395.
Interludes, 18—21.
Ion, by Thomas Noon Talfourd, 433.
Iphigenia, 100.
Irene, Samuel Johnson's, 421—423.
Irish Rebellion, The, by James Shirley, 320.
Iron Chest, The, by George Colman the Younger, 424.
Isaac Comnenus, by Sir Henry Taylor, 434.

J.

James IV., *The Scottish History of*, by Robert Greene, 142.
Jane Shore, by Nicholas Rowe, 405.
Jealous Wife, The, by George Colman the Elder, 424.
Jocasta, by George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmarsh, 89.
 Johnson, Samuel, his Prologue on opening Drury Lane, 321 ;
 his *Town*, 421—424.
 Jonson, Ben, 178, 179, 180 ; *The Poetaster*, by, 180—197 ; his
 Masque of Queens, 211—214.
 Juliana, by John Crowne, 353, 379.
 Julius Caesar, Shakespeare's, 211.

K.

Kelly, Hugh, 322, 353.
 Killigrew, Thomas, 322.
King Cambyses, by Thomas Preston, 65—74.
 — Edward IV., by Thomas Heywood, 247.
 — Henry IV., Shakespeare's, 157.
 — — V., by Shakespeare, 157 ; by Roger Boyle, 381.
 — — VI., Parts II., III., 157.
 — — VIII., Shakespeare's, 211.
 — *John*, Shakespeare's, 157, 160—167.
 — *Lear*, Shakespeare's, 179 ; recast by Nahum Tate, 322.
 Kinwelmarsh, Francis, his *Jocasta*, with George Gascoigne, 99,
 100.
 Knowles, Sheridan, 433, 434.
 Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von, Translation of his
 Pizarro by Sheridan ; Translation of his *La Perouse*, 429,
 431.
 Kyd, Thomas, 155, 156.

L.

Lacy, John, 353.
 Lady Barbara, 100.
 — of Lyons, Bulwer Lytton's, 434.
La Perouse, Translation of Kotzebue's, 431.
 Lee, Nathaniel, 353, 355, 356 ; *The Rival Queens*, by, 356—
 359.
 Lillo, George, 419.
 Livius Andronicus, 2.
 Lodge, Thomas, 112 ; *A Looking-glass for London and England*,
 by Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene, 142—155.
Love and a Bottle, by George Farquhar, 395.
 — *Chase, The*, by Sheridan Knowles, 434.
 — for Love, William Congreve's, 395.
 — in a Wood, William Wycherley's, 353, 359.
Love's Labour's Lost, Shakespeare's, 156, 157, 159, 160.
 — Last Shift, by Colley Cibber, 405.
 — — Metamorphosis, by John Lyly, 128.
Loyal Brothers, The, by Thomas Southerne, 353.
 — Subject, *The*, by Thomas Heywood, 247.
Lucius Junius Brutus, Nathaniel Lee's, 355, 356.
 Luria, Robert Browning's, 434.
Lying Lover, The, by Richard Steele, 405.
 Lyly, John, 128 ; his *Endymion*, 128—141.
 Lytton (Bulwer), Lord, 434.

M.

Macbeth, Shakespeare's, 211 ; altered by Sir William Davenant,
 322.
 Machiavelli's Comedies, 21.
 Macklin, Charles, 424.
Maid's Metamorphosis, The, by John Lyly, 128.
Malade Imaginaire, Molière's, 335.
 Mallet, David, 420.
 Manfred, Lord Byron's, 433.
Man of Mode, The ; or, Sir Fopling Flutter, by Sir George
 Etherege, 353—355.
 — of the World, Charles Macklin's, 424.
 Marino Faliero, Lord Byron's, 433.
 Marlowe, Christopher, 113—115, 156, 168, 178 ; his *Faustus*,
 116—128.
 Marmion, Shakerley, 315.
 Marston, John, 178, 197, 211 ; *Satiromastix*, by Dekker and
 Marston, 198—210.
Masques, 48, 49, 54 ; Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, 211—
 215 ; James Shirley's *Triumphs of Peace*, 320 ; Congreve's
 Judgment of Paris, 383.
 Massinger, Philip, 270, 271 ; *The Roman Actor*, by, 271—287 ;
 A New Way to Pay Old Debts, by, 288—294.
Measure for Measure, Shakespeare's, 211.
 Medea, Corneille's, 334.
 Menæchmi of Plautus, 156.
 Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare's, 157, 158.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Shakespeare's, 157.
 Middleton, Thomas, 178, 247, 270.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Shakespeare's, 157.
 Milton, John, 308 ; his *Comus*, 309—313 ; re-establishes Blank
 Verse, 337 ; *Samson Agonistes*, 350.
Miracle Plays, 2—12.
Misanthrope, Molière's, as Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, 359—362.
Miser, The, Shadwell's Version of Molière's *L'Avare*, 353.
 Molière, 321, 335, 353, 359, 405.
Money, by Bulwer Lord Lytton, 434.
Monsieur d'Olive, by George Chapman, 232.
Moralities, 2, 12—13.
Mourning Bride, The, by William Congreve, 383—394.
Much Ado About Nothing, Shakespeare's, 157.
Mulberry Garden, The, by Sir Charles Sedley, 353.
 Murphy, Arthur, 424.
Muses' Looking-glass, The, by Thomas Randolph, 313—315.
 Mussato, Albertino, 21.
Mustapha, by Roger Boyle, 332—334.

N.

Narcissus, 100.
 Nash, Thomas, 156.
New Way to Pay Old Debts, A, by Philip Massinger, 288—294.
Nobleman, The, by Cyril Tourneur, 247.
 Nonjuror, Colley Cibber's, 405.
 Norton, Thomas, 47 ; *Gorboduc*, by Sackville and Norton,
 47—64.

O.

Oedipus, by John Dryden and Nathaniel Lee, 355.
Old Bachelor, The, by William Congreve, 383.
 — *Law, The*, by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, 178.
 — *Wives' Tale, The*, by George Peele, 112.
Opera, The First Italian, 248 ; *First Italian in London*, 407 ;
 Congreve's *Semele*, 383 ; Handel's *Operas*, 407.
Orlando Furioso, The History of, by Robert Greene, 142.
Oroonoko, by Thomas Southerne, 394.
Orphan, The, by Thomas Otway, 355, 368.
Othello, Shakespeare's, 211.
Otway, Thomas, 322, 353, 355, 368 ; his *Venice Preserved*,
 369—379.

P.

P's, Interlude of the Four, by John Heywood, 18—21.
Palamon and Arcyte, by Richard Edwards, 100.
Panfila, 21.
Pantomime, The Old Italian, 248 ; introduced into London by
 John Rich, 411.
Paris and Vienna, 100.
Parson's Wedding, The, by Thomas Killigrew, 322.
Pasquin, by Henry Fielding, 420.
 Peele, George, 104, 105, 156 ; *The Arraignment of Paris*, by,
 104—110 ; *The Old Wives' Tale*, by, 112.
Phæton, by Thomas Dekker, 178.
Phèdre of Racine,—of Pradon, 335.
Philaster, by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, 216—232.
 Philips, Ambrose, 405.
 Philip van Artevelde, by Sir Henry Taylor, 434.
Plain Dealer, The, by William Wycherley, 359—362.
Plautus, 2, 21, 49, 89, 156, 157.
Play of Plays, The, by Stephen Gosson, 104.
PLAYS :—Defined, 1 ; as written by Shakespeare, 158—177 ;
 Blank Verse in, 114, 334—336 ; opposed by the Puritans,
 307, 308 ; suppressed, 320 ; restored, 321, 322 ; Contro-
 versy on the Immorality of, 395 ; placed under Censor-
 ship of the Lord Chamberlain, 420.
Poetaster, The, by Ben Jonson, 180—197.
 Polentone, Secco, 21.
 Polyeucte, Corneille's, 334.
 Preston, Thomas, his *King Cambyses*, 65—74.
Provoked Wife, The, by Sir John Vanbrugh, 395.

Q.

Queen of Arragon, The, by William Habington, 315.
 — Mary, by Alfred Tennyson, 434.

R.

Racine, Jean, 335.
Ralph Roister Doister, by Nicholas Udall, 21—47.
 Ramsay, Allan, 415, 416.
Recruiting Officer, The, by George Farquhar, 395.
Rehearsal, The, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,
 338—350.
Relapse, The, by Sir John Vanbrugh, 395, 405 ; altered by
 R. B. Sheridan into *The Trip to Scarborough*, 428.
Return of the Druses, The, by Robert Browning, 434.

- Revenge of Bussy d'Amboise, The*, by George Chapman, 232—247.
Revenger's Tragedy, The, by Cyril Tourneur, 247.
 Richard II., Shakespeare's, 157.
 ——— III., Shakespeare's, 157.
 ——— Crookback, Ben Jonson's, 179.
Richelieu, by Bulwer Lord Lytton, 434.
Rinaldo and Armida, Handel's Opera of, 407.
Rival Ladies, The, by John Dryden, 335.
 ——— *Queens, The*, by Nathaniel Lee, 356—359.
Rivals, The, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 428.
Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare's, 157, 158; recast by Thomas Otway, 322.
 Rowe, Nicholas, 405.
 Rowley, William, 178.
Royal Shepherdess, The, by Thomas Shadwell, 353.
 ——— *Slave, The*, by William Cartwright, 315—320.
Runaway, The, by Hannah Cowley, 427.

S.

- Sackville, Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, 47; his *Gorboduc*, with Thomas Norton, 47—64.
Samson Agonistes, John Milton's, 350.
Sappho and Phao, by John Lyly, 128.
Sardanapalus, by Lord Byron, 433.
Sawney the Scot, John Lacy's, 353.
Schiller's Robbers, 431.
School for Scandal, The, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 429, 430.
Sea Captain, The, by Bulwer Lord Lytton, 434.
 Sedley, Sir Charles, 353.
Sejanus, Ben Jonson's, 210, 211.
Seneca, 2, 21, 49, 157.
Settle, Elkanah, 327, 350, 353; *The Empress of Morocco*, by, 351, 352.
Seven Deadly Sins, The, by Richard Tarlton, 179.
 Shadwell, Thomas, 322.
Shakespeare, William, 101, 111—113; 156—178, 211; the Four Folios, 405; *Life and Works*, by N. Rowe, 405.
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 433.
Shepherd's Play, in the Wakefield Mysteries, 3—12.
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 428, 429; *The School for Scandal*, by, 429, 430.
She Stoops to Conquer, by Oliver Goldsmith, 424.
 ——— *Would if She Could*, by Sir George Etherege, 353.
 Shirley, James, 320.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, on Early Elizabethan Plays, 102—104.
Siege of Rhodes, The, by Sir William Davenant, 321—326.
Silvia, by George Lillo, 419.
Sir Courtly Nice, by John Crowne, 379—383.
 ——— *Harry Wildair*, by George Farquhar, 395.
Sisters, The, by James Shirley, 320.
Sophonisba, Trissino's, 21.
 Sophocles, 1.
Sophonisba, James Thomson's, 416, 417.
Sophy, The, by Sir John Denham, 320, 321.
Southerne, Thomas, 353, 394, 395.
Spanish Friar, The, by John Dryden, 363—368.
 ——— *Tragedy*, Thomas Kyd's, 155, 156, 179.
State of Innocence, The, by John Dryden, 353.
 Steele, Sir Richard, 405; *The Conscious Lovers*, by, 412—415.
 Suckling, Sir John, 315.
Summer's Last Will and Testament, by Thomas Nash, 156.
Supposes, The, by George Gascoigne, 89—99.

T.

- Talfourd, Thomas Noon, 433.
 Tamburlaine, Marlowe's, 113, 114.
Taming of the Shrew, Shakespeare's, altered by John Lacy, 353.
Tartuffe, Molière's, as Colley Cibber's Nonjuror, 405; as Isaac Bickerstaff's Hypocrite, 424.
 Tarugo's Wiles, 379.
 Tate, Nahum, 353.

- Taylor, Sir Henry, 434.
Tempest, Shakespeare's, revised by Sir William Davenant, 322.
Tender Husband, The, by Richard Steele, 405.
 Tennyson, Alfred, 434.
 Terence, 2, 21, 49, 89, 232.

THEATRES:—Roman, 272, note 1, 271; in Inn Yards, 64, 65; the First built in Italy, 89; the First Patent, 100; First Theatres in London, the Theatre and the Curtain, 101; Blackfriars later, 440; the Whitefriars, Paris Garden, Rose, Hope, Swan, Globe, 104; Globe, 157; Rose and Blackfriars, 179; Red Bull, 247; Theatres closed by the Puritans, 320; Sir W. Davenant at Rutland House, 321; Duke's Theatre, King's Theatre; Cockpit, Drury Lane, 322; Scenery, 322, 323, 406; Dorset Gardens, 326, 406; Drury Lane, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 383, 395; Vanbrugh's in Haymarket, 395, 406; Drury Lane burnt in 1672, 406; Dorset Gardens, Drury Lane rebuilt, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 395, 406; Haymarket and Drury Lane, 407; Drury Lane, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 411, 412; Covent Garden, 412; Olympic, 412; Goodman's Fields, Drury Lane, 420, 421; Little Theatre in the Haymarket, 423, 424, 425; Covent Garden, 424; Drury Lane rebuilt in 1794, 321; burnt again in 1811, and rebuilt 1812, 432; rebuildings of Haymarket Opera House, 433; of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, 433; of Covent Garden, 433; Lyceum, 433.

- Thomson, James, 416, 420.
 Tilesio, Antonio, 21.
 Timone, Boiardo's, 21.
Timon of Athens, Shakespeare's, recast by Thomas Shadwell, 322.
Titus Andronicus, 157.
Tom Thumb, the Tragedy of Tragedies, by Henry Fielding, 418, 419.
 Tourneur, Cyril, 247.
 Trissino, Giovan Giorgio, 21.
Triumphs of Peace, a Masque by James Shirley, 320.
Troilus and Cressida, Shakespeare's, altered by Dryden, 322.
Tryphon, by Roger Boyle, 331.
Twin Rivals, The, by George Farquhar, 395.
Two Foscari, The, by Lord Byron, 433.
 ——— *Gentlemen of Verona, The*, Shakespeare's, 156, 157, 158.

U.

- Udall, Nicholas, 21, 22; his *Ralph Roister Doister*, 21—47.

V.

- Vanbrugh, Sir John, 395; *The Confederacy*, by, 395—400.
 Vega, Lope de, 334.
Venice Preserved, by Thomas Otway, 355, 369—379.
 Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham, *The Rehearsal*, by, 338—350.
Virginus, by Sheridan Knowles, 434.
Virgin Widow, The, by Sir Henry Taylor, 434.
 Volpone, Ben Jonson's, 211.

W.

- Wakefield Mysteries, *Shepherd's Play in the*, 3—12.
Way to Keep Him, The, by Arthur Murphy, 424.
 ——— *of the World, The*, by William Congreve, 383.
 Webster, John, 178, 247, 248; his *Duchess of Malfi*, 248—270.
 Werner, by Lord Byron, 433.
White Devil, The, or Vittoria Corombona, John Webster's, 248.
William Tell, by Sheridan Knowles, 434.
Witch, The, by Thomas Middleton, 247.
Woman in the Moon, The, by John Lyly, 128.
 ——— *Killed with Kindness, A*, by Thomas Heywood, 247.
 Wycherley, William, 353, 359; *The Plain Dealer*, by, 359—363, 383.

Y.

- Yelverton, Christopher, 99.
 Young, Edward, 412.

II.—INDEX TO NOTES.

[Large Figures indicate Pages, and Small Figures give the numbers of the Notes upon them.]

- A.
A (on), 35,¹
Aby, 7,¹; by, 8,²; abye, 31,²
Adyts, 150,²
Adam say, 4,⁶
Azzippa, Cornelius, 117,⁵
Albany, 6,⁴
Albertus Magnus, 117,⁹
Alestake, 17,²
Alexander, William, Earl of Stir-
ling, 270,²
Alle wights, 5,²
Alliance (kindred), 82,³
Allow (approve), 52,⁷
Almain (a dunce), 107,¹
—— rutters, 117,⁶
Alter idem, 78,¹
Amazed, 42,⁵
Anchors on the pike, 147,¹
Ancient (ensign), 67,¹
And (if), 4,⁶; 8,¹; 24,²; 25,²;
27,¹; 35,²; 36,²; 42,⁷; 43,³;
73,³; 180,¹
Angel (coin), 144,¹
Antwerp, Siege of, in 1585;
117,⁴
Apostrophe, Misuse of the, 365,¹
Ariosto's "I Suppositi," 89,²;
91,¹; 96,³
Aristippus, 74,³
Arras (orris), 265,¹
Ascham, Roger, 79,¹
A-tyte, 11,¹⁵
"As You Like It," Date of, 168,¹
Aventine, 272,³
Awro, 5,³
- B.
Backare, 24,³
Bacon, Roger, 117,⁹
Baffle, 282,¹
Balmy froth, 194,⁶
Ban, 11,¹⁵
Banks his horse, 200,³
Barn (child), 10,¹⁰
Batoon, 197,²
Bearing dishes, 292,¹
Bedene, 76
Beelzebub, 118,⁷
Beuste, 4,¹³
Bent, 5,¹⁰
Bere (noise), 9,²
Bescombers, 195,⁴
Bevers, 123,¹
Bias, 104,¹; 162,¹
—— the Sage, 181,⁵
Billmouts, 30,⁵
Bills (official writings), 116,⁷
Bise, 149,²
Black Sauce, Tune of the, 135,¹
Bodkin, Cloth of, 229,²
Bolt (in archery), 76,¹; 297,¹
Bonner, Edmund, 73,²
Bonnets (a sea term), 149,¹
Borde (jest), 8,⁶; 27,⁴; 38,¹
Borrow, 42,⁶
Bouche of court, 84,²
Brack, 239,¹
Braid (start), 60,¹
Brentford, The Two Kings of,
339,¹
Brim (furious), 41,¹, (adverb)
41,³
Brize, 187,¹
Bum troth (by my troth), 83,⁴
Busk (bush), 28,¹
But (unless), 39,¹; 46,¹
By and by (at once), 44,²; 39,⁵;
67,²; 75,²; 81,²; 86,²; 98,²;
By mine one, 4,¹³; by thine own,
9,²
- C.
Callet, 148,¹
Camhyses' vein, 67,⁶
Canidia, 211,²
Can thee thank, 40,¹³; 83,²
- Cast, A false, 9,¹⁰
Cates, 147,²
"Cato," Addison's, 408,¹
Cease of, 129,¹
Censure, 167,³; 274,¹
Ceres for Seres, 131,¹
Ceylle, 10,⁴; cele, 10,¹⁸
Chad (I had), 27,²; chawe, 71,⁵;
chould, 84,²; che throw cha,
147,⁷
Charis, 7,¹⁸
Charm of birds, 105,¹, 184,²
Chefe, 8,²²
Chepe, 58,⁷
Chevri, 182,¹
Choploge, 33,²
Christmas, Grand, 48,²
"Circe," Homer's, 307,¹
Clem, 182,²
Clok, 4,¹⁶
Cloth of bodkin, 229,²
Clown in old play, 114,¹
Clumsy, 195
Clutch, 195,³
Cockles, Hull and cry, 229,⁴
Cockscorn, 114,¹
Coddled, 229,⁵
Coil, 40,¹
Collocavit (a pail), 42,²
Contrived (passed away), 77,¹
Convey, 14,¹
Convince, 72,²
Corpse, 62,⁷; 67,⁴
Cothurnal buskins, 194,⁴
Cotton (succeed), 71,¹
Counterpane (copy), 143,¹
Cranes, The Three, of the Vintry,
85,¹
Cretise with a Cretan, 83,⁴
Crispinus, 183,³
Croft (paid), 185,³
Crusado (a coin), 93,¹
Cullis, 265,¹
Curried coat, 26,²
Cust (kissed), 27,¹
- D.
D and t run together, 4,⁷; 56,¹¹;
59,¹¹
Dance in a fetter, 14,³
Daniel, Samuel, 270,²
Darius, Interlude of King, 188,³
Dede (death), 11,¹⁵
Dekker and Jonson, 185,³
Demons, The seven orders of,
118,⁷
Devocate, 67,⁵
Disease, 10,³; 80,⁴; 203,¹
Dogberry and Verges, 135,²
Dodd, 3,⁴
Dotypoll, 16,¹; 90,¹
Dowe, 131,¹
Drablers, 149,¹
Drift, 126,²
Drinking Songs, 309,¹
Dryden burlesqued, 340,¹; 341,²
- E.
Ear of Dionysius, 77,²
Ed mute after t, 4,⁷; 59,¹¹
Ee, 6,¹²
Eff quyte, 7,¹⁶
Embsden, The Signory of, 120,²
Emrods, 334,¹
Engle, 181,²; 184,⁴
Engine, 303,³
Entwite, 31,¹
Erring stars, 122,¹
Ethnics, 150,²
Expectless, 236,¹
- F.
Farille, 96,¹; 199,¹
Fast (safe), 8,¹⁰
Fautor, 241,³
- Favel, 15,¹
Feft, 11,¹⁴
Ferdegews, 30,⁵
Fere, 4,²²; 17,¹
Festination, 71,²
Fey, in fey, 36,¹
Fitte, 30,⁶
Flavian Amphitheatre, The, 272,¹
Flayed (frightened), 8,¹⁵
Flayn, 8,³
Fletcher, Jack, 76,¹
Flyte, 11,¹⁵
Foist (barge), 229,³
Fond, 41,²; fondly, 81,¹; fond-
ness, 82,⁵
Fool in Old Plays, The, 114,¹
Foore, 6,⁶
Force, no force, 39,⁴; 41,⁵; of
force, 80,¹; 99,²
Foreset, 56,⁶
Forrakid, 7,⁵
Forspoken, 11,¹³
Fortaxid, 4,²
Forthinkis me, 5,¹⁵
Fortune Theatre, 188,²
Forwakid, 7,⁴
Forgieldis, 5,¹⁹
Fot, 10,⁷
Fowre (fared), 5,⁶
Foyne, 7,¹²
From (away from), 217,¹
Fuge, 93,²
Fun (found), 4,¹⁹
- G.
Gar, 11,¹¹
Garray, 11,³
Gassampine, 150,¹
Gaudis, 5,²¹; gawd, 11,⁷
Gemonies, 272,⁴
Genitive his for 's, 66,¹
Gil, 72,⁵
Gin (snare), 8,¹⁴
Glase (pursuit), 8,²
Glibbery, 194,³
Glose, 9,⁵
Go by, Jeronimo, 201,²
Golls, 193,²; 230,¹
Good heart helps when things go
badly, 80,³
"Gorboduc," The unauthorised
text of, 51—64
Gossippis, 11,¹
Gramercies, 23,²
Gulch, 187,⁴
Gumgolls, 230,¹
- H.
Hack (sing out of tune), 10,²
Had I wist, 4,²¹
Hamid, 4,¹
Happid, 3,³
Harl steel, 4,¹⁸
Harnis (brains), 6,⁵; 8,²⁰
Hat (be named), 11,⁹
Hatters (spiders), 10,¹²
Hawthorn, Counting sheep under
the, 8,²²
Hay in his horn, 190,²
Hayt, 6,¹⁸
Haze (have us), 35,²; 39,³
Head mass penny, 7,³
Heck, 7,¹⁹
Heidegges, 136,¹
Hell, "myself am hell," 119,³
Hermogenes, 183,⁴
Hest, 118,⁶
Hippings, 10,¹⁷
His, for genitive 's, 66,¹
Hoball, 33,⁴
Hoes (sheep), 9,¹²
Homo fuge, 120,⁷
Horbury shrogs, 9,¹¹
Hours of Prayer, The Canonical,
5,²¹
Howleglas, 187,⁵
- "Hull and Cry Cockles," 229,⁴
Husband, 4,²; 26,³
Huswife, 7,¹⁷
Hyne, 5,¹¹
Hyrdes, 9,⁷
- I.
I (ay), 129,²; 132,¹²; 134,¹
Iche, 6,⁵
Imp, 287,¹
Incubus, 194,⁵
Infract, 90,³
Intrinscate, 194,⁷
Ivory, Abraham, 340,⁵
Iwis, 11,⁶; 25,¹; 67,²; 181,⁴
- J.
Jelot, 8,¹
Jones, Inigo, 211,³; 214,¹
Jonson, Ben, translation from
Ovid, 180,³
—— — Martial, 184,¹
—— — Horace, 195,⁶
—— — his translating, 190,³
—— — Marston and Dekker
on, 200,¹; 201,¹; 206,¹,⁴
Jut, Give him a, 33,³
- K.
Ka (quotha), 24,⁴
Kell, 229,⁵
"Ken me thank," 83,²; 40,¹³
Key to the "Rehearsal," notes
on pages 338—350
Kippis, 10,¹⁶
Knave (boy), 8,⁹; 10,¹⁵
- L.
Lacan, 6,²⁴
Lagh (laugh), 11,¹²
Lake (play), 5,¹⁷; lakis, 9,⁶
Lamb, Charles, on "The Duchess
of Malfi," 263,¹
Langid, 4,¹²
Laudes, 5,²³
Leather Captain, 202,¹
Ledyr hyne, 5,¹¹; letherly, 5,¹⁹
Lee (lie), 11,²
Leese (lese), 23,¹
Legs (bows), 182,³
Lene, 6,¹³
Lere, 7,¹⁴
Let (hinder), 86,¹
Levy, 43,¹
Lexiphanes, Lucian's, 196,¹; 197,¹
Lilburne, 33,⁴
List rave, 5,¹²
Lloegria, 60,⁴
Lobcock, 33,⁴
Loke, 6,¹⁴
Lombard's touch, 30,²
Lordfast, 4,⁴
Lote, 9,⁴
Loten, 4,²³
Lucifer, 119,⁴
Luskie, 90,²
Lyly, John, 133,¹; 141,¹
- M.
Magnificate, 195,²
Mail a hawk, 230,³
Mak, as a clown's name, 6,²
Manchet, 154,¹
Masque at Court, Inigo Jones's
design for a, 214,¹
Mass, By the, 46,³
Mate (confound), 116,¹
Mends, 11,⁴
Mene, 6,¹⁵; 11,¹⁶
Mephistopheles, 118,⁷
Methinketh, 99,¹
Mich, 205,¹
Mo, 6,³
Mome, 33,¹
More and less (men of all ranks),
22,¹

Morrow, 3, ⁵
Mortimer and his sow, 24, ³
Mould (mole), 98, ¹

N.

Namely (especially), 8, ¹³
Nawre, 8, ¹²
Neckverse, 14, ²
Neemly, 7, ⁵
Nesh, 10, ¹¹
Neven, 6, ⁴
Nill, 85, ⁶
Ningle, 198, ²
Nois (reputation), 6, ¹⁶
Nominate, 194, ²

O.

Oblight, 72, ⁴
Ofslogh, 8, ¹⁷
On (one), 72, ¹
Or (ere), 4, ¹¹; or ever, 68, ²; 82, ⁴
Otranto taken by the Turks, 90, ⁵
Ovid's "Medea," 181, ¹
Owe (own), 155, ²; owes, 166, ¹

P.

Paishe, 48, ²
Pantolabus, 181, ¹
Parma, Alexander Farne'e,
Prince of, 117, ³
Pastance, 30, ¹
Payed (pleased), 9, ⁸
Philotas, Daniel's, 270, ²
Pike, Anchors on the, 147, ¹
Pistrinum, 102, ¹
Plot (space of ground), 78, ⁴
Pompey's Theatre, 272, ¹
Po (peacock), 4, ¹⁰
Prayer, Canonical Hours of, 5, ²³
Prease, 130, ³
Precisian, 118, ⁵
Prerogative, Royal, Sir T. Sackville on, 147, ⁴
Prest, 147, ⁵ 150, ⁴
Pretenced, 66, ²; pretence, 69, ¹
Pretended, 56, ¹⁰; pretend, 147, ⁴
Pudding tobacco, 199, ²

Q.

Quaking Custard, 196, ³
Quick, 128, ¹; 225, ³; quick-buried, 237, ¹
Quiddity, 118, ¹
Quintain, 170, ¹
Quyte, 7, ¹⁶

R.

Race of Ginger, 146, ¹
Rack, 119, ³
Rad, 5, ²⁰
Raik, 7, ⁵
Raisid (vexed), 7, ¹⁸
Ramid, 4, ²
Ramp, 194, ¹
Raps (snatches), 241, ²
Rave (rove), 5, ¹²
Raw (row), 5, ²
Ray (row), 41, ⁶; 43, ²
Rebate, 142, ¹
Recoorders, 306, ¹
Rede, 11, ¹⁵
Red (make ready), 8, ⁶
Regals (small organ), 83, ¹
Reille, 7, ¹⁰
Rek, 7, ²¹
Remora, 187, ³
Retrograde, 194, ¹
Return from Parnassus, The, 270, ²
Rich, Christopher, 407, ¹
Riches, 124, ²
Roil, 30, ⁴
Rorid, 202, ²
Rounding (whispering), 27, ⁵
Rout (strike), 41, ⁷
Rowne, 7, ⁶
Roysting, 22, ³
Rushes on Floors, 270, ¹
Butters, Almain, 117, ⁶

S.

S, Northern plural in, 3, ⁷; 10, ⁵
Sad, 40, ⁴; sadly, 45, ²
Sagh (say), 11, ¹⁰
Salary, A Roman actor's, 272, ²
Sam in a stede, 11, ¹⁴
Satiromastix, 200, ¹
Saunce, Tune of the Black, 135, ³
Saynt, 6, ¹⁰
Scorn, 5, ²²
Scrine, 42, ⁴
Scroyle, 190, ¹
Sectour, 34, ¹
Seek, to seek (wanting), 42, ²
Seen, well seen (skilled), 117, ⁸
Senecal-man, 241, ¹
Sennet, 123, ⁶
Sephre, 155, ¹
Sere (claw), 243, ¹
Shakespeare, Some critics of, 170, ²
—Stratford portrait of, 164, ¹

Shekyls, 4, ¹⁷
Shent, 24, ¹; 74, ³
Sho (she), 6, ¹⁹
Shotlog, 181, ³
Shrews, 5, ⁸; 6, ¹⁰
Shrogras, 9, ¹¹
Silly, 3, ⁶; 147, ²
Sins, Pageantry of the Seven, 122, ³

Skeldering, 180, ¹
Skill, 30, ³
Sleep with either ear, 77, ²
Slithis, 5, ⁵
Sneck, 7, ²⁰
Snottery, 194, ⁶
Soil (feed high), 229, ¹
Sort (company), 26, ¹; 62, ⁵
Souls, My three, 193, ¹
Sound (swoon), 34, ⁴
Sour loten, 4, ²³
Speculation, 120, ¹
Spill (destroy), 37, ²; 39, ²
Squirility, 83, ³
Stalk, 8, ¹¹
Starne (star), 11, ⁵
Stede, 11, ¹⁴
Stern (rudder), 62, ¹²
Stilling, 72, ³
Store-farm, 9, ¹
Straightly, 71, ³
Strain (constrain), 85, ⁵
Strangle, 230, ²
Suspowse, 10, ⁶
Sweven, 8, ¹⁶
Swinge, 235, ¹
Swink, 147, ²; swinkis, 5, ¹⁴

T.

Tale, Every shepherd tells his, 8, ²²
"Tamburlaine," Marlowe's, 203, ²
Tarre on, 166, ¹
Tell (count), 182, ³
Tene, 11, ¹⁷
Teston (coin), 201, ⁴
Tharmis, 8, ¹⁹
Thar (need), 7, ²¹
Tharnis me, 6, ⁴
There (where), 10, ¹
The (thrive), 9, ¹³
Thole, 7, ²⁰
Thou, Dost thou thou me? 16, ²; 44, ¹
Threap, 5, ¹⁸
Thwang, 6, ¹¹
Tired on (pulled at), 189, ¹
Titivile, 22, ⁴
Tityrus, tillage, Æneæ, 180, ⁴
Tobacco, 199, ²

To morn at next, 7, ²
Toom, 10, ¹⁴
To (till), 5, ¹; 7, ¹¹; 8, ⁷; 9, ¹⁴
Train (draw deceitfully), 235, ²
Trick'd, 365, ¹
Trow, 10, ⁵
Troy, 106, ¹
Tumeraris, 118, ⁷
Tyte, 11, ¹⁵

U.

Uneth, 37, ¹
Unton, Sir Henry, 54, ³
Ure, 4, ¹⁵

V.

Vailed, 167, ²
Valdes, 117, ²
Vatter (fatter), 71, ⁶
Venies at wasters, 225, ¹; vennie, 246, ¹
Via Sacra, 184, ⁵; 189, ²
Vice, The, in Morality Plays, 66, ³; 114, ¹
Virbius, 279, ¹

W.

War (worse), 7, ¹; waur, 8, ⁵
Wary, 4, ³
Wasters, 255, ¹
Wayt, 6, ¹⁷
Weathers, 3, ²
Well (intensive), 6, ³
Weiner, 8, ¹⁸
Wenland, Walk in the, 9, ³
Whereas (where), 116, ³
Whispers, Stage, 340, ⁴
Winkis, 5, ¹⁶
Wist, 46, ²
Wit (know), 9, ¹⁴
Witches, 212, ^{1, 2}
Won, 105, ²; wonis, 10, ⁹
Wood (mad), 8, ¹⁵
Words ridiculed by Ben Jonson, 194, ^{1, 8}; 195, ^{1, 4}
Worsley's "Odyssey," 311, ¹
Worth, woe worth, 85, ⁴
Writhis, 5, ⁷
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 37, ³
Wyoman, 6, ⁹

Y.

Yernful, 80, ²
Yode, 6, ¹; 10, ⁴; yede, 8, ¹⁸
You and thou, 44, ¹; 16, ²
Ywis, 25, ¹; see "iwis."

III.—INDEX TO SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH.

Most of the passages from old plays in this Volume have such of their words as are still current English spelt in the way that least diverts attention from the thoughts they stand for; but in the following pieces all accidents of spelling, &c., have been left untouched, that they may serve as illustrations of the language in successive periods:—

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

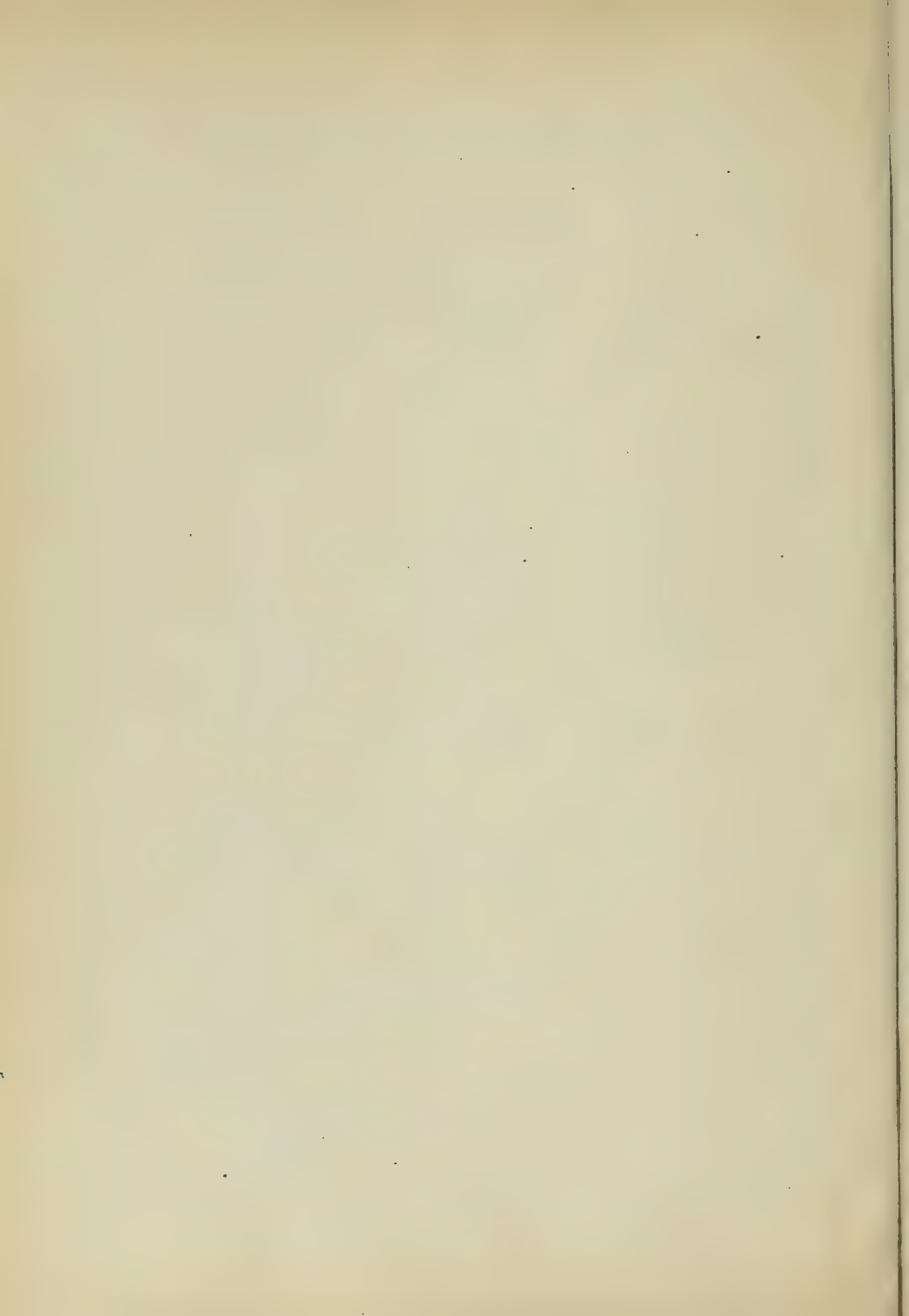
	PAGE
KING CAMBYSES, by Thomas Preston	67—74
ENDYMION, by John Lyly	128—141

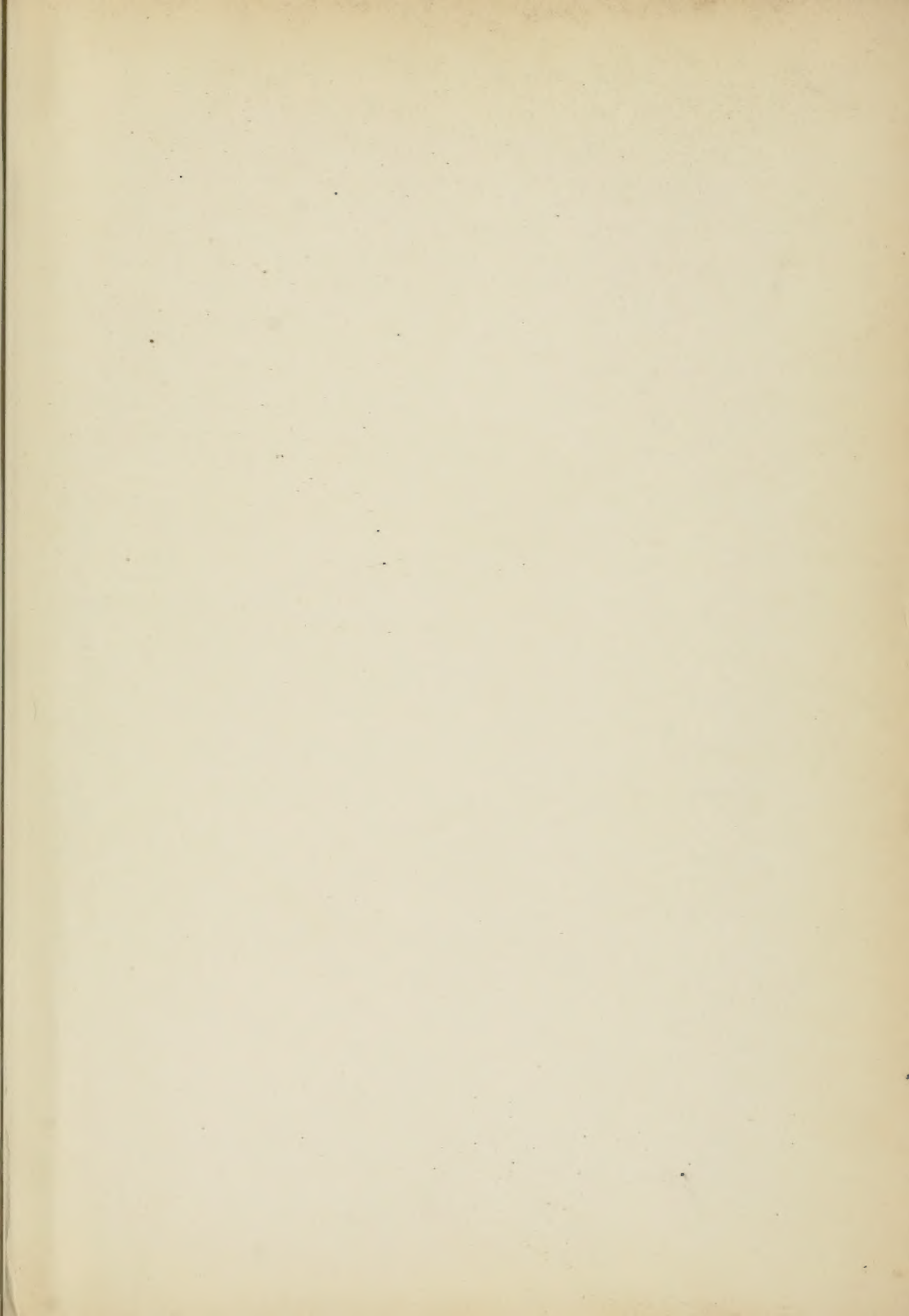
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

DEDICATION TO "THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS," by George Chapman	232
PREFACE TO "THE SIEGE OF RHODES," by Sir William Davenant	323
CLOSE OF "THE INDIAN QUEEN," by John Dryden	330, 331
THE RIVAL QUEENS, by Nathaniel Lee	356—359
THE SPANISH FRIAR, by John Dryden	364—368

NOTE.

In a privately printed dissertation, dated 1874, which I had not seen when page 101 was written, Mr. Halliwell shows reason for believing that the Blackfriars Theatre was not opened until about twenty years after "The Theatre" and "The Curtain."





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